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DIES' HOME
THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN
JULY 1973

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JOURNAL

60¢®
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E MEN WE MARRY
clusive New Report
American Husbands

RS. AGNEW'S DIET
ID EXERCISE PLAN

w Short Stories by
royan & Auchincloss

r Bodies, Ourselves"
FENDING YOURSELF
AINST RAPE

ter the TV Series,
ter the Divorce...
e Give Pat Loud a
w Look For
r New Life

u Won't Believe the
ings You Can Make
th Sheets & Towels!

e Love Story of
incess Anne and
e Lieutenant

RS. LAWRENCE WELK
RITES HER STORY

mmer Food Ideas:
memade Ice Cream
2 New Flavors),
n-Minute Barbecues,
rkey in July? Yes!

Exclusive: From the $19.95 Book of the Year!

MARILYN MONROE by NORMAN MAILER

A Major Writer Begins His Unique Biography of a Great and Tragic Movie Star

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It's 10 days for me. And the color's practically the same as the day I did it.



8 days since I colored it. Love the shine. And the way it wears! It's really new!



Even after 3 weeks, when I catch myself in the mirror, I like what I see.

New! Natural Wear™ Miss Clairol®



Now! Miss Clairol shampoo-in hair color has been improved to keep that wonderfully natural, soft look, week after week.

That's why we call it *New Natural Wear Miss Clairol* shampoo-in hair color.

We've also added a rich conditioning base, so sudsy it needs no after shampoo. Leaves hair even livelier, shinier, with a beautiful touch.

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Ummmnnnnnnnn.

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1. Lemon/Lime kiddie drink. It's good enough for grownups. Whirl in your blender: 1 envelope unsweetened lemon/lime kiddie drink, a 13¼ oz. can pineapple tidbits, 2 cups water, 1 cup sugar and ⅓ cup fresh lemon juice. Pour into pitcher. Add 4 cups ice water. Serves 6 adults, or 2 kids.

2. Sangria. To one bottle red or white fruit flavored wine, add ½ cup lemon/lime pop, like 7-Up, plus 3 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Slice in 1 whole orange and 1 whole lemon. Serve over ice. Ahhhhhhhh.

3. Iced Tea. Served with lemon wedges, it's a summer classic. Here's another classic: make thin spirals of lemon peel and freeze them into your ice cubes. Makes tea, or any drink, beautiful.



4. Frozen lemonade. Make it look, taste fresh. Mix a 6 oz. can, according to directions. Cut a lemon in half. Squeeze one half into pitcher. Cut remaining half into slices and toss in. It's so much better.

We have a booklet full of cool ideas for summertime. It's called "Summer Refreshers." To get a copy, send 10¢ to Sunkist, Dept. S-73-33, Box 7888, Van Nuys, California 91409.

Sunkist®



Chinatown Chops start with San Francisco's Rice-A-Roni

In large skillet brown 4 pork chops; remove chops. Brown 1 pkg. Fried Rice-A-Roni with 2 tbsp. butter or margarine. Stir in 2 cups hot water, 1 (2 oz.) can mushrooms, undrained, and contents of Vegetable Sauce envelope. Place browned chops on top. Sprinkle with ¼ tsp. soy sauce. Cover, bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer 15 minutes.

New! Noodle Roni Parmesano

Tenderthin egg noodles complete with a delightful sauce of rare Italian cheeses and herbs. Bravissimo!

VOL. XC, NO. 7
JULY

JOURNAL



NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN®

ARTICLES

60 The Princess and the Lieutenant *Steffi Fields*
61 How Mrs. Agnew Stays Fit *Evan Frances*
62 "Our Bodies, Ourselves": Defending Yourself Against Rape *The Boston Women's Health Book Collective*
68 "Mrs. Wunnerful Wunnerful" Tells Her Own Story *Mrs. Lawrence Welk with Bernice McGeehan*
79 Marilyn *Norman Mailer*

FICTION

38 The Cup of Coffee *Louis Auchincloss*
84 Picnic Time *William Saroyan*

BOOK BONUS

55 Husbands: Exclusive National Report on the Men We Marry *Roderick Thorp and Robert Blake*

REGULAR FEATURES

6 What's Happening *Gene Shalit*
10 Ralph Nader Reports
12 Can This Marriage Be Saved? *Dorothy Cameron Disney*
24 Amy Vanderbilt
26 Bringing Up Children *Bruno Bettelheim, Ph.D.*
34 Spending Your Money *Sylvia Porter*
40 The Working Woman *Letty Cottin Pogrebin*
44 Pat Loud Talks About Love, Marriage, Divorce—and Herself *Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.*
66 Journal Shopping Center
119 The Journal Store

FOOD

18 10 Ten-Minute Barbecues from Around the World
74 The Journal Food Sampler
76 Turkey in July
92 Of Pots and Pipkins, by the Junior League of Roanoke Valley, Va.
94 The Journal Ice Cream Team: 32 Flavors *Arlene Wanderman*
96 Thirty-Minute Menu: A Quick Picnic
105 Recipe Index

PATTERNS

86 Sheets: Not for Sleeping Only *Nora O'Leary*
116 The Old Oaken Bucket Kit
118 Patchwork "Rail-Fence" Quilt Kits

BEAUTY

90 A Beautiful Week for Pat Loud *Sally Obre*

DECORATING

86 Sheets: Not for Sleeping Only *Nathan Mandelbaum*



PAGE 38



PAGE 76



PAGE 79



PAGE 86



PAGE 94

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IT'S SUMMER.
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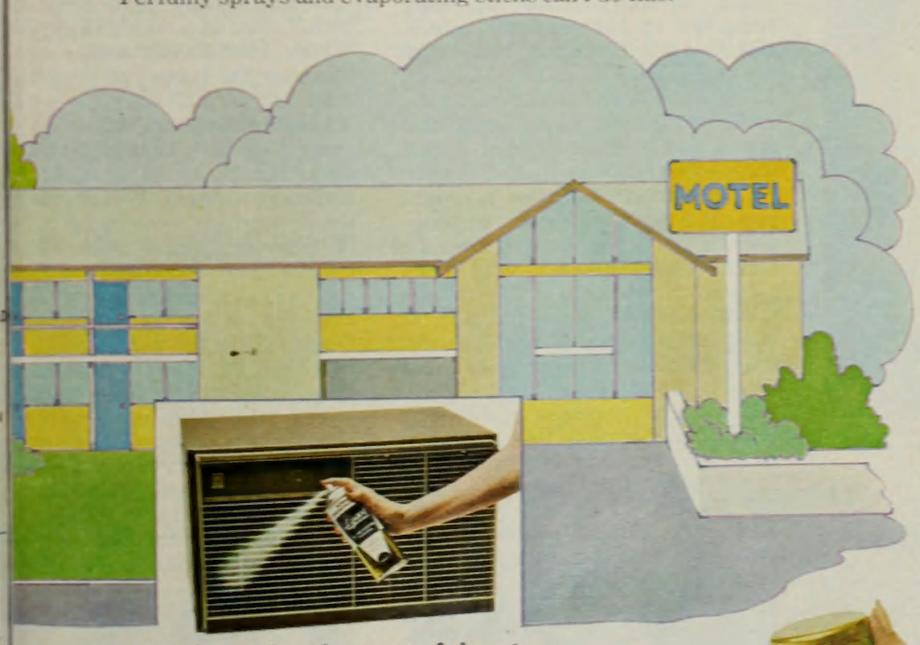
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Kill germs that cause odors.
LYSOL Brand Spray Disinfectant kills odor-causing germs on things like garbage cans, laundry hampers, diaper pails. Perfumy sprays and evaporating sticks can't do this.



Freshen sleeping bags, sneakers.
Take old, musty odors out of things like sleeping bags, sneakers, and camping gear—especially the equipment you rent. Keep everything smelling fresh and clean.



Take stale odors out of the air.
Spray the filter through the intake vent of your air conditioner to freshen the air it circulates. Makes the whole room smell fresh.



Kill germs other people leave behind.
In public restrooms, kill germs other people leave behind. Kill germs on all hard surfaces.



TAKE THE SPRAY THAT DOES IT ALL. LYSOL.

From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



REC'D CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC. Richmond, Va.

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964 ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WX WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH IX ARE RESTORED.

PARENTXKMXSCONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF XXK SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS: ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM XM PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE XI DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger... she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

Every day desperate reports like the one above reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help? Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep at night?

For only $12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the project where your child receives help. Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

Please, won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

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☐ Choose a child who needs me most.

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I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____. ☐ Please send me more information.

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Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

BY GENE SHALIT

THE JOURNAL CHEERS: *The Nelson Affair.* Ozzie and Harriet it ain't. What we have is the infamous romance between England's Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, unfurled in a lavish costume drama. Nelson was 18th-century England's greatest naval commander—a man who drove Napoleon wild. That Hamilton woman was a coarse and strutting strumpet who drove Nelson wild. Since she had been free and easy with her body (or at least easy), Lady Hamilton was despised by the English of all social classes. Happily, *The Nelson Affair* is not an idealized portrait of Lady Hamilton—not the sort of thing one had years ago in a movie starring Vivien Leigh. Here she is portrayed as a tasteless, vulgar woman by Glenda Jackson. We see Lady Hamilton gone to sot in the kind of effective over-performance that's expected from Glenda Jackson. Peter Finch is an admirable admiral—stalwart, proud, a military genius, hopelessly possessed by his passionate obsession for Lady Hamilton. The rest of the cast is also splendid: Margaret Leighton, as Nelson's discarded wife; Anthony Quayle, as Nelson's best friend, and Michael Jayston as Nelson's good right arm—literally, since Nelson himself had lost his right arm. The film's memorable performance is by a boy named Dominic Guard, who impressed me so much a couple of years ago in *The Go-Between.* Here he plays the part of Lord Nelson's young nephew, who acts—again—as a go-between, this time between Nelson and his estranged wife. Producer Hal Wallis knows how to make historical costume movies, and if that's your mood, you'll find *The Nelson Affair* good old-fashioned entertainment. . . . There's plenty of new-fashioned entertainment this summer, too, and since anticipat is often so much more pleasura than its realization, let's have preview of what look like the hi lights. It's a big name summer the large screen scene: Top st flick forth in heralded films, a since anticipation is often more than the realization, let's peek a sneaky preview of what's happen in movies.

George C. Scott loves Faye D away in Stanley Kramer's *Oklahoma Crude,* coming nationally t month. It's set in the oil fields of 19 —with a strong-willed woman, father (John Mills, whose min performance in *Ryan's Daugh* was beyond words), and the drif she loves (Scott) hammering against the power of a giant oil co pany, which wants to take over th wildcat well. . . .

Laurence Harvey, one of E land's most interesting actors, a one who's been missing lately, sho up suddenly this month with Eli beth Taylor in a horror story, *Ni Watch.* Miss Taylor swears that has seen the bodies of a murde man and a girl in an abandon house, but the police think that sh crazy. Elizabeth Taylor is at her b when her character is deeply d turbed, so *Night Watch* may worth watching some night. . . . C of *America's* finest actors—Rob Duvall (*The Godfather* and *Tom row*)—joins the impressive actr Karen Black in a thriller called *T Outfit.* This is not about M Black's attire: The Outfit is a sup crime syndicate that's been comp erized to handle anything—exc a strike from within. Duvall strik . . . That messianic musical pheno enon, *Jesus Christ Superstar* been transformed into film by N man (*Fiddler on the Roof*) Jewis who's done it all in *(continue*



Night Watch: *Is nothing scared? Liz Taylor is, with Laurence Harvey.*



Nelson Affair: *Peter Finch's lo for Glenda Jackson never wave*

If your skin's had it with soaps and cleansing creams, Revlon has something better.

Soaps can dry your skin.

You know the lifeless sensation your face has after cleansing with soap. That's because soaps actually accentuate the loss of vital moisture. So your skin feels taut and dry. Like it shrank a size. What you need is something that cleans efficiently, but without the drying effects of soap.

Most creams just aren't that effective.

If you think creams are better than soaps — think again. When it comes to removing makeup like smudge-proof mascara, creams leave a lot to be desired. That's why you sometimes have to use so much — particularly around the eye area. And even after a lot of rubbing, your skin still may not feel as clean as you'd like.

Now Revlon has an amazing creamgel formula.

It's Natural Herb Cleanser, a unique formula that contains herbal extracts and organic protein. It emerged out of Revlon's 41 years of intensive cosmetic research. Natural Herb Cleanser is not a soap. It contains no detergents or abrasives. And it's not a cream. It's a creamgel — concentrated with 100% active ingredients that dissolve makeup instantly! Yet, Natural Herb Cleanser can't dry your skin the way soap can; its ingredients actively help skin retain moisture!

The proof is in the cleansing.

Natural Herb Cleanser fingertips on — glides off. So you can remove dirt and makeup effortlessly. Yet it's 100% gentle. Because it's dermatologist-tested, you can use it with complete confidence, even around delicate eye areas. It simply won't irritate the way so many cleansers can.

Suddenly your face feels moisturized.

The very first time you use Natural Herb Cleanser you'll notice a difference. Your face will be cleaner than it is with creams — but without the taut, dry sensation of soaps. You'll feel a softness, a suppleness you'd forgotten your skin had. Because Natural Herb Cleanser soothes, conditions and refreshes — while it cleanses!



Don't wait. Your skin can't.

If what we've said here about Natural Herb Cleanser interests you, we encourage you to try it. Just once. Thousands of women have been so enthusiastic about its performance, they wouldn't part with it. When you discover you don't have to sacrifice soft, smooth skin for clean skin, we believe you'll never use ordinary soaps or creams again. Natural Herb Cleanser by Revlon.

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...r cigarette, FTC Report Feb.,'73.

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It can help you peel off pounds fast. Or, it can help you hold onto the good figure you already have. Mixed with the substantial nutrition of milk or chilled from the can, Slender is just 225 calories. And it *works*. So ask your doctor, and get Slender.



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I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____. ☐ Please send me more information.

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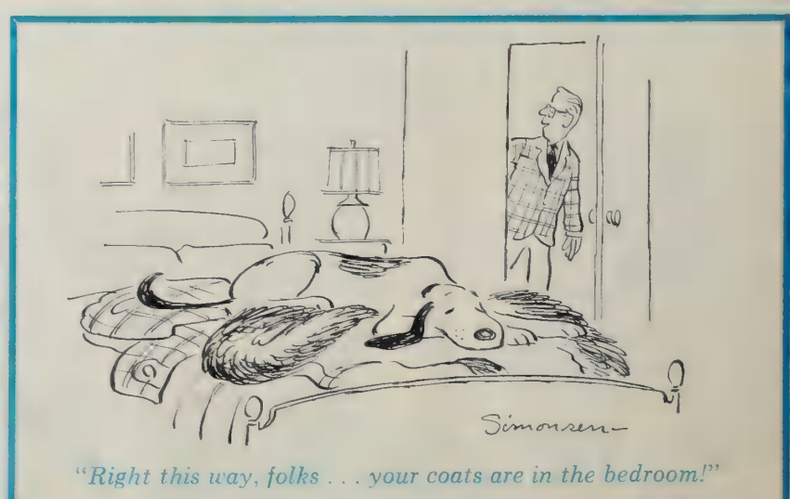
WHAT'S HAPPENING *continued*

Israel (talk about authentic locations). *Superstar* is loaded with 27 musical numbers, and right in the middle—No. 13—is its biggest pop hit song, *I Don't Know How to Love Him*. The roles are taken by unknowns on their quest to known man's land. . . . A piece of reportage by Tom!!!Wolfe!!! arrives on the summer screens as *The Last American Hero*, starring Jeff Bridges. Here's a story of the grimy glory guys who race stock cars in the South, based on one of racing's heroes, Junior Jackson. If you like to watch cars crashing, this movie will crack you up. . . . Just for laughs, a bit of Broadway comedy fluff called *40 Carats* is set in the silver screen with Liv Ullman in the role of the 40-ish divorcée who is wooed by an ardent Edward Albert 18 years her junior. Albert was touching in *Butterflies Are Free*, and Miss Ullman was blameless in the catastrophe *Lost Horizon*. Joining them: Gene Kelly (his first film in eight years), and Binnie Barnes. . . . *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing* was a whoosh of a successful novel from the first-try typing of Mrs. Marilyn Durham of Evansville, Indiana. Now the exceptional screen writer Eleanor Perry has whipped it into a film for Burt Reynolds and Sara Miles. He is a 19th-century American soldier who marries an Indian girl named Cat Dancing. You'll discover what happens to her, and—the heart of the film—what befalls Reynolds when he falls in with Sara Miles.

Booking Your Vacation. Some 30 million American families will be in a holiday move this summer, and there are volumes of material to help you on your way. One idea is to eat your way around the country at an easy pace. *Country Inns and Back Roads* by Norman T. Simpson leads you to America's tastiest popovers, "meticulously prepared at the Jordan Pond House in Seal Harbor, Maine" . . . to peanut soup and baked plantation ham served up with true Southern hospitality at The Boone Tavern Hotel in Berea, Kentucky . . . and to spareribs cooked in maple syrup from the kitchen of the Staffords of Checoua, New Hampshire. Of course, country inns are not just adventures in dining. They are excursions back to a bygone time—to gentle homes where life is still leisurely, and preparations are made with loving care and great pride. . . . From Country Inns to Outdoor Country: discover the natural beauty of America by camping out. If you were to buy all of the books on *this* subject, you wouldn't have room left in your car to pack. So if you want a single comprehensive guide, *America's Camping Book* by Paul Cardwell, Jr. seems a sound choice. It's as informative to the expert camper as it is to the novice. Covering all forms of camping—backpacking, canoeing, and snow camping among others—he explains not only what equipment you'll need to *buy*, but how you can make your own tents, sleeping bags, and knapsacks—a feature much appreciated in these money-saving days. Two other books are especially good for families new to camping: The Newmans' *Family Camping Guide* and the Morris' *The Weekend Camper*. They give you hints to help you avoid disasters like discovering—while the kids are screaming for food—that you forgot to bring matches. Speaking of food, try Elizabeth Williams' *Cookbook for Family Camping*. Here's what to do with that just-caught trout, how to prepare one- and two-pot meals, and how to plan for the weekend or the long camping trip. There are over 200 recipes. But even with the most careful planning, things can go wrong. Still, no need to turn around and head back to civilization—just turn to your copy of *The Edible Wild*. It's a cookbook and outdoor guide in one, directing you with pictures and detailed descriptions to all the edible, safe plants that are growing in the woods and meadows around you. These plants are commonly called weeds, but don't be put off. Enjoy fried yellow clover in porcupine fat, puréed fiddleheads with smoked pork, and glazed pond lily roots. Delicious!

All the world's a stage—So how do women do on it? Great. Not long ago Gloria Steinem, the attractive (she'll say that's irrelevant) woman (she'll say that *ought* to be irrelevant) spoke (that *is* relevant) before the American Newspaper Publishers Association. She asserted that a white woman with a college degree earns no more than a white man with a high school diploma, and a black woman with a college degree earns the same as a white man with an

(*continued on page 117*)



"Right this way, folks . . . your coats are in the bedroom!"

THINK THINS

Think Silva Thins 100's. They have less "tar" than most Kings, 100's, menthols, non-filters.*

Menthol too.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

*According to the latest U.S. Government figures. Filter and Menthol: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb., '73.

Now you can follow your doctor's advice about varicose veins without having it show



Unretouched photo. Model has varicose veins.

For years, more doctors have prescribed Bauer & Black Elastic Hosiery than all other brands combined. They still do.

But, all too often, the doctor's advice has been greeted with an anguished "Oh, doctor, do I have to wear those ugly things!"

As you can see from the picture above, "those ugly things" are ugly no longer.

The development of nylon yarns that can be twisted under high heat and combined with Spandex Elastomer makes sleek Bauer & Black Elastic Hosiery such as you see in the picture possible.

It provides up to twice the compression of conventional support hosiery. More important, it's *graduated compression*—firmest at the ankles, lighter at the calf, still lighter above the knees.

This means better circulation and a trimmer fit. It relieves the discomfort of varicose veins and makes your legs look better.

You'll find the new Bauer & Black Elastic Panty Hose at leading drug stores. Beige or taupe. Petite, Medium, Tall, and Extra Tall. If you prefer elastic stockings or have more severe leg problems which need Bauer & Black's famous surgical weight, you'll find them also at the Bauer & Black display.

FREE: Write Bauer & Black Division, Dept. L-7, The Kendall Co., Box 5007, Chicago, Ill. 60606 for free illustrated booklet, "Therapy for Varicose Veins."

BAUER & BLACK® ELASTIC HOSIERY Division of The Kendall Company



RALPH NADER REPORTS

So your husband has a nice pension on which the two of you are relying. But do you realize that you probably won't collect a dime if he dies? Here are some facts all wives should know.

Recently an Ohio woman wrote me of her efforts to get a pension for her widowed mother, whose husband had worked 23 years as a member of the Teamsters Union. "My father always told us," the daughter wrote, "that if anything happened to him, Mother would get a pension. But all she received when he died was $5,000 in death benefits." She was not, the union told her, entitled to her husband's pension.

Both mother and daughter were astounded. $5,000 is not much to spread over the remaining years that a woman of 65 is expected to live. The mother had always assumed that her husband's income belonged to both of them, including the pension he earned during his lifetime. Now all she could count on was her late husband's Social Security check, a meager $150 a month.

Like thousands of other wives, she did not know that private pension plans almost never pay off to widows. Only two percent of all older widows receive benefits from private pension plans, which is one reason that older women are the poorest group in the country. Half of all widowed or single women over 65 live on less than $2,000 a year.

The daughter was shocked to see how little Social Security pays: the average payment to older widows is about $140 a month. For the first time, she realized how important a pension can be—to supplement Social Security. It was too late to get a pension for her mother, but this daughter could do something to help herself. And so can you! If your husband works in private industry and is covered by a pension plan, what will happen to you if you are widowed? The following are questions you should ask about the private pension system.

1. Does your husband's pension plan provide anything for his survivors? Many companies offer group life insurance, which will pay you a flat amount if your husband dies before he retires, but it is *not* a substitute for a pension. Insurance payments to widows rarely amount to more than a few thousand dollars; they do not provide regular income over the rest of your life; and they provide nothing if your husband dies after he retires.

Some pension plans automatically pay benefits to survivors. But these are the exception, and about a third of them pay benefits only if the husband dies while he is still working.

An increasing number of private pension plans offer a survivors' benefit *option*. This means that your husband can agree to reduce his pension benefit during his lifetime in order for you to get a still smaller benefit if he dies. If this seems paradoxical, it is. Here's how it works: Let's say your husband is entitled to a pension of $100 a month. He can elect to take $80 a month—so that you can get $40 a month if he dies. Thus your husband is in effect paying for your pension. Incidentally, this survivors' benefit option is not automatic; you must apply for it.

2. Has your husband exercised the survivors' benefit option? Many men fail to do so. Some don't know about the option—or they believe, like the man in the case described above, that a widow automatically gets the pension. Others make a mistake in filing the option, which can be a complicated procedure. Still others don't choose to provide for the wife, hoping to outlive her. Or they are reluctant to reduce their own benefit to give her some protection.

3. If your husband has exercised the option, are there conditions under which you still might lose the benefit? Will you get it if your husband dies before he retires? If he dies after retirement?

4. How much will you get if you *do* receive a benefit? Under the typical plan with a survivors' benefit option, an employee may choose to reduce his benefit by 20 percent so that his widow will get half of that. The typical survivors' benefit is quite small, around $50 a month.

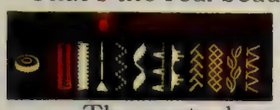
If you believe that your pension interests, as a woman, should be protected *(continued on page 67)*

Ralph Nader is America's foremost consumer defender. He is credited with the passage of at least six major laws that imposed new Federal safety standards on cars, meat and poultry products, coal mining, gas pipelines, and radiation from electronic devices. In 1970 Nader founded the Public Interest Research Group, which investigates and researches consumer issues.

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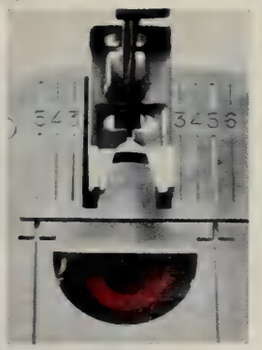
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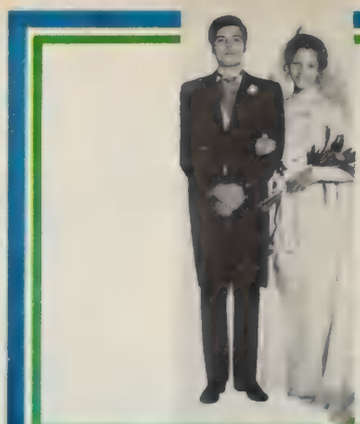
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Ken loved Kathy, but he felt neglected. So he had an affair with his secretary. It was a casual fling—until she became pregnant. By Dorothy Cameron Disney.

One reason for the great number of divorces in the United States today is that many couples do not intend to marry in the first place. They are forced into premature, often unwanted marriages when the woman discovers that she is pregnant. Sometimes these relationships last, but can any intelligent person believe this to be the ideal way to start a marriage? The case of Kathy and Ken was doubly complicated. They fought each other because he had made her pregnant; at the same time they stood by each other because he had made another woman pregnant. Isn't it possible to educate young men and women to conduct their lives in a more mature fashion? A competent marriage counselor spent more than a year helping this otherwise intelligent couple. Surely parents, teachers, and clergymen could do a better job of preparing young people for a successful adult family life.—The counselor in this case was Eugene Whitney.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.,
Founder and Chairman of the Board of Trustees
The American Institute of Family Relations

Kathy talks first

"When Ken refused to let me have a second child, I simply quit taking the pill," said 24-year-old Kathleen, a tall, well-built brunette with smoky blue eyes. "Six weeks after I quit the pill I was pregnant and blissfully happy. There wasn't a thing Ken could do to stop the addition to our family. I was raised in the Catholic faith, which meant abortion was out of the question—the pill was as far as I would go—and Ken respects my religious principles.

"Our second daughter was born three years ago. We named her Christine, after Ken's mother. Chrissie was a lovely baby, but she was colicky and cranky during her first summer. I was so preoccupied with keeping her quiet when Ken was home that it was quite a while before I noticed that he hardly ever *was* home.

"My mother-in-law—I call her Big Chris—often minds the girls, and she and I are very close. In fact, I'm closer to her than I am to my own mother. When Big Chris first remarked on Ken's absences, I wasn't the least concerned. Ken had just left a safe but stodgy accounting job to open up his own office, and I supposed that he needed extra time to get his business established. But he was away four or five nights a week. And when he did crawl home and into bed at some preposterously late hour, he was always too tired for sex.

"It didn't take me long to decide that I had been too wrapped up in little Chrissie and was ignoring my spouse. I borrowed on my weekly food allowance, bought a sexy nightgown, and put it on for Ken the next evening. He whistled, sure, but then he turned his back, climbed into bed and went straight to sleep.

"By then I was really disturbed. I talked things over with his mother, and she suggested that Ken and I take a weekend camping jaunt while she looked after the kids. I passed the idea along to Ken, but he said he was too busy and too broke. He sounded dejected, and I noticed how pale, thin, and worried he looked. I poured fresh coffee and tried to induce him to tell me what was wrong—we once had such talks all the time—but he walked out of the house and didn't show up again until morning.

"I still didn't realize what the matter was. When Big Chris hinted that there might be another woman, I was furious. I blamed her suspiciousness on her own experience with Ken's father. When Ken was only five years old and Big Chris was in the hospital having a fourth baby, her husband disappeared, leaving Ken and his two little sisters in an empty house without food or money. I told my mother-in-law that Ken wasn't a scrap like his sneaky father, but by then I knew what had happened to my marriage. That night when Ken didn't show up for supper I dialed his office number. The switchboard was closed, but the superintendent said, yes, my husband was still upstairs working with Ivy, his secretary.

"That was the way I identified the other woman in Ken's life—and the knowledge was a jolt, I assure you. I myself had introduced Ivy to K Ivy was the receptionist-bookkeep at a secretarial school I once atter ed. When Ken opened his office urged him to give Ivy a chance cause she was unemployed. Ivy i topflight secretary, but she is not all attractive—she has buck te and huge hips—and I felt sorry her. This was my reward!

"It was dawn before Ken ca home. I was waiting up and he kn it would be useless to lie. Anyh Ken is no liar. Strange as it m seem, I still trust my husband i plicitly.

"He confessed that he had be sleeping with Ivy. Their affair h begun when Chrissie was still in d pers. But Ken swore that he did love Ivy. The only woman he h ever loved, he said, was me.

"Anxious to forgive and forget told Ken that I would take over secretarial work as soon as he ga Ivy her walking papers. But didn't jump at my offer. So I kiss him to prove the past was past then proposed that we celebrate reconciliation by cashing some the bonds Papa sends to the childr and me at Christmas and on bir days (Papa invariably ignores Ke

"Although I've been married f years, my Catholic father still d trusts my Protestant husband. Th dislike is mutual. I thought K would laugh when I suggested th we spend Papa's money on a luxu weekend in Honolulu. Instead, slowly shook his head, and th cleared his throat. It wasn't th simple, he finally said. The situati between Ivy and himself was co plicated, and he was in no positi to fire her right away. I looked him in surprise. Ivy was pregna Ken told me.

"It's hard to describe my feelin when I heard those words. For a m ment I couldn't catch my breath, b gradually my brain began to fu tion again. I realized that Ivy's pr nancy was completely unnecessa Ken was an experienced marri man who took precautions ev when I begged him not to. Ivy w not a child. When I met her at t secretarial school, she was telling erybody that she enjoyed the inc pendence of being single, and th she intended to play the field.

"In a flash I realized that Ivy h changed her philosophy because s was now eager to be a wife—Ke wife. She had deliberately becor pregnant to trick him into divorci me and marrying her.

"I asked quietly if Ken were su that he was the father. He repli yes. I asked how far along she w He said her pregnancy was only s to eight weeks advanced, thus utt ing the first hopeful words of the e tire conversation. Ivy wasn't Cath lic and she wasn't married. Sure she ought to welcome a safe leg abortion. To my astonishment K said Ivy had already agreed to a abortion, and was waiting for him raise the money.

"The next morning I cash $1,000 worth of Papa's bonds. Th was the amount Ivy had specifi that she *(continued on page 1*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling a research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories report here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identiti



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eded. That same afternoon Ken ar-nged for her to have the abortion th our own doctor in attendance—at y insistence. I didn't want Ivy to run e slightest risk of infection or injury id haunt Ken's conscience forever.

"Ivy did not show up at the clinic. e took Papa's $1,000 and disap-ared from town, but not from our es. For months she called our home om a public phone and conducted sterical conversations with Ken. In e breath she would promise to come ck and go through with the abortion, d in the next breath she would cancel e promise. The strain made it virtual-impossible for Ken to work. The poor y had to close his office and take an counting job with a dairy chain for e sake of a regular salary.

"Ivy stayed out of reach until it was o late for an abortion. When she even-ally returned to town, she was nearly ven months pregnant. She demanded see Ken and insisted upon additional oney. I raised the money by cashing ore of Papa's bonds.

"Ken and Ivy's son was born at the me hospital where our two girls were rn. Ken drove her to the hospital and ayed with her, telephoning bulletins me on her progress. My suffering as just beginning the night that baby as born. It turned out that Ken ouldn't or couldn't cut himself off om the infant. He told me that Ivy's hild is his only son, and he feels mor-lly responsible for the boy's welfare. No doubt that is true. But I can no nger bear to have my husband split is time between Ivy and me.

"Ivy is now living with a new boy-riend who gives her plenty of liberty. She phones our house whenever she hooses and chats with Ken about the ealth and cute antics of their young-ter. He drops in at her place to visit he child several times a month, and he lways leaves her a fresh supply of ash. Since Ken acknowledged pater-ity, he is under a court order to pay $150 a month for child support. I don't bject to the $150 a month; occasionally remind him that the payment is due. But I do resent the extra money Ivy wheedles out of him.

"I have now cashed in most of Papa's onds. The dream of my life used to be that my father would someday recog-nize Ken's virtues. But if my parents ever find out the truth, Papa will never forgive Ken. It's more than likely that when my father finds out he will de-mand that I apply for a legal separa-tion. My great fear is that Papa will make his demands stick. I've never been able to stand up to him.

"If my marriage is to be saved, I need to be told how to get rid of Ivy. I've thought about and discarded every alternative. In my lowest moments I've actually wished I had the nerve to poi-son the woman."

Ken's turn to talk

"If the older generation hadn't mixed in our affairs, Kathy and I might have solved this problem long ago," said 27-year-old Ken, a carrot-topped, freck-le-faced father of three. His neatly pressed business suit hung loosely on a thin, gawky frame.

"Indeed, Ivy and I might never have got involved with each other, and there would be no two-year-old boy compli-cating things for everybody. The boy isn't to blame, of course. I've begged Ivy to let Kathy and me adopt the child, but I was turned down flat. Ivy claims she loves the child, which may be true; but what she loves most is putting me in a financial bind.

"I know I deserve to be punished. However, I doubt if I deserve the tor-ture I've gone through for more than three years now. My doctor says I have ulcer symptoms, and I can't eat or sleep or keep my mind on work.

"Kathy's old man has no idea of the present situation, but he still thinks that I'm a bum. Kathy is deeply under his influence, and right from the begin-ning he thoroughly messed things up for us.

"Kathy and I met six years ago in college. Her parents and younger sis-ters were living in Brazil (Kathy's fa-ther is a big international business wheel). As a result, Kathy was on her own for the first time in her life.

"I was a graduate student with my own off-campus apartment. My mother is the bossy type, but she has always believed that my sisters and I should be independent as long as our ideas mesh with hers. Well, Kathy and I fell in love practically on sight. After we went steady a few weeks she moved out of the campus dorm and into my apart-ment—an impossibility had her old man been around.

"We really expected to *(continued)*



be married, of course, but we hadn't planned on Kathy getting pregnant a few weeks after we set up housekeeping. The pregnancy was a surprise. But to tell the truth, we were both very proud and tickled when her condition was confirmed at the college clinic.

"Obviously we had to get married quickly. A real groovy young priest offered to marry us right away—that weekend, in fact. My mother knew all about our situation. She loved Kathy and was proud of her coming grandchild. But Mom believes in honesty at all costs. She thought Kathy's parents should be advised of our plans.

"With the best intentions in the world, she borrowed the money for a round-trip ticket to South America and shipped Kathy off to Brazil to get her parents' blessing.

"It's a wonder Kathy's father didn't have a fatal heart attack when he heard that she was pregnant. At once he made up his mind that his favorite daughter should not marry a Protestant heel like myself. Kathy was too scared to stand up for me, and to explain that we loved each other. Or maybe she put her father's wishes ahead of her own, as she so often does. I gather that she didn't say much of anything.

"Her old man took control. He bought her an airline ticket and tried to get her into a quiet, discreet nursing home near Geneva, Switzerland. Her mother was to travel with her and carry out the pretense that Kathy was a young widow. If my father-in-law's design had been followed, our first child, five-year-old Moira, would have been born in Switzerland and put up for adoption.

"When Kathy relayed this harebrained scheme to me over the telephone, I threatened to fly to Brazil and shoot my father-in-law smack between the eyes. I would have done it, too. Well, Kathy flew back to California considerably more pregnant than when she left the States, and we got married in time for Moira to be born legitimate.

"I made quite a number of sacrifices during that period. I had intended to get an advanced degree in mathematics and then teach. I gave up my teaching ambitions and went to work as an accountant to pay off Mom's bank loan and to support my wife and child.

"By the time Moira was six months old, Kathy and I were almost out of debt. I was ready to escape the deadly boredom of insurance statistics and open an accounting office of my own. The future looked rosy. At that point Kathy suddenly proposed that we have a second child. I said no, thanks, not now—if ever. But Kathy insisted that she wanted our children to be close in age. She didn't want Moira brought up the way she was—as an only child with sisters ten and twelve years younger.

"Mom took Kathy's side, as always. When my father had abandoned us everybody sympathized with my mother. So did I, particularly when Mom had to work a fourteen-hour day to feed us, and we all had to pitch in and help.

"Mom never told me what went sour in her marriage, but lately I've begun to think that my father might have had a little justification in running out on her. In fact, I've wondered if their troubles started in bed. In my opinion Mom is something of a man-hater. I'm her only son, and in some families I might have been spoiled; but Mom was harder on me than on my sisters. I carried a paper route at seven, I worked



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he neighborhood supermarket at I did the heavy chores at home, and asn't allowed a dime for myself. I no time for friends, since I was ex- ed to shine in my studies as well as he job. As a kid I decided that I ld never subject any child of mine n existence as lonesome as my own. tended to be a good father to my dren. I have done my best although mit that two of my three young- s weren't exactly welcome.

Even now I can't love my second ghter Chrissie the way I love ira. I've always felt that Chrissie e between Kathy and myself. May- Kathy couldn't help it, but she shut out when Chrissie was born. I was ng to put a new business on its feet, the new baby was the only thing Kathy's mind.

I needed companionship; I needed eone to talk to who would listen my troubles. I found that someone ting in my office where Kathy had her. Ivy saw a vacuum in my life, she filled it. I never really loved , and I've searched long and hard a chance to get rid of her.

Several weeks ago such a chance e my way. Kathy doesn't know ut it. Next month Ivy and her boy- nd are planning to marry and move Texas. The boyfriend has offered to pt my son, provided I pay Ivy two rs of child support in advance. He ld then assume all future financial ponsibility. I can raise the money, the decision is a tough one. If I rid self of Ivy, I lose my son. I just 't see myself dumping a little kid way I was dumped in childhood."

The counselor speaks

Kathy and Ken needed to overcome ldish thinking and immature emo- ns before they could solve the prob- n of what to do about his son," the nselor said. "Deprived of paternal dance and affection throughout most his boyhood, Ken dreamed of an al father, and as an adult, he deled his behavior after this roman- image. No child of his would ever fer the loneliness and disillusion- nt he had suffered. He stuck by his mmitment and ignored the reality of situation. His son was Ivy's son, too. reover, she had custody of the boy l was at liberty to take the child erever she liked, whenever she chose.

Kathy was equally tied to imma- e habits. In childhood she had been wbeaten by her domineering father til she felt destined to be weak and neless forever. Eventually she came embrace this state of servitude. hen her father went to South Amer- , she transferred her dependence to n, and later to his mother.

"As a grown woman, Kathy was still luenced by the opinions of a father e disliked. She listened more atten- ely to her father and to her mother- law than to her husband. On most casions she put the comfort of her ughters ahead of Ken's comfort. hall wonder he turned to another man. If Kathy had been truly grown , neither her father nor her mother- law would have influenced her feel- gs. She should have been thinking out what was best for Ken, for her mily, and for herself.

"Kathy and Ken valued their mar- age and felt responsible for the wel- re of their children. With counseling, ey solved their dilemma. Eventually, Ken realized that it was impossible for him to maintain a hold on his son. And it was unfair to the child to block his adoption into a normal, legal family setup. Ken and Kathy raised the two years of child support money. Ivy, her new husband, and the boy then left for Texas, where the bridegroom bought a partnership in a mechanic's shop. Apparently he is doing well; in the past eighteen months there have been no additional demands for money, and Ken has received official notice that the adoption went through.

"Kathy cashed the last of her father's bonds to help with the child-support payment. She also followed my suggestion and told her father that she had used his bonds for a family emergency. Her father was infuriated by her refusal to explain the nature of the emergency, but respected her independence.

"Nowadays Kathy and Ken see less of their parents. Kathy was afraid that her mother-in-law would be hurt, but she was happy when the burden of baby-sitting lightened. Kathy and Ken now pay for baby-sitters. They depend on each other for company and they have made friends in the community.

"Not long ago Ken admitted to me that he sometimes misses his son. But Kathy has stopped taking the pill, and they hope she will give birth to their own son in the near future." END

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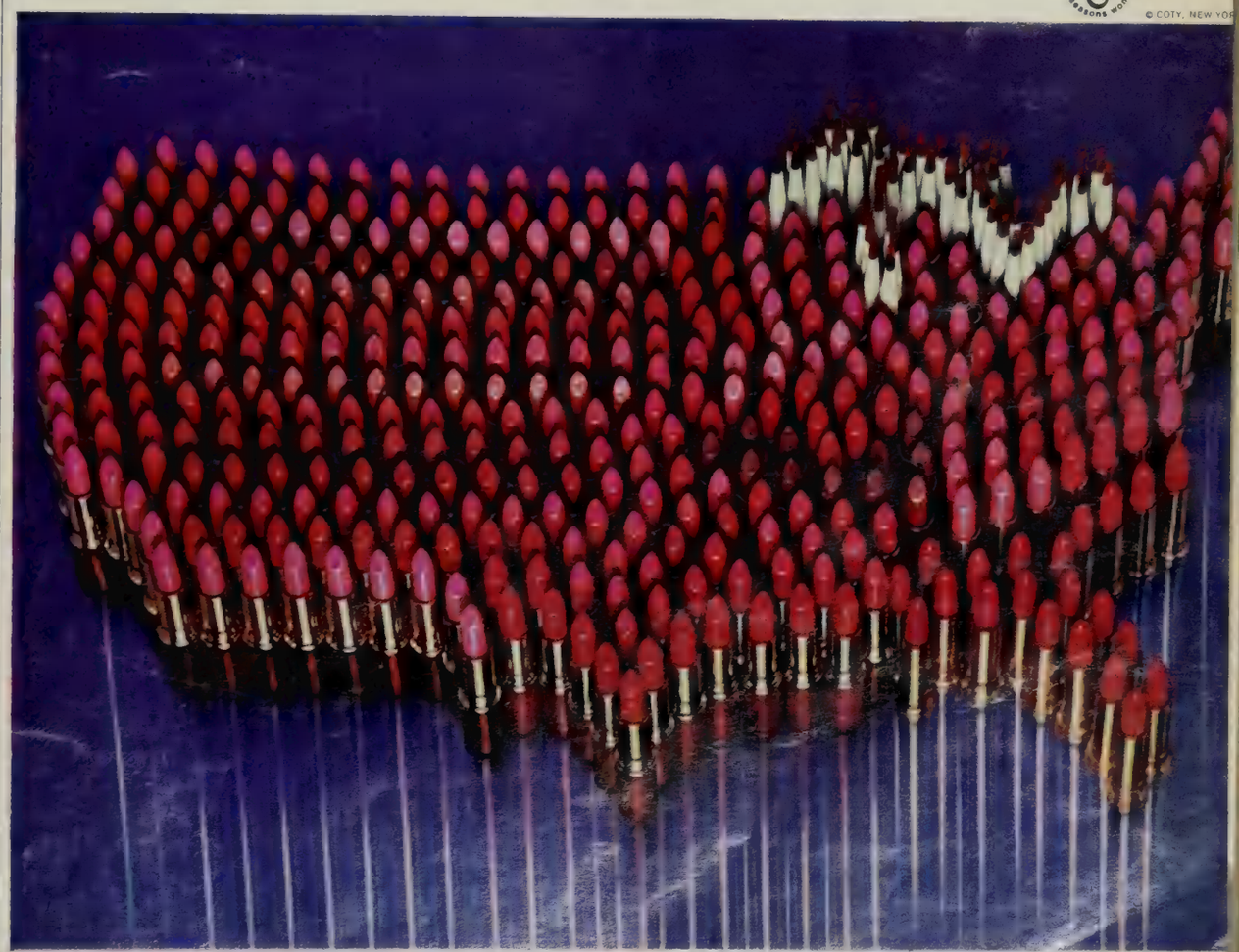
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SPICED LAMB BURGERS

Meat patties are called frikkadels *in Africa, origin of this very economical recipe. It makes the best use of ground lamb we've found in a long time.*



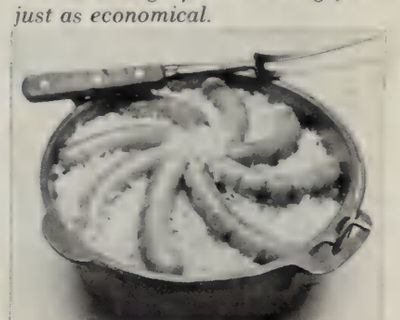
2 lbs. ground lamb
1 egg
½ cup soft bread crumbs
½ cup chopped onion
2 teaspoons salt
1½ teaspoons ground coriander
1 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1 teaspoon curry powder
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind

Combine all ingredients in a large bowl, and work mixture with hands until evenly blended. Shape mixture into 16 patties, each patty roughly 2½ inches in diameter and ¾-inch thick.

Grill over hot coals for 5 minutes on each side. Serve on a bed of curried rice. Garnish with mint. Serves 6–8.

BARBECUED BRATWURST

A nice change from hot dogs, but just as economical.



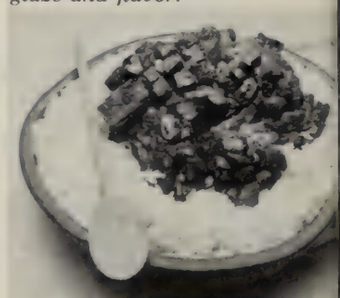
12 fully cooked bratwurst
1 can (12 oz.) beer

Slit bratwurst three or four times crosswise. Place in a large bowl with beer. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate six hours.

Grill over hot coals for 4 minutes, basting once or twice with the beer. Turn and grill an additional 4 minutes on the other side. Serve with caraway-seasoned sauerkraut as an accompaniment. Serves 6.

GLAZED SHORT RIBS

From Korea comes this clever re for that all-time best-buy, beef s ribs. The dark marinade gives a glaze and flavor.



6 lbs. beef short ribs, cut in 2-inch c
1 cup soy sauce
½ cup salad oil
½ cup brown sugar
4 cloves crushed garlic
1 bunch scallions, sliced

Slice ribs half-way down to b checkerboard style. Place in a b

In a small bowl combine rem ing ingredients. Pour mixture the short ribs. Cover with pl wrap and refrigerate for 24 h

Grill over hot coals for 5 min on each side. Serve with fried and bean sprouts. Serves 4–6.

MEXICAN CHILI-STUFFED PEPPE

A cross between barbecuing roasting, a treat for all Tex-Mex



4 green peppers
2 cans (15½-oz. each) chili with bea or 4 cups leftover chili
½ cup sliced pimiento-stuffed olives
½ cup chopped onion

Remove tops and seeds from pers. Parboil 3-4 minutes. Drai

Fill each pepper with 1 cup mixture and wrap tightly in h duty foil. Place directly on hot and heat for 10 minutes, turnin casionally. Garnish with olives chopped onion. Serve with tor chips, chick-pea salad, and

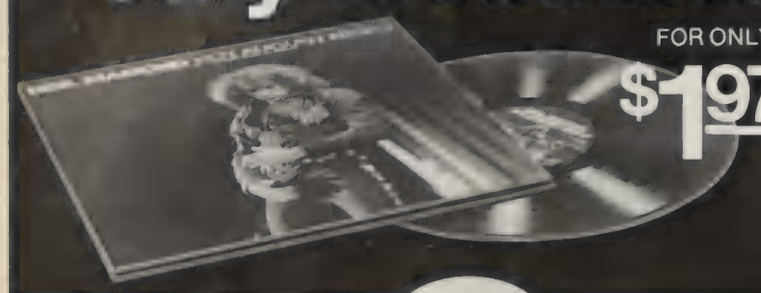
(continued on page


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The extra length of ordinary longs can taste extra hot. Extra length calls for extra coolness. And Kool Longs are the only ones with the taste of extra coolness. Come all the way up to Kool.
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230136 * BILLY PAUL (PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL) EBONY WOMAN

226332-226333 NEIL DIAMOND (MCA) HOT AUGUST NIGHT COUNTS AS TWO

221887 * LAURA NYRO (COLUMBIA) THE FIRST SONGS

227199 * GILBERT O'SULLIVAN (MAM) BACK TO FRONT

220723 FOXY LADY (KAPP) CHER

227348 * GEORGE JONES & TAMMY WYNETTE (EPIC) Let's Build A World Together

227207 * EUMIR DEODATO (CTI) PRELUDE

227454 * LYNN ANDERSON (COLUMBIA) KEEP ME IN MIND

223826 SANTANA (COLUMBIA) CARAVANSERAI

226449 * ROY CLARK (DOT) LIVE! Alabama Jubilee

207662 Everything You Always Wanted To Hear On The Moog

228270 * (SOUNDTRACK) (UA) LAST TANGO IN PARIS

225334 * BREAD (ELEKTRA) THE GUITAR MAN

225102 * JOHNNY NASH (EPIC) I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW STIR IT

227496 * THE STATLER BROTHERS (Mercury) SING COUNTRY SYMPHONIES IN E MAJOR

223115 * SUPER FLY Sound Track (CURTOM) MUSIC BY CURTIS MAYFIELD

173674 BEETHOVEN'S (COLUMBIA) GREATEST HITS

220368 JOY (COLUMBIA) Great Composers' Hits for the '70's

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222406 * MAC DAVIS (COLUMBIA) BABY DON'T GET HOOKED ON ME

191817 SERGIO MENDES and BRASIL '66 (A&M) Greatest Hits Fool On The Hill, etc.

219634 PETER NERO (COLUMBIA) THE FIRST TIME EVER (I SAW YOUR FACE)

228833 * ROY BUCHANAN (POLYDOR) SECOND ALBUM Filthy Teddy

216820 ROGER WILLIAMS (KAPP) LOVE THEME FROM "THE GODFATHER"

211284 * VIKKI CARR (COLUMBIA) SUPERSTAR

227538 227539 AROUND THE WORLD (ABC/DUNHILL) with THREE DOG NIGHT COUNTS AS TWO

229401 * RAY PRICE (COLUMBIA) She's Got To Be A Saint

226431 CARLY SIMON (ELEKTRA) NO SECRETS You're So Vain

225938 * MARTY ROBBINS (DECCA) THIS MUCH A MAN

225839 * THE HOLLIES (EPIC) ROMANY

225631 * MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA (COLUMBIA) BIRDS OF FIRE

176594 CHOPIN'S GREATEST HITS (COLUMBIA) ORMANDY — KOSTELANETZ ENTREMONT, Piano

227322 * JOHNNY MATHIS (COLUMBIA) ME AND MRS. JONES

228247 * TAMMY WYNETTE (EPIC) THE FIRST SONGS OF THE FIRST LADY

214650 Blood, Sweat & Tears (COLUMBIA) GREATEST HITS

226647 * SONNY JAMES (COLUMBIA) SINGS THE GREATEST COUNTRY HITS OF 1972

225284 * FOUR TOPS (ABC) KEEPER OF THE CASTLE

187112 GERSHWIN'S Greatest Hits (COLUMBIA) Rhapsody In Blue, etc.

223230 * GROVER WASHINGTON, JR. (KUDU) ALL THE KING'S HORSES

222703 Tammy Wynette (EPIC) My Man

225094 * WEST, BRUCE & LAING (COLUMBIA) WHY DONTCHA

211755-211756 COUNTS AS TWO JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR (DECCA) A ROCK OPERA

203919 CARPENTERS (A&M) Rainy Days and Mondays

223107 * BERT KAEMPFERT (DECCA) Greatest Hits—Vol. 2

222356 RAY CONNIFF AND THE SINGERS (COLUMBIA) Alone Again (Naturally)

227504 * TED HEATH ORCHESTRA (London Phase 4) SALUTE TO GLENN MILLER

227025 * JOHNNY CASH (COLUMBIA) Any Old Wind That Blows

187088 BARBRA STREISAND'S (COLUMBIA) GREATEST HITS

213728 Engelbert Humperdinck (PARROT) LIVE AT THE RIVIERA, LAS VEGAS

218297 * BILL WITHERS (SUSSEX) STILL BILL

196246 Sly & The Family Stone (EPIC) GREATEST HITS

212753 ARTHUR FIEDLER (POLYDOR) PLAYS THE MUSIC OF PAUL SIMON

209544 * B. J. THOMAS (SCEPTER) Greatest Hits Vol. 2 Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head

with membership in The Club, as explained here . . .

230144 * ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST — COLUMBIA — A Little Night Music

228163 — JUDY COLLINS — ELEKTRA — True Stories And Other Dreams

226639 * — RAMSEY LEWIS — COLUMBIA — FUNKY SERENITY

223834 — CAROLE KING — ODE — RHYMES & REASONS

228957 * — JOE STAMPLEY — DOT — SOUL SONG

227066 * — RAY CONNIFF — COLUMBIA — I Can See Clearly Now

227371 * — JIM CROCE — ABC — LIFE AND TIMES — One Less Set Of Footsteps

226746 * The Partridge Family — BELL — Notebook

220988 — CARLOS SANTANA & BUDDY MILES — COLUMBIA — LIVE

171504 — COLUMBIA — SWITCHED ON BACH

223669 * — PORTRAIT OF SAMMY DAVIS, Jr. — MGM — Mr. Bojangles

222646 — ANDY WILLIAMS — COLUMBIA — ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY)

227488 * — FARON YOUNG — Mercury — THIS TIME THE HURTIN'S ON ME

203539 — CAROLE KING — ODE — Tapestry

228759 * — DONNA FARGO — DOT — My Second Album — SUPERMAN

221424 — CHICAGO V — COLUMBIA — Saturday in the Park — State of the Union

228155 — ELTON JOHN — MCA — DON'T SHOOT ME I'M ONLY THE PIANO PLAYER

227793 * — ERIC CLAPTON — POLYDOR — Lovin' You Lovin' Me

228569 * — ANDRE KOSTELANETZ and his Orchestra — COLUMBIA — LAST TANGO IN PARIS

228288 * THE BUDDY MILES BAND — COLUMBIA — CHAPTER VII — L.A. Resurrection

225862 — THE MOODY BLUES — SEVENTH SOJOURN — THRESHOLD — Isn't Life Strange

202796 — RICHARD STRAUSS — COLUMBIA — Also Sprach Zarathustra — Bernstein, New York Philharmonic

222125 — ROD STEWART — Mercury — Never A Dull Moment

222018 — THE 5th DIMENSION — BELL — Greatest Hits On Earth

227363 * — THE BEST OF JAMES GANG — ABC — FEATURING JOE WALSH

225300 * — MARTY ROBBINS — COLUMBIA — I've Got A Woman's Love

218750 * — FRANK SINATRA — COLUMBIA — IN THE BEGINNING — 1943 To 1951

221432 — PERCY FAITH — COLUMBIA — Day By Day

187161 — MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR'S — COLUMBIA — GREATEST HITS, Vol. I

216952 — ANDY WILLIAMS — COLUMBIA — LOVE THEME FROM "THE GODFATHER"

228700 * — SOUNDTRACK — JAMES BROWN — POLYDOR — BLACK CAESAR

228692 * — DAWN — featuring TONY ORLANDO — BELL — TUNEWEAVING

227116 * — AL GREEN — HI — GREEN IS BLUES

225367 — ARTHUR FIEDLER and THE BOSTON POPS — POLYDOR — Gotta Travel On

229211 * — DONNY OSMOND — MGM — ALONE TOGETHER

227462 * — STEELY DAN — ABC — Can't Buy A Thrill — DO IT AGAIN

218479 — CARPENTERS — A SONG FOR YOU

226845 * — ANDRE KOSTELANETZ — COLUMBIA — LOVE SONGS — It's Impossible

222919 — ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK — PARROT — IN TIME

224758 * — LYNN ANDERSON'S — COLUMBIA — GREATEST HITS

224659 — DON McLEAN — FEATURING THE HIT DREIDEL

167692 — COLUMBIA — 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY — Ormandy-Phil. Orch. — Bernstein-N.Y. Phil.

224147 * — JOE COCKER — Pardon Me Sir

219477 — SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S — COLUMBIA — GREATEST HITS

223651 * — THE OSMONDS — MGM — CRAZY HORSES

223123 * — LIZA MINNELLI — COLUMBIA — Liza with a "Z"

210112 — MANTOVANI — LONDON — To Lovers Everywhere — September Song • 9 More

222380 * — CHEECH AND CHONG — ODE — Big Bambu

216093 — SONNY & CHER — KAPP — ALL I EVER NEED IS YOU

228791 * — EDDY ARNOLD — MGM — So Many Ways/If The Whole World Stopped Lovin'

216812 * — CONWAY TWITTY — DECCA — I Can't See Me Without You

212845 — CARLY SIMON — ELEKTRA — ANTICIPATION — The Girl You Think You Are

185843 — HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS — GREATEST HITS

222190 * — O'JAYS — PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL — BACK STABBERS

220731 * — BOBBY VINTON — EPIC — Sealed With A Kiss

220335 * — CHUCK BERRY — CHESS — THE LONDON SESSIONS

219485 — TOM JONES — PARROT — CLOSE UP

215061 * — THE BEST OF ROGER MILLER — Mercury — Little Green Apples

209726 — CHICAGO — COLUMBIA — AT CARNEGIE HALL, Vols. 3 & 4

196444 — CARPENTERS — CLOSE TO YOU

229823 * — THE O'JAYS — PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL — IN PHILADELPHIA

228585 * — SOUNDTRACK — BELL — GODSPELL

227074 — (SOUNDTRACK) — LOST HORIZON — BELL — MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY Burt Bacharach

227900 * — PERCY FAITH • CLAIR — Also Sprach Zarathustra (2001) — COLUMBIA — Dueling Banjos • 9 MORE

225508 * — PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL — 360 DEGREES OF BILLY PAUL — Me and Mrs. Jones

[illegible] — NEIL DIAMOND — UNI — MOODS

201129 — TCHAIKOVSKY — COLUMBIA — 1812 Overture — Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy

225318 * — KRIS KRISTOFFERSON — MONUMENT — JESUS WAS A CAPRICORN

223420 — BARBRA STREISAND — COLUMBIA — Live Concert At The Forum

224295 * — LOGGINS AND MESSINA — COLUMBIA — Your Mama Don't Dance

218610 — JIM NABORS — COLUMBIA — The Way Of Love

223222 * — CAT STEVENS — CATCH BULL AT FOUR

222976 — ZUBIN MEHTA — LONDON — HITS AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

217356 * — SOUNDTRACK — PARAMOUNT — "THE GODFATHER"

212852 — CAROLE KING — ODE — MUSIC

222679 * — INSIDE THE MIND OF BILL COSBY — UNI

222000 — THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY — BELL — AT HOME WITH THEIR GREATEST HITS

222653 — JOHNNY MATHIS — COLUMBIA — SONG SUNG BLUE

176891 — RAY CONNIFF'S — COLUMBIA — GREATEST HITS

222372 * — GILBERT O'SULLIVAN — MAM — HIMSELF

221176 — ELTON JOHN — UNI — HONKY CHATEAU

220038 * — Ferrante & Teicher — Play The Hit Themes

213538 — PAUL SIMON — COLUMBIA — Me and Julio Down by The Schoolyard

217851 * — JERRY LEE LEWIS — Mercury — The "Killer" Rocks On

187686 — ANDY WILLIAMS' — COLUMBIA — GREATEST HITS — Moon River — Born Free

216804 * — LORETTA LYNN — DECCA — One's On The Way

209973 — CAT STEVENS — Teaser and the Firecat + 9 more

203885 — BURT BACHARACH — One Less Bell To Answer

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r own charge account will be opened n enrollment . . . and the selections you r as a member will be mailed and d at the regular Club prices: records, 8 or $5.98; cartridges and cassettes, 8; reel tapes, $7.98 . . . plus a process- and postage charge. (Occasional spe- selections may be somewhat higher.)

may accept or reject selections ws: every four weeks you will receive w copy of the Club's entertaining music azine, which describes the regular selection for each musical interest, plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. (Since you'll receive 13 informative magazines a year, you'll always be up-to-date on the most current hits.)

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. . . **if you want only the regular selection** for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically (naturally, you may return the regular selection at our expense and for full credit if you did not have ten days in which to decide)

. . . **if you want any of the other selections offered,** order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified

. . . **and about four times a year** we will offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices), which you may reject by mailing the dated form provided . . . or accept by doing nothing.

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AMY VANDERBILT

Secretary's Duties
Should a secretary organize a company party if her boss has a wife?

I think this is a matter that your employer will have to decide. Sometimes wives are very active in their husbands' businesses, especially on occasions such as company parties. Other wives take a hands-off attitude, with their husbands' approval. If your employer's wife has been active in business-social activities such as picnics or Christmas parties, then you should be very careful not to "take over" in any way. An irate wife can be very bad business for a secretary.

First Date
My friend and I are 15 years old. On our first date we are going to a movie with two boys, and then to the drive-in to get something to eat. What should we wear? Should we let the boys kiss us goodnight?

Get together with your friend and decide to wear more or less the same kind of clothes. As the first date is very important, you might opt for a light cotton dress rather than blue jeans, but for a movie and "something to eat" afterward you could certainly wear nicely tailored slacks and any of the numerous tops so popular just now. Choose something simple rather than bizarre.

The boys will probably try to kiss you goodnight, but whether or not you let them do so depends on how you feel about them. Kissing should not be a must. Remember: the girl is the one who makes that decision.

Two Fathers
When I get married, should I ask my father or my stepfather to escort me down the aisle? I don't want to hurt either's feelings.

You should ask your father. Your stepfather should attend the wedding and the reception as a guest. If your father is asked to stand in the receiving line (this is optional), your stepfather should not stand with him.

Gift from the Bride
When one assists at a wedding reception and receives a gift of appreciation from the bride, should the recipient write a thank-you note?

Even though the bride usually presents these gifts to her attendants, and the attendants thank her at the time, it certainly is a pleasant gesture to write a brief note of thanks as well. The same would apply to any other wedding participant who receives such a gift.

Engagement
We will not be present when our son gives his girl the engagement ring, but I would like to send a token of our congratulations. What would be appropriate?

You may send a personal gift to the bride-to-be. This might be a beautiful handkerchief to be carried at her wedding or a bottle of really good perfume.

Woman Alone
My mother is in her 40s and has been divorced for 15 years. She has dedicated her whole life to us children, and after we are all married she will be alone. How can she meet nice men? She is very attractive.

You are an unusual and thoughtful child. I am sure that since your mother is very attractive and has devoted her whole life to you, she is a warm and outgoing woman who will have no trouble filling her time—taking courses that she has wanted to take—traveling perhaps, entertaining new friends. Encourage her to develop a new life for herself. If she is interested in remarrying, she should tell people that she is, and should go out as much as possible. Somewhere, somehow, I am sure that she will meet someone who will make her happy.

She will be lonely at first, losing you all, but I know that you will keep in touch and invite her to your homes from time to time.

Absentee Shower
Is it proper to have a baby shower if the guest of honor lives out of town and cannot be present?

Such showers take place often. A little fill-in invitation is used. The party is called an Absentee Baby Shower for -----. The hostess's name is given, the place, time, and date. Sometimes there is a line to say that "color preference is yellow"—or another color—and even that "size one is preferred."

Everybody gathers and has a pleasant tea or other celebration. The gifts are wrapped at the party, after having been duly admired. The hostess then ships everything to the mother-to-be.

Typing Personal Letters
Would it be improper if I typed r
personal correspondence?

It has long been quite correct to ty
personal correspondence—with the
exceptions: Don't type a note of co
dolence (unless it is from a busin
office). Never type a formal invi
tion (except invitations from bu
ness firms). Notes of congratu
tions and thank-you notes shou
be handwritten. A thank-you m
sage that is part of a long, cha
letter may be typed, however.

People who have severe difficu
in writing, such as arthritics, shou
of course, be excused for typi
everything. And people whose ha
writing is literally illegible may c
tainly type their letters.

Ordination
Should I wear a long skirt or stre
wear this summer to my brothe
ordination ceremony in the Catho
church and for the first Mass t
following day? What about deco
tions for a mid-afternoon buffet
the church hall? Should we ha
lighted candles on the tabl
Should we serve red wine, cha
pagne, or punch? Would soft vio
music be in good taste?

Streetwear is appropriate on bo
occasions. Decorations in the chur
hall can be anything from large,
formal bouquets of summer flow
to perhaps flowering shrubs in s
son, or potted palms (I would pre
the former). Don't have lighted ca
dles at that time of day unless t
hall is darkened. Any of the drin
you mention would be suitab
plus something nonalcoholic. Vio
music would be appropriate.

Picnic
We'd like your comment on the f
lowing: The Joneses proposed
picnic to which each family broug
a different dish. The Joneses th
rationed out the food. The childr
were allowed no pre-dinner snac
The food left over would have f
another dozen people.

I think that the contributing famili
should have rebelled. Having co
tributed the food, they certain
should have been permitted to eat
And the hosts should have provid
pre-meal snacks for the children.

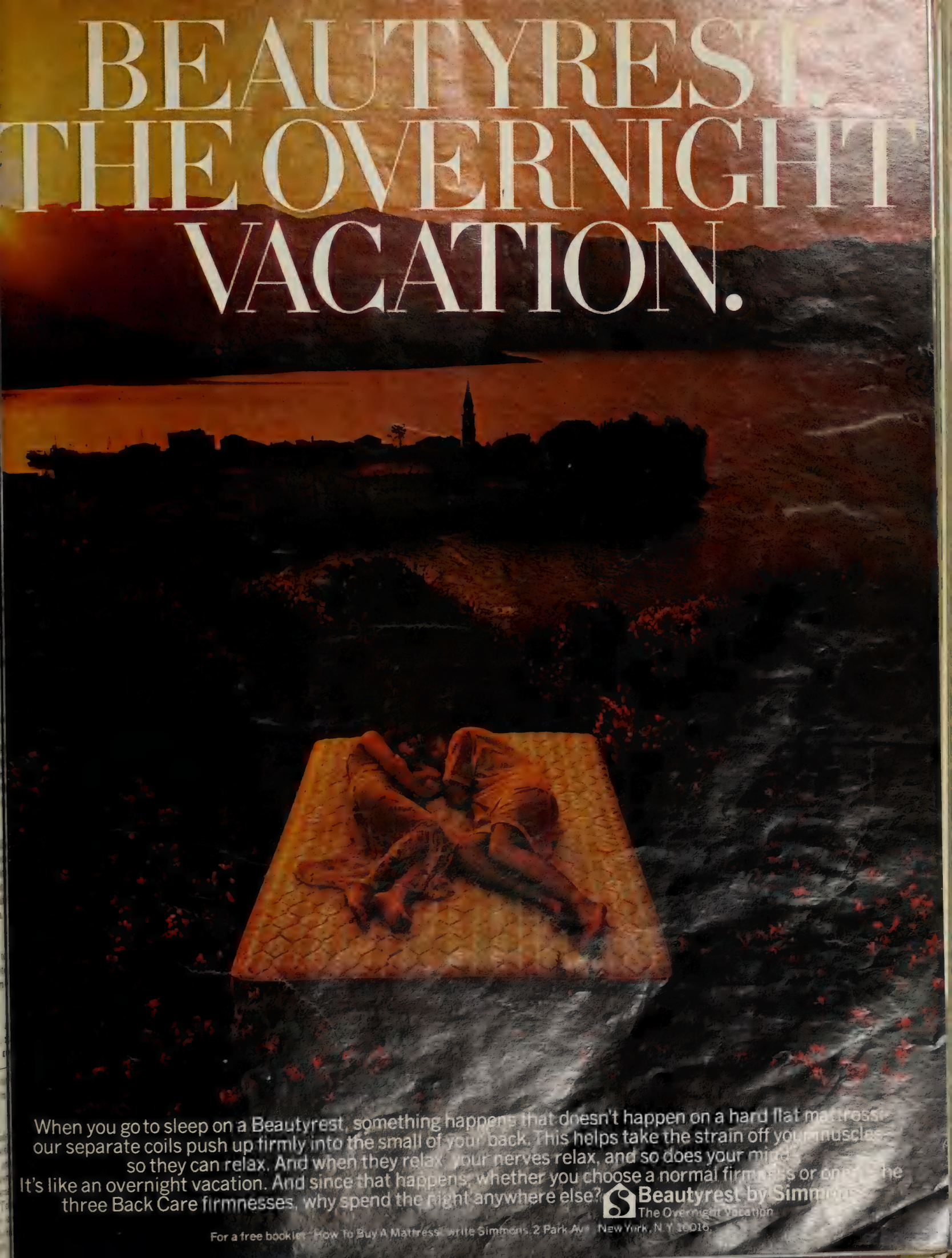
Business Letter
When writing a business letter to
company, addressed to the attenti
of Mr. X (or Miss X), to whom
you address the salutation?

You say "Gentlemen" (you a
really writing to the company, n
Mr. X).

*Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questio
from readers and answers them
this column as space permits.*

Now ready for JOURNAL *reade
Miss Vanderbilt's new bookl
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and Wedding Etiquette," and "Tal
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BEAUTYREST. THE OVERNIGHT VACATION.



When you go to sleep on a Beautyrest, something happens that doesn't happen on a hard flat mattress. Our separate coils push up firmly into the small of your back. This helps take the strain off your muscles, so they can relax. And when they relax, your nerves relax, and so does your mind.
It's like an overnight vacation. And since that happens, whether you choose a normal firmness or one of the three Back Care firmnesses, why spend the night anywhere else?

Beautyrest by Simmons
The Overnight Vacation

For a free booklet "How to Buy A Mattress" write Simmons, 2 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.



Do You Dim the Lights to Hide Your Age?

Just when a woman reaches the age she feels most tenderly romantic, she often becomes a little self-conscious about her appearance. Little lines and a dry complexion reveal that she isn't as young as she used to be. So she turns the lights down low when the man in her life is present, hoping to preserve the illusion of earlier days and nights.

What a pity. If you're a woman who tries to hide the signs of an older-looking skin, instead of doing something importantly helpful to appear younger-looking, then it's surely time you knew the secret of a treasured fluid created by beauty researchers especially for women like you. This unique beauty blend, used faithfully by women in countries around the world, is known here in the United States as Oil of Olay. Dry, old-looking skin rapidly absorbs the remarkable fluid, containing rich natural oils and moisture that help restore the smoothness you probably never dared hope to see again.



Oil of Olay moisturizing lotion quickly penetrates the highly-visible surface layer of the skin, where the unique blend works with nature to ease away dryness, the dryness that accents the lines and wrinkles that cause you to look older. The beauty fluid, with its natural ingredients, establishes an effective barrier that helps retain your skin's own moisture, particularly important at an age when nature's own supplies of vital skin fluids have diminished.

Join the youthful-looking women in countries around the world who make this treasured blend part of a faithful twice-daily beauty ritual. Apply Oil of Olay (you will find it at drugstores everywhere) lavishly each morning as a superb makeup base which doesn't allow cosmetics to discolor or streak. Again at bedtime. And at whatever other times a feeling of skin dryness signals the need for lovely, loving attention.

Beauty Hints

Even if you do not wear cosmetics during the day, don't forget your morning application of Oil of Olay. Smooth it on generously to give your complexion a moisty, misty glow. Leave your husband with pleasant memories to occur and reoccur during his working day.

* * *

Little lines around your eyes and mouth may be the first complexion signs to betray your age. These areas need and deserve extra attention. At night, after you've soothed Oil of Olay® over your face and neck, wait ten or fifteen minutes. Then gently pat additional beauty blend around the eyes and mouth. This little effort will be amply rewarded.

all seasons woman



BRINGING UP CHILDREN

BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

Teaching children to make decisions is a puzzling responsibility. When should you tell them what to do—when should you let them choose?

I'm having trouble teaching Susie to make correct decisions," said the mother of a six-year-old girl, during a recent mothers' meeting. "She particularly gives me trouble in the morning, when she has to get up and go to school. She dawdles and protests—over getting up, getting dressed, and even eating breakfast; every day there's a scene."

The mother thinks that maybe Susie dawdles because she feels pushed; but the more poky Susie becomes, the more her mother's own anxiety increases—and the more she pushes her daughter. She has tried just telling Susie what time it is and letting her go at her own pace; but then Susie ends up at least a half an hour late for school. That wouldn't be so bad, since the school Susie attends is a small, parent-sponsored private school where the teachers' philosophy is not to coerce promptness, but Susie's mother has to go to work herself—so she feels trapped by the child's tardiness. The mother herself is prompt, and she doesn't know what to do; Susie doesn't do things the same way she does, and it's hard to take. But she doesn't want to force Susie to be on time.

For this little girl, then, neither parents nor school seem to be unequivocally interested in making promptness an important obligation. It seems strange that a mother who cares so much about Susie's learning promptness should have sent her to a special school that doesn't make any demands about being on time.

Why *should* Susie be on time in the morning? Most schools do insist on promptness, and a child thus learns to be prompt. But if neither parent nor school is concerned with tardiness, a child is deprived of an important socializing experience. For a child to grow up well, she must learn more in school than the three R's; she also needs to learn how to pay attention, to sit still when necessary, to wait her turn, to be on time.

While private schools such as the one Susie attends may provide a stimulating educational experience for children, one of their dangers is that in being so "free" they may lose sight of the socializing dimensions that schools provide as nothing else does. Susie's mother agreed, but said that the school did make demands on the children, although promptness was not one of th Yet the school must be doing so thing right, because Susie loves

If she loves the school so muc observed, then Susie should h very good reason to get there on t —if only the teacher would req it. But the teacher did not, beca of the educational philosophy which the school was run. I as Susie's mother to tell me what thoughts on education were—at l as expressed by her choice of sch She replied, "I think that Su should be allowed to . . . oh, dea do have specific ideas, but the really very hard to get at."

If those ideas are hard for mother to express, they are pr ably also very hard for Susie to at. Yet unless Susie has some i of them, she will be deprived of cl direction. The mother replied w some alacrity that things weren't that vague; she does make it clea Susie that certain matters must attended to at certain times. S insists that Susie clean up her ro get ready for school in the mo ing, and do her homework. The pr lem is that Susie keeps resisti and her attitude was creating a pr lem for her mother, who believes v strongly that a child must have own chance to decide what to As a mother, she felt that she m make some demands on Susie, she did not feel that she could m her daughter's decisions for her.

This seemed a strange way to things: Susie was to make her c decisions without any coercion, she also *has* to do certain thi Those two statements are contra tory; perhaps Susie's difficulty that her mother is trying to r her according to values that really contradictory. The mot adamantly insists that Susie sho not be coerced; but without some ercion, how can she get (continu

Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, one of world's most distinguished cl psychologists, recently retired a 28 years as Professor of Psychol and Psychiatry at the University Chicago. He is Director of the So Shankman Orthogenic School chronically disturbed children, has written many books about c dren—their psychological devel ment and problems.

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Susie to do the things the mother feels the child ought to do?

For example, when Susie makes her own decision—for example, that she doesn't want to get to school on time—her mother doesn't like it. So that means that Susie can do whatever she wants to do—as long as it's what mother wants her to do. "Sometimes it does work out that Susie makes her own decisions, and the decisions are acceptable," said the mother. For instance, the mother asks Susie whether she prefers to go downtown with her or stay home with a babysitter. Susie chose the babysitter the last time this happened, which was perfectly all right with her mother. But it would also have been perfectly fine if Susie had decided to go along on the trip downtown.

The choice between babysitter or the trip downtown seemed to me to be quite different from the decision whether or not to get to school on time. In one instance—the trip—the mother offered Susie a choice; but when it came to school, the mother did not really wish to offer a choice at all: she wanted Susie to be on time. Therefore, the mother herself had made a decision as to when Susie could choose and when she could not. And, after all, this is what most parents do all the time—without deluding themselves that they are letting their child decide on all matters. In all child-parent relationships, some decisions are made by the parents and others are made by the child—but the parents are the ones who decide when the choice is to be left to the child.

As the child grows older and more mature, her parents usually decide that the choice may be left up to the child—and under such a program most youngsters do well. In addition, most parents do not see this as coercing their child—they see it as protecting the child from things she can't handle, and as helping her to gain maturity in decision-making at a pace she can handle. But when there's no clarity in the parents' minds about the correctness of such a procedure, when they see it as coercion, then confusion sets in. The parents want their child to make all her own decisions, yet they always want the child to come up with the right decision—something a child can't possibly do. Even parents who send children to "free" schools recognize this. Therefore they insist on certain behavior—and, in effect, ask the child to ignore the insistence and do the task as if she had "freely" decided to do it. Children won't do this—as Susie's talkiness shows.

There's another problem here besides the basic contradiction in parental expectations. How does a child feel when it's left up to her to make certain decisions? For example, the mother asked Susie to choose between staying home or going downtown, but Susie may have thought that the decision was offered to her because her mother didn't really want her to come along on the shopping trip. She could feel this way, because it was Susie's experience that when her mother really does care about the outcome of things, she does not permit Susie to make her own decisions—or that she will not accept any of Susie's decisions without giving her an argument.

The mother saw this point—because she admitted that she is *not* willing to accept Susie's decision to dawdle in the morning, and Susie knows it. So in effect this mother is completely confusing her child by telling her: "make your own decisions, but if I don't like those decisions, I won't accept them."

"How can I rectify this situation," the mother said, "and make demands in such a way that they aren't confusing to her?"

Another mother offered some advice, based on her similar experience with her six-year-old son. She had decided not to ask her boy to make a decision unless she honestly didn't care how he chose. When she wants him to do something, she tells him that she has decided he should do it, and therefore he does it. She also gives him choices to make himself. By this system, the second mother concluded, she had decided that in the long run the child is freer in the decisions he can make on his own, because he really can choose. There are still battles between them, but clear directions from the mother have helped the situation.

Susie's mother thought that it would probably take her a long time to change her patterns with Susie, since she would not only have to change the child's attitudes but her own. I assured her that everything really depends on whether the parents are clear in their own minds, because children sense ambivalence of the kind Susie's mother showed. This confuses the child to the point that she must fight back in some way, as Susie had been doing. But i the parents feel certain that some be havior is absolutely required—that th child must go to school on time—tha they can't permit the child freedom t decide for herself, then the child nur tures uncertainties about it. She wi be able to conform to parental expec tations if her relations with her parent are generally positive; she might eve feel relieved that the burden of makin such difficult decisions is finally lifte off of her shoulders.

Susie's mother unexpec edly reported back positiv results in only two week She said: "The first thin that happened was over Su sie's milk at suppertime, th evening of our last meetin I had to think only ver briefly to decide that it di matter to me that she finis her milk. Before we alway played little games about i and I'd let her put off drin ing her milk. But I *do* thin a glass of milk is importa at breakfast and dinner, an I didn't want to offer her free choice about it. So th time I told her firmly to fi ish her milk. She put up fuss, spitting it back into th glass and so on, but sh finally did finish it, an when she did she was prou of herself.

"When it came time to g her up the next morning, went into her room with th same certainty in my hea wanting and expecting h to get up. I told her to g up, and she did; at brea fast, we had less of a hass over the milk than we ha the night before, and Sus got to school on time! Ev since then, she has gotten u when I told her to, h dressed herself without eve being told, and comes in the kitchen and makes h own sandwich to take school. It's been two wee now and the mornings a fun rather than being fill with anxiety. I know s will do what I want her do.

"I now understand son thing about what freedom —something I thought knew before, but I didn't thought I was giving h freedom, but all I was doi was communicating my ov ambivalence and the unco scious conviction that s would not cooperate. I no understand that there's freedom without boundaries, and tha have to set those boundaries for Sus so that later she can set them for he self. How do you ever know who y are unless someone has defined yo limits and given you clear messag about what they expect from you?"

Just as one can find one's securi as a parent in a good relationship one's child, so can a child find securi through a deeper meaning in her re tionship to her parents. The chain generations, when established throu compassion and made strong throu understanding and love, can be o most powerful support in life.





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Summer Salads–Hawaiian Style

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Just look at these three Hawaiian midsummer delights. Shrimp Salad Waikiki. Wiki Wiki Tuna. Kona Ham Hawaiian. Each one is cool and refreshingly delicious. And each one is so complete, it's a meal in itself.

The secret of these satisfying summer salads is simple. It's making sure you start with ripe, Dole Bananas. Add juicy Dole Blue Label Pineapple, and the lively flavor of Miracle Whip Salad Dressing.

WIKI WIKI TUNA SALAD

- 1 can (20-ozs.) Dole Pineapple Chunks, drained
- 2 cans (7-ozs. each) tuna, drained, flaked
- 1 cup green pepper chunks
- 2 Tbsp. chopped pimiento
- ½ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
- 2 Dole bananas, sliced
- 1 large head lettuce, cut in 6 slices

Combine pineapple, tuna, green pepper, pimiento and Miracle Whip. Chill. Before serving, add bananas; toss lightly. Serve on lettuce; top with additional salad dressing, if desired. 6 servings.

SHRIMP SALAD WAIKIKI

- 1 can (20 ozs.) Dole Sliced Pineapple
- 1 cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
- 2 Tbsp. chopped parsley
- 1 quart torn assorted greens
- 2 cups cucumber sl
- 1 lb. frozen, cleaned shrimp, cooked
- 2 or 3 Dole bananas
- 2 Tbsp. lemon juice

Drain pineapple, reserving 3 tablespoons syrup. bine Miracle Whip, parsley and reserved syrup; mix Chill. Arrange greens in bottom of shallow salad stack pineapple in center. Arrange shrimp and cucu around pineapple. Chill. Before serving, peel ban cut in half lengthwise; dip in lemon juice. Arrang salad. Serve with dressing. 4 to 5 servings.



KONA HAM HAWAIIAN

- 1 (20-ozs.) Ile Pineapple unks
- b Miracle Whip ad Dressing
- spoon dry stard
- 2 cups ham strips
- 1 cup celery slices
- 2 cups strawberry halves
- 2 large Dole bananas, sliced

pineapple, reserving 2 tablespoons Combine Miracle Whip, mustard deserved syrup; mix well. Combine pple, ham, celery and strawberries; ightly. Chill. Before serving, add las; toss lightly. Serve in lettuce-bowl; top with dressing. 6 servings.

Dole BANANAS
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continued from page 18

CHICKEN YAKITORI

Japanese cooking becomes increasingly popular; here is our adaptation of a great favorite. Be sure to save the marinade for dipping later on.



3 whole chicken breasts boned and skinned
1 lb. chicken livers
¾ cup soy sauce
¾ cup sake or dry sherry
3 cloves crushed garlic
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 tablespoon chopped ginger
¼ teaspoon cayenne
3 sweet potatoes, peeled, cut into ¼-inch slices and parboiled
6 leeks, sliced diagonally into 1-inch pieces

Rinse chicken breasts and livers under cold running water. Pat dry with paper towels. Slice chicken breasts into 1½-inch strips. Cut livers in half. Place in a large bowl.

In a medium saucepan combine soy sauce, sake, garlic, brown sugar, ginger, and cayenne. Bring just to the boiling point and pour over the chicken. Marinate at room temperature for 1 hour. Reserve marinade.

Arrange on bamboo skewers: start with sweet potato then add chicken breast, liver, leek, and repeat until all ingredients are skewered.

Grill for 5 minutes each side, basting with marinade. Pass marinade as a sauce. Serves 4–6. Serve with rice and/or bean sprout salad.

PERUVIAN GRILL

In this time of high prices, it's proper that we should all try such budget buys as beef heart. In this Peruvian recipe the rich taste is given a boost by the tart marinade.



1 cup olive oil
1 cup red wine vinegar
1 tablespoon chopped red chili peppers
1 tablespoon chopped garlic
1 tablespoon ground cumin
1 tablespoon salt
1 onion, sliced
2 lbs. beef heart, cut in 1-inch cubes
Meat tenderizer

Combine olive oil, vinegar, chili pepper, garlic, cumin, salt, and onion in a large bowl. Add heart cubes; cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate for 24 hours. Arrange meat on skewers and sprinkle with meat tenderizer according to directions. Grill over hot coals for 5 minutes on each side. Serve on a bed of Spanish rice and garnish with the sliced onions from the marinade. Serves 4–5.

TURKISH GRILLED HALIBUT

Frozen or fresh, halibut is almost always a good buy. And if you ever wondered what charred bay leaves smell like, get ready for a treat.



6 halibut steaks, about 1 inch thick
½ cup olive oil
½ cup lemon juice
2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons paprika
½ teaspoon pepper
12 bay leaves

Rinse the halibut under cold running water. Pat dry on paper towels. Place in a shallow baking dish.

In a small bowl beat together with a wire whisk the olive oil, lemon juice, salt, paprika, and pepper. Pour over halibut steaks. Cover and refrigerate for 3 hours.

Place on grill and arrange 2 bay leaves on each steak. Cook for 6 minutes; remove bay leaves, turn steaks and replace bay leaves. Cook an additional 4 minutes. Serve with fava beans. Serves 6.

SKEWERED SHRIMP ITALIANO

Our quickest barbecue, thanks some Italian friends of ours.



2 lbs. cleaned shrimp with tails
24 small clams
½ cup olive oil
½ cup lemon juice
1½ cups Italian-flavored dry bread crumbs
4-5 cloves crushed garlic
⅓ cup chopped Italian parsley
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper

Rinse shrimp and clams under c running water. Pat dry.

Combine olive oil and lemon ju in a bowl.

Combine bread crumbs, gar parsley, salt, and pepper in anot bowl.

Dip each shrimp and clam f into the lemon-oil mixture and t coat with the bread crumbs. aside. When all have been coat wrap a shrimp around each clam skewer.

Grill over hot coals 5 minutes each side. Garnish with lemon sli and Italian parsley. Serve with guini marinara, escarole salad, rum cake. Serves 4–6.

(continued on page 1



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Hair & Beauty · By Joan Clair

Is it really just an accident that those "summer goddesses" with the beautiful hair, also have beautiful skin? Or are they on to something—like working conscientiously on the whole way they look! We tend to believe in the "work"—and what work could be more pleasant, than some of these ideas:

An investment in beautiful skin. Here's a not-so-secret way to have the freshest skin in town: *Clairol's Skin Machine* Automatic Cleansing Brush. It's a cute little gadget with a most obliging button—you press the button and 24,000 tiny bristles go round and round to scrub greasy, grimy pollutants out of your skin. And besides helping clean away "pore pollution," the Skin Machine is about the niftiest makeup-remover ever invented.

Does your hair lose body in the summertime? If so, it's probably because you're washing that body right out of your hair. After all, most women shampoo their hair more often in the summer—in fact, when you're at the beach, it sometimes seems like you're shampooing every day. Maybe you should try *Great Body* —the shampoo that puts body *in* instead of taking it out. *Great Body* makes your hair look soft and shiny, and helps prevent the frizzies, too. All this while you're getting your hair superbly *clean.*

You say you want a sun-blonde look, without worrying about brassiness? That's what we like—a demanding girl. In fact, we made *Summer Blonde* lightener just for girls like you. Its exclusive formula is gentle, full of rich conditioners, and made to fight the number one blonding villain: brassiness. (Ugh.) *Summer Blonde can* help you be a golden girl, not a brassy one. And for extra body and shine you can use *Summer Blonde Plus,* which includes a balsam conditioner.

Now you don't have to give up hairspray, to have clean hair. Clean hairspray is here—thank goodness. *Clairol's Summer Blonde* hairspray was made to be invisible—clean, clear, fresh. It keeps your set soft and natural, without any tacky old lacquer buildup. Now, that's a hairspray that understands the whole feeling of summer.

Long hair, si—messy hair, no. If you've vowed you'll never, never cut your hair, good for you. We think long hair is still one of the loveliest looks around, and maybe it always will be. But for heaven's sake don't let it be long & lifeless—or long & frizzy —or long & flyaway. Not when it's so easy to help smooth away split ends, give your hair a healthy-looking shine, and keep it manageable, with *Clairol's Long & Silky* conditioner. How much can one little product do? Now offered in an extra-body formula. To try it, just send 50¢ in coin to Joan Clair, P.O. Box 1020H, Yonkers, N.Y. 10701 for a 4 oz. bottle.

Beat those hours under the hot hairdryer. *Psssssst* Instant Shampoo cleans your hair fast and easily without your having to sit under the hairdryer heat in the hot summer.

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SYLVIA PORTER

SPENDING YOUR MONEY

Buying Stocks

Both my husband and I work and have combined incomes of well over $25,000. We have only one child, who is now in high school. We have always been exceedingly conservative in our choice of investments and have concentrated our extra money in life insurance to protect our child, our home (in the suburbs of Chicago), and savings accounts. Now we feel we can afford to take more risks and my husband is urging me to agree to adopt a program of buying stocks. In your opinion, should we go into the stock market?

Certainly! But before you do be sure that:

- You realize there is always an element of risk in stock ownership. Some of the top stock performers of the late 1960's on the New York Stock Exchange were among the worst performers at the start of the 1970's. And some of the most spectacular mutual fund performers in one year can become the most spectacular no-go performers the next year.
- You are investing money you do not need for regular living expenses. (This policy you seem to have adopted long ago on your own.)
- You determine a specific investment goal suited to your needs *before* you invest, and you are prepared to stick to that goal until your circumstances change. If your goal is growth, you'll want one type of stock; if it is income, you'll want another.
- You have the emotional temperament to own stocks. As the New York Stock Exchange itself says, "many persons should never buy stocks. The individual who can be seriously upset by a slight decline in price or who goes off on a spending spree when prices rise is better off out of the stock market."
- You are willing to take the time to become informed about the stocks that interest you and are determined not to act on the basis of tips or rumors no matter how intriguing they are. You wouldn't dream of buying a house simply on the basis of how it looks from the outside. The same thoroughness must be applied to buying stocks for, along with buying a house, investing in the stock market may be among the most important financial decisions you make.
- You have the advice of an experienced and reputable broker to he you.
- You don't expect too much t soon. The odds are heavily again you if you trade in and out of t market for short-term gains b strongly for you if you invest for t long-term and allow time for yo stocks to perform as anticipated.
- You stick to your investment o jectives and are honest with yo self. If you want long-term grow buy and hold stocks that promi long-term appreciation. Don't sidetracked into dangerously risk speculative situations.
- You are aware that you bu stocks, not the stock averages. Ev in the biggest bull markets, ma stocks slide and in this era's viciou ly selective market, what you ov is critical.
- You have an overall family i vestment plan to protect you fro falling into "hit or miss" investin There is no formula under whi you can automatically put a prop percentage in each type of inves ment: your home, life insuran high-grade bonds, stocks, savings a counts, etc. The key point is to avo the error of hit-or-miss by diversi cation of your financial progra That's why I go along with yo husband's proposal that you bu stocks and add diversification your investments.

I have here given you in capsu form the most fundamental gui ever devised to help you to succes ful investing in stocks. Good luck!

Car Interest Rates

Are interest rates on automobi loans subject to any legal ceiling

Yes. They must fall within ma mums set by your state's regul tions. However, an unscrupulo dealer or lender may try to charge rate that is higher than this ceilin Be sure, if and when you make deal, that you know both the tr annual rate you're being charged a the maximum legal rate in yo state.

Psychiatric Care

My wife, who has had several mi carriages, believes she needs psych atric care; her regular physici agrees. Under the (continue

Miss Porter welcomes questio from readers. Those of general inte est will be answered in this colun as space permits.

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ircumstances, I feel I have no alternative except to go along with the suggested treatment. How much should I expect to pay the psychiatrist they choose, and for how long?

How much you can expect to pay and how long your wife's treatment will last will depend on the seriousness of her condition and the treatment chosen.

The most typical charge for a psychiatrist's time today, according to the American Psychiatric Association's Hospital and Community Psychiatry Service, is about $35 an hour. The fee for her initial psychiatric consultation will depend on the time involved and might be slightly more than the hourly therapy charge. The typical number of sessions in psychoanalysis ranges from 300 to 500—although this depends on the patient and the progress.

(These are typical and average charges as reported by national associations. Her own situation will depend, again, on her own circumstances and problems.)

Children's Allowances

At what age should you start giving a child a weekly allowance? What should it be expected to cover?

My own opinion is that you should start giving your child a regular allowance by the time he or she enters first grade—about the time parents usually find themselves handing out a steady stream of nickels and dimes for toys, ice cream, school supplies, etc., and this is precisely the category of "small extras" the allowance should be designed to cover. A quarter or so should cover these items. This is over and above the amount of money you give your child to pay for school lunches.

Camping Trips

We're planning a late summer camping trip in our new camper—for the first time. How much do campgrounds charge per night? Do you have to make reservations?

Space for a camper will cost you between $3 and $6 in most private campgrounds and between $1 and $4 at a campground in one of our national forests or parks.

Yes, you do need to make reservations in some of the private campgrounds, particularly the more popular ones. Another way to improve your chances of getting space is to get there as early in the day as possible. Campers in national forests are allotted space on a first-come first-served basis.

Family Incomes

I read in our local paper the other day that most people in the United States now make more than $10,000 a year. Can this information possibly be correct?

Not most *people* make $10,000 or more, but the majority of U.S. *families* do. There are roughly 53,300,000 U.S. families today. Of these, 27,600,000 have annual incomes from all family members of at least $10,000.

What's more, if your family income exceeds $15,000 a year, you are no longer at all unusual. Of every four families, one has an income in this range. If your income totals $25,000 or more, you are part of what has become a hefty minority. More than one in 20 families has an income in this range.

Here's the Census Bureau's latest income tally, which I've bunched into major categories so you can see how *you* rank.

Your family income	*No. of families*	*% of families*
Under $6,000	12,854,000	24.2
$6,000-$8,000	6,282,000	11.7
$8,000-$10,000	6,560,000	12.3
$10,000-$15,000	14,360,000	26.9
$15,000-$25,000	10,399,000	19.5
$25,000 and over	2,841,000	5.3

Co-op Costs

I read with great interest your recent comments on the costs of attending cooperative schools. What are the *net* costs of attending a five-year co-op college, where students work half time during the last four years?

Here are the latest estimates from the Handbook of Cooperative Education published by Jossey-Bass, the authority in this field:

Tuition	$ 7,500 (3 x $500 plus 4 x $1,500)
Fees	500 (5 x $100)
Travel	500 (5 x $100)
Dorm cost	1,152 (36 weeks @ $32)
	3,072 (24 weeks @ $32 equals $768 x 4)
Books	1,500 (5 x $300)
Clothing and personal expense	1,250 (5 x $250)
Total	$15,474
Earnings	$10,400 (4 years, 26 weeks @ $100 per week)
Net cost	$ 5,074

Pension Benefits

Our company—a manufacturer of office machinery—has an exceptionally generous pension plan that will not only provide a substantial monthly pension upon retirement at age 65 but, as an alternative, a comfortable pension starting at age 60 if a worker so chooses.

But what happens to my pension benefits if I should decide to switch jobs—or just quit work—before I reach either of those ages? (I'm 33.)

This is a question you definitely should ask your employer (start with the personnel department), since pension policies vary all over the lot. However, if you're typical and you quit before retirement age, you will be eligible either for *no* pension benefits or for *greatly reduced* benefits.

That's why pension reform has become so hot an issue in Congress. And that's why there's mounting pressure for pension "portability" from job to job and "vesting," which would give an employe a right to whatever pension benefits he or she has built up—no matter what age you retire.

Safeguarding Wills

Where should we keep our will? My husband and I are arguing over whether to keep our wills in the safety deposit box or somewhere else.

Your will should be kept where it can be found immediately and easily by your executor when it is needed; it should not be kept where it can be stolen, forgotten, mislaid, or lost.

It is *not* wise to keep your will in your safe deposit box because on death this box may be sealed—and sealed even though you hold the box jointly with another person. In this case, your executor would have to go to court for permission to open the safe deposit box to find your will—an unnecessary annoyance at a terribly trying time.

Keep a copy of your will at home and keep the original in your attorney's safe. If your executor is a bank or trust company, give it to them for safekeeping.

Buying the Ring

Is there any general rule on how much a bridegroom should budget for a diamond ring? I want to avoid going overboard as so many of my friends have.

A rule which seems reasonable to me is: *Don't* spend more than three weeks' salary or more than 6 percent of your annual income for an engagement ring.

Tell the jeweler your price range when you enter the store and stick within it. Try to pay cash for the ring, but if you must buy it on credit see what credit terms you can get at your local bank before you automatically accept the deal offered by the jeweler.

(continued on page 42)

Are you sure your tampon keeps you odor-free?



Playtex® makes the first deodorant tampon to help protect you two ways.



This is the only tampon that offers deodorancy and absorbency. Two kinds of protection to help give two kinds of security.

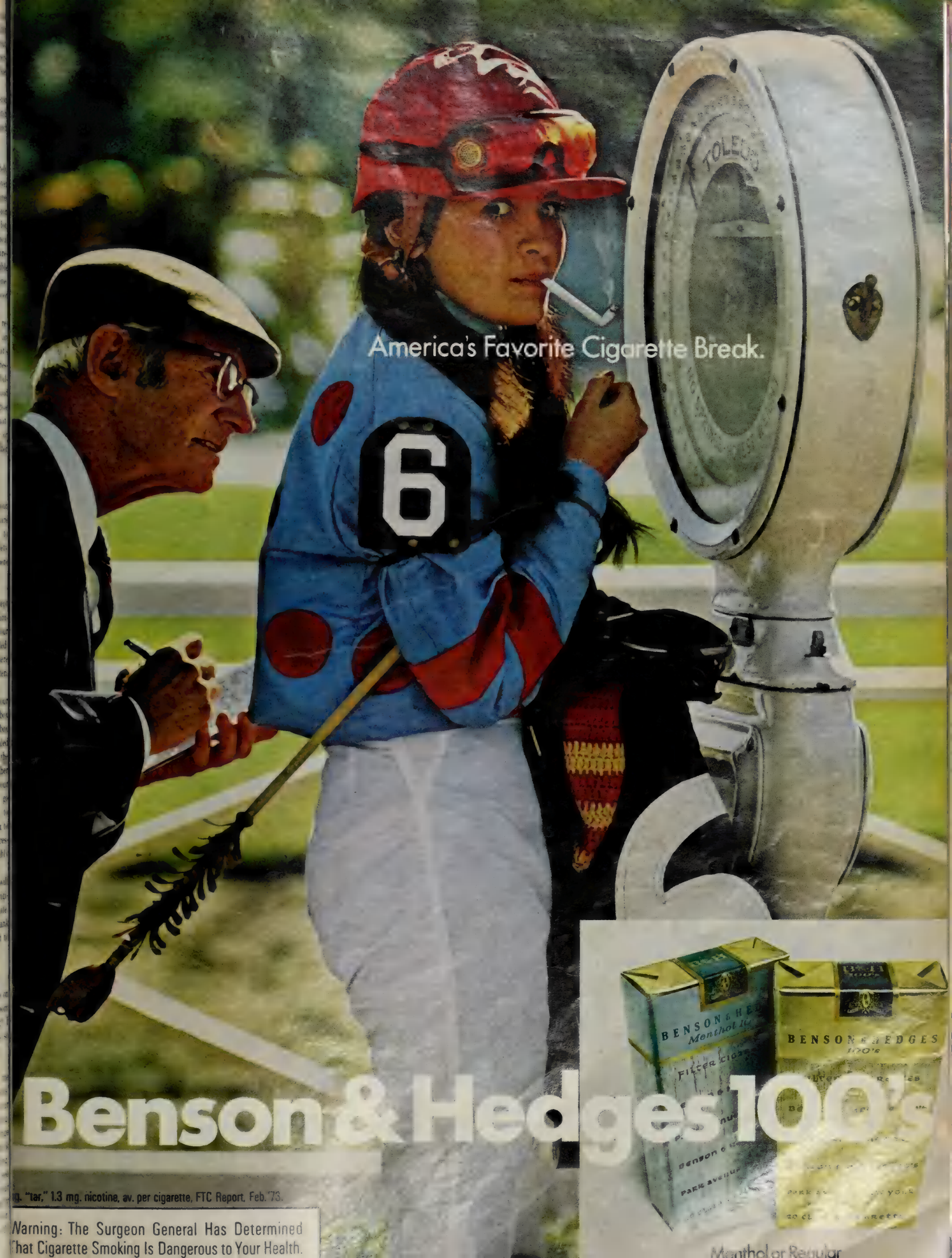
A fresh delicate scent reduces doubt about intimate odor in a gentle, feminine way. Yet Playtex Deodorant Tampons contain no hexachlorophene.

Then there's that famous Playtex self-adjusting action. All Playtex Tampons (with or without deodorant) respond to your inner contours to help meet your individual absorbency needs. In fact, tests show Playtex is more absorbent than the leading tampon.

Deodorancy. Absorbency. Plus a smooth, flexible plastic applicator designed for easier insertion. With or without deodorant, there's nothing quite like the Playtex Tampon. Honest.

Playtex. The dual-protection tampon. Self-adjusting and deodorant.

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America's Favorite Cigarette Break.
6
TOLEDO
Benson & Hedges 100's
g. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Menthol or Regular



THE CUP OF COFFEE BY LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

The world is composed of two kinds of people: those who want things badly enough to sacrifice human dignity, and those who do not.

I suppose that the incident between Denis Crater and myself brought out one of the basic questions of our time: was my throwing up my job in his company the simple preservation of a minimal integrity, or was it an hysterical act of self-exhibitionism? My children think the former; my wife, the latter. I believe that it was simply a happy chance—a chance that operated as catharsis of an ancient apprehension.

For right up to the day of my supposedly quixotic decision, I was never what I seemed to be. Who is? I seemed prosperous, complacent, stuffy, a typical organization man. I was an Executive Vice-President of Arco Home Appliances, with headquarters at Armonk. I had a house with a three-car garage and a swimming pool at New Canaan. I was an Episcopalian and played golf. Can't you see me? And, yes, I had a boy Freddy at Yale who wanted to be a professional guitarist and a daughter Alice at NYU who wanted to blow up the world. I had come to accept their affectionate contempt as all a father could ask. I had even decided that it might be the proper role of the husband-spouse of the suburbs to act as a foil, to make his son feel like Segovia, his daughter like Emma Goldman, and his wife . . . well, to make Matilda feel that she was alive.

But, of course, underneath I seethed with anxiety. Again, who doesn't? I was constantly afraid that I would lose my job, my wife, my little pile of stocks and bonds. When I went to the doctor for my annual check-up I was convinced that he would find a symptom of cancer, and when I went (*continued on page 50*)

Illustration by David Plourde

How to get a fabulous paint job without paying decorator prices



If you don't plan on hiring a manicurist, Cutex is the surest way to re-decorate your own nails and get professional results.

Because Cutex knows more about nails and nail polish than anyone. So you get exceptionally even, brilliant coverage, without running or brushmarks. (The bottleneck pre-measures each brushful.)

Colors? The latest decorator shades, nine new creme polishes, ten new frosty ones. Plus a whole range of Cutex classics.

At 65 and 75 cents a shade, you can change the decor every week.

Cutex

Dip-
wiches

andwich spreads
you make with
dips!



Don't yawn your way through another summer sandwich. Get with these exciting new spreads you make yourself. Take a package of FRITOS brand Green Onion, Taco, or Bean Dip; blend in a few goodies and a measure of TABASCO brand pepper sauce, made from a family recipe watched over for more than 100 years, and presto, "Mom, what did you put in the sandwich? I like it. I like it."

SKINNY DIP

1 package FRITOS brand Green Onion Dip Mix
1 cup sour cream
½ tsp. TABASCO brand pepper sauce
1 cup chopped chives
Juice of one lemon
16 slices luncheon loaf
16 slices white bread
Paper thin carrot strips, optional

Mix FRITOS brand Green Onion Dip and sour cream according to package. Stir in ½ tsp. TABASCO. Add chives and lemon; stir lightly. Place 2 slices luncheon loaf atop each of 8 slices bread. Place heaping tablespoon of dip on each. Garnish with carrot strips if desired. Top with remaining slices of bread. Makes 8 Dipwiches.

TABASCO®



THE WORKING WOMAN

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

The Equal Pay Act of 1963 offers protection to working women who find themselves discriminated against because of their sex. This Federal law can work for you—if you'll only let it!

Are you being paid less than the man at the next desk? Did your company pay higher wages to the man who held your job before you? Was your starting salary lower than that paid to the men in your training program? If you can answer "yes" to any of these questions, why haven't you filed a complaint under the Equal Pay Act?

"There are interesting reasons for women's failure to demand their rights under the Act," explains Francis W. McGowan, Director, Division of Equal Pay and Employment Standards of the United States Department of Labor. "Some women assume the procedures are too complicated or they fear employer reprisals. Other women don't even recognize pay discrimination because they've lived with it for so long. Those who do see the inequity will simply excuse it with statements like: 'That's the way it is' or 'At least it's a good job for a woman.' "

McGowan deplores this attitude of hopeless resignation. He feels that the Equal Pay Act offers sweeping protection to working women, and he wants more women to use it to seek their due. His department has over 350 offices throughout the country, with more than 1,000 compliance officers ready to make equal pay for equal work a reality for every woman. Let's give them some business.

What the law provides: The Equal Pay Act of 1963 prohibits "discrimination on account of sex in the payment of wages by employers." Thus it applies to men and women alike. However, because women have been the traditional targets of discriminatory pay scales, the Act works most often in our interest. Its intent is plain: women and men in the same establishment who perform equal work on jobs requiring substantially the same *skill*, *effort*, and *responsibility* must be paid the same wages for their labor. (The law does not require that jobs be *identical*.)

The law also considers fringe benefits, such as pension and insurance plans, to be subject to equal pay treatment. It does not allow an employer to raise a man's wages, or lower a woman's, to offset her higher pension benefits. Nor does it permit an employer to penalize a woman for the extra cost of her pregnancy benefits.

In attempting to get salaries into alignment, the employer may not adjust a man's salary *downward* to equal a woman's. And unions are specifically prohibited from causing an employer to discriminate in pay in collective bargaining agreements. The only pay differentials considered legitimate under the Act are those based on *bona fide* seniority, merit systems, piece-work rates, or any system in which sex is not a factor.

When a violation is established, the employees who have been affected are entitled to a raise to equalize their wages with those of the opposite sex. In addition, they are entitled to up to two years of back pay (three years if the violation was willful, repeated or deceptive). Willful violators are also subject to criminal fines and imprisonment. There is a specific prohibition against employer reprisals—and the government has been very tough in the few cases they've had in which a boss had fired or discriminated against a suspected "troublemaker."

Who is covered by the Equal Pay Act? About 60 million wage and salary workers engaged in interstate commerce. A year ago coverage was extended to executives, administrative, professional, and outside sales people. Blue-collar women have always been covered. But now, if you're a teacher, accountant, programmer, buyer, chemist, editor, or personnel manager, for example, you are protected by the Act—even though you may not be subject to minimum wage and overtime provisions of the Fair Labor Standards Act (of which Equal Pay is a part). Exempt from coverage are household workers, employees in a retail establishment that grosses less than $250,000 annually, and employees of state and local governments (other than school and hospital workers).

How is the Act administered? The Wage and Hour Division (WHD) of the Department of Labor intervenes in two ways: 1. on its own initiative, it makes routine checks to determine a company's general compliance with all sections of the Fa Labor Standards Act (includin minimum wage, overtime, *and* equ pay); 2. WHD can investigate company in response to a complain

All complaints are held in stric est confidence (the company nee never know whether WHD is r sponding to a complaint or makir a regularly scheduled investigation Action is immediate (investigatio begin about two weeks after a co plaint is registered). One woman complaint can result in raises a back pay for all other women in h job category. WHD's enforceme powers are strong (they achie satisfaction in 95 percent of the cases, without litigation). Wh cases do go to court, the Labor D partment represents the worki woman, and its record of victori is impressive (of 242 cases decid thus far, the Labor Department h won 205). And the payoff is i mense; since the act went into effe in June 1964, more than 133,000 e ployees have been awarded near $59 million in raises or back wag

If an employee files a private s under the Act, she may be award back pay plus legal fees, court cos and extra damages up to the amou of the back pay—thus she can double damages for her trouble.

A few sample cases will sugg the scope of the act and its possi application to your own problem

- In a case involving Brookh ven, Tex., Hospital, the 5th Circu Court ruled that nurses' aid (women) and hospital orderli (men) did substantially equal wo The aides got back pay—and a 3 an hour raise.
- Three female lab technicia filed a private suit against the Mill Brewing Company, and won $44,0 back pay (plus $20,000 legal cost The Labor Department also w $16,600 for eight other women a five men similarly affected by t company's lower "women's wor wage rate.
- As a result of a routine WH investigation, a large university v untarily agreed to a $300,000 adju ment of unequal salaries. One wo an professor got a $3,000 raise, eff tive immediately.
- Security National Bank w directed to pay male and fem tellers equally, even though the e ployer claimed that male tell were being groomed to become ba officers.
- In an Arkansas case involvi press operators at the Daisy Ma facturing Company, a woman's gr mental stress—caused by worki with high-speed equipment—w found equal to the great physi stress on men. As a result, the wo en's wages were adjusted to eq the men's.
- The Court ruled (continue

☐ *Letty Cottin Pogrebin, 34, is thor, wife, and mother of thr During her 13-year business care she rose from file clerk to vice-pr ident—and she wrote a best-sell book:* How to Make It in a Ma World. *Although Ms. Pogre reads all reader letters, she regr that time does not permit her respond personally.*


The first dishwasher detergent for dry-hards. Electrasol.
Dry-hards are tough-to-clean foods–like macaroni and cheese, eggs, oatmeal, sauces–that dry and cake and stick. And stick. On plates. On forks. Filming glasses. But Electrasol, with its special formula, gets rid of dry-hards. Lets your dishwasher give you cleaner, brighter, film-free dishes.
CLEANS EVEN DRIED-ON FOOD SOILS
Electrasol
for CLEAN, CLEAR AUTOMATIC DISHWASHING
Approved by all leading dishwasher manufacturers
Good Housekeeping

that when Corning Glass opened lower-paid, formerly all-female day shifts to men, and opened higher-paid, all-male night shifts to women, it was not a sufficient cure for the equal pay violation. Regardless of whether both sexes perform a job, and whatever the hours of the shift, if the jobs are equal the pay must be, too. Men *and* women at Corning got $600,000 in back pay.

■ City stores learned that the Act doesn't condone paying 57¢ an hour less to women selling women's and children's wear than is paid to men selling men's wear.

■ In comparable cases, several newspapers have discovered they cannot pay women's page editors less than editors of other sections.

■ When men and women at A.T.&T. were promoted into computer jobs, they each received a 10 percent raise. But due to discriminatory policies at A.T.&T., which resulted in sex-typed jobs, the men came to computer work from craft jobs and the women came from clerical or operator jobs—where they earned $40 to $70 less per week. Even with the standard 10 percent increase, it ended up with men and women performing the same computer jobs, but the men getting enormously higher salaries. In a bonanza settlement, A.T.&T. agreed to pay $7.2 million to correct this differential.

Getting in on the Equal Pay Act: You can do it with a phone call, a short letter, or a visit to your local compliance officer (they're listed in the phone book under United States Government—Labor, Dept. of,—Wage & Hour Div.). Just state your complaint simply. There are no official forms or affidavits. Confidentiality is assured.

Under the law, the WHD officer can examine payroll and other records. With a sharp eye on pay differentials, he will investigate the company's practice of sex-typing jobs or the sex discrimination built into a union agreement or the pattern of non-compliance in an industry; but they need you for personal input and job content specifics. You have everything to gain from an Equal Pay Act complaint, and nothing to lose but your anger.

The In Basket

● The *Journal*, National BankAmericard, and its six local co-sponsoring banks recently hosted a full-day conference in Washington, D.C. The subject: *Women As Economic Equals*. The diagnosis of the morning panel was that women are not yet economic equals but that the prognosis is good.

Congresswoman Martha W. Griffiths (D.-Mich.) spoke of the need to reform Social Security provisions for women who work; about credit policies that amount to burying your credit cards when you bury your husband; about banks' insistence upon probing a wife's contraceptive history before granting a mortgage; and about the urgency of the Equal Rights Amendment.

Dr. Juanita Kreps, Professor of Economics at Duke University, cited an interesting statistic: 7.4 percent of working wives made more money than their husbands last year.

Hildegarde Boswell, Maryland Delegate, chided women for not supporting one another. "That's where our hidden power lies," she said, to applause.

Jayne Baker Spain, Vice Chairperson of the U.S. Civil Service Commission, asked for bipartisan support for the Equal Rights Amendment. She offered a quote from Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was asked who is more intelligent—men or women? Dr. Johnson: "Which man and which woman?"

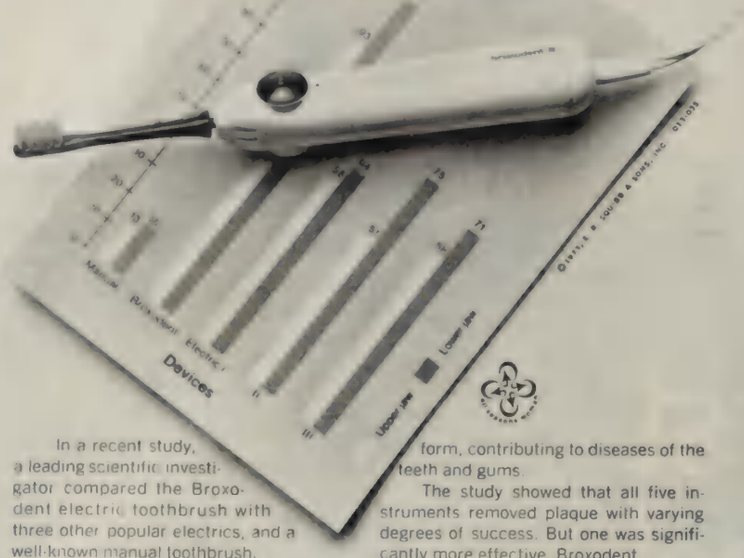
Dr. Bernice Sandler of the Association of American Colleges spoke of the need for activism on behalf of women. She called on women to inform themselves about the law, to gather data about discriminatory practices that affect them and to file formal charges while continuing to sensitize well-intentioned employers and lawmakers.

The luncheon session was, I thought, far less satisfactory. Casper W. Weinberger, Secretary of Health, Education & Welfare, endorsed the Equal Rights Amendment and recited the Nixon Administration's slender accomplishments in the field of women's rights. There was no explanation of the President's veto of the child-care bill (supported by working women's coalitions), or of his failure to implement the recommendations of his own Task Force on the Status of Women.

Following lunch, the women separated into smaller workshops on Sex Discrimination on the Job; Anatomy, Ability, and Economy; How to Move Up the Corporate Ladder; and How Can Women Achieve Legal Rights to Property and Credit (in which Congresswoman Bella Abzug [D.-N.Y.] challenged the system of granting credit because she had been denied a credit card on her Congressional salary when she refused to furnish information about her husband's employment).

In an afternoon session, Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt offered an inspiring account of the progress of women in the U.S. Navy while reaffirming his commitment to total equality. Zumwalt's presentation, marked by both humor and dignity, was worthy of the audience and was respectful of the hopeful title of the conference: Women as Economic Equals. Amen. **END**

A better way to brush your teeth. And we can prove it.



In a recent study, a leading scientific investigator compared the Broxodent electric toothbrush with three other popular electrics, and a well-known manual toothbrush.

All five were evaluated for their ability to remove plaque from the labial surface of the maxillary and mandibular incisor teeth.

Plaque is the bacteria-laden film that clings to tooth enamel. It is a leading cause of tooth decay (the main reason children lose their teeth) and periodontal or gum disease (the main reason adults lose theirs).

Unless you remove accumulated plaque *daily*, rigid tartar deposits will form, contributing to diseases of the teeth and gums.

The study showed that all five instruments removed plaque with varying degrees of success. But one was significantly more effective. Broxodent.

In other words, our electric toothbrush removed plaque better than whatever you're probably using now.

And that should be reason enough to own a Broxodent.

SQUIBB

Broxodent®

The automatic action toothbrush more dentists surveyed recommended.

SPENDING MONEY

continued from page 36

Medicare Benefits

My father will soon be 65—and (finally!) eligible for Medicare health benefits. My mother is 63; will she become eligible for benefits at the same time—as the wife of a retired person?

No. She won't be eligible for benefits until she's 65.

Illegal Obligations

Our 10-year-old daughter recently received a batch of greeting cards marked "on approval" – although she never requested these cards. Enclosed were bills for the cards. Of course she didn't pay, and later came a batch of dunning letters from the greeting card company, demanding payment and threatening legal action. Can such a contractual obligation be established without the consent of the person who is being put under obligation?

It cannot, says the Federal Trade Commission in Washington. And the FTC has been cracking down on this type of flagrant deception—often perpetrated on children through ads in comic books.

Lost Credit Cards

I have heard that there are new rules on what you should do if your credit card is lost or stolen. Do you know what they are?

If you are to be held liable for paying the first $50 in losses, the Truth in Lending Act requires card-issuers to provide you with a prestamped, addressed notification statement for you to use if your card is lost or stolen. But whether or not you have this statement, should your card get lost or be stolen, telephone the issuer immediately—and follow up your call with a written report of the theft or loss.

Savings Accounts

Out of curiosity, I would like to know how much money the typical American family keeps in its bank savings account?

About two out of three American families have a savings account, and in half of these accounts the balance is $1,300 or more. **END**



If you don't show your kids California, who will?

Universal Studios Stunt Show. See it on an American Airlines Fly/Drive Vacation.

Imagine what fun your kids could have this summer seeing how their favorite TV show is made.

Or taking a ride down the Matterhorn at Disneyland.

Or watching the sea lions show off at Marineland.

California is a perfect place for families on vacation. There are so many things to see and experiences to share.

And now, we're giving you a chance to go there.

We've put together some of the best Fly/Drive Vacations any airline has ever offered.

Our $187 vacation, for example, includes an Avis car for a week (unlimited mileage, you pay for gas). Plus 6 nights' accommodations for up to a family of four at selected Holiday Inns throughout California.

Other vacations include a Hertz car and accommodations at Sheraton Hotels and Hyatt Houses.

Air fare, of course, is extra (e.g. New York to L.A. is $234*for adults and we have special fares for children).

Why not talk to your Travel Agent. And get all the details about our Fly/Drive Vacations to California. (If you like, you can fly into one city and fly home from another.)

There's nothing we'd like better than to make this summer's family vacation one you'll always remember. And one your children will never forget.

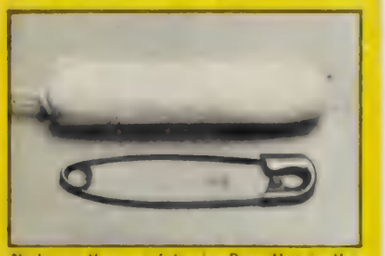
American Airlines
To The Good Life.©

Good Life" © 1963, Paris Music Co., Inc. Used by permission.

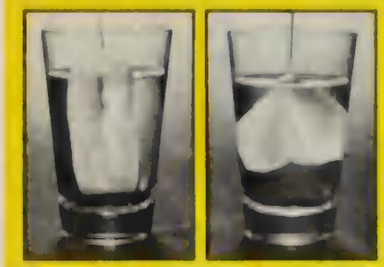
*Prices quoted are special tour basing round trip coach airfares (including taxes). Subject to change without notic

The Comfort Tampon

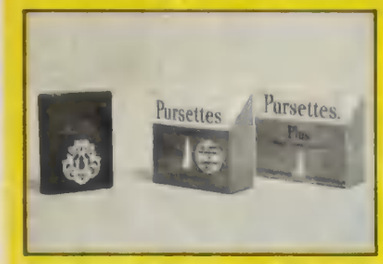
(Easy way to give up napkins)



No larger than a safety pin, Pursettes is the only tampon with a tapered, prelubricated tip. No bulky applicator is needed.



Unlike the leading tampon, Pursettes blossoms out slowly, absorbs more fully (up to 10 times its weight) for better protection.



For a free carrying compact, filled with Pursettes or Pursettes Plus (indicate choice), send 25¢ for postage-handling to Campana, Dept. J-073, Batavia, Illinois 60510.

Pursettes®

The only highly-absorbent tampon with a prelubricated tip

AN IN-DEPTH INTERVIEW BY DR. RUBIN

PAT LOUD TALKS ABOUT LOVE, MARRIAGE, DIVORCE—AND HERSELF



Photograph by Ken Regan

What really broke up the marriage of Pat and Bill Loud? Was it the TV cameras they allowed in their home to film *An American Family*—or was it something deeper? In this interview with the *Journal*'s noted psychiatrist, Pat expresses herself freely, allowing the doctor to come to some very interesting conclusions.
By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

More than two years ago, National Educational Television decided to spend a great deal of time, money, and effort to produce a new concept in TV programming. Television cameras were placed in the home of an upper-middle-class Santa Barbara, Calif., family: William and Patricia Loud and their five children: Lance 20, Kevin 18, Grant 17, Delilah 15, and Michele 13.

From May until December 1971, cameras recorded the everyday comings and goings of the family. The resulting miles of film were edited into twelve one-hour segments to be shown on TV. The title of the program was *An American Family*.

Even before the program appeared on television, social scientists were predicting that the series would be an important human document, a great contribution to better understanding of the American family. The Louds, regardless of their socioeconomic standards, were being touted as the *typical* American family from whom other typical American families could obtain support—because the *typical* Louds' typical problems were every family's problems. The program was lauded in pre-viewing raves and hailed as a forthcoming cultural event—an eye-opener on all levels.

When the program was shown on TV in January through April, 1973, the raves gave way to criticism from critics and viewers who felt: 1. The Louds were not, after all, a typical American family; 2. The program had an exhibitionist, soap-opera quality; 3. The Louds seemed shallow, cardboard figures; 4. The program was just plain boring; 5. How dare TV film the deterioration of a family?; 6. How dare a program discuss a son's homosexuality?; 7. The very presence of the TV camera in the Louds' home killed the "true-to-life" family feeling; 8. The TV program was responsible for the Louds' subsequent divorce.

How strongly some people disliked the program—and the Louds—was evidenced by the impolite reception three Louds (Bill, daughter Delilah, and son Lance) received from a TV audience in Atlanta, Ga., last April, when they appeared on a talk show.

Although I felt that the program had been over-touted and that it missed its mark, I could not feel pessimistic about the Louds as human beings. I could not, however, get to know the Louds from the show—and I was very anxious to get to know them—especially the wife, Pat. On the program she seemed elusive and remote, but she also seemed to me to be the most interesting member of the family. A sense of her resolute strength came through to me on the TV screen. So when the JOURNAL asked me to have a chat with Mrs. Loud to find out what she is really like, I gladly accepted the assignment.

The Pat Loud I had seen on TV was not the Pat Loud sitting across from me in my office

In New York to discuss a business project, Pat Loud agreed to come to my office, where we chatted for hours before having lunch, and then continued again for another session. Let me say here that at no time did I analyze Pat Loud as a psychiatrist would analyze a patient. She was *not* a patient but a subject I was meeting as a psychiatrist-writer.

Pat Loud is tall, thin, large-boned, and graceful. She was simply dressed and wore little makeu found this in keeping with he rect, open, natural approach to interview—and to life in gen There is nothing cute, affected pretentious about her. She is a b tiful woman. Her face and hands mobile and expressive, and her and mouth project much i warmth, vitality, and strengt feelings. When she laughs—w was often—her cheeks dimple person, she looks much younger her 46 years. It didn't take me to discover that the Pat Loud I on the TV screen was not the Loud sitting across from me in office.

Pat's dreams came true when she became Mrs. Bill Lou

She told me that her ma name is Russell, and that she i Irish-Scotch origin. I had gue as much because she reminded n John Steinbeck's women in *Gr of Wrath*. As with those wo Mrs. Loud's face radiates stre and substantiality; it tells me she is a person of determination reliability. She is articulate knowledgeable. She has never a big-city person, so she lacks s cosmopolitan sophistication, but expresses herself feelingly and w out evasive intellectualizations.

"I was raised in Eugene, Ore in a middle-class Catholic fam she told me. "My parents were tremely devoted and loving to other, as well as to me and my br er." Being a cherished and l child in a warm, stable house was no small force in produ Pat's present strength and soli Her ability and intelligence held in high enough esteem that went on to Stanford Univer where she majored in history minored in *(continued on page*

For a fascinating report on Loud as she gets a new be look for her new life, see pag



Spend a milder moment with Raleigh.

A special treatment softens the tobaccos for a milder taste.

Something old, something new. This vinyl over-the-shoulder Neal handbag looks like traditional leather. Tan, black or bone. Yours for free B&W coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Raleigh.

To see over 1000 gifts, write for your free Gift Catalog: Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report February '73

I never stopped eating yet I lost 107 pounds.

By Catherine Gutches — as told to Ruth L. McCarthy



At 235 pounds, I looked as wide as my stove. But it didn't stop me from stirring up another batch of calories.

One thing's for sure. I didn't get up to 235 pounds by eating TV dinners. It was my own calorie-heavy cooking that did it. Meals like cucumbers dipped in egg and breadcrumbs and fried in butter, served with homemade macaroni smothered in cheese and finally sweetened with a dessert like Bundt cake, rich-crusted cherry pie or my own date and nut roll. Believe me, when you eat like that, it's easy to get fat, especially when you start young.

I was raised on a produce farm in Paramus, N.J. where my father was one of the first settlers. He had 75 acres of land on which we grew vegetables and fruit for market, but kept chickens and cows for our own needs. Actually I grew up working side by side with the farm hands, so I learned to eat hearty as soon as I could lift and lick a cake spoon.

When I was in my teens, I'd get up at five in the morning, have breakfast of fried potatoes, ham, homemade bread, jam and coffee. Then I'd work in the fields until seven. That would give me just enough time to take a bath, eat another snack and go off to school. When I'd get home, I'd be hungry enough to eat the ice box bare.

Is it any wonder I weighed 165 pounds by the time I was 21, the year I married my husband Ted — a six-footer who weighed three pounds less than I did? It didn't seem to bother him though. He's Holland Dutch and with my German parentage, we both took to eating like it was the only reason for living.

Our friends were like that, too. They were all 200-pounds plus. Why, once, when I complained about the shape I was in, one of them said: "Don't worry, Catherine. Your skin is stretched to the limit. You can eat all you want now." And I did. But the bigger I grew, the shorter my breath got. Then my back began to ache. My feet started to hurt from carrying all that weight and my stomach continually got in my way. What a mess!

Finally, after a vacation at the Jersey shore, a friend of mine said: "Catherine, let's try those reducing-plan candies, Ayds®." Believe it or not, I'd never heard of the Ayds plan. Besides, I'd tried lots of times to reduce without success, so I didn't know what to think. But she insisted. She bought me a box of the vanilla caramel Ayds and we both started on the plan.

Unknown to her, however, I did one important thing. I read the label on the box to check out the ingredients and I found that Ayds contains vitamins and minerals, but no drugs — nothing harmful. That sure was good news to me. Then I remembered hearing once during a physical exam that a person can't expect to starve himself and stay healthy losing weight. That to burn up fat, you need to eat the right foods, like meat and salads and vegetables. To me it was like comparing the body to a furnace that needs proper stoking to get it to burn like it should.

Well, on the Ayds plan, I began to stoke mine good. Instead of stuffing myself with starches, sweets and junk, I ate like I should. Only I ate less, because I wanted less. That's because I took one or two Ayds like the directions say, with a hot drink, and those candies really helped curb my appetite as they satisfied my craving for sweets. And in six weeks time, I'd lost 13 pounds on the Ayds plan.

I'll tell you, when I saw the scales going down, I knew I was set from then on. There was no more eating just to fill up that cavity in front.

People didn't take much notice, though, until I'd lost 50 pounds. That's when my clothes looked like they were designed by Omar, the Tent Maker, and everybody began remarking.

Sometimes, it's hard even for me to believe what's happened. Me, a grandmother, who gained a girlish figure at age 55. But the best thing, of course, is *how* it happened. Thanks to the Ayds plan, I lost 107 pounds, yet I never stopped eating. And I've never felt better.



Now that I'm down to 128 pounds, I still like to cook and bake, but I've given up tasting what's in the pot and licking what's on the spoon.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5'2"	5'2"
Weight	235 lbs.	128 lbs.
Bust	52"	39"
Waist	48"	29½"
Hips	52"	36"
Dress	52	12

lish literature. She says that her family was conventionally "Vic- an."

My father seemed to head the fam- she admitted, "but when I think ut it, it was my mother who pro- d me with the necessary strength resilience. Mother was diplomatic ugh to apply wisdom and support out usurping my father's personal family prestige." In looking back, remembers, "My parents lived a utifully romantic idyll; they were lly in love with each other. Dad d to recite poetry to Mother."

Not surprisingly, young Pat fanta- d a similar marriage for herself. dreamed that she and her husband uld be madly in love. This marriage tasy, coupled with her early Cath- orientation and cultural influences t existed 25 years ago, accounted her willingness to forego a career marriage. Girls of that generation d even today's generation) were dy and eager to surrender profes- al pursuits and intellectual en- vors in favor of becoming wives and thers.

William Loud was six years older n Pat. She had known him since dhood; he was her brother's friend. was in love with Bill throughout ege. At 23, Pat's marriage to Bill d, and their subsequent family, was culmination of her familial, per- al, and cultural dreams.

Life with Bill was fairly happy," says, but she also indicates that nething was wrong. That something, uspect, was that Pat Loud was be- ming to feel important stirrings hin herself. These stirrings were need for personal growth—a need t, like other women of her genera- n, she repressed in order to avoid er conflict and anxiety, until her lligence and sensitivity could no ger allow her to cover up what had ome so obvious: that her marriage Bill was not what she had expected; was not a duplication of her parents' rriage.

Surface charm

While Bill was compassionate and ing, he never offered their marriage involvement and sharing that Pat's her had given his. Pat sensed that husband led a life apart and that surface charm, humor, and striving material success masked deeper lings. Looking back, Pat told me t Bill's detachment prevented her r getting to know him. Despite rs of marriage and five children ("I s very fertile," she laughs), despite ing gone through much together, t admitted: "I feel that the real l Loud has eluded me."

Pat's statement is not an unusual for wives—or ex-wives—to make. ny relationships fail to produce p understanding and exchange of lings. The result of such relation- ps is frustration and anger. However ch one tries to bury these feelings, wever one tries to avoid facing up them—they are there, growing and tering.

Pat Loud knows all about such feel- s, but like so many women, espe- lly women with children, she kept m from showing. Keeping a family ether is no minor motive or effort an earthy, serious woman. Besides, to let these feelings take over would be to shatter Pat's childhood illusions, that marriage to Bill Loud was the be- all and end-all of life, and that her marriage would be like her parents' marriage.

So Pat hung on to her illusions—even though she realized she was being treated like a child instead of a wife. Bill was in charge of the money; he doled out allowances to the kids—and to her. He seemed to be the boss in charge of all important decisions. She realized that she sustained a passive, dependent role, taking care of the household while Bill aggressively confronted and exchanged experiences with the larger world outside.

It is my opinion, however, that Pat Loud's feelings of dependency on Bill and his strength was also an illusion. There is an important difference between actual dependency and helplessness due to paucity of inner resources and the illusion of dependency. Pat is not a helpless woman. She assumed the dependent role (like her mother) to comply with a cherished dream, and with what she perceived to be the requirements of the culture in which she lived. She sustained a façade of that role (like her mother) s to nurture a family of five children and, I suspect, to bide her time—her children-growing-up time.

I say a façade because *(continued)*



even in that pseudo-dependent role I suspect that Pat, like her mother, also provided the strength and fabric necessary to nurture her family.

Most men retain much of the small boy; I suspect Bill was no exception. Despite business competence, and a show of benevolent family despotism and paternalism, many men remain very immature emotionally. Like small boys, they feel it's safe to experiment outside, provided their wives (as surrogate mothers) are minding the store, keeping a home going—a safe refuge to run back to if the playing outside gets too rough.

Some time prior to the television experience, Pat became aware of Bill's involvements with other women. With anger and regret, she then realized that her illusions could no longer be sustained. Only then did she begin to listen to some of the yearnings that had been within her since college. She even tried dating other men. She realized that her children were growing up and would leave for lives of their own in the not-so-distant future. She knew that the evolution of her family was taking a revolutionary turn; she needed no television experience to bring home this growing insight.

With all these factors clearly in mind, Pat says, "I began to think about how I had always loved books and about an old dream I had about settling in a big city and becoming a research historian."

In April, 1972—after the television project was finished (but before it appeared on TV), Pat made the big step to the outside, and I'm sure it was a gigantic step for any woman who has had the responsibility of raising five children. Pat took a job with the Forum for Contemporary History, where she is now an associate editor. The Forum publishes a newsletter containing correspondence from people elucidating events of current social interest, people who may not otherwise have the opportunity to be heard. These include views on Indian affairs, ecological problems, new social forces, and other wide-ranging important areas.

Today, Pat is thoroughly involved, fascinated, and open to her own growth and development. She is particularly keen on the Forum because it operates democratically. There is no "chief"—not even a symbol of one. Pat and her co-workers work and make decisions equally, an extremely important consideration to her at this time.

Pat Loud in no way degrades or minimizes her marriage to Bill Loud. She still cares very much for him and wants the best for him. She feels that her ex-husband has many fine assets, as well as limitations. She says that he is inconsistent, but she agreed with me that being inconsistent is human. She knows that vast changes have taken place in her and in her family, and that there is no turning back. While she continues to care about Bill, she demonstrates her good health by now caring more about herself. This is how it should be.

She has no illusions about her current and instant fame. She is well aware of its dangers and pitfalls, but realizes that it's too late for regrets. She enjoys her instant celebrity status to some extent—and the recognition and interesting contacts it brings—but she will try to take a firm stand against becoming chronically addicted to it.

She says quite openly, "I was naive to become involved in the project to start with." She seems well aware that withdrawal symptoms, including depression and self-hate, can be devastating. She hopes the TV program helps other people to realize that their problems are not unusual, and that this realization will make them more self-accepting. This may be because she has already received many warm and grateful letters.

Pat Loud is deeply concerned for her children. She hopes that the TV experience doesn't hurt them. Her oldest son Lance, now 21, suffered from suspected polio when he was five. To Pat's great relief, this problem was overcome. She has always felt especially protective of him and is aware that, despite surface bravado, he is particularly sensitive and vulnerable. She has heard him announce to the TV world that he is a homosexual, that he

(continued on page 104)



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THE CUP OF COFFEE

continued from page 38

up in a plane I was sure it would crash. But in addition to these perfectly normal reactions, I was haunted by the fear that I would show my fear; I was scared pink of looking pink. I always perfectly understood the man in my squadron in World War II who tried to jump out of a bomber in a raid over Rome. He preferred death to the fear of death. And I suppose the reason that I could never understand why the people around me saw me as so different from my own image of myself—saw me, indeed, as a pompous, self-confident ass—was that a lifetime's effort to cover my fear had succeeded.

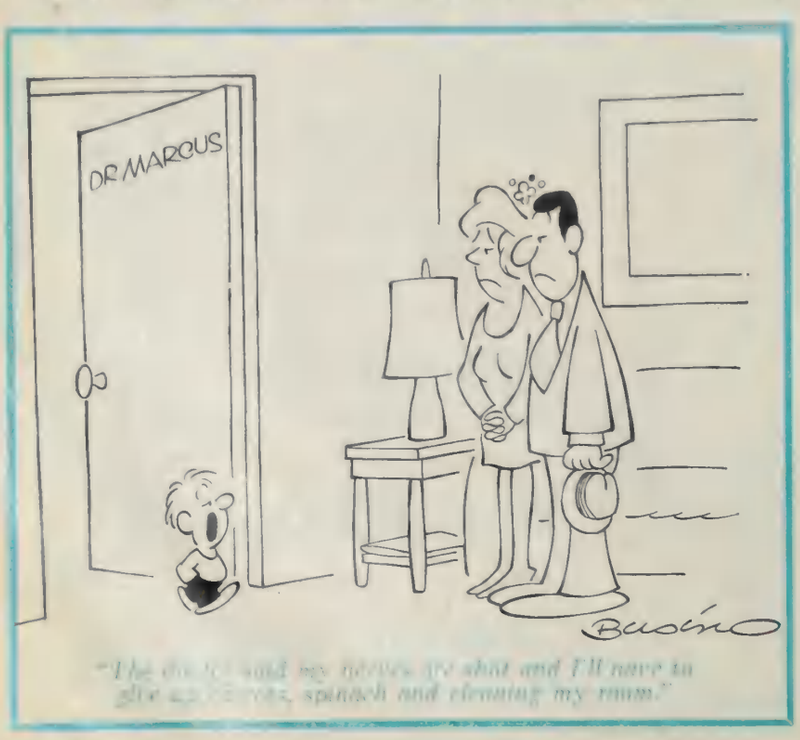
The terrible thing about Denis Crater was that he seemed to have penetrated my disguise. I thought I could make this out in his leer down the table in board meetings, in his sly, friendly, mocking questions. I thought I could make it out in the falsely protecting arm that he placed about my shoulder if we walked down a corridor together. Denis was like a wet, blustering natural disaster given an ironic female name by hydrographic officers, a flood that drenched without enriching, that blew without cooling, that destroyed without cleansing. It had taken only one of his huffs and puffs to engulf my little Arco Home Appliances into the damp embrace of his amalgamated empire. Oh, these mergers! That a man could wake up in New Canaan, free, happy and seemingly secure, and drive over to Armonk to discover that he was as much a slave as a Goth in the court of Caligula!

I suppose that Denis Crater had come to think of himself as a kind of god. He made royal progresses to his various corporations, accompanied by a little permanent suite of yes-men. He was a fine-looking man, I admit, for seventy, big and bony and bald, very Caesarish, and he had a habit of tossing his arms about as he talked of his abiding affection for the human material in his employ, dropping such phrases as "How blessed I am in my friends!" or "What have I done to deserve so much *fun* out of life?" Of course, it was all part of a public relations act in which he had come to believe and of which perhaps an essential part was the universally recognized obverse side of the coin: his total ruthlessness. At his immense birthday parties you could hear the wives of minor officers murmur with squeals of sexual pleasure: "Isn't he marvelous? Of course, he doesn't mean a word of it. He'd give you the sack if it would net him two bucks!"

But to the point. Crater had a little habit that mesmerized the officers of his subsidiary corporations. It was a habit that seemed unconscious but that was almost certainly not so, for the simple reason that nobody ever mentioned it. Even to have whispered it might have been to admit a personal inferiority to one's boss that was hardly decent in a land once visited by the rays of the American dream. For the little habit was this: At staff meetings, which were largely taken up by Crater's harangues urging us to redouble our efforts and remold ourselves in the image of our great chairman, coffee was always served. Crater would drink half a cup, almost at a gulp, and then, when the waiter with the Silex approached with a refill, he would dispose of his slops by dumping them into the cup of his nearest neighbor.

Sometimes the neighbor's cup was already empty and could contain, without overflowing, the fresh infusion. Sometimes it was half full, so that the boss's unwanted residue would cause a cascade into the saucer. And sometimes the neighbor's cup was still replete, and the little operation resulted in a messy spill onto the tablecloth. But whether Crater's rejected coffee was contained in its new receptacle or caused a degree of flooding, the expression of the proprietor of the abused vessel invariably retained the same impassivity. It never betrayed by so much as a twitch of the muscles or a glance downwards that anything untoward had been noted.

I was hypnotized by this little ritual. Was it a despot's reminder of absolute power, the kicking of a faithful dog, or was it a demonstration of trust and affection, like Napoleon's tweaking the nose or pulling the ear of a favored dragoon? I always avoided *(continued)*



"I bet the doctor said my nerves are shot and I'll have to give up coffee, spinach and cleaning my room."





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the seat next to Crater. I even dared to come late to meetings, rushing in with an armful of papers as if I had been detained by a customer, and slipped into an empty chair against the wall. And I always shook my head at the waiter with the coffee Silex so that I would not have a cup available in case the great man, rising and circling the table as he talked, should happen to carry his cup with him and feel the sudden need of a hot refill as he passed my chair. Sometimes I thought he noticed my maneuvers. Sometimes it seemed to me that I caught the flash of humor in those large opaque eyes, a kind of threat that my turn was coming.

And of course it did.

"No, no, Tommy Trimbolt, you're not slipping down to the end of the table today. I have reserved thee this empty chair beside me. Sit down, my friend, sit down. Sit down and elucidate us on why it was necessary to take eighteen thousand more square feet on Lydecker Street *after* I had cancelled the Schwartz dryer sale. Of course, I realize that there must be an answer . . . no, no, my dear Tommy, you needn't go to the Silex. We have your steaming coffee right here waiting for thee."

Go to the Silex? I had made no such move. Explain the Lydecker lease? I had already explained it. I sat down beside Crater and began haltingly repeat my explanation, but I could look at him. I stared down at my pap and mumbled my words, and all while, out of the corner of my eye watched the hot, brimming cup of c fee at my side.

"Okay, Tommy, okay. That seems answer the question. Shall we proc to Jerry O'Brien's report? Oh, wait Some more coffee here."

No condemned criminal can h watched the masked headsman proach him on the scaffold with m dread than I watched the waiter w the Silex move forward in response Crater's nod. Hypnotized, even thou knowing the unspoken rule that should avert one's eyes from the de I now frankly stared at the long, gr hairless hand of my boss as it moved his cup. I saw the fingers with di nails raise it and approach a po above my own. The brown creamy s stance cascaded into my cup, flood it, flooding the saucer, and causin wide shameful stain on the tablecl I looked up at Crater and smiled.

That was on a Monday morning. Friday night, when I got home, I kn by Matilda's meeting me in the fr hall that something had happened. was holding a copy of the picture m azine *See*.

"Have you read this?"

"Not yet. Does it have the profil Crater?"

"It does."

"I don't suppose *I'm* mentioned."

"Oh, but you are."

Matilda's angular features, her p white dead skin, her sandy, bob hair, her long, pointed nose, seemed to coalesce, for the first time, i something almost formidable, so thing that appeared to be calling for account. She had always had a fair Tudor look, but the spirit that mi have been expected to lurk behind t cool mask had hitherto been curiou absent. Matilda was a woman of l silences, of strange inertias. It had b possible for us to be married for twen five years with almost no confron tions. She had a rather graceful w of accepting our lack of commun as if it was the common lot. Or had h

"Let me see."

I sat on the hall bench and read article. It was written by a rad journalist who had carried little his bad manners from the Greenw Village rag in which he had made name to the big illustrated weekly which he hoped to make his fortune. had a lot of obvious fun with the ar gance of Denis Crater, yet his piece still infused with an admiration t struck me as being as basic as that any of the latter's vice-presidents. must have been present at the Mond board meeting, for the little episode the coffee slops was related in fu "Executive Vice-President Thom Trimbolt surveyed sadly the crea cold bilge into which his steaming bl brew had been converted. Like Job had no complaints. God had spok That was all."

I laughed. "How true."

Matilda nodded, and I noted that for a moment had she questioned accuracy of the story. Oh, she knew man! But perhaps not quite as well she imagined.

"The children are here," she s

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This may come as a surprise, but your best color is always gray.

mly. "Freddy drove over from New ven, and Alice came up from NYU. ey're both very upset. They can't lieve you'd put up with such insult- conduct."

"I thought it was precisely what ey could believe."

"You're their father, after all." ever had I seen Matilda so intense, organized. Mother love had evi- ntly galvanized her into unexampled tivity. "And I've figured it out. ere's what you must tell them. Say at before Mr. Crater did what he d, he asked you, in a voice that the porter couldn't catch, if you were ing to drink your coffee."

"And I told him I was!" I exclaimed th a shout of laughter.

"Tommy, this is serious. Your chil- en have become laughingstocks in eir colleges."

"Let us talk to them," I said, rising. ecidedly, I was enjoying myself.

hey were playing records in the ing room, but, as a token of the grav- y of the occasion, Freddy turned the achine off. He was big, blond, hulk- g, hirsute, helpless, with the mildest ue eyes I had ever known. It struck e at once that these eyes were looking me for the first time. No so Alice's. *he* had seen me before. She was a mili- nt protester of all the usual things, oad-browed, thin-lipped, straight- ired, with female vanity manifest in e perfect fit of her blue jeans and her ballet-like movements.

"Your father has a perfectly good xplanation," Matilda blurted out. "He ever touches coffee, and Mr. Crater nows it."

"But I always ask for a fresh cup so e can use it for his slops."

"Tommy, I warn you!" Matilda cried arshly.

"It's a kind of ritual," I explained. I present the backside, and he presents he kick. Like the priest and the fatted alf. Does either really have a choice?"

"Dad, listen." Freddy strode up and own the carpet, his big hands pushed nto his small hip pockets. "This is real- y rough. At lunch today five guys filed y my table and dumped coffee in my up. I took a poke at one of them, and he place was in an uproar."

"He may not get into a fraternity!" Matilda exclaimed.

"Oh, Ma!" Alice cried in disgust. Freddy doesn't care about that. Fred- ly and I simply object to having ame that has become overnight a sym- ol of obeisance to the establishment. A trademark of the fawning attitude of rganization men to economic barbari- ns! We want to know what Dad is oing to do about it."

"What *can* I do about it, Alice?"

"You can announce to the press that ou will no longer work for such a boor. You can resign."

"And who will support you?"

"That's a detail. We'll get along."

This, I had to concede, was true. At east so far as Alice was concerned. The oung are not worldly.

"But your mother and I might not," pointed out. "There are too many hings we want. The world is divided nto two kinds of people, Alice. Those who want things and those who don't. f you want something badly enough, ou will forget dignity. If you don't, ou won't."

"Oh, Dad, do you really think the

(continued on page 115)

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HUSBANDS

EXCLUSIVE NATIONAL REPORT ON THE MEN WE MARRY

BY RODERICK THORP AND ROBERT BLAKE

What do American husbands really think of themselves, their wives, marriages, children, jobs, sex, divorce, and life in general? To find out, the *Journal* asked authors Roderick Thorp and Robert Blake to conduct a survey. Thorp and Blake, whose two previous reports had been published in the *Journal (The Music of Their Laughter* [on teen-agers] and *Wives, An Investigation)* criss-crossed the country, interviewing more than 30 "breadwinners." The husbands were guaranteed anonymity in return for straight, honest, revealing talk.

"In the course of these interviews," report the authors, "we discovered two important differences in interviewing husbands as compared to wives and teen-agers. First, the men had more mobility, but no genuine privacy. The interviews could not be done at home (because the wife was there) or at the office (because it was not private enough). As a result, many of our in-depth conversations had to be conducted in automobiles, on lunch hours, or during free hours on business trips.

"The second difference was the fear that some men showed. When asked, many agreed to be interviewed, then failed to keep the appointments. None of the women or teen-agers did that. Of course, as we discovered when we finally sat down and talked to these reluctant men, some of them had good reason to be afraid. You'll see what we mean in the following reports on the more interesting men we interviewed."

MARTIN

"I found out she was seeing one other guy so I brought girls home to spite her . . . and it worked."

Martin, 35, is a history teacher on Chicago's South Side. He lives in the suburbs, and sometimes it takes him more than two hours a day to commute back and forth.

"We only have one car, and my wife Annie needs that to get around during the day. From school I walk to the El and take it uptown to get the train home. I usually have to wait half an hour for my train. Annie has to meet me at the station, and if something's come up and she's late, I just wait till she gets there. If I can save the money it costs to call home, I will.

"We had a rough time in the beginning. My parents were divorced and Annie's should have been. We lived together until Annie got pregnant. Then we got married. I was a frightened kid. Annie and I met when I was twenty-five, and she was the first woman I had ever known—that gives you an idea. She's five years younger, but she knows a lot more. At first, even though we were living together, we didn't have a real relationship. I was afraid. She was seeing one other guy, so I brought a couple of gals home with me to spite her. I made sure Annie discovered that I'd had women in the apartment. If I knew then what I know now, I wouldn't have done it but it worked. She broke off with the other guy, and we've been faithful to each other ever since.

"I think the important thing that we have is a sense of what we mean to each other. I hurry to get home, and she's glad to see me. Our town is a prim little town, something we didn't learn until after we'd settled there. The people wouldn't understand about us, so we keep pretty much to ourselves. In our case, it's not a bad thing.

"We don't do much talking. We *read* each other. Every once in a while I realize how lucky I am to have Annie—what my life would have been like if I hadn't met her—and then I go buy some little thing for her, or do something special. We started with a sexual relationship, and that's never changed. I think she was as frightened as I was of the kind of life we were living before we married. The more she trusted me, the more the little girl in her came out. At times I'm a little boy. We know we can't have that with other people."

Even so, Martin knows that he is missing out on the largest part of a marriage-with-children: the children themselves. His son and daughter are little more than strangers to him, and he to them. He does suspect that they have sealed his relationship with Annie.

Martin realizes that he is an insulated man. As a child he was too small for sports, and today, still slight—even frail—he looks the part of the bookish schoolteacher.

"My best relationships outside the home are with those very few students who get interested in the meaning of history. Most high school students are too immature and inexperienced to wonder about their relationship to the rest of the world. With the few who do, I can really open up, direct them to independent readings, and so forth.

"It's not possible for a man like me to develop strong friendships with my colleagues. I'm serious, sensitive, and not much of an egotist, and most teachers are educated fools. There's a group at my school that does a lot of childish, fraternity-style partying. Some others are serious, but they seem insensitive and completely unaware of their own motives. They fancy themselves to be great wits—but always at someone else's expense."

For the past three years Martin has been adjusting his plans to fit changing economic realities.

"The plans are dreams, really. They go way back with me. My people are from downstate—southern Illinois. My father and grandfather worked on the railroad; my mother and grandmother were stern, churchgoing women. The men were beer drinkers, naturally. If you know the people down there, you know how hardened to life people can become. A big weekend for them—back in those days—was a night or two in the local saloon, and then the long stagger home. I want to see that my kids avoid that.

"I came up to Chicago for college back in the fifties. The city held many attractions for me. I was interested in the buildings; I went all over town to see them. There is more great contemporary architecture in the city of Chicago than in any city on earth. There's a street under Michigan Avenue that few people know about. That's the sort of thing I was interested in when I was a kid going to college. After I finished my four years of college I spent two years in the Army out in southern California. This was before Vietnam heated up. I was a clerk typist and had a very easy time—an apartment off base, my weekends to myself. It was mostly a waste, but the time I spent in the desert purged something of the city—and southern Illinois—right out of me. When every morning is sparkling clear, when the air always smells good, you never want to leave. Or you want to go back.

"I returned to Chicago because I thought I was ready to enjoy it more than I had before. Naturally I met Annie and my life went in another direction. For the past six years I've been thinking that I want to go back out West. It would be better for us all. Annie agrees. The problem has been that the teaching profession has closed up tight, especially in California. We're coming to the conclusion that it's a matter of just doing it—of picking up stakes and going West. We'd have eighteen months to get settled in a new house out there before we'd have to pay a tax on what we made on this house. I'm beginning to think that I'm willing to do anything to make a living, provided my family lives well.

"When I was out in California I had a good attitude about myself, and I want my kids to have the same feeling. That independence and self-reliance that goes with the great outdoors is not simply an old legend—it's the simple truth. I want my kids to be glad they're alive every single day, not simply waiting for the chance to feel that way. It's their birthright as human beings. If nothing else, I want my kids to benefit from that single learning experience I've had. It would make my life worthwhile—I'd die happy."

CHRIS

"The first girl I slept with told her friends I was good, and I began living happy. It's never stopped."

Chris, 32, blond and ruggedly handsome, is the son of a man who made himself rich. Chris lives outside Baltimore, in Maryland.

"Well, my father's dead now, but he had a full, happy life. After the First World War he came over from Scotland with several thousand dollars and put it all into real estate. He was a carpenter and put up a couple of houses and sold them, bought more land, built more houses, and just kept going from there. They were cheap houses, my father made sure I understood that. Compared to the houses in Scotland, the houses he built here were made of paper. He was one of those men who was cautious all through the boom of the twenties. When the depression came, he was ready. He made more money in the thirties than he did in the twenties, and still more in the forties. For as long as I could remember, he had people vying for his attention—and many were beautiful women. After I reached a certain age he made no secret of it in my presence. He told me that it was the way the world was.

"Did my mother know? Oh, I think she did, but since the money was coming in all the time, she probably didn't want to rock the boat. There was just my sister and me, but maybe my mother thought that a divorce would ruin our chances for financial security. This is pure conjecture on my part. By the time I was old enough to understand these things, my mother was too old to discuss them. She wasn't bitter. My father gave her everything she wanted, including yearly trips back home to Scotland to see the family. The trips were no financial burden to him, and while she was away he was free to 'entertain.'

"As a child I was prudish and attached to my mother, but when I was sixteen my father saw that he had to educate me so that I would be ready to take over the business. Part of my education, my father thought, would have to be some practical experience with women. He never went through with it, though, because I recoiled whenever he mentioned it. He just laughed and said I wasn't ready—but that eventually I would be, because it ran in the blood.

"A year or so later, my curiosity was strong enough to have me wish that I had taken my father up on his offer. I was away at school. A fraternity brother helped me. He took me into town where a couple of sisters were doing a kind of semiprofessional thing. I was frightened, and it showed, but it ended happily for me. I proved myself. The girl told her friends I was good, it got around the college, and I began living happy. It's never stopped.

"Maybe it's in the blood, but it seems that I have ten times the experiences that other men have. Some days I have more than I can handle. The women are everywhere, and you don't need a special talent to find them. If you appreciate them, they let you know if they're available. Single women, married women—it makes no difference to me. Now maybe more than half the women I go with are married. Certainly there's something the matter with American men. They don't take care of their women—so the women tell me. Women have been blaming themselves for the sexual failure of their marriages, when it is obviously the men who are to blame.

"My wife was one of the victims. She was first married to a man who refused to make love to her. The marriage was annulled. My mother thought I was taking an awful risk, marrying a woman who had failed in marriage, but I was 29 and knew a lot more about it than I ever told my mother. Cathy is a marvelous wife. I suppose she knows about me. She knew what I was like when we were dating. I never denied anything. If I was late for a date, she'd make a joking remark, and I'd stay silent. Maybe she figures that it had to be one or the other. She wanted children. She has two, and she's going to have two more. I was not sure of myself on that question, but I surprised myself. I love the kids. If she wants more, she can have them. She's a wonderful woman, a genuinely devoted wife and mother. Since we're married, I'm a lot more discreet, you can believe that.

"I don't know if I could stop playing around if I wanted to. I've never wanted to. Every woman is different, and you certainly find out about the character of a person in bed. I know how to handle myself, and when I see something that's liable to get out of hand, I disappear.

"Most of the women I see fall into two groups. The first are the young ones who are looking for romance and are quickly disillusioned. Once they see that the affair is not permanent, they accustom themselves pretty quickly to another role. And when you stop calling, they go on to someone else. You can tell the next time you see them. If they try to cut you with a remark, they've gone on; if they try to run away, they've become ashamed of themselves. Either way, you leave them alone.

"The second group are the hard-as-nails women. They just expect you to perform. They distrust you in the same way you distrust the romantics. They don't want their own boats rocked. It isn't pleasant, but they're really the safest to play with, with one reservation: you have to keep them away from your wife. They hate other women and never resist an opportunity to get in the needle. But once you're done with them, stay done.

"A year and a half ago I had a different kind of experience," Chris said. "She was an older woman, close to fifty, still pretty and flirtatious. She was married to her second husband, her second loser, a mouse of a man, after having been married to a drunk, a puncher. She wanted to love and be loved, and she started to pour it all into me. At her age she knew how to modulate her behavior so that it was a long time before I realized that we were getting *involved*. I got afraid, and stopped seeing her. I didn't tell her a thing. Later I heard that she was ill, and later still I heard that they moved away, suddenly, without telling many of their friends. I know that I was part of that, and I feel badly about it. But in a way she was trying to seduce me—trick me—which is something I gave up doing to women years ago."

JOHN

"I felt threatened when my wife wanted to go back to work . . ."

John, age 48, has been married to Alice for 30 years. They met when he was 16. They have five children, the oldest is in college. Three years ago, when Alice wanted to go back to work, they had to reorganize their household responsibilities.

"We all help around the house now—a new experience for me. At first, I felt stupid doing a 'woman's job,' but I soon felt better when I saw how pleased Alice was. The boys didn't want to help at first, but they followed my example. I muscled them, I admit. I think it has been a very good lesson for us all. The boys used to tease the girls about having to scrape plates and empty the trash, but there's none of that now since the boys have taken over those chores. The girls set the table and help with dinner. The boys and girls take turns washing the dishes. They all have to make their own beds. I've taken over washing the clothes and hanging them out to dry. We all do the shopping—all of us—and it takes no time.

"There's a fringe benefit to shopping: the kids know how much the food on their plates costs. We even include the children in on all decisions that have to be made. We discuss things with them—they know as much about the problems involved as we do—within limits. When it came time to buy a new car, we had a battle ing here: one wanted this, one wanted that, of the girls was frightened by all the money would cost. It was good for them. They taken great interest in the car; Alice and I do have to tell them to keep their feet off the sea

"There's a big difference in all our lives. T kids don't lean on Alice the way they used There's very little whining and complaini They respect her more as a person—they spect her rights. The result is that she respe herself more. It's just better all around."

When Alice first wanted to go back to wo says John, "I felt threatened." He worr about taxes, about Alice's getting used to extra income, about how she would spend Now, he says, "It was all stupid. She spends money the same way I spend mine—on family. Every cent. We're better fed, bet clothed, more comfortable. The oldest boy w a lot of college scholarship money, and he's ways worked, but there's still a lot to pay o We don't have all the luxuries, but we richer, having so many checks come in."

Only a high school graduate, John spent ye driving a bread delivery truck. Now he's supervisor.

"Sure, my big regret is not having more e cation. The kind of work I did had to have effect on my life span, and I worry about I'm enjoying my life, and I want to be arou for a while. When we were first married, a Alice realized how hard I would be working the end of my life, she broke down and cri I'll never forget that. She said she knew w her mother had been so quiet: 'Before you kn it you're a widow, and life has just slipp through your fingers.'

"We had some rough years in the beginni but what pulled us through was our sense humor and faith in God. We're very square p ple, we know that, but it's the only way we make sense of our lives."

John and Alice have been practicing Ca olics all their lives, and religion is at the cen of their marriage. "No regrets, although meant sacrifice. Our family is larger than originally wanted, but nothing good is easy wouldn't trade one of these kids for anythin could have given myself years ago. What wo I have now that would be worth as much they are? Alice and I were always agreed this; we would have deep unhappiness if had gone against the promises we had made God, ourselves, and each other."

HERB

"I handle the money, decide on a ne car. My wife writes the checks."

Herb lives in Westchester County and co mutes to New York City. He's 36, married, w two sons. He works for a packaging firm.

"For better or worse, I handle the money. wife Rita writes the checks, but I decide on vestments, or whether we need a new car. Tha one of our problems. In the middle of '70, wh I was losing my shirt in the market, I decid I had to have a luxury car. My reasoning emotional: I've been working hard all my l I've earned the right to indulge myself. But n I'm completely strung out financially. I wo be out from under until next spring. Until th believe it or not, we are living on fifty dollar week spending money.

"I grew up in Brooklyn. We weren't poor anything like that, but I remember that wh the vets came home, they got married a moved to the suburbs. Mineola, Long Isla was a magic name to me when I was thirte

uess it fixed in my mind that when you move , you move out of the city and into your own me. I can remember people on the street brag- ıg that their sons and daughters lived in ıces like Massapequa Park and Bayshore, ıces I wouldn't live in today. They were radises to me then.

"My father was an old-fashioned man. We ed in a two-family house. When he came me, he wanted quiet. He liked to sit in the ing room with the evening paper, and then, en we had television, he watched the eve- ıg news. He fell in love with television and tched it night in, night out until the end of ; life. We had to be quiet if there was some- ng he wanted to watch.

"When he spoke, I trembled. All my life. e died when I was twenty-seven, a homeowner th a family, and I was still terrified of him.

"I met Rita at the start of our senior year at rnell. Our courtship was uneventful and col- giate. When school closed for Christmas, we ent three days at her home in White Plains. ı New Year's Eve we decided to get engaged. e were married in May, two weeks before e end of classes.

"The first experience with another woman, ars later, changed me. There have been mo- nts in my life when I've regretted it, but it d change me. She was aggressive and over- ight. Afterward, for some reason, I felt really od. It was the excitement, the adventure. It s a whole new world. I promised myself then d there never to say no to good times.

"Five years ago, I lost my cool. The girl was twenty-two-year-old secretary in my office. vould like to say that she fooled me, but she dn't. I saw her one day and said, 'Who the ll are you?' She told me. When they're in- rested in you, they like being talked to that y. It's like the movies. You have to take the k. Once you get the smile in return, you can just about anything you want.

"We fell for each other. The day after our st evening together, she stopped in my office. sked her what she wanted. She said, 'More.'

"You expect to think about them for a day or o if they're any good. But then it fades, like erything else. I knew I was getting into trou- e when I saw her as much as possible for the xt few weeks. Maybe she was falling for me m the start, I don't know. She let herself go. knew what was happening, but I just didn't re.

"She said she wanted me to marry her be- use she loved me. I enjoyed thinking about I went on for a month. She started pressing e for a decision.

"After all the years of supporting Rita and aking her decisions, I have a certain kind of eling for her. Maybe it's not right, but I think her as a kind of child. She needs protection. couldn't stand the idea of her and the kids t having me around. Then there's money. A an who leaves his wife and children busts mself out. I didn't discuss it with the girl. e was waiting for me to make a decision.

"What happened was that she dumped me. e reason I couldn't make a decision was that didn't want to hurt anybody. If I have a ilosophy, it's that you can do anything you nt, as long as you don't hurt anybody. It was y fault—I broke my own rule. As long as you ep it a game, you're okay.

"About six months later I had an automobile cident that nearly killed me. They kept me in e hospital for five days. I was under sedation, aken and confused. I don't know why, but I cided to tell Rita what had happened. I told r about the girl, nothing else. Rita just sat ere, silent. I could see that she had never spected. The next weeks were the best of my e. I was home to recuperate from the acci- nt, and I really established communication ith my wife. I never told her about my one- ght stands. But that would have hurt her just too much and I absolutely couldn't do that.

"She had allowed herself to get dowdy after we settled into our first house. She's pretty—my friends say that if I ever took off, they'd be sitting on my doorstep, which I think is a terrific compliment. Our sex life was never very exciting. We were never adventurous with each other. She's never had an affair; I would know. She's just not a sex-oriented person. We talked about sex, and we've been working it out. We've gotten better with each other. If she still suspects me, she keeps her suspicions to herself. She doesn't want to know because we are finally happy with each other. Sometimes we go for weeks without having sex. I work hard. She's still not aggressive enough. But it's better than it was.

"Except for rare situations, I keep the other side of my life out of town. Since the time we had the trouble, I've been with half a dozen women, I guess.

"I never slept with a really beautiful woman. I'm still looking for the perfect body. I don't know if I love Rita. I'm fond of her. I know that I have to take care of her. Most of the time she just doesn't excite me, which is what I mean by love. I need someone to come home to. I suppose it would hurt her to know that's how I've come to think of her—comfortable. But I have to have that excitement. It's good for me."

TOM

"We don't have anything in common anymore . . . I support equal rights and my wife supports the symphony."

Tom lives in Los Angeles. He married Marilyn while he was still in law school; he thought he was going into corporate practice, that they would have a big house, memberships in country clubs, and witty, clever friends. Now he doesn't care about that. What he learned about the law awakened him to the injustices of our society, and for the past three years he has represented the poor, the non-white, the non-English-speaking. He has a small office in downtown L. A., where the paint is peeling off the walls.

"It's just a matter of time. Marilyn knows it. I spend half my evenings and more than a few of my nights here. I changed; I've put a value on the life I'm living now that I couldn't see before—and Marilyn still can't see. This is no criticism of her. She's a good, warm, decent human being. I don't care how or where I live—I found that out after we were married—but she does. I support equal rights; she supports the symphony. Supporting the symphony is as important to our society as working for equal rights. Some people could argue that serious music itself is as important as equal rights; I don't agree, but I'll concede the point. If you're going to put a value on people for the efforts they make, then I will argue that her effort is as valuable as mine. What's the point of people being equal if there's no beauty and joy in the civilization? She's a good woman, but we just don't have anything in common any more."

Tom is 29, unkempt and tired-looking, with dark circles under his eyes. He runs a hand through his longish hair.

"We still haven't discussed our situation. It's fortunate that we don't have any children. If I go home this evening, I might just find a note saying where she's gone. There's always something in the refrigerator. We haven't made love in six months. If I get home late, I'll sleep on the couch. She could be seeing someone else; I don't know and I don't want to find out. When the break comes, she can have everything. She won't be able to maintain it, so the cash it will bring can be her settlement—if she wants one. She might not. She might want to split it down the middle. That's the kind of person she is.

"Three months ago I met someone else. She's black. A teacher. I was part of a program at her school, and we started talking afterward. I told her right away that I was married. We want to see how important we are to each other.

"I'm trying to keep the two situations separate in my mind. It's impossible—crazy. Yet it's the only way I can deal with them honestly—clearly. Stephanie has never been married and she doesn't want to feel that she had something to do with the breakup of a marriage. But if I don't do something soon, what we have together becomes completely dishonest. The best thing to do, of course, is simply to move out without discussing it with anybody. I'm afraid that's what I'm going to have to do.

"I grew up twenty-five miles from here, and I can't remember seeing a black person, even when I was quite small. Now everybody sees *everybody*, in one context or another, every day. It isn't a bad thing. Not a totally good thing, but certainly not a bad thing. As Stephanie knows, I grew up with people, some of them relatives, who could not even say the word 'Negro.' There was always another derogatory word readily at hand. Today there are only pockets of that kind of resistance.

"If we've changed so much in the past twenty-five years, what are we going to be like in another twenty-five? What I'm talking about is only tomorrow—1998. We can't imagine it. Day by day, week in and week out, it seems to be falling into place: power to the people. It's where the excitement is, and I want to be part of it.

"I had a very conventional childhood—ice cream and Little League, and later, drive-ins and rock 'n' roll. Talking to the people I'm working with, I find that their childhoods were the same—very conventional, exactly what our parents wished. Tell me, if we don't represent the mainstream of American thought, who does?"

JOE

"I had a detective follow my wife for three weeks. When I showed her the evidence she just laughed . . ."

Joe lives with his wife Adrienne and their two children on Philadelphia's Main Line. It would seem that salesman Joe has it made—he makes $40,000 a year, has a $100,000 home that is a regular stop on the local charity tours, and a wife who is beautiful, charming, vivacious.

"Until six months ago Adrienne had no idea that I knew about her. At first she denied it, saying it was vicious neighborhood gossip, but then I confronted her with the names, dates, places. I had a private detective agency following her for three weeks. It cost a bundle. There wasn't much Adrienne could say. She didn't throw a scene with tears and promises never to do it again. In fact, she laughed—and told me that she had no intention of curtailing her activities, and if I wanted to divorce her, she wouldn't bother to fight it. The next move was up to me.

"I waited months before confronting her. I thought that I could win her back. I still had romantic notions about marriage. There was never anybody to win back. She's not a person in the sense the rest of us understand that word; she simply does what she wants, and she cares nothing for the consequences.

"I have no other explanation for her be-

havior, although, I assure you, I've thought a lot about it. She has to go to bed with just about anyone she finds.

"I ask you, what can I do? She has no intention of stopping, and I have so many ties in this area that it would be impossible for me to get started somewhere else. I couldn't manage the kids myself and I wouldn't want to leave them to her alone.

"I still love her. I realize that sounds crazy, but it's the way I feel. We still sleep together. I'm not trying to apologize for what I've done. I'm trying to explain how I've tried to handle a difficult situation. I know that if I didn't love her, I wouldn't have all the problems I have now. I guess I still believe that things will work out in the end. Maybe one day I'll wake up and the dreams will all be gone. And then . . . I *know* . . . I'll be better off."

Joe, 33, has a master's degree in Business Administration. His parents have retired and live in Florida; his three sisters are married and mothers of more children than Joe can name. As a child Joe went to Sunday school and spent the lazy Sunday afternoons waiting for dinner—roast beef, he remembers, or leg of lamb. His family memories are of trips to the amusement park and vacation trips to the Poconos and New England.

He cried during the first half of the film *Carnal Knowledge*, because at the beginning he identified himself with the Arthur Garfunkel character. "I was that way when I was young—naive and bumbling."

He changed, he says. He acquired a certain polish.

"I wasn't a great lover. I had a good time with girls, but I was never very serious with them. I didn't know any of them very well. I didn't know Adrienne well, for that matter. There was something about her style that drew me to her—nothing much deeper than that, I have to admit. We had fun the first few months we were married. Having the kids was joyous, if difficult; meanwhile I was making my way in business."

He stops talking and stares. His eyes well up. Finally he says that he wants to tell something that he has never told before—no, worse: something he doesn't think of in daylight. He doesn't dare.

"I only told half of it. She's proud of what she's done; she flaunts it and she baits me—but that's because she knows I'm curious. I don't know why, but it excites me. It also makes me sick, and I do want to get away from it, but on the other hand I don't. Do you understand?

"We've been married a long time. We've had children together. For a while, we were broke, now we have money. We've been through a lot. Nothing I ever learned prepared me for this situation I'm in now—nothing! When she tells me of what she's done, I suddenly see everything we've done together through completely different eyes. It all means something different."

HAROLD

"I've been married four times in 22 years. None of my wives ever really appreciated my life style."

Harold is a genius. At 44, his name appears on many electronic patents. A designer of computers, he is, in terms of service to mankind, one of the great men of our time. Yet no one knows him—and he is aware of the irony of the situation. Each day he leaves his three-room apartment on Manhattan's Lower West Side and drives up to Westchester to work. He has it backwards—most men commute *from* Westchester to New York City—and he is perfectly aware of the irony of that situation, too.

"I've always been on the outside. My father was a pharmacist, well known in the neighborhood but privy to secrets both personal and financial, and, therefore, not very well liked. The feeling was mutual. He saw the worst of people, and he was content to keep away from them. My mother kept her own company. I was an only child. There was never very much money and I don't know if they would have had more children if they could have afforded them. My parents never discussed the things that were important to them.

"I was very bright in school—very, *very* bright. I studied. My parents saw to that, my mother more than my father. If I showed any weakness in a subject, she would work on it with me. I was never good in English, but I know the rules of grammar backwards and forwards, and to this day the improper use of the language jars me. For a while I kept a file of grammatical errors I found in most of the leading publications.

"Most of my college expenses were paid by scholarships.

"I went into computer design because I felt that it offered the most in long-range possibilities—not for me, but for the acquisition of knowledge.

"I have been married four times in twenty-two years. I had a Ph.D. from M.I.T. when I was twenty-two. I landed a designing job with one of those budding companies outside Boston. I was making $18,000—at the age of twenty-two. The obvious thing to do was get married, which I did, to a girl I had known when I was in high school.

"She had just graduated from college with a degree in psychology. You would never say she was beautiful. She had a good figure. I thought she was very bright. I think I was being practical, as befitted my station in life.

"Looking back on it now, I guess I married her because I was lonely. I could, and still can, lose myself in my work—to the point where days go by and I'm not aware of it. A few years ago, they would just say I was crazy. I was forgiven because I was a mathematical genius. My wife couldn't cope with my idiosyncracies. The relationship began to disintegrate, and she left in a melodramatic huff one night when I came home after spending a week sleeping at the office while working on a project. I had forgotten to call her. She said I was impossible, and two weeks later I received a letter from her lawyer stating that she was going to divorce me. For the next nine months, any letter that came from his office was burned in the kitchen sink. I was busy and didn't want to be bothered.

"It was a bit of a surprise when I got home one day and found that most of my belongings had been sold to pay for alimony. The real shock was that part of my paycheck had been garnished to pay for the bills my wife had evidently run up after she had left me and before the divorce was final.

"I saved the official divorce papers. I had them framed and hung in my office. I started living in the office, which was much more convenient for me at the time. I threw myself into a fit of work that lasted thirteen months and resulted in over twenty patents in my name. The patents took care of my financial predicament back then, and still do today. Of course, I have more patents now. Besides my salary, the royalties from my patents result in some $60,000 a year. Each year the figure will go up because more and more companies are getting into that kind of hardware.

"I don't want to bore you explaining why each marriage didn't work out. Suffice it to say that none of my wives ever appreciated my lifestyle. But I'm not going to change. Why should I? I enjoy what I'm doing. I derive a tremendous satisfaction from it. When I work, that is all I do. I give everything I have to the solution of a problem. Then, when I'm finished, I'm tir and need rest and freedom from thought. N one woman stayed around long enough afte finished a working fit to find out how muc can enjoy my life.

"Most likely I'd do the same things again know I'm absorbed by my work. Is that bei happy? I'm not particularly happy here in t apartment. I'd rather be at the office. I thi I achieve a measure of happiness through bei at work on a problem. I have been trained to it, and I can do it. It's the way I am, and at t late date there isn't much I can do about it."

JIM

"I left a $35,000-a-year job for th one. . . . It was my wife's idea."

Jim, now 52, was until 10 years ago a lab relations expert earning $35,000 a year. He h a home in the suburbs, two cars, and he w thinking about buying a summer place—or swimming pool. Now he lives in a 100-year-o frame house in an old village in mid-New Yo State. He still commutes—six miles—to a to only a little larger, where in a 60-year-old br schoolhouse he teaches emotionally disturb children. He is a big man, muscular, and a parently in good condition, but his hair snow-white.

"I have never been a well man and have be plagued with all sorts of physical ailments imagine that many of them had no real phy cal basis, but it isn't easy to get out of a b habit. When I was young, my parents had farm, and the only way to get out of work w to be sick. I never was a healthy child; I mu have caught every childhood disease at le twice. When I was sick, I spent hours in b reading. My mother believed in reading a put a great emphasis on it since my form schooling was erratic. I must have read tho sands of books by the time I got to high scho

"Eleven years ago, I went to the doctor chest pains that were getting so bad I could get up in the morning. He examined me, a at the end told me that if I kept on living t way I was, I'd be dead in two years. My w and I decided that we'd better do somethi She was the one who suggested I go into teac ing.

"Changing jobs was not a quick or easy tra sition. The first problem was the enormo amount of time I suddenly had on my han You get anxious about not being consumed pressure. I know that sounds crazy, but af having all that pressure on me, I missed it had learned to exist with it, and when it was there, I didn't know what to do. Jane had teach me how to live all over again.

"At the end of my first year of teaching was hard on myself about how I had done, a I was contemplating resigning. But my wif prodding and something one of the boys sa to me made me change my mind. This was o of the angriest young teen-agers I've ever co across. He was headed for another school. T days before the end of the year, there was assembly I couldn't attend; I was waiting my room for a parent when I heard a knock the door. It was this boy. I figured he had do something at the assembly and had been se back. I was about to ask him when he said, a voice I'll never forget, 'I just want to tell y that I respect you, and I'm going to miss y next year.' I thanked him and was about to s something when he said, 'I know we have h our differences, but the one thing you did th year, that no other teacher has ever done, w not to lie to me about what was going to ha

You never lied, and that means a lot to

may not sound like much, but for him it a great step forward. He was trying to be n in his own way. Somehow I had shown that it was possible. That's when I knew made the right choice.

My wife has become more beautiful in the ten years. I just don't mean that beauty the eye of the beholder, either. I really ve she has become more beautiful. I no r bring home the tension that I used to. sitive person would pick that up; it would er. She no longer has to worry about my h. She was afraid that I'd die young. Now can see me getting stronger instead of er. She's interested in what I'm doing, that helps. She's a part of my life in a that she wasn't before.

I had continued the way I was going, I our marriage would have eroded until it ed the point where the only thing we d have had in common was sleeping under ame roof. If I had lived for any length of that is. I was lucky enough to be forced seeing it. I was lucky—the more I think the more I see how true it is. I was just lucky."

RUSS

hought I'd never have children—now—well, just look at me—I e four grandchildren."

ss is in his seventies. He fought in The t War, as he has gone back to calling it, he spent all of his working life in adver-g—first in New York, then in California. retired, he lives with his second wife on Monterey peninsula. His health is perfect. as a sloop-rigged catamaran and, when he stand the frustration," he gets out on the ourse.

m the oldest of four boys. The other three ill alive, all over the country, and we drop other a line now and then to keep in touch, e haven't been in the same room together rty-five years. Even when my mother died, id brother was in the South Pacific. It's the life is organized these days but when I kid, the member of the family who moved was a rarity.

broke up the family unit when I went off r. I was a volunteer. My parents had a good age, I remember. The man was the head e house, but it was a responsibility, not a ege. My mother was upset when I joined nd my father had to educate me to her feel-He told me to take care of myself. If any-happened to me, he said, it would break eart. I had to think twice when I was doing ing.

fter the war I went to work in Manhattan advertising copywriter. I lived in a fur-d room.

uring the days I learned my business, and ched radio grow into something important, ater watched television supplant it. I met rst wife at a party in Brooklyn. Those were lays of bootleg gin, remember? I courted nd we were married. The old ways hadn't letely broken down then, and I suppose lt a certain amount of pressure to marry ly because we were seeing so much of each . It was an affair, but we called it 'keeping any.' People were more circumspect in days. And timid. Everything we did was rtant to us. She was a pretty little thing, I loved her as much as I was capable of g.

"Later on, after we had been through hell together, I loved her even more. I loved her even after our marriage was destroyed by what we had been through.

"My first wife and I had a terrible experience. We had a child who lived only for a year and then died of the injuries it had sustained at birth. It was a terrible delivery, with forceps, and the child's brain was injured in the process. We knew that his fate was sealed. My wife was ruined inside, and the doctors tied her tubes so that she couldn't have any more children.

"After the baby died she fell in love with somebody else. It was natural—a way of getting away from anything having to do with what happened. She had an affair with a man for nearly a year before I learned of it. She told me. She wanted a divorce from me so she could marry him. I wanted to keep her, but I didn't fight and I didn't bawl. That isn't my nature. She married the man she wanted to marry in the first place, and the last time I heard of them, they were still married and doing well.

"About midway through that bad time I began to see that I wasn't all that much in control of myself, no matter what I wanted to think. This was in the late twenties. I did well even in the depression, so money was not a problem. I began to realize that there was some truth to what I had been reading and hearing about something that was new in those days, psychoanalysis. There weren't many real psychoanalysts in those days, but I found one, and started going.

"I met my second wife the year after the divorce. We're still happily married.

"As soon as we could, we moved out of New York, up to Connecticut, the country. We lived there with our children for ten years, through the late thirties and forties. We came out here to California when television came in.

"We kept the Connecticut place for fifteen years more, renting it out until we were made the offer that I knew would come sooner or later. Now it's subdivided. I wouldn't go back there for anything. My wife and I had good times there. They were doubly good because my life had turned around. Certainly, after my divorce I thought I'd never have children, and I was fully prepared to organize my life accordingly. Now I have four grandchildren and, as far as they're concerned, I'm better than Santa Claus. I've had a wonderful life."

CHARLES

"If I touch my wife, she turns away. But if I ever tried to divorce her, she'd clean me out; she'd wring me dry."

Charles is 39, and lives in California's San Fernando Valley, in a sprawling ranch home with a huge pool in the backyard. A rebuilt, gleaming 1954 Bentley is parked in the driveway. Charles wears his hair long, but well groomed. His clothes are up-to-date. He spends a considerable amount of his time in the sun, and his dark, even suntan gives him an easy-going casual look.

"My car is a *shtick*—my thing. I'm an importer for specialty shops—'head' shops and off-beat boutiques. In my business you have to have a thing—you have to play the part for the customers. When I go to the shops, I put on the rage—blue jeans, 'Impeach Nixon' T-shirts—you know, the latest in footwear, track shoes, the whole youth bit. Then I drive up in my Bentley and they go out of their minds. They say, 'Oh, man, is that a weird car!' They know it's something like a Rolls-Royce, but they're not quite sure, so they just accept it as something from out of their fantasy lives. These kids are so naive; I think they all used to believe in Superman. If you give them their fantasies without being too obvious about it, they'll dig you. Still, they're a lot more sophisticated than the people bound up in the nostalgia craze. I won't have anything to do with that merchandise—it's all garbage.

"The one difficulty in dealing with the kids is that they'll try to be cute. They'll call to say that someone has come in and offered to beat my prices by five percent. The kids are just trying to rip me off. I tell them I'll see what I can do and get back to them the next day. I always wait three days. Then I call late in the afternoon, around five o'clock, when they're feeling those end-of-the-day blues, and I scream for the manager. When he gets on the phone I curse him out for being a liar. These shops mark up the stock from fifty to one hundred percent, and I know they can't buy cheaper anywhere than they can from me. Not only that, I've put hot items in their shops that they can't get from anyone else—they can't do without these items and they can't do without me. So when they hear me throwing a fit they blow their minds trying to calm me down. I let them butter me up for a while and then we go back to business as usual—which, as you can see, is pretty good for me."

Charles grew up in Los Angeles and has been selling all his life. He and his wife are college graduates—and since she graduated from accounting school, she's been his accountant. They've never wanted children.

"My wife and I have been having trouble for the last six months. She's no good with people and never has seen anything in the business except the ledgers. She'll want a price raised, or an item pushed, and she won't understand that it can't be done simply because she wants it. Six months ago I realized that I was finding things to do to keep me from going home. Since then, our sex life has fallen apart and there is a silence in the house that is like ice. She has to have things done her way, and when they're not, she puts on the freeze. She won't talk. If I try to say something to her, she just looks away. She wants to have a big pile of money—but the funny thing is that she doesn't know how to enjoy it. She's a woman who doesn't know how to have a good time. She wants to pile up that money, and she wants me to work harder all the time.

"So I'm out in the cold, and I think I'm beginning to give off unconscious signals. The women I deal with are dropping little hints. I think women can spot a man in trouble, and if they're interested in helping him out they let him know it. I haven't done anything so far, but I'm thinking about it.

Charles isn't extravagantly wealthy yet, but he wants to be, in spite of his complaints that his wife is driving him too hard. His idea of a good time is a weekend in Las Vegas or a week in Acapulco—expensive recreation. Charles says that he doesn't feel alive unless he can "get away." He likes to eat, see a few shows, play a little blackjack.

"When things were going well, my wife would think nothing of spending the morning around the pool, the afternoon at the hairdresser's, and the night perfumed, lacquered, and dressed to beat the band. Now she'd rather hunch over the books with her glasses on, her blouse falling out of her skirt. She really knows how to shriek, that woman. If I touch her, she turns away; if I suggest getting away for a while, the way we used to, she looks at me as if I'm trying to make her sick. You know, if I left her, if I tried to divorce her, she'd clean me out. That woman would rake me over the coals and wring me dry. I won't be able to get out of this. If I tried, I'd only make the situation worse. She'll pursue me all over the place, wherever I go. In short, it would ruin my life."

END

The Princess & The Lieutenant



The romance between England's Princess Anne and Mark Phillips is a fairytale love story. By Steffi Fields.

The scene is almost idyllic: a young, attractive couple on horseback riding through the countryside on a crisp English morning. But alas, they are not alone—their every moment is being scrutinized by over 30 photographers and reporters. For this is no ordinary duo out on a morning canter. The woman is 22-year-old Princess Anne, fourth in line to the throne of England and one of the world's most eligible princesses.

The man is 24-year-old Mark Phillips, a Lieutenant in the fashionable Queen's Dragoon Guards. He is from a well-to-do, oh-so-British family, and has those tall, dark, and handsome looks that any prospective suitor of a royal princess should have. Lieutenant Phillips attended one of the better English private schools (Marlborough), entered Sandhurst (England's West Point) at the age of 18, and joined the Queen's Dragoons when he was 21. He is an adept horseman and, at age 20, was chosen as a reserve on the British riding team that went to the Mexico City Olympics in 1968. In fact, it was a strong mutual interest in horses that first brought him and Anne together.

The days of pre-arranged royal weddings are long past, and Princess Anne will marry whom she chooses—although she must have the consent of her mother, Queen Elizabeth. Mark seems to have all the desired qualities, and no visible negative aspects (such as being of a religion other than Church of England, being divorced, or having family skeletons that might cause embarrassment). He must also be able to handle himself in the limelight—and so far he seems able to take it all in stride.

Princess Anne's list of suitors has been an attractive one: Crown Prince Carl Gustav, heir to the Swedish throne; Guy Nevill, godson of the Queen; and Richard Meade, a British Olympic horseman who, at 34, is the oldest of Anne's beaux. Meade may have introduced Mark and Anne, since he and Phillips were teammates on the British riding team at the 1972 Munich Olympics.

The name of Mark Phillips was unknown to the public until November 11, 1972, when Princess Anne went on a foxhunt with him. That escapade caused a great public outcry from English animal lovers, who noted acerbically that members of the royal family have always avoided indulging in "blood sports"—and that Anne's father, Prince Philip, is honorary head of the World Wildlife Federation. Headstrong Anne defied her critics and went hunting with Mark again the following week—and the week after that. He was obviously not just a casual date if she was willing to incur the wrath of the public by foxhunting, a sport in which she had never participated before.

The British public eagerly watched the romance proceed as Phillips escorted Anne to a Regimental Ball, and then to a Yorkshire ball, where they danced every dance together. Just before Christmas, 1972, the Princess spent the night at Mark's parents' home. Then Mark was invited by the Queen to spend two consecutive weekends at the royal estate, including the weekend in which the royal family ushered in the New Year. The Queen had never before personally invited any of Anne's dates to the family home.

As in many fairytale romances, the handsome suitor was soon called away by the trumpet of duty; in Mark's case, his regiment was sent to Germany for two years. Anne acted as any ordinary girl in love might—she drove Mark to the station and gave him two farewell kisses in public.

Although Mark's unit is in Germany, there is little chance that the separation will kill the romance; in fact, it's a good omen. It has been a royal tradition to "test" most romances by compelling the couple to spend some time apart—as happened to the Queen and Prince Philip themselves.

Absence has made the heart grow fonder, and Mark has often flown home on weekend leaves to see Anne. The romance seemed to be confirmed in the eyes of the world when she returned early from a two-week official visit to Ethiopia; reportedly, she had been taken ill and had to cancel a few final engagements. But no sooner had she returned to England than she hopped into her blue sports car and drove 80 miles to Mark's house to lunch with him and his family. Later she drove Mark back to Windsor Castle to stay with the royal family. This little trip even caught the Buckingham Palace press office by surprise.

Subsequently, Mark took some time off from his military duties to train for an April horse show, in which Anne also competed. The Princess tried to scotch the rumors by telling a local reporter, "There is no romance between us and there are no grounds for rumors; he is here solely to exercise the horses he will be riding. . . ." When the press continued to hover about, Anne showed her annoyance quite plainly. Lieutenant Phillips took it all calmly.

As the relationship between the Princess and the Lieutenant has seemed to deepen, there has been great curiosity about the Phillips family. They live in an attractive, 16th-century manor house. It's on nearly two acres of land, but the family does no farming; their stable is the center of most of the activity. Mark's father, Colonel Peter Phillips, director *(continued on page 64)*



Photograph, top, by Reginald Davis.



How Mrs. Agnew Stays Fit

At 52, Judy Agnew is the mother of four and grandmother of two. Yet she remains as bouncy as a coed, thanks to her interest in sound nutrition and physical fitness. Here, the Vice President's wife—who knows what it's like to fight the battle of the waistline—talks about her "V.P." (Very Personal) prescription for healthier living—including the diet she follows and the exercises she does every day. **By Evan Frances.**

A first look at Judy Agnew inevitably leads to a double take. For two reasons: First, you've read somewhere that the Vice President's wife is "a plump, motherly, somewhat matronly woman." Not so! She looks more like a college coed. Second, a look-alike Hollywood face hovers at the rim of memory; you grope for the name and it comes suddenly—Sue Carol, Alan Ladd's widow, who was once a movie star herself. The resemblance is startling.

You mention it and Mrs. Agnew smiles in assent. She's heard it before and acknowledged it delightedly when she recently met Mrs. Ladd. Another comment you've heard is, "Mrs. Agnew has a weight problem." Not so! "What I have," she explains with a laugh, "is not a weight problem but a weight *awareness*. It neither perplexes nor vexes me because I know how to deal with it.

"To begin with, I know what my ideal weight is—135 pounds—and I work at maintaining it. Now 135 is not what the charts say is right for my height—five feet, four inches, without shoes—but that's the right weight for me because I look and feel best then. The hollow look's not my dish of tea. After having two babies, I weighed 128 and took on the hollow look (and, as I look back on it, maybe even a hollow personality). It so unsuited me that I decided I'm better off with more weight. What's more, I recognize that I've a tendency toward . . . let's call it roundness" (she laughs infectiously). "It's familial—my mother has it. So have my two elder daughters (Pamela, 30, and Susan, 25). But Kim, our youngest daughter (she's 17), seems to have broken the mold. Kim stands five feet seven and weighs 110 pounds—more in the svelte style of Mrs. Nixon or Mrs. Reagan or Mrs. Onassis."

Judy Agnew says this with open admiration and no envy, then continues: "So as I was saying, I know how to deal with weight." Indeed she does. Though she modestly denies it, her knowledge of food, good nutrition, safe dieting, and proper exercise would do credit to a home economist with a Ph.D. or a weight specialist with an M.D., although actually she never even went to college. After graduation from Forest Park High School in her native city of Baltimore, she went to work as a file clerk for the Maryland Casualty Company. That's where she met young Spiro Agnew, who was working there days and attending Baltimore Law School nights. "He tripped over me in the file room," Judy recalls. They were married 18 months later on May 27, 1942. (Judy weighed 118 pounds then.)

People seem to think that Mrs. Agnew has undergone weight metamorphosis recently. What has she done to herself? What diet is she on that she's lost so much weight? These are the questions friends asked me when they heard that I was going to interview Mrs. Agnew.

The Vice President's wife is amused by those "new Judy" stories. "I'm wearing the very dress I wore when my husband became Governor of Maryland in 1966," she says (a navy wool sleeveless sheath with matching bolero jacket). "I wear a size 12 mostly, but when I tone up I can get into a 10—like now. That's the way my husband prefers me—that's when he's most proud of me. The children, too. So if ever I'm tempted to reach for a forbidden fruit—figuratively, I mean, because fruit is one of the things I like and eat often—I remember their compliments and resist. I succumb sometimes; I'm human. But I don't ever let myself think, 'oh, well, you took one candy so you may as well take the rest.' And my secretaries are such darlings. They keep a dish with low-calorie sweets in the office, so that when I come to work, it's easier to keep Satan behind me."

But at President Nixon's Inauguration in January, Mrs. Agnew did look as if she'd lost many pounds. Was there no special diet? Again Mrs. Agnew laughs. "Not any different from what I've been on for years—ever since I faced my roundness squarely! Seriously, no fad diets for me or my family. There are a number of healthful diets available. One of the best is the Department of Agriculture's listing of the five major food groups and what amounts one should eat from each daily to maintain one's ideal weight. And so is your *Journal* diet.

"I recall that some time ago I was reading your publication and came across Dr. Neil Solomon's 'Safe Water Diet' [February 1972]. It made such good sense that I tacked it to the inside of my closet, and I still follow it quite consistently. It's close to another diet I've compounded of a number of nutritionally sound plans. Here it is: **Breakfast:** 4 oz. fresh-squeezed or frozen orange juice; one soft-boiled, poached, or scrambled-in-diet-margarine egg; one slice of rye or wholewheat toast or half an English muffin; a cup of plain tea (my husband uses skim milk—neither of us are coffee drinkers). **Lunch:** If I had no toast in the morning, I have a grilled cheese sandwich for lunch. If I had toast, I often have a tuna salad (water-packed with celery diced in it), and just a dab of mayonnaise. I drink iced tea with lemon or a diet soda. If we're going to have a big meal at night, I have only a slice of cheese and an apple for lunch. **Late afternoon:** If I'm really hungry, I reach for celery or carrot sticks, tea, a cup of bouillon, or unsweetened lemonade. I try not to eat goodies. If they're not around, it doesn't bother me—I keep busy and that keeps my mind off munching. If I'm going to have a sweet, I try to have it at dinnertime—maybe grapefruit baked with brown sugar. But not often. We're not dessert eaters—we prefer fruit. **Dinner:** Meat or fish (but no shellfish because I'm allergic to it); two vegetables (squash, zucchini, asparagus, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, or green beans); homemade salad dressing (oil, vinegar, paprika, salt, and pepper) on lettuce; occasionally I take some starch in the form of baked potatoes (no sour cream) or noodles (no butter); and tea."

Does Mrs. Agnew exercise a lot?

"I'm just not the active sportswoman type," she admits. "My husband bought me a set of golf clubs years ago, but by now I guess he's given up hope I'll ever play. When he plays, though, I put on my golf shoes and walk the 18 holes with him. I love to walk—especially in Rock Creek Park [which borders on Washington's Sheraton Park Hotel, where the Agnews lived until very recently, when they moved into a lovely old house in Kenwood, Md.].

"What about gymnastics?" I asked.

"That's something else again. Gymnastics have never bored me—they don't to this day. I started doing them at the age of ten and continued as I grew into adolescence. I was enrolled in the Maryland physical fitness program in Baltimore County and I'd work out three times a week in 'Swim and Slim' and other physical fitness classes. You see, I was a member of the YWCA there and later in Annapolis when my husband became Governor. When we came to Washington, though, all that was impossible; it *(continued on page 102)*

Photo by Fred J. Maroon

DEFENDING YOURSELF AGAINST RAPE

First of two challenging excerpts from a best-selling new book by women for women . . .

OUR BODIES, OURSELVES

By The Boston Women's Health Book Collective

Rape is sexual intercourse without consent, or violent sexual aggression by a man (or men) against a woman (or child). Rape causes many kinds of mental and physical damage.

Because of the persistent myth that most women secretly want to be raped, and thus get what they want, a woman is usually blamed for her rape. Men are often excused for their sexual aggressiveness because of their "uncontrollable" sex drive. This, too, is a myth. In a 1971 study carried on by sociologist Menachim Amir, it was found that 71 percent of the rapes were planned. This premeditation reflects something quite different from a spontaneous, "uncontrollable" urge.

Basically, rape is the fault of our cultural emphasis on "sex and violence," now an American idiom like "love and marriage." Many newspapers, magazines, and movies encourage people to groove on sadism by graphically illustrating incidents of sexual violence.

It is a common but false assumption that most rapes are by black men against white women. In Amir's Philadelphia study, 93 percent of all rapes were carried out by black men against black women, or white men against white women. Only 4 percent were white men against black women and *only 3 percent were black men against white women.*

Officials estimate that there are four to ten times more rapes committed than reported. Why? The legal system represents the white, male-dominated status quo, and rape cases are no exception. A woman who wants to prosecute for rape can usually expect little help from either the police or the courts. Often in rape trials the defense tries to show or suggest that a woman has a "bad reputation," to put on trial her character rather than the offense of the defendant. She will often be assumed to be lying, she will have to face the rapist again, and she will have to relive the rape.

Some detectives view rape charges as a woman's revenge: "If she thinks she's pregnant, she'll go for a rape charge" or "The prostitute's check bounced, so she claimed she's been raped . . . ho, ho, ho."

When a woman doesn't resist, but instead succumbs to being raped in order to avoid being both raped and severely beaten, she is often assumed to have consented. In one case we know about, a detective took the woman aside to proposition her himself (he probably expected her to "consent" again).

What we can do as women

"But if you don't prosecute, what do you do with your anger?" asked a woman at a conference on rape in New York. Someday we will have free medical care and more sympathetic doctors. Someday we will be able to retaliate, to either send rapists to rehabilitation centers (not prisons) or humiliate them by beating them up.

But what can we do now? Being mentally and physically prepared may help us not to panic. Talking with other women about their experiences may be useful. Having thought about what we would do if raped (Would I try to talk to the guy? About what? Should I call the police? Would I fight?) may really help a lot.

Each rapist is different, but some women have tried talking to their attacker, have tried somehow to make contact. One woman screamed at a guy to say something, anything, so she'd know he was human. He started talking about where he grew up and what his life had been like, after which he raped her anally so she wouldn't get pregnant. Another woman managed to talk a rapist out of murdering her. You shouldn't expect to talk yourself out of rape, but establishing human contact may keep worse things from happening.

Sometimes knowing ways to fight (such as some judo or karate techniques) can give us confidence and help us to defend ourselves. Too often we don't feel able or aren't willing to hurt another person. We experience paralysis instead. One woman who was being choked to death saw a knife within reach but couldn't bring herself even then to stab the guy who was trying to kill her. On the other hand, another woman fought off an attacker who had succeeded in killing other women, and she survived 18 stab wounds.

Some hints from *Stop Rape*, a pamphlet put out by a women's group in Detroit: If you're being attacked in an apartment, building, or hotel, don't yell "Help!" yell "Fire!" If you're in an elevator, press the emergency button. If you're being followed on the street, go up to a nearby house (break a window if necessary).

Learn to recognize car and license plates.

Knives are dangerous to use against someone stronger than you, since they can be turned against you. But if you want to use one, hold it down around your hips and use it underhand, not overhand. Practice kicking—you can reach farther with a kick. If you have one punch to land, make it count. Try distracting the attacker's attention first—throw something, a tissue or a glove. *Don't be afraid to hurt someone who's hurting you.*

What to do if you are raped

If you have been raped, you should immediately go to a hospital or doctor. Your concerns are three:

1. Venereal disease. Most hospitals will give rape victims preventive penicillin.

2. Pregnancy. You can wait until six weeks after your last period, get a pregnancy test, and arrange for an abortion if necessary. Less anxiety is involved if you take estrogen, which, if taken within 24 hours of intercourse, will prevent implantation of the fertilized egg. The estrogen drug (diethylstilbestrol is most commonly prescribed) makes you nauseated and uncomfortable for the five days you take it, and may have unknown side effects. These factors have to be weighed against the dangers and anxiety of pregnancy.

3. Lacerations. If you are bruised, cut, or even just generally shaken up, you may want to get a checkup.

If you want to prosecute, you need to call the police immediately; don't change clothes or take a shower and wash away the "evidence." You should be prepared to feel as though the police are raping you again. They will interrogate you, make you go through every detail of the action (which side did your pants zip on, where did he touch you, etc.), and in general make the experience an extremely humiliating one.

In some cities only the city hospital will see you, and you may have to wait two to three hours before a gynecologist shows up. Since the gynecologist will probably be a male, he may have little regard for the revulsion that you might feel at being handled by a man just after being raped.

If you've been raped, call a friend for help. If a local women's center has formed a rape squad (a group of women who assist rape victims, go with them to the hospital, possibly offers some protection against rape threats), call them. New York City already has begun such a rape squad of six women detectives led by Lieutenant Julia Tucker. Women who have been raped and have talked about it afterward are apt to feel less guilty and ashamed—because they could express their anger and discuss the crime as something that happens to many women—than those who keep it a secret they have to carry alone. We must help one another to feel and express this anger, since failure to do so can have serious consequences.

It is not the police, the courts, or men who will stop rape. Women will stop rape.

Learning to protect ourselves

Developing a healthy body makes us happier, more complete people—as long as we're alive, that is. A reported rape occurs every seven minutes in America—at about the same frequency as births of baby girls. Then there are the sex murders of women, many more than the sensational ones by men like the Boston Strangler. In this violent society, learning to protect ourselves from male attack is an integral part of our physical and psychological health. Every woman—whether or not she is the victim of one of these vicious crimes—knows the fear of dark deserted streets, strange noises in the middle of the night, obscene phone calls, and the everyday humiliation of dirty remarks and gestures of the streets.

For too long most of us have had to rely on men, money, or luck for a limited kind of "protection." Some of us, *(continued on page 65)*

WHO WROTE THIS BOOK?

Written by a group of women—ranging in age from 24 to 40, many married with children, most holding jobs—Our Bodies, Ourselves *began at a women's conference in Boston in 1969. About a dozen participants in a discussion on women and their bodies became convinced that women need to* learn *about their bodies in order to have control over them—and over their lives. To their discussions, each woman brought personal experiences, professional information, and the research help given them by other women, doctors, and nurses. The discussion group led to classes, a mimeographed pamphlet, and then a locally printed book that became an underground bestseller (250,000 copies sold to date).*

Our Bodies, Ourselves *covers all major aspects of a woman's life in relation to her body. It includes utterly frank discussions of female anatomy, sexuality, birth control, identity, abortion, childbearing, menopause, common medical problems of women, etc.*

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The best way to get a fluoride treatment is from your dentist. In fact, he's the only one who can give you a better fluoride treatment than Colgate. And that's especially important during the cavity-prone years—ages 5 to 15—when the average child can get as many as 11 cavities.

Colgate contains MFP fluoride. And right in your own home, brushing with Colgate actually gives teeth a fluoride treatment that makes them stronger against decay.

For fewer cavities during your child's cavity-prone years, get Colgate, the advanced fluoride toothpaste. Only your dentist can give teeth a better fluoride treatment.

Ask him.

Accepted Council on Dental Therapeutics American Dental Association

"Colgate with MFP fluoride has been shown to be an effective decay preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientious regimen of oral hygiene and regular professional care." Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association

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continued from page 60

of an ice cream and sausage firm, will never confirm or deny Anne's visits to his home. His wife Anne is an avid horse enthusiast, as is their 19-year-old daughter Sarah and also Mark's aunt, who co-owns Great Ovation, the horse Mark rode when England won the gold medal at the 1972 Olympics. (Anne did not make the British Olympic team, but after that horse show she turned the tables on Phillips. She was named to the British equestrian team that will compete in the 1973 European championships at Kiev in the Soviet Union. Phillips did not make the team.)

If Mark and Anne do marry, money will obviously not be a problem. Mark's salary is only about $5,000 a year, but Princess Anne is wealthy. Like all members of the royal family, she gets a government allowance of about $37,000 a year—which will increase to about $85,000 when she marries. She may also receive money from the Queen's personal fortune.

Although Mark does not have a title, there is nothing to prevent him from receiving a hereditary peerage; he could become an Earl like Princess Margaret's husband, the Earl of Snowdon. In that case, Anne's children could all have courtesy titles, too. She herself will probably receive the title of Princess Royal, which many thought she would receive on her 21st birthday, but which the Queen is obviously reserving for a later date. But Mark may not want a title—Princess Alexandra's husband, Angus Ogilvy, did not.

As for a home, there are several choices open to the couple. With their mutual love of horses, they could live in one of the houses on the Queen's Sandringham estate, where the royal horses are kept. Or perhaps they would choose Chevening, a 17th-century house on 30,000 acres of woodland which was left by one Lord Stanhope to a member of the royal family, a government minister, or the American ambassador. The house is being renovated and will be ready in July.

A major reason for the romance being kept unofficial for so long was because the royal family had not yet met Mark's family. But on May 29 Buckingham Palace issued a statement that read: "It is with the greatest pleasure that the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh announced the betrothal of their beloved daughter the Princess Anne to Lt. Mark Phillips. . . ." The wedding, expected to be the most spectacular in many years, will take place, possibly on November 9, at either London's Westminster Abbey or at St. George's Chapel at Windsor. The fairy-tale has come true. **END**

TESTIMONIAL

By Barbara T. Grimes

"What a shame," they said.
"And the two younger girls are both so pretty."
"Good thing she's smart," they said.
And she was smart.
When she grew up she married
a man who never saw her as less than lovely.
By the time she'd loved him
for thirty-five years
she was beautiful.

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all seasons women

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Now you can wash your hair as often as you like with gentle Wella Balsam Conditioning Shampoo, a rich creamy foam that leaves hair shiny, sweet, naturally clean. It won't strip hair of natural protective oils, and it's safe for even the most delicate hair colors. Actually washes in body and shine. It contains famous Wella Balsam ingredients, to give mild conditioning while you shampoo. For badly damaged hair use Wella Balsam Instant Hair Conditioner after every shampoo.



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Love your hair™ with Wella.

RAPE

continued from page 62

particularly working-class women, learn how to take care of ourselves while growing up—we have no choice. We're often exposed to more physical violence than middle- and upper-class women, and are sometimes forced into situations where we learn to use our arms and legs and to take pain—at home, in schools, on the streets. Many others of us are reared in highly protective environments where fighting is discouraged. As a result we feel incredibly helpless and vulnerable and even go so far as to question our right to defend ourselves.

We believe it's essential that all women begin to take the right to self-defense seriously. Most women are terribly afraid of pain and violence: they are afraid of both hitting and being hit. We don't know how much pain we can take; many of us panic at the mere suggestion of being hit. On the other hand, we have little sense of the potential power in our own bodies—we don't know our own strength.

We encourage all women to learn some basic techniques of self-defense that include actual fighting. There are several possibilities. If you have time and money, you can get formal instruction in a school. Check the yellow pages under "judo" or "karate" for schools in your area. Some YWCAs have self-defense classes, which are usually cheaper. In some areas women's groups are setting up free self-defense classes. Or you could set up your own class with some friends and try to find a woman with some experience to help you occasionally. Failing that, get a couple of books on self-defense and try to learn some techniques from the pictures and description.

There are many martial arts to choose from. Judo utilizes throwing, grappling, and choking techniques. It also teaches you to wrestle.

Aikido is similar to judo in that it relies on the motion of the attacker. You wait for the attack and use the attacker's body motion against him by pulling, twisting, throwing. It is a purely defensive art.

We have found Tae Kwon Do, or Korean karate, a most satisfactory form of self-defense for women. It teaches us to mobilize our entire body effectively, utilizing a variety of striking techniques, with special emphasis on kicks. That is important, since most women's legs are more developed than our arms, and we can kick farther than we can punch. Tae Kwon Do always combines a defensive *(continued)*

PATTERN BACKVIEWS

See pages 86–89



SIMPLICITY #5694 Halter dress. 8–16. $1.00. Requires one double sheet.
SIMPLICITY #5897 Dress. 8–16. $1.00. Requires one double sheet, and 7 yds. of 2" wide trim.
Patterns are available in stores from coast to coast. To order by mail: Send money, size and pattern number to Simplicity Pattern Co., Inc. (Dept. LHJ), 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. (Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

motion (like a block) with an unarmed fighting technique (a kick, punch, or strike) that allows you to control a sphere around you. As you learn the techniques you can begin to utilize them in sparring—actual fighting situations. The general body conditioning will build up your leg muscles tremendously, so you will move solidly with new self-assurance, which is in itself a deterrent to men on the prowl.

A warning for those of you who are looking for a formal school: make sure to find one that takes women seriously, or try to set up an all-female class. Many male instructors provide a watered-down version of karate that allows no bodily contact and stresses get-away gimmicks. Others cruelly say, "If you think you can do this as well as a man, try this . . . ," and are physically brutal. Watch out also for ugly competitiveness where the women are played off against each other.

Some things you can do

Whether you enroll in a formal class or set up informal training, begin right now to think about self-defense. It is a skill that can be learned, although it is a long process that will require discipline and regular practice. But it is also a matter of common sense and learning to think strategically. Practice with friends. Think through pos situations. What would you do if s one came up and grabbed you fro hind? How would you respond if s one approached you while you we a telephone booth? Suppose a n hand started creeping up your kn a subway. Take turns playing th tacked and the attacker. Wor breaking out of holds or wrestlin the floor. It's also important to with each other—punching and ki (not too hard) to help break some of the fears and inhibitions en have against striking out and ge hit. If you practice, you're much likely to panic in a real attack s tion, since you will have prepared self and built up some confiden your ability to fight back. Fear deadly emotion that may keep from remembering what you can d

Any woman can use the follo techniques (while observing a few cautions):

On the street, especially at nigh in unfamiliar surroundings, be al all times. If a bad or potentially situation starts developing, the response is to run—unless you're confident about being able to d yourself. Head for a store, buildi lighted area where people are to be.

If you're caught by surprise don't think you can run away, around for something to hit wi throw—a bottle, chair, brick, or Think creatively about what y wearing or carrying. A belt bu hard shoes, a heavy pocketbook, umbrella can all become mak weapons. Some women feel good carrying for ready use (not t away in the depths of a handb knapsack) a pepper shaker; an ficial plastic lemon filled with l juice, vinegar, or other burning stance; or a deodorant spray. The lem with any of these is that you to be really quick to use them. I hesitate, the attacker has time to the object from you and perhap it against you. On the other han

(continued on page

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* Fair Trade price in those states where allowed by law.

Journal Shopping Cen

SHEETS: NOT FOR SLEEPING ONLY

PAGE 86: Pattern names of the Martex used are: Cut Flowers (upper walls, to mattress slipcovers, table skirts, and chair s Arbor Stripe (banding table skirts); Picket (lower walls and shirred boxings of tress covers), and Just Flowers (panel screen). Twin size mattresses, stacked one the other, are Beautyrest by Simmons. O floor, no wax cushioned vinyl, white #1000 Congoleum. Red lacquer table and Queen style side chair are from Interior Enterpr Third Ave., N.Y.C. Pineapple base with shade, #421, in white with green, Norman Perry, Inc., 964 Third Ave., N.Y.C

PAGE 87: Pattern names of Wamsutta used are: Lively Flowers on blue ground walls, table skirt, and chair seat), and R in green (banquette and trellis-like pa Red terry bath towels used to cover the quette cushions, and yellow terry bath made into small pillows, are also by Wams On the floor, no wax cushioned vinyl, Blue #10002, by Congoleum. Blue lacquer table Chippendale style side chair are from Int Enterprises*, 964 Third Ave., N.Y.C.

PAGE 88: Pattern names of Sears, Ro sheets: Queen's Lace #558 Sunflower (walls, dust ruffle, and Cardinal's Breech bed posts); Simpatico #505 Lemon yellow seat and coverlet), and Simpatico #785 Fe blue (mirror frame and Parsons table). T ribbons used to tie Cardinal's Breeches, a a narrower width, to quilt the coverlet, by block Ribbon Co., can be found at ribbon c ers of fine stores. Twin size mattress an spring are Beautyrest by Simmons. On the no wax cushioned vinyl, Sun yellow #1000 Congoleum. Chair in glazed yellow finish is World Wide Design House*, 969 Third N.Y.C.

PAGE 89: Utica sheets by J. P. Steven Midnight Garden (chair seat covers, ruffl lamp shades, floor cushions, and curtain) solid blue percale (for curtain). The bright Grand Velour bath towels from the Utica Arts Collection (made into floor cushions also by J. P. Stevens. Wallcovering is black patent vinyl, #P 1265, from Howa Schaffer*, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C. On the no wax cushioned vinyl, Jet black #1000 Congoleum. Wicker chairs and ottoman in black finish are from Walters' Wicker Wo land, 991 Second Ave., N.Y.C. Yellow l lamp table with glass top is from World Design House*, 969 Third Ave., N.Y.C.

* through decorators

ed from page 10

what you and your husband can
our own, you may want to sup-
gislative action. Among the 50
pension reform now before Con-
nly one bill mentions survivors.
ll, called S.4, was introduced by
rs Harrison Williams of New
and Jacob Javits of New York.
ides that survivors would auto-
ly receive a benefit unless the
ee takes specific action to ex-
he survivor. This provision is
ontroversial. Survivors' benefits
oney, and most industry groups
this amendment. Many labor
prefer spending the available
on higher benefits for their
rs, regardless of what happens
ws. S.4's survivors' benefits pro-
s likely to be eliminated during
ssional debate on the bill—unless
convince their Congressmen
ongresswomen!) that it should

this provision is not enough.
f your husband's pension plan
provision for survivors? What
uld you receive anything, it
ut to be only a pittance? None
bills before Congress would do
ng about these problems.
ngland it has been proposed that
w should automatically get at
) percent of her husband's pen-
his issue is not even being dis-
in this country. Employers, pen-
an managers, and labor leaders
survivors' benefits as too expen-
effect they are dismissing wives
noring the fact that women who
ontributed a lifetime of work in
me have a right to wages that
een deferred until retirement.
arguments that Congressmen
enators are hearing today are
y one-sided. They are the argu-
of industry: namely, survivors'
s cost money. What about the
f women to share equally in the
income, before and *after* retire-
Write your legislators: tell them
ou can expect under your hus-
pension plan. And point out
ou will have to live on if the
oesn't pay you anything. Re-
n answer to your letter.
can also make pensions an issue
other women in your commu-
local organization to which you
can be most effective both in
the pension question among its
rs and in raising the issue with
ssmen. It is easy to find older
in any community who can re-
heir experiences with pension
o your organization and graphi-
escribe what it is like to live on
Security alone. Invite the press
meeting and write letters to the
of your newspaper. You may be
ed at the interest you will arouse
hout your community.
may also want to visit your Con-
an and Senators in Washington
ite them to a meeting at your
Ask them specifically if they will
t S.4's survivors' benefit provi-
nd whether they would sponsor
tion to require all pension plans
e provisions for widows.
n Kate Blackwell, I have written
c paperback handbook dealing
ensions. It is called *You and*
Pension (Grossman Publishers,
ork).

END

The Gimlet

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"Mrs. Wunnerful Wunnerful" Tells Her Own Story

By Mrs. Lawrence Welk
with Bernice McGeehan

The wife of TV's popular "music man" talks about him — and about their most harmonious, 42-year marriage.

Not long ago my husband and I were invited to a banquet in the Century Plaza, one of the more luxurious hotels in Los Angeles. "Is it formal?" I asked Lawrence. "No, no," he said, "just wear something simple." So I wore a plain dress and a beaver coat, and he wore a dark business suit.

When we walked into the lobby, however, I noticed a great number of people dressed very formally. "My goodness!" I said, "there must be another affair going on here tonight." But as we neared the room where our dinner was to be held, the awful truth struck us both. All those people were dressed up for *our* dinner—and we were the only ones not in formal attire! Lawrence looked stricken, rather like a small boy caught in the act of doing something naughty, and started to apologize, but I just shook my head and pulled my coat tighter around my plain dress. "Never mind," I said as we walked in together. "They'll just think, 'Well, here they come! Two farmers *(continued on page 70)*

Photograph by Otto Stupakoff


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from the North Dakota countryside.' "

And I think that, basically, we still *are* "two farmers from North Dakota." I also think that's the greatest compliment either of us could be paid. Lawrence has come a long way from his parents' small farm in Strasburg, N.D. He has made a huge personal and financial success, and I am proud of his achievements. But essentially he is still the same man—and, I think, a pretty nice one.

We've been married for 42 years, and that's something of a record, I suppose—particularly in this day and age. We have three children, each happily married, and ten grandchildren. Lawrence has achieved goals that I don't think either of us ever expected him to reach—and in a way I marvel at his accomplishments, but in another way I am not at all surprised. He has always had a million-dollar personality—and he has always gotten whatever he started out to get. I don't think I've ever known anyone with the kind of determination he has—unless it's me! Our daughter Donna once said, "You know, I don't think the Welks are so talented. They're just persistent!" She may be right.

I first met Lawrence when I was a student nurse in Yankton, S.D. He was something of a local matinee idol then. He had a four-piece band tha played two local programs every da over radio station WNAX, and h played at dances all around the cou tryside, too. He was tall and handsom with a flashing smile, and I was ap parently the only girl in town n interested in him. I had plans of m own. I wanted to be a nurse.

I had never wanted to stay on th farm, and in this respect I was muc like Lawrence. In fact, our childhoo years were remarkably similar i many ways. I was born in St. Anthon N.D., the second youngest child in family of eight. Lawrence was the thi youngest in his family of eight. Bot our parents came from Alsace-Lo raine and both of them homesteade farms. Both Lawrence and I we raised very strictly in the Germa Catholic faith, and we were taught respect and obey our parents.

When I was about three, my f ther, Matt Renner, died. He ha been serving on the jury in nearl Mandan, N.D., when he suddenly fe from his chair, doubled up in agon He was rushed to the hospital, but the time he arrived his appendix h ruptured, and he died two days lat of peritonitis. Strangely enough, wh Lawrence was 11 years old, he a was rushed to the same hospital w the same ailment, but—possibly cause of his youth—he pulled throu It is an odd coincidence.

I felt suffocated

After my father died, my moth Elizabeth Anton Renner, took ov and ran our farm and our fami She was a truly remarkable woma Like my father she was of Germ descent, but she had a strain of Fren blood to add a little sparkle, and s had great style. All of us children we proud of the way she looked comi down the aisle at St. Anthony's—sli straight, not a hair out of place, car ing her prayer book just so, someo to be admired and imitated. I tri but I didn't always succeed! Even a child I felt suffocated in that prai land and I longed to get away and something else. Lawrence had drea too, but he always knew what wanted, while I didn't know until I v about 12. Then my mother was stric with gallbladder pains one nig There was no way to get a doctor, s nursed her through the night. A when I walked into St. Alexis Hosp at her side the next day, I had the fe ing I was coming home. I knew ri then I wanted to be a nurse.

My mother was a beautiful sea stress, and she made the dress I w when I first called on the Supervi of Nurses at Sacred Heart Hospital Yankton. It was black with red chif ruching over the bosom, and red t at the throat and wrists. The nurs sister in charge took one look at in my new clothes and after a p ceptible pause she said coolly, "M Renner, nursing is a very diffic responsible job. You will have to w very hard."

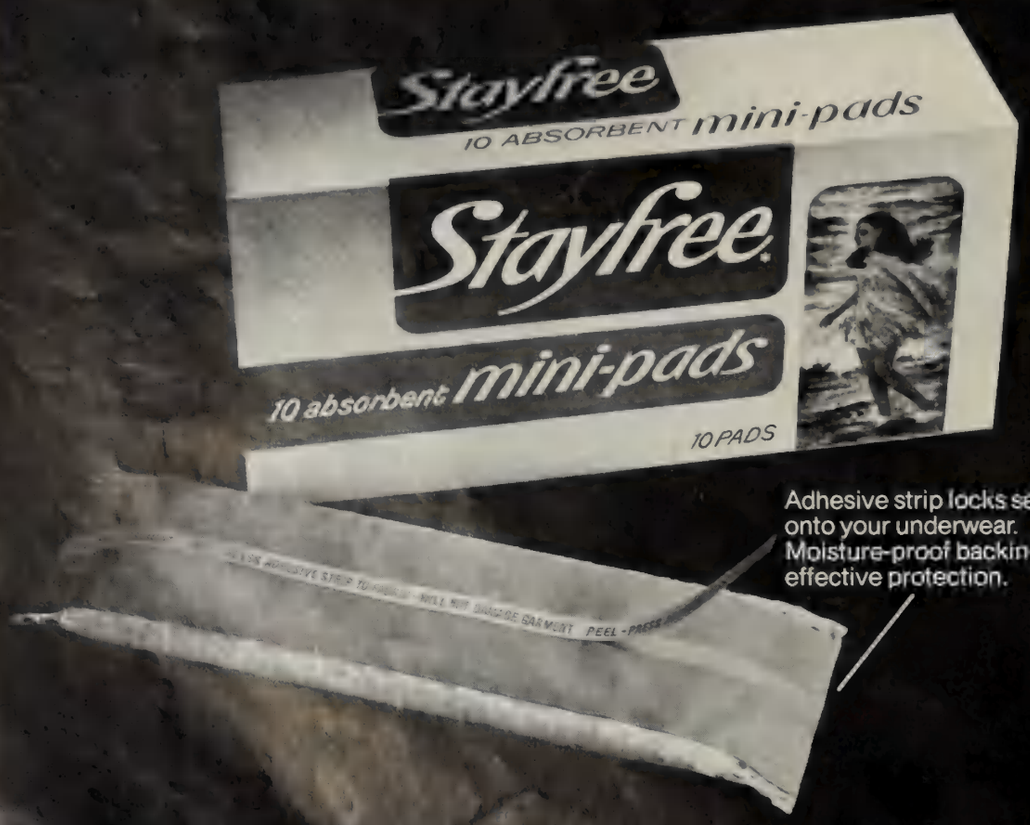
"I know, Sister," I told her. " willing to do that." I guess my red black outfit fooled her, because I h always been a hard worker. I do al the cooking and most of the housew

It was about this time that the ot girls in the nursing school dragged down to WNAX one afternoon to Lawrence. They were all *(continu*

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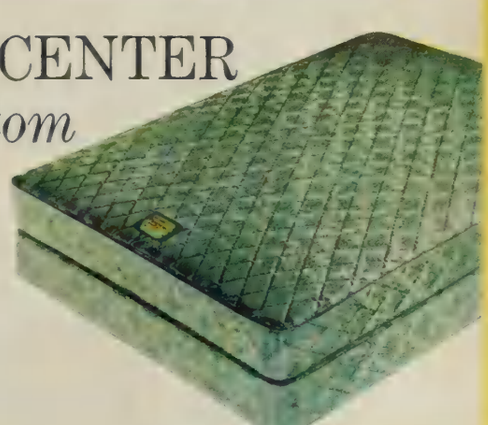
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aflutter. I remember on the way I bought a sack of chocolate-covered peanuts, and every time they gushed about him I ate another peanut. At the studio he came rushing out from behind the glass wall booth after the broadcast and tried to talk me into going out to dinner with him. I finally went when he promised to bring along his drummer as a date for one of the other girls. He invited me to come down the next evening and watch the band do its broadcast. "The main office will be closed but you can come up the back stairway," he told me. "I'm not going up the back stairway for *any* man," I informed him loftily.

I dated him only occasionally during the next two years. I still thought he was just interested in having fun, while I was completely dedicated to my nursing career. I loved the operating room so much I cried when Sister transferred me to obstetrics, and on the side I put in extra hours in the lab, hoping to go into research.

When I graduated I went to St. Paul's Hospital in Dallas. Lawrence went to Lake Placid, N.Y., to play an engagement, and he began to write me. For the first time I sensed the real seriousness of his nature. I was very impressed with his letters. I knew they were difficult for him to write because of his language problems; Strasbu was an entirely German-speaki community, and Lawrence had ne learned to speak English until he w 21. Even then he was completely se taught.

A few months later I went home vacation and passed through Den where he happened to be playing nightclub date. We went for a lo drive, and he talked of his aims in li They coincided with mine. We w also alike in our basic beliefs and mo standards. He asked me to marry hi and I remember that I said, troubl "But Lawrence, I don't know anythi about music. I wouldn't be able to h you with that."

He looked right at me. "I don't wa you to help me with the music," said flatly. "*I'll* take care of the bu ness. You take care of our hom That's the way it's been ever since.

I can still remember the night I l Dallas for Sioux City, Iowa, wh Lawrence and I were to be married Sacred Heart Cathedral on April 1931. As I waited on the train platfo I was suddenly overwhelmed by chi "Oh, what am I doing!" I thought panic. "I'm giving up nursing for a I know nothing about. What am I *ing*?" Nevertheless, when the tr came in I got on it!

And I've never been sorry. Ol look back over our life together an realize that some of it was very ha Lawrence's profession meant tha had to stay home with the children weeks and sometimes months at time, making all the decisions, be both mother and father. And Lawrence, it meant being separa from the children whom he has alw adored, constant, backbreaking tra the kind of loneliness that can att you even when you're in crowds. I at the time it didn't seem so ha When you're young and in lo nothing seems difficult.

Epidemic of angry looks

But even then there were aspe to our life I didn't like. I used to g the ballrooms with him in the beg ning, but I finally stopped for reasons. One, I never got a chance dance with my own husband; and t as the orchestra leader's wife I expected to dance with all comers—a I got tired of all those men stepp on my toes!

Also, if I came to the dances t the other members of the band pected to bring their wives, Lawrence allowed this for a while u he saw a problem shaping up. All wives sat together and if one of th husbands danced with one of the w en patrons—as they were expected do—there was an epidemic of an looks. It hardly added to the lig hearted party atmosphere Lawre was trying to build up, so he issue ruling. No wives! I didn't mind. rather have stayed home with a g book anyway—and I still do.

I keep strictly away from show and the tours, by my own p erence. But most people suspect worst when they hear that I don't on tour with Lawrence. "My goodn aren't you worried about him?" t ask archly. "He's still a very attrac man, you know!" I have a stock ans to that. "If I had to worry about h I wouldn't want him," I say. It's

(continued on page 1

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Happy Thanksgiving Day.

Almost every day you can thank someone for something. Even when that someone is far away. Dial Long Distance. It's the next best thing to being there.

JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER



The Journal Food Sampler reports the latest on the food scene. Recipes from readers, supermarket news, nutrition. Enjoy it!

—Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor

RECIPE EXCHANGE



Connie Kopp of Las Vegas, Nev., discovered *Chilies Rellenos* on a trip to Mexico. Back home, she created her own version of these savory stuffed peppers, using familiar ingredients.

CHILIES RELLENOS

1 can (7 oz.) peeled large green chilies
¼ pound Monterey Jack cheese, cut in 1 x ½-inch strips
flour
2 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons flour
salad oil

Sauce:
½ cup chopped onion
1 clove garlic, chopped
1 tablespoon oil
2 cups chicken broth
1 cup tomato purée
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon oregano



Chilies: Rinse and remove the seeds from the chilies. Slit one side and fill with 1 strip of cheese. Roll each in flour.

Whip egg whites until stiff. Beat egg yolks slightly. Fold yolks and 2 tablespoons flour gently into egg whites. Dip chilies in batter to coat completely. Drop into a large skillet with 1½ inches hot oil. Brown on both sides. Remove with a slotted spoon onto paper towels.

Sauce: Sauté onion and garlic in oil until golden. Add remaining ingredients, simmer 10 minutes. Spoon over all. Garnish with chili peppers. Serves 6.

Mrs. Alice Kinsey of Bayport, Long Island, N.Y., sent us this hearty clam and potato pie, which has been a favorite family recipe for generations (it serves 8–10). We were delighted to learn that Mrs. Kinsey is one of our oldest and most faithful readers—now an active 91, she began reading the JOURNAL at the age of five.



HIGBIE CLAM PIE

6 cups cooked, cubed potatoes
½ pound salt pork
1 cup chopped onion
3 cups flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
9 Tb. butter or margarine
¾ cup cold water
5 pints cherrystone clams (save liquid)
1 cup chopped tomato
6 Tb. flour
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. black pepper
¼ tsp. hot pepper sauce
1 egg, slightly beaten in ⅓ cup milk



Sauté salt pork and onion.

Pastry: Combine flour, baking powder, salt. Blend in butter until mixture resembles cornmeal. Sprinkle in water, toss, form a ball, roll out half.

Assemble pie: Line a 4-quart baking dish with pastry. Layer half the potatoes, salt pork, onion, clams, tomatoes in dish. Sprinkle with 3 Tb. flour. Repeat layers and flour. Mix salt, pepper, hot pepper with 2 cups clam liquid; pour over all. Roll out remaining pastry for top. Crimp edge, brush with egg and milk. Bake 30 min. at 400°; reduce to 350°; bake 20 min. Cool in oven 20 min.

Send us your favorite cake recipe. We'll pay $50 for those we use. Include with recipe some mention of its origin; we reserve the right to alter recipes used; recipes submitted become the property of Downe Publishing, Inc. Entries must be postmarked by August 1. Send: Recipe Exchange, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

KITCHEN BOUTIQUE

Freezing, the individual approach. Some of the smartest cooks we know are becoming quick-freeze artists these days. They take little snips of this, little slices of that; flash-freeze them in trays, tins, and molds; then bag and store them. Why bother with bits? Saving leftovers gives a boost to the food budget, and having individual amounts to work with helps speed summer cooking.

- Instead of freezing a whole meat loaf, freeze individual servings in a muffin tin. When the meat-muffins are solidly frozen—and it doesn't take long—bag them singly and store in the freezer. Freeze meatballs on cookie sheets covered with waxed paper, then bag and store.
- Small amounts of leftover tomato paste freeze beautifully in those individual plastic ice-cube containers. So do leftover yolks and egg whites (two to a cube). Pop the cubes into freezer bags and store.
- When you're chopping celery or onions or pepper, chop some extra and freeze in small packets. Having little bits all ready means faster food preparation at another meal. Also a good way to take advantage of good produce buys.
- Want a pretty way to chill and decorate summer punches? Do it with slices of orange, lemon, or lime that you wrap and freeze individually.
- Extra whipped cream freezes perfectly in small amounts. Squeeze out rosettes from a pastry tube, or use a teaspoon to make small dollops on a cookie sheet.

Freeze first without wrapping, then store in a plastic bag. Butter-cream frosting can also be handled this way, and kept for future use.

BEST BITES

Protein—it's you. Your skin, muscles, internal organs, nails, hair—even the base of your bones—is made up largely of protein. For growth (if you're growing) for maintenance, for repair, for reproduction and lactation, you need a daily supply of this vital nutrient.

No two alike. Proteins are made up of chains of amino acids—substances with names like lysine and methionine—that contain the nitrogen that is essential to life processes. Different processes require special amino acids, some of which the body can create from reserves of fat, sugar, and the nitrogen freed from the breakdown of used protein.

But there are some amino acids our bodies can't synthesize, and these (eight in number) are called the essential amino acids.

A complete, or adequate, protein contains a generous supply of these eight essential aminos. You'll find these substances packed into egg yolks (6 grams protein apiece), milk (a cup of fresh whole milk has 8 grams), cheese (plain cottage cheese—½ cup has 22 grams), and meat (a slice of lean beef 4x3x½ inches has 20 grams). All animal protein—with the exception of egg white and gelatin—is complete.

Other sources of *complete* protein are few: soybeans, brewers yeast, and wheat germ. Protein from most vegetable sources is incomplete, but that's no reason not to eat them. Other nutrients come into play.

How much protein? How much protein you need to eat daily depends on your size. For average people, we came up with the following recommendations supplied by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council:

Men—70 grams a day.
Women—60 grams a day.
Young children—25–40 grams a day.
Teens—45–60 grams a day.
Pregnant or nursing women—85–100 grams a day.

Photographs by Charles Gold



Bacardi Cocktail

st add a teaspoon of grenadine to your orite Bacardi daiquiri recipe. And voilà! u've got the Bacardi Cocktail. So popu- , the N.Y. Supreme Court ruled that a cardi Cocktail is not a Bacardi Cocktail ess it's made with Bacardi rum.

Bacardi Daiquiri

Simply squeeze half a juicy lime or lemon into a shaker. Add ½ teaspoon sugar, a generous jigger of Bacardi light, and ice. Then shake away. Serve on the rocks. Or in a cocktail glass. Or take a short cut. Use a prepared daiquiri mix and Bacardi light rum. By the way, the original daiquiri (1896) was made with Bacardi rum. And the best still are.

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CHEF'S SECRETS



This month, Bernard Urban, executive chef of the Royal Coach Motor Hotel in Houston, Texas, gave us an answer to one of the most annoying problems we face in the kitchen: how to make a flawless hard-cooked egg without a cracked shell or green line. Whatever he suggests, we'll listen to. As Captain of the American Culinary Olympic Team, he led American chefs to victory in Frankfurt, Germany, this year, with a total of 19 gold medals. Chef Urban's method is simple. Have the egg at room temperature. Then place it in a pot of good hot water for about three minutes. Turn on the fire, bring to a slow boil and cook for a total of five minutes.

Two other egg tricks from the Chef:

- To make velvety-smooth scrambled eggs, add heavy cream to the egg mixture and beat well. About four soupspoonsful of heavy cream for three eggs.
- To make shapely poached eggs, consider adding a dash of vinegar to the cooking water. It helps the eggs keep firm while they cook. And if you break the egg onto a small dessert plate and s-l-i-d-e it into the poaching liquid, you've got a good chance of making perfect poached eggs every time.

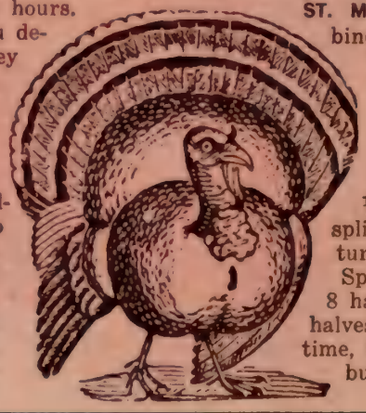
FOOD OF THE MONTH

TALKING TURKEY IN JULY

What in heaven's name are we doing talking turkey in July? Well, why not! Right now anyway, it's one of the best food buys around. A few calculations convinced us that we'll find more protein for the money in a turkey than in most meats. Like so many bargains, this one may be short lived, so don't save the big bird for Thanksgiving. Make July a Turkey Festival. It's easy to do these days when turkey comes in all sizes and shapes: fresh, frozen, in separate parts, and in compact all-meat turkey rolls you can cook right in the package. Turkey meat is lean (190 calories in 3 oz.); it's nutritious; and it's utterly versatile.

To thaw or not to thaw depends on how much time you have. You can, if you want, put a solidly frozen turkey in a cooking bag and roast it at 350°F. Figure about 20 minutes to the pound, then tack on an extra hour and a half to the total cooking time. A word of caution though: Don't try this method with anything over ten pounds. Too dry. Because cooking a frozen turkey doesn't produce as juicy a result, we much prefer to take the time to defrost thoroughly—the slower, the better. **Three ways to defrost:** 1. In the refrigerator: two—three days. 2. At room temperature: six—nine hours. 3. In the oven (preheated to 150°F)—three hours.

Roasting Turkey. How you decide to cook your turkey depends on how much time you have and how much bird. You can roast a fresh or thoroughly defrosted turkey covered or uncovered. Allow about 20 minutes to the pound. (We found a meat thermometer useful—stick it in the thickest part of the thigh, and when it registers 185°F, the bird is done.) Uncovered, roast it at 325°F. Covered, raise the heat to 400°F., place foil over the roasting pan (make sure there's a hole in the foil to allow steam to escape). To get a nicely browned breast, remove the foil a few minutes before the turkey is done.



Rotisserie turkey. This Fourth of July, why not celebrate your independence from the oven with our fabulous Rotisseried Whole Turkey. You spit a small-sized fresh or defrosted turkey, roast it over glowing coals, and baste the interior with white wine.

We hope you have enough leftovers to toss our refreshing Tropical Bowl Almandine. It's a perfect hot weather dish to serve midday with some thin slices of Danish rye bread and a pitcher of iced tea, or perhaps Sangria.

TROPICAL BOWL ALMANDINE. Combine 3 cups honeydew balls, 2 cups each peach and banana slices, 2 cups cubed cooked turkey, ½ cup each sliced scallions and slivered almonds. Toss with a mixture of ½ cup each mayonnaise and sour cream, 2 teaspoons horseradish, 1 teaspoon salt, and ½ teaspoon black pepper. Chill. Serves 6-8. Another way of using up leftover turkey, in crisp golden St. Moritz sandwiches, is so tasty you may find yourself roasting a weekly turkey just to make this recipe.

ST. MORITZ SANDWICHES. Combine 2 cups chopped cooked turkey, ½ pound (1½ cups) grated Swiss cheese, 1 cup each cranberry sauce and grated carrot, ½ cup each grated onion and mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon salt, and ½ teaspoon pepper. Dip 8 split English muffins in mixture of 2 eggs and ½ cup milk. Spoon the turkey mixture on 8 halves. Top with remaining halves. Fry 4 sandwiches at a time, 5 minutes on each side in butter or margarine.

ON THE AISLE



NEWS OF THE SUPERMARKET

- National Cheer Up the Sad and Lonely Day, July 11. Do it with a smile, a handshake, or a warm hello. If you know a sad soul on an eggless low-cholesterol diet, cheer him up with a package of Fleischmann's Egg Beaters. They're the world's first fresh-frozen, cholesterol-free egg substitute. You can scramble them, turn them into a version of egg salad, or pop them into eggnog. We recommend our virtuous cholesterol-free Butterscotch Sauce (it tastes as good as if it were bad for you) as a topping for low-fat ice cream: Combine ¾ cup light brown sugar, ½ cup each Fleischmann's Egg Beaters and water, and ¼ cup each corn oil margarine and light corn syrup in top part of double boiler. Place over boiling water and stir constantly until mixture thickens. Makes 1½ cups.
- Mothers of Twins Clubs Convention, July 25-28. Rumor has it that they're meeting in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Rumor also has it that mothers of twins use twice as much chocolate milk as mothers of singles. (It's a rumor we believe.) What's a fact is that there's a new way to keep a supply on hand with Carnation's Instant Chocolate, a chocolate-flavored non-fat dry milk powder.
- The U.S. National Hot Air Ballooning Competition begins July 30th in Indianola, Iowa. While would-be hot air champions fly rings around the sky, we'll stay earthbound (thank you very much) and use the hot air in our ovens for Ore-Ida's new frozen Onion Rings. (They're made of chopped-up onions formed into rings with special molds then deep-fried.)
- We're looking for a way around the incredibly high price of meat, and as beef, lamb, pork, and chicken prices continue to climb, some of us are contemplating the vegetarian route. For those of us who can't give up our carnivorous ways, what lies ahead?

One possibility yet to be marketed is the meat of young bulls. (The beef we now eat comes from steers, which are neutered males.) They will be graded according to USDA provisions and will be stamped "Bullock" along with the usual USDA shield. Producers of bullock meat may be able to market it at a lower price than beef because the young bulls can be fattened faster than steers. But don't hold your breath waiting for a bullock steak sale. It may be a couple of years before you'll be able to attend one.



Alive with pleasure!

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After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

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t Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

'9 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

Your salad's flawless. Should the glasses be spotty?

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Cascade can be a big help here. Cascade's sheeting action fights drops of rinse water that could dry into dulling spots. Try Cascade, you'll like the Cascade look.



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MARILYN

MARILYN MONROE! Hollywood's tragic "angel of sex," vulnerable child-woman, legendary love goddess who couldn't succeed in love. Now her life story is told as never before in a brilliant new biography written by the perceptive lion of American literature, Norman Mailer—with pictures by the world's foremost photographers. On the next page, the *Journal* offers the first of two exclusive excerpts from what will surely be the book of the year.



BY NORMAN



MAILER

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Norma Jean Baker—who became Marilyn Monroe.

© 1972 Andre de Dienes

MARILYN MONROE: "SHE WAS THE LAST OF THE MYTHS TO THRIVE IN

So we think of Marilyn who was every man's love affair with America, Marilyn Monroe who was blonde and beautiful and had a sweet little rinky-dink of a voice and all the cleanliness of all the clean American backyards. She was our angel, the sweet angel of sex, and the sugar of sex came up from her like a resonance of sound in the clearest grain of a violin. She gave the feeling that if you made love to her, why then how could you not move more easily into sweets and the purchase of the full promise of future sweets, move into tender heavens where your flesh would be restored. She would ask no price. She was not the dark contract of those passionate brunette depths that speak of blood, vows taken for life, and the furies of vengeance if you are untrue to the depth of passion, no, Marilyn suggested sex might be difficult and dangerous with others, but ice cream with her. If your taste combined with her taste, how nice, how sweet would be that tender dream of flesh there to share.

In her early career, when the sexual immanence of her face came up on the screen like a sweet peach bursting open before one's eyes, she looked then like a new love ready and waiting between the sheets in the unexpected clean breath of a rare sexy morning, looked like she'd stepped fully clothed out of a chocolate box for Valentine's Day, so desirable as to fulfill each of the letters in that favorite word of the publicity flack, *curvaceous,* so curvaceous and yet without menace as to turn one's fingertips into ten happy prowlers. Sex was, yes, ice cream to her. "Take me," said her smile. "I'm easy. I'm happy. I'm an angel of sex, you bet."

What a jolt to the dream life of the nation that the angel died of an overdose [in 1962]. Whether calculated suicide by barbiturates or accidental suicide by losing count of how many barbiturates she had already taken, no one was ever going to be able to say. Her death was covered over with ambiguity even as Hemingway's was exploded into horror; and as the deaths and spiritual disasters of the Sixties came one by one to American Kings and Queens, as Jack Kennedy was killed, and Bobby, and Martin Luther King, as Jackie Kennedy married Aristotle Onassis and Teddy Kennedy went off the bridge at Chappaquiddick, so the decade that began with Hemingway as the monarch of American arts ended with Andy War-



THE LONG EVENING OF THE AMERICAN DREAM." —NORMAN MAILER

hol as its regent. The ghost of Marilyn's death gave a lavender edge to that dramatic American design of the Sixties, that long decade which did not end with the Battle of Michigan Avenue in Chicago, or the slaughter of Sharon Tate, but drove on to the death of Jimi Hendrix, the suicide of Janis Joplin, and the shooting of George Wallace. It was an overextended decade which finally came to conclusion in the gargoyle farce of the Eagleton affair and the night flight of Apollo. The Seventies, born three years after term, gave every promise that the computer would set out to solve some of those ecological (and spiritual) crimes it had already helped to commit, and Government would probably be managed down long halls of gray veils. Television would take a little more from the movies, an inchworm on the aesthetic gut of the drug-deadened American belly.

In what a light does that leave the last angel of the cinema! She was never for television. She preferred a theatre and those hundreds of bodies in the dark, those wandering lights on the screen when the luminous life of her face grew ten feet tall. It was possible she knew better than anyone that she was the last of the myths to thrive in the long evening of the American dream—she had been born, after all, in the year Valentino died, and his footprints in the forecourt at Grauman's Chinese Theatre were the only ones that fit her feet. She was one of the last of cinema's aristocrats and may not have wanted to be examined, then *ingested,* in the neighborly reductive dimensions of America's living room. No, she belonged to the occult church of the film, and the last covens of Hollywood. She might be as modest in her voice and as soft in her flesh as the girl next door, but she was nonetheless larger than life up on the screen. There her sexual legend still twinkled on the edge of the last shadow of the long Victorian afternoon, yes, the last of the ladies of the chorus with whom one could have a liaison in the late late Victorian life of the soul. It was as if she were aware that she was the rainbow sundae pearly glow at the end of the gloom. Even down in the Eisenhower shank of the early Fifties she was already promising that a time was coming when sex would be easy and sweet, democratic provender for all. Her stomach, untrammeled by girdles or sheaths, popped forward in a full woman's belly, inelegant as hell, an avowal of a



© 1972 Bert Stern

"Why am I so afraid?" she wrote in her notebook.

Marilyn. *"Sex came up from her like a resonance of sound in the clearest grain of a violin..." writes Mailer. "She was a Stradivarius of sex."*

Photograph © 1972 by Bert Stern



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In 1955, at age 29, she wistfully posed for the high school graduation picture she'd never had.



© 1972 Eve Arnold

Marilyn in 1961: "She has no roots but illegitimacy on one side . . . and insanity on the other."

womb fairly salivating in seed—that belly which was never to have a child—and her breasts popped buds and burgeons of flesh over many a questing sweating moviegoer's face. She was a cornucopia. She excited dreams of honey for the horn.

Yet she was more. She was a presence. She was ambiguous. She was the angel of sex, and the angel was in her detachment. For she was separated from what she offered. "None but Marilyn Monroe," wrote Diana Trilling, "could suggest such a purity of sexual delight. The boldness with which she could parade herself and yet never be gross, her sexual flamboyance and bravado which yet breathed an air of mystery and even reticence, her voice which carried such ripe overtones of erotic excitement and yet was the voice of a shy child—these complications were integral to her gift. And they described a young woman trapped in some never-never land of unawareness."

Or is it that behind the gift is the tender wistful hint of another mood, some quiet camp of comedy? In some unvoiced whisper, she also seems to say, "I am my own creation. For when an absurd presence is perfect, some little god must have made it." At its best, the echo of her small and perfect creation reached to the horizon of our mind. We heard her speak in that tiny tinkly voice so much like a little dinner bell, and it tolled when she was dead across all that decade of the Sixties she had helped to create, across its promise, its excitement, its ghosts, and its center of tragedy.

Since she was also a movie star of the most stubborn secretiveness and flamboyant candor, most conflicting arrogance and on-rushing inferiority; great populist of philosophers—she loved the working man—and most tyrannical of mates, a queen of a castrator who was ready to weep for a dying minnow; a lover of books who did not read, and a proud, inviolate artist who could haunch over to publicity when the heat was upon her faster than a whore could lust over a hot buck; a female spurt of wit and sensitive energy who could hang like a sloth for days in a muddy-mooded coma; a child-girl, yet an actress to loose a riot by dropping her glove at a premiere; a fountain of charm and a dreary bore; an ambulating cyclone of beauty when dressed to show, a dank, hunched-up drab at her worst—with a bad smell!—a giant and an emotional pygmy; a lover of life and a cowardly hyena of death who drenched herself in chemical stupors; a sexual oven whose fire may rarely have been lit—she would go to bed with her brassiere on—she was certainly more and less than the silver witch of us all. In her ambition, so Faustian, and in her ignorance of culture's dimensions, in her liberation and her tyrannical desires, her noble democratic longings intimately contradicted by the widening pool of her narcissism (where every friend and slave must bathe), we can see the magnified mirror of ourselves, our exaggerated and now all but defeated generation, yes, she ran a reconnaissance through the Fifties, and left a message for us in her death. "Baby go boom." Now she is the ghost of the Sixties. The sorrow of her loss is in the loving words her friend Norman Rosten was to write:

"She was proud of her dishwashing and held up the glasses for inspection. She played badminton with a real flair, occasionally banging someone on the head (no damage). She was just herself, and herself was gay, noisy, giggling, tender.

"Marilyn loved animals; she was drawn to all living things. She would spend hundreds of dollars to try to save a storm-damaged tree and would mourn its death. She welcomed birds, providing

Marilyn and Arthur Miller at Amagansett. Her wedding band was inscribed, "Now is forever." Forever was five years.



© 1972 Sam Shaw

ree houses and food for the many species that isited her lawn, she worried about them in bad veather. She worried about dogs and cats. She nce had a dog that was by nature contemplative, ut she was convinced he was depressed. She did ier best to make him play, and that depressed him ven more; on the rare occasions when he did an ntic pirouette, Marilyn would hug and kiss him, lelirious with joy."

They are lines calculated to have us fall in love vith her, but those who suspect such tender beauty an find other anecdotes. This incident from Maurice Zolotow's book:

"One evening, some of the cast—though not Monroe—were watching the rushes of the yacht equence [from *Some Like It Hot*]. . . . [Tony Curtis] is posing as a rich man's son who suffers rom a frigid libido. Girls cannot excite him. Monroe decides to cure him of his ailment by kiss-ng him and making love to him. On the fifth kiss, he treatment succeeds admirably.

"In the darkness, someone said to Curtis, 'You eemed to enjoy kissing Marilyn.' And he said oudly, 'It's like kissing Hitler.'

"When the lights came on, Paula Strasberg wife of Marilyn's drama coach, Lee Strasberg] vas crying. 'How could you say a terrible thing ike that, Tony?' she said. 'You try acting with her, Paula,' he snapped, 'and see how you feel.' "

Even so consummate a wit as [director] Billy Wilder would yet describe her as the meanest voman in Hollywood, a remark of no spectacular umor that was offered nonetheless in an inter-iew four years after her death, as though to sug-est that even remembering Marilyn across the oid was still sufficiently irritating to strip his wit. Yet during the filming of *Let's Make Love* she vas to write in her dressing room notebook, What am I afraid of? Why am I so afraid? Do think I can't act? I know I can act but I am fraid. I am afraid and I should not be and I must ot be." It is in fear and trembling that she writes. n dread. Nothing less than a sense of the death f her soul may be in her fear. But then is it not hopeless to comprehend her without some concept of a soul? One might literally have to invent the idea of a soul in order to approach her. "What am I afraid of?"

It may be fair to quote another woman whose life ended in suicide: "A biography is considered complete if it merely accounts for six or seven selves, whereas a person may well have as many as one thousand." The words are by Virginia Woolf. In its wake, the materials of any biographer come begging with his credentials.

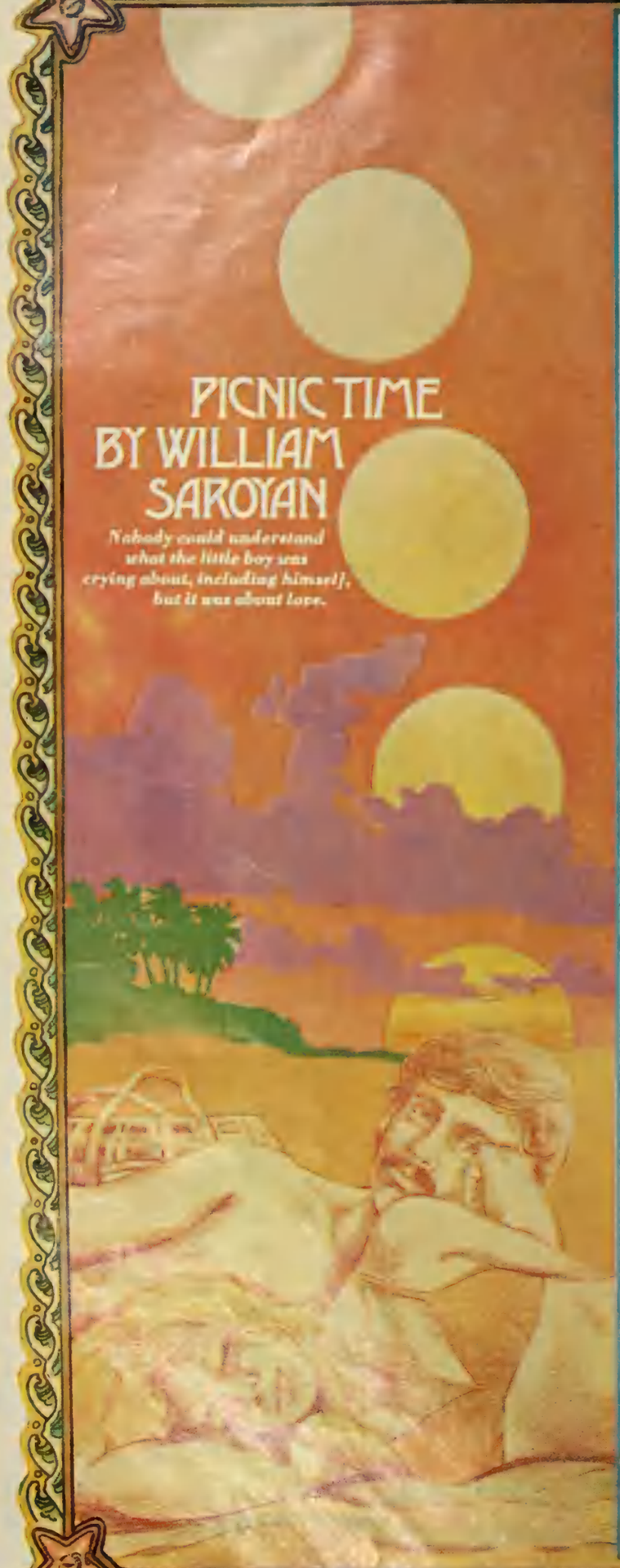
But why not assume Marilyn Monroe opens the entire problem of biography? The question is, whether a person can be comprehended by the facts of the life, and this does not even begin to take into account that abominable magnetism of facts. They always attract polar facts. Rare is the piece of special evidence in any life that is not quickly contradicted by other witnesses. In a career like Monroe's, where no one can be certain whether she was playing an old role, experimenting with a new one, or even being nothing less than the *true* self (which she had spent her life trying to discover), the establishing of facts dissolves into the deeper enigma of how reality might seem to a truly talented actor. Since the psychological heft of a role has more existential presence than daily life (and in fact the role creates *real* reactions in everyone who sees it), so the twilight between reality and fantasy is obliged to become more predominant for a great actor than for others. Even if a few of the *facts* of Monroe's life can be verified, therefore, or, equally, if we learn the sad fact that Monroe reminiscing about her past at a given moment *(continued on page 106)*

With Joe DiMaggio. Writes Mailer: "His communion to her, his gift to her, is that he loves her."



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PICNIC TIME
BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

Nobody could understand what the little boy was crying about, including himself, but it was about love.

Smack in the eyes, there is nothing like the sun, especially after six or seven days of bad weather, of wind, rain, fog, and low black-and-gray clouds—nothing like the sun again at last racing down the arc of the sky to the waters of the Pacific. There are many who can't take the sun going down, who feel bereft as it goes, and then is gone, whose isolation seems to become total at that moment, who sometimes can't remember who they are or what the chronological history is of what they have known.

There is nothing like the sun in the morning, either, coming up, over on the other side, and quite different actually from what it is when it goes down. It is always the sun of course, but it changes just a little every hour of the day. What it has in the morning to some people is also difficult to take, because it is so truly new and fresh and impels such wild expectations that time has demonstrated can't be fulfilled.

There isn't anything like the sun at high noon, either, when it is best of all to most people, when the expectation of early morning is back where it waits, unfulfilled, and the anguish of late afternoon or early evening has not yet come. At high noon the sun and everybody under it is midway, easy about both the past and the future.

It's all right, entirely, any way you have it, or any way you are under it, or any way you look at it, coming up and hanging directly overhead, or a little over to the side, or going down, although never is it entirely understood, loved, cherished, or put to its best use.

One day, on a picnic by the sea, a small boy had been moving about on the beach under a bright sun, with his little sister nearby tagging along, listening to him as he spoke, saying things apparently to other things, to the pebbles he was picking up and looking at, to the sand he was pushing into piles, to the water of the sea coming and going. The father and the mother lay stretched out together on a blanket nearby, maybe sleeping, maybe not, maybe just being there, maybe talking, maybe about the little girl herself, or about the boy, or about both of them, or maybe about the other things and people they were always talking about.

Suddenly the boy stopped, looked back, first at the little girl herself, and then beyond her at the man and the woman, his father and mother, his people, then threw away the rocks he was holding, threw them away as if rejecting them, as if they had tricked him, as if they were spurious and not what he had expected them to be. Then he brushed his hands together, brushing the sand from them, but as if the sand were more than sand, as if it were everything, or at any rate everything unaccountable and therefore unacceptable, unusable, meaningless, unsatisfying, worse than unsatisfying, deeply troubling, and began to walk to the little girl who knew fewer words than even he knew. He reached her, looked at her as she looked at him, brushed his hands again, brushing aside the sea and its enormity, turned and looked up at the sun, going a little blind, turning quickly away and quickly having sight restored, and then began to run with all his might to the man and the woman. When he reached them they opened their eyes and sat up, whereupon he began to sob with a sorrow that must surely have been the deepest and most terrible known to human experience.

"What is it?" the boy's mother said.

In answer, the boy cried louder than ever.

"Come," she said, and opened her arms to him, but this time—and it was the first time—he didn't run to her. Instead, he said something loud and angry that was unintelligible, totally entangled in whatever it was that he was crying about. This either hurt her a little or she thought he had cried enough, because she said, "Now, you just stop that crying, right this minute." But again the boy disobeyed her, and ran toward where he had been, crying all the way, and from there began to run up the beach.

"Look at him go, will you?" the boy's mother said to his father. "He's crying about something, and he's mad at somebody about it, too." She had expected the boy to stop and start coming back, and slowly stop crying, so that by the time he got back he would be finished with it, whatever it had been, and sober, and himself. But the boy didn't stop, he went right on running, and now he was so far away she couldn't hear him. "Well, what's the matter with him?" she said. "What's he running that way for? What's he running away *from*?" She waited a moment and then said, "Well, say *something*."

"I'm trying to think what he's running away from?" the boy's father said. "And I'm not having much luck."

"Were *you* that way as a small boy?"

"I can't remember. I suppose I was. Why?"

"I mean, if you were, you might know what this is all about, all of a sudden, and know what to do about it. Well, look at him, he's still going, not running any more, he got worn out; but he's *walking*. Don't you think you'd better go after him or call out to him or something?"

"I don't know. I wouldn't care to obstruct a man in a private fight."

"What private fight?"

"Oh, I guess you might call it the only fight. The fight of love, the fight of rage about love. I don't know. Something like that, I guess."

"Then you *were* that way as a boy?"



"I can't be sure, but I'm that way *now*."

"What love, what rage about what love?"

"It's not easy to talk about. For anybody. He can't talk about it at all."

"Well, you're not a boy of four who's crying and you *do* know how to say what you mean, so for heaven's sake say it. What love, what rage about what love?"

"For myself I suppose I can say it, but for him I'm afraid I'd be awfully inaccurate. The love I'm talking about is the love of a grain of sand, of one grain of sand, like this little golden one here on the tip of this finger, and the love at the same time of all of them, and of the sun up there. The love of everything, I guess. And the rage is about that same love, about the impossibility of it, or the hopelessness of it, or the enormity, or the uselessness, or the terrible speed of it, ending suddenly in night and cold. He doesn't cry like a small boy, he doesn't cry like himself, his crying has always kicked the hell out of me. He cries like the whole stupid wonderful human race from the beginning to now, and maybe to the end. Well, at least he's stopped at last, he's staying in one place."

"What's the matter with him?"

"What do you mean, what's the matter with him? Nothing's the matter with him, everything's the matter with him, the same as it is with everybody else. He's just fine. He gets overwhelmed now and then, and he doesn't know how to say what he feels or means, so he cries and runs off a little, trying to find out where to go, for God's sake. Where can you go?"

"You're almost as bad as he is."

"You asked me to tell you; I tried to tell you, but of course I didn't make it. I have an idea that most of all he is running away from love, because it's too big and too demanding. He's running away from us—from you, from me, from his sister, from himself, too. Who wants to be himself, who wants to be so little, and so captured and limited? He's a hell of a man, really, and he loves you almost as much as I do, but you're always busy getting your hair dyed or having your toenails trimmed and painted and polished, so you don't know what it's all about, and like myself he thinks you ought to *suspect*, at least. It's about the foolishness of it, the impossibility, and the damned unembraceable beauty and truth of it—Mama, Mama, what are we going to do about it? But you're having your bitten finger ends treated and soothed, and the remains of the nails polished, so you can't even begin to guess."

"Oh, mind your own business . . ."

"I didn't say I don't love you, so don't get defensive, too. Having you innocent and totally unaware is enough for him to fight about, and for me, too. I wouldn't be able to begin to tell you how much I love you, even *for* the business with the hair and the toenails and the fingernails, and the self-consciousness about the ears and the nostrils, and the lower lip that you think is too thick or something. Nostrils are nostrils. They are perfectly all right. Yours happen to be perfect. When I kiss you, like this, you mustn't imagine my idea is to inspect them."

"If you love me so much why do you find so much fault with me?"

"I'm a fault-finder. It isn't actually that you're stupid, it's just that you don't give yourself half a chance. You're actually brighter than anybody in this damned family, although I think the boy is going to be brighter, and the girl is going to *use* her brightness better. Well, he's on his way back."

"Do you think he's crying?"

"I think he isn't."

"Well, what was it exactly that happened?"

"He felt the enormity of being here, of being alive, under the sun, a part of love, of the love that is in everything, and he wanted to do something about it, something as big as the love itself—you and I kiss and hold one another and bed and begat, and let the rest of the bigness go, but he can't do that, and it infuriates him. What he would really like to do, most likely, is to ravage the whole thing. Well, it can't be done, can it, by anybody, let alone by a four-year-old boy."

"Why in the world would he want to ravage it?"

"So he would have had it before it's gone, that's why. Before *he* is gone, *(continued on page 117)*

Illustrations by Norman Green

This page: Dress up in a dream of a flowery gown. Tiny field flowers are scattered on yards and yards of gathered skirt and full kimono sleeves. (The same flowers appear again on the screen in this garden-fresh sitting room.) On the walls are giant tulips. For sleeping or sitting, three mattresses are stacked up and covered with a fresh green-and-white plaid. More tulips cover the small tables edged with Roman stripes. Dress, Simplicity #5897. Sheets by Martex.



SHEETS:

NOT FOR SLEEPING ONLY

There's no reason not to fall asleep on the new flowered sheets, but why stop there? These irresistibly pretty prints deserve to be savored with your eyes wide open. Draft them for daytime service anywhere in the house. Cover a wall, a lampshade, a chair, a sofa or an entire bathroom with an expanse of flowery sheet. There are no other fabrics that come in comparable widths (up to 108 inches) and few that exist at similar bargain prices. Mix the patterns: a splash of outsized posies with a delicately sealed *millefleur* design, a demure garden print with a bold geometric. Then gather them, trim them, drape them, sew up a matching dress, and if you insist—you can even sleep on them. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design, and Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor.

Opposite: A bower designed for dining. A dramatic flower print covers the round table, the slip seats, and walls. The area is defined by a border of lattice-printed sheets, which is repeated on the bases of the banquettes. The upholstery is of velvety towels—bright red for the cushions, and lacquer yellow for the pillows. Sheets and towels by Wamsutta.

Photographs by Jerry Abramowitz. Illustrations by Marie Michel. Congoleum flooring; Simmons Beautyrest mattresses.







This summery halter dress (below) has the sparest bare-backed top and a voluminous aproned skirt edged in puffed ruffles. Simplicity #5683. Sheets by J. P. Stevens.

he Thirties revisited *(above). This sitting room features all manner of shiny acks—varnished wicker, satiny walls, and glossy, pebble-textured floors. splashy flower print is ruffled around the lamps, cushions, and windows. eets and towels by J. P. Stevens.*

ne royal treatment for sleeping. *(opposite). A fourposter draped, wed, and as luxurious as a Sun King's courtier. The pouf is made of two eets padded with fluffy down and tied with bows. Sheets by Sears.*

kviews on p. 65; decorating suggestions on page 122. Grayblock ribbons.



A BEAUTIFUL WEEK FOR PAT LOUD

Pat Loud is one of America's most-watched mothers. Millions of TV viewers eavesdropped on her life this year when PBS televised its controversial 12-part documentary, "An American Family." No one in the Loud family was prepared for the avalanche of public attention, and for Pat especially, now a 47-year-old divorcée with a part-time editorial job and her five children still at home, it's been an exhausting year. To get away from it all she recently checked into Elizabeth Arden's luxurious Maine Chance spa in Phoenix. With her was JOURNAL Beauty Editor Sally Obre who came away a great admirer of Pat's: "She has incredible warmth and charm—qualities the TV people never quite captured." Pat's first-person report of her glorious week at Maine Chance follows.

"I had always dreamed about going to a spa. But you get to a point where you are responsible for taking care of so many things you don't have time to think about yourself. As a result of my divorce—and maybe because I've started dating again—I thought I needed to pamper myself. Just once in my life. A week at Maine Chance sounded fantastic. As we drove up to the spa, I thought the driver had made a mistake. The road was deserted and unmarked. Then suddenly there appeared lovely, lovely flowers and then just the sort of place you know you wanted to walk into. Inside the furnishings were antique and beautiful. The living room, decorated with Miss Arden's personal touches, was spectacular..."

"Early Monday morning I was scheduled for my first treatment, a facial. I was seated in a chair with my feet tipped up. I could have sat in it for a hundred years. A facial expert patted on some ice-cold cleanser with rhythmic motions. It was very stimulating. Then she put on another cream and patted it in for quite a long time; next she applied a mud pack and covered me with a blanket. I was a complete mummy for about five minutes. I was told it takes about three days of facials to cleanse pores properly. That powder I put on five years ago was probably still down there somewhere. What a frightening thought....Exercise is one of the basic things I came to do. I really want to get myself toned up. At home I can always think of a million reasons why I shouldn't be exercising—I've got to cook dinner or do this or that. At the spa they work mainly on the waist, hips, legs, and upper arms. Lots of leg swinging, and pulling and rolling to music (2). I'm beginning to torture muscles I hadn't used in years....After exercise classes there is a steam cabinet, a plastic machine about the size of a refrigerator. You sit in it with a towel and all this really lovely steam comes and soothes those poor muscles....There are also body massages. You lie on a table with a cotton blanket over you. You're tired and sore. A nice lady comes and puts lovely soothing cream on you and massages away the stiffness. Another relaxing experience is the whirlpool bath. Made my muscles feel terrific (3)....Additional exercising is done at the pool. You do a lot of arm and leg movements, pushing and pulling against the water (4). I found that I got tired, which I wanted. I only have a week..."







"Manicures and pedicures are also a regular part of the routine here. There is much massaging with oils to get the hands and feet back in shape. No polish until the end of the week when nails have shown improvement. For the feet there is foot zone therapy (5) performed by an expert who applies soothing pressure on the toes and soles, which helps relax the entire body.

"The food here is so elegant you almost forget there's not enough of it. You're put on a 900-a-day calorie diet of really superb food. The fruit in the salad we had for lunch one day(6) was absolutely perfect in every way and was served on the most beautiful china. They manage to make everything, no matter how simple, look appetizing. The hamburger at dinner one night came smothered with mushrooms. There's never any water on the table, and no salt. You're there on a really big health kick....In the mornings at 11 a potassium broth is available as you relax around the pool in between scheduled classes (7). In the afternoons there is grapefruit juice made from the fabulous grapefruits they grow here."







(Editor's note: To wrap up Pat's beauty week Beauty Editor Sally Obre whizzed her off to the Elizabeth Arden salon in Phoenix, where a dramatic seven inches was trimmed from her hair. Pat's scalp had already been conditioned daily at Maine Chance. Sally also did Pat's makeup. "After all the facials Pat had been given," said Sally, "she had a great glow and tone to her skin." Sally played up the glow with a peach highlighter on Pat's cheeks, a glossy pink on her lips, and pale silvery shades on her lids to emphasize her eyes.) Pat: "I'm not very familiar with cosmetics — powders, creams, shadows, and such — but I really looked a lot better. And I think the haircut makes me look younger. You feel healthy. Coming away from this place you not only look better, you feel a lot better, too. You've done something difficult.

"The regimen may seem easy at the time, but it's actually hard. You're hungry. You're sore. But because you're being smiled at and pampered, you don't realize what you're going through. It's a very healthy experience, psychologically and physically. It makes you feel as if you can get out and hit the old ball one more time. It was a great week!"

Photographs by Jerry Abramowitz. Dress from Sona the Golden One; hair cut and styled by Robert Kemp.



This month, our popular cookbook-of-the-month series takes a new and different direction, turning the spotlight on an old American tradition—the community cookbook. To lead off, we've chosen *Of Pots and Pipkins*, written collectively by members of the Junior League of Roanoke Valley, Virginia. It represents, like many of the best regionally produced cookbooks, some of America's most creative cookery. Nearly three years in the making, the 200-page spiral-bound volume contains an excellent collection of over 400 well-tested and clearly written recipes. (A "pipkin," by the way, is a long-handled pot.) The group will use proceeds from the book to finance their many good works, including a home they have recently founded for foster girls. The two menus we feature from the cookbook were worked out during our trip to Roanoke Valley, where League members prepared several fabulous feasts for us. Recipes and menu plans, plus instructions for ordering the book, will be found on page 98.

JOURNAL COOKBOOK OF THE MONTH: NUMBER 8 IN A SERIES.

OF POTS AND PIPKINS





A group for dinner at the home of Liz Luczak (standing, right); it featured the food shown at left: Tomato Toasties, Trout Marguery, Wild Rice with Snow Peas, Crème de Menthe Ice Cream Pie.

Cocktails hosted by League President Glydenne Glenn, left; Betty Shannon, center; and Linda Thompson.

At the buffet, right, Nancy Lawson, and hostess Nancy Rebercomb, far right, who serves up mugs of shrimp gazpacho.

At a welcoming luncheon, from left: Carey Smith, Pat Bennett, hostess Sybil Fishburn, Mary Lee Ward, Barbara Stackstill with back to camera.

Food photograph by Arthur Beck; others by Ken Regan. International Sterling flatware.



Open your own ice cream parlor this summer, featuring our yearbook of 32 homemade flavors. D



age 103. By Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor.

30 MINUTE MENU

JULY IS PICNIC TIME

Pack this appetizing picnic lunch in minutes and head for the great outdoors.

- To fry chicken, heat 1½ qt. salad oil in an electric skillet or heavy 12-in. fry pan. Set skillet at 375° or heat oil in fry pan to 350° on a deep-fat thermometer.
- While oil heats, scrub 1½ lb. new potatoes and boil in a covered saucepan until tender, about 20 minutes.
- Pound 4 boned and skinned whole chicken breasts to about a ½-inch thickness.
- Prepare frying batter by sifting 1 cup all-purpose flour and 1 Tb. onion salt into a cup of light beer. Fold in a stiffly beaten egg white. Then dip the chicken breasts, one at a time, into ¼ cup flour and then into batter. Drain a few seconds and drop into hot oil. Fry chicken until golden on bottom, turn and brown other side. Total cooking time about 8 minutes. Drain on paper towels. Pack.
- Additional sandwich fixings: line two flat plastic containers with lettuce leaves; add 2 sliced large tomatoes and a sliced peeled avocado dipped in lemon juice. Pack separately 4 large egg-twist rolls sliced horizontally into thirds; 8 oz. sliced muenster cheese; an 8 oz. bottle thousand island dressing, and beverages. Assemble sandwiches at picnic site.
- Prepare sauce for watermelon dessert by combining ⅔ cup superfine sugar, ½ cup light rum, ⅓ cup lime juice, and 1 tsp. grated lime rind in a small jar with a tight-fitting lid.

At the picnic site, scoop out chilled watermelon flesh, using a No. 30 ice cream scoop. Remove portions for any children present; pour lime-rum sauce over remaining melon and allow to marinate until dessert time.

- Run cooked potatoes under cold water. Scoop out a small portion from each. Fill cavity with a smoked oyster from a 3¾-oz. can. Mix ¼ cup sour cream with 2 Tb. freeze-dried chives. Place a dollop of sour cream mixture atop each oyster. Place potatoes in a plastic container along with a 3½-oz. can drained, pitted black olives. Serves 4.









Tiny New Potatoes with Sour Cream
Chick-o-Club Delight
Lime-Rum-Sauced Watermelon
Beverage

Photographs by Michael O'Neill; prints from Bettmann Archive.

3 easy ways to make vegetables more lovable.

Campbell's Soups make vegetables hard to resist.



CREAM SAUCE SUPREME



1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup*
½ cup sour cream
2 teaspoons lemon juice

In saucepan, blend soup and sour cream; add lemon juice. Heat; stir now and then. Serve over cooked vegetables. Makes 1½ cups.

*Substitute Cream of Celery or Cream of Mushroom Soup if desired.



CLASSIC GREEN BEAN BAKE

1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
⅓ cup milk
1 teaspoon soy sauce
Dash pepper
2 packages (9 ounces each) frozen green beans, cooked and drained
1 can (3½ ounces) French fried onions

Combine soup, milk, soy, and pepper; stir in beans and ½ can onions. Spoon into 1-quart casserole. Bake at 350°F. for 30 minutes or until hot; stir. Top with remaining onions. Bake 5 minutes more. Makes about 4 cups.

CORN 'N CHEESE SURPRISE



4 slices bacon
¼ cup green pepper strips
1 can Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup
3 cups cooked whole kernel corn
½ cup drained chopped canned tomatoes

In saucepan, cook bacon until crisp; remove and crumble. Pour off all but 2 tablespoons drippings. Cook green pepper in drippings until tender. Add soup, corn, and tomatoes. Heat; stir now and then. Garnish with bacon. Makes about 4 cups.



SPECIAL COOKBOOK OFFER! "Campbell's 100 Best Recipes" cookbook includes 257 delicious recipes. Hard-cover, colorfully illustrated, 160 pages. It's yours for 50¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing plus five Campbell's Soup labels. Send labels and 50 cents, along with your name, address and zip code, to: BEST RECIPES COOKBOOK, Box 988, Maple Plain, Minn. 55359.



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Anything worth cooking is worth Campbell's.

worcestershire a barbecue tonight

Some people only worcestershire beef. So they're missing a lot of the flavor of pork, fish, lamb, chicken, veal, soups, salads and dozens of other things. Lea & Perrins has been bringing out all that flavor for 135 years. And adding its own subtle difference to every dish.



Barbecued Apricot Glazed Pork Chops
6 pork chops, 1-inch thick (about 1¾ lb.)
Salt
1 can (6 oz.) apricot nectar
5 teaspoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce
1 tablespoon cornstarch
⅛ teaspoon ground cinnamon

Sprinkle chops with salt. Grill on rack over hot charcoal or under preheated hot broiler for 50 minutes, turning often. Meanwhile, in a small saucepan combine remaining ingredients. Cook and stir until thickened. Brush on both sides of chops during last 10 to 12 minutes of cooking. Garnish with apricot halves if desired. Yield: 6 portions.



For 77 other things to worcestershire, write for free recipe book to Lea & Perrins, Dept. B-11, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410.

and steak, chicken or potatoes tomorrow.

Grilled Steak with Lemon-Mustard Sauce
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
2 tablespoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
2½ to 3 pound sirloin steak, cut 1½ inches thick

Combine mustard, Lea & Perrins, lemon juice and salt. Broil steak over hot charcoal or under a preheated hot broiler until done as desired, 6 to 8 minutes on each side for medium, basting with sauce. Garnish with apricot halves if desired. Slice and serve immediately. Serves 6.

Lemon Worcester Barbecued Chicken
2 (2½ pounds each) chickens, quartered
Salt
1 can (6 fl. oz.) frozen lemonade concentrate
¼ cup Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce

Sprinkle chickens lightly with salt. Arrange on rack in broiler pan. Place under preheated moderate broiler (375°F.) 30 minutes, turning pieces once. Combine remaining ingredients and blend well. Use mixture to baste chicken every five minutes, turning often until chicken is tender, about 15 minutes longer. Yield: 8 portions.

Scalloped Cheese and Potatoes
4 cups thinly sliced potatoes
¾ cup finely chopped onion
¾ teaspoon salt
1 can (10½ oz.) condensed Cheddar cheese soup
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce

In a well buttered 2-quart casserole arrange in alternate layers potatoes, onion and salt. Repeat three times. In a small saucepan heat soup with milk and Lea & Perrins. Pour over potato mixture. Cover and bake in a preheated oven (375°F.) 45 minutes. Remove cover and bake 15 minutes longer. Serves 6.

OF POTS AND PIPKINS

continued from page 92

MENU I
All recipes pictured on pages 92–93
"SKIP AND GO BAREFOOT"
TOMATO TOASTIES
TROUT MARGUERY
WILD RICE WITH SNOW PEAS
CRÈME DE MENTHE ICE CREAM PIE

"SKIP AND GO BAREFOOT"

1 tablespoon sugar syrup
Juice of 1 lemon
2 jiggers gin or vodka
Beer

Mix sugar syrup, lemon juice, and gin. Pour into Collins glass. Stir. Add ice and fill with beer. Serves one.—*Mrs. John M. Owen*

TOMATO TOASTIES

French bread
Mayonnaise
Cherry tomatoes
¼ cup green onions, chopped fine
¼ cup green pepper, chopped fine
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup cheddar cheese, grated
¼ teaspoon salt
½-inch squares of bacon

Cut one and one-half inch rounds from French bread sliced one-fourth inch thick. Spread with mayonnaise. Top with slice of cherry tomato. Mix onions, green pepper, mayonnaise, cheese, and salt. Top tomato with spoonful of mix. Top with square of bacon. Broil until bacon is very crisp.—*Mrs. J. Allen Smith, III*

TROUT MARGUERY

4 fillets of trout
3 tablespoons olive oil
2 egg yolks, beaten
1 cup butter, melted
1 tablespoon flour
¼ cup dry white wine
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup shrimp, cooked and chopped
½ cup crabmeat
½ cup mushrooms, sliced
Paprika
Salt
Pepper

Salt and pepper fillets. Place in baking pan and add olive oil. Bake at 375° for twenty minutes. As fish bakes, prepare sauce. Place egg yolks in top of double boiler over hot water and add melted butter, stirring constantly until mix thickens. Blend in flour. Add w lemon juice, shrimp, crabm mushrooms, paprika, salt, and per to taste. Stir and cook for teen minutes. Place fish on pla cover with sauce. Serves four.—*Thomas S. R. Ward*

WILD RICE WITH SNOW PEA

1 cup white and wild rice mix
2 scallions
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups or more chicken broth
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 package frozen snow peas
4 large mushrooms, sliced
1 can (4 oz.) water chestnuts, drain and sliced
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper

Wash rice thoroughly. Cut g scallion stems diagonally into inch lengths. Chop the white pa the scallions fine. Melt butte large saucepan. Add minced w scallions and sauté until tender. rice, one teaspoon salt, and two chicken broth. Bring to boil, once and reduce heat. Cover ti and cook over low heat. Meanw heat oil in large skillet. Add sca stems, snow peas, mushrooms, water chestnuts; sauté until m rooms are tender. Transfer co rice and vegetable mixture to a quart casserole. Add salt and per to taste. Serves six.—*Mrs. ert L. Lynn*

CRÈME DE MENTHE ICE CREA

3 pints vanilla ice cream
5 tablespoons green crème de men
2 cups chocolate wafer crumbs
⅓ cup butter, softened
Fudge sauce

Combine wafer crumbs with b and press into 10-inch spring pan. Refrigerate until well ch about one hour. Turn ice crean large bowl to soften; pour crèm menthe over it and swirl. Fill shell with ice cream. Freeze. fudge sauce:

Sauce:
3 oz. unsweetened chocolate
½ cup water
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
4½ tablespoons butter
¾ teaspoon vanilla



mbine chocolate with water. ok over low heat, stirring occanally until chocolate is melted. d sugar and salt. Cook, stirring istantly, until sugar is melted l mixture is thickened, about five autes. Remove from heat and stir utter and vanilla. Cool thoroughly. Then drizzle over top of pie and urn pie to freezer until firm. ere will be almost a cup of choco- sauce left over after spreading top of the pie. This is a delicious nmertime make-ahead dessert eight to ten people.—*Mrs. Frank Ellett*

TO ORDER YOUR COOKBOOK

f Pots and Pipkins is a spiral- ound volume containing over 0 recipes on 200 pages. To or- r a copy, send $3.95 plus a 30¢ ndling charge to:
nior League of Roanoke Valley
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MENU II

tured at bottom of opposite page.

SESAME CHEESE STRIPS
SHRIMP GAZPACHO
AVEC LES PERLETTES ET LES ORANGES "FRUITY CHICKEN"
MARINATED VEGETABLE SALAD I
ORANGE BLOSSOM MELBA

SESAME CHEESE STRIPS

ıp flour, sifted
easpoon salt
easpoon monosodium glutamate
easpoon ginger
easpoon sugar
ıp sharp cheese, grated
up sesame seed, toasted
g yolk, slightly beaten
up butter, melted
blespoon water
easpoon Worcestershire sauce

together dry ingredients. Stir hee and sesame seeds. Combine aining ingredients. Add to first ture and stir to form ball. Roll slightly floured board to one- ıth-inch thickness. Cut in one- hree inch strips, or with cookie er.

ake on ungreased baking sheet 350° for ten to fifteen minutes. kes forty-eight strips. Blue ese may be substituted for sharp ow cheese. These are good to e on a bar, for they do not crum- as easily as other cheese straws. *rs. Walter L. Wilhelm*

SHRIMP GAZPACHO

ve garlic
ckage (10 oz.) baby shrimp, cooked
blespoons lemon juice
ps fresh tomatoes, chopped
ps tomato juice
up green pepper, chopped
up onion, chopped
up parsley, minced
ps cucumber, chopped
blespoons chives, minced
3 teaspoons salt
asco to taste
up olive oil

a large wooden bowl with one t clove of garlic. Place shrimp in l and sprinkle with lemon juice. l remaining ingredients and re- erate overnight.

erves eight as soup course, or to six as a main dish—*Mrs. Earl Weathersby, Jr.*

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New Promise Margarine can help lower cholesterol.

Promise.



Promise tastes like butter.

Promise® tastes like butter. Yet when hundreds of people used Promise Margarine *instead* of butter in clinical tests, the average cholesterol level for the group went down. In just three weeks.

Average cholesterol reduction with Promise after just three weeks.



How can Promise Margarine help lower cholesterol? Because it's so polyunsaturated. Polyunsaturated foods can help reduce cholesterol levels when they replace saturated fats in your diet. That's why many doctors say replace some saturated fats with polyunsaturated foods.

Many doctors recommend the following points to reduce your risk of heart attack:

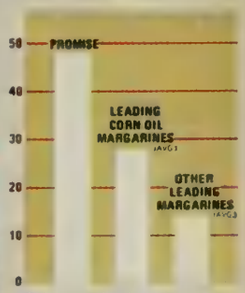
- Replace some saturated fats with polyunsaturated foods.
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- Stop smoking.
- Exercise regularly.
- Avoid stress.
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And Promise Margarine is far more polyunsaturated than any leading margarine. Even the 100% corn oil brands.

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Promise tastes like butter. But your body knows better.

COQ AVEC LES PERLETTES ET LES ORANGES: "FRUITY CHICKEN"

¾ cup flour
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon tarragon
½ teaspoon pepper
8 chicken breasts, boned
6 tablespoons butter
1 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
1 clove garlic, pressed
3 cups chicken stock
1 chicken bouillon cube
2 tablespoons Curaçao or Cointreau
2 cans (11 oz.) mandarin oranges
½ lb. green seedless grapes

Mix flour, salt, tarragon, and pepper. Sprinkle clean, wiped chicken breasts. Let stand a short while. Then melt butter in skillet and add garlic. Brown the chicken just until golden brown. Do not feel the chicken has to be cooked. Lay in baking dish. Add more butter to skillet, brown the mushrooms and put them on the chicken. If necessary, add more butter in skillet and make a roux with the remaining flour mix, about one-fourth cup. Add the stock slowly, then the bouillon cube and Curaçao or Cointreau. Pour sauce over the chicken. (May be frozen at this point.) Cover tightly with foil and bake one hour at 325°, fifteen minutes longer if it has been frozen and thawed, or refrigerated. Before serving, heat the oranges and grapes in their own juice and drain. Arrange chicken on platter and place fruit over it.—*Mrs. David Ayres*

One good fruit



1. Fresh fruit compote.

2. Strawberries, or any fresh berry.

3. Canned pears,
or your favorite canned fruit.

4. Summer melon.

deserves another.



1. Fresh fruit compote. Make it really special. To 8 cups of your favorite fruits, add ¼ cup reserved juice, ½ cup sugar, 1 t. grated lemon peel, ⅓ cup fresh lemon juice and 3 Tb. gin. Outstanding.

2. Strawberries, or any fresh berry. Glaze 'em. Combine ½ cup sugar and 2 Tb. cornstarch in a pan. Stir in ¾ cup water and 3 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Cook 'til thick. Stir in 1 t. grated lemon peel and 3 to 4 drops yellow food color. Pour over 1 pt. cleaned berries.

nned pears, ur favorite canned fruit. reshen the taste, cut the sweetness, ½ t. grated lemon peel and resh lemon juice, per can of fruit. Garnish. it's good enough lessert.

4. Summer melon. Cantaloupe, honey dew, casaba, crenshaw—they all taste crisper, keener, if you squeeze on fresh lemon.

If you like these little lemon tricks, let us send you some more.
Drop a postcard to Sunkist, Dept. S-73-31, Box 7888, Van Nuys, California 91409.

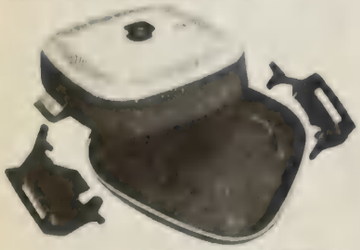
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WISE BUYS

There are stubborn wrinkles you can do something about. The GE Power Spray Iron gets out wrinkles, fast. All you do is press the Power Spray button (that's press, no pumping with this iron), and out comes a stream of sprinkles when and where you need them. There are two settings, one a light mist for Permanent Press and the other a concentrated spray for stubborn wrinkles. Smooth.



Get a GE Buffet Skillet and eat happily ever after. It's the only thing you need to braise, stew, fry, roast, pan broil, bake, simmer, steam, sauté, warm and hold!

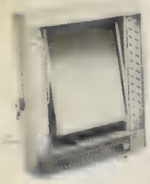


And you can pop it in the dishwasher. Cord and probe come out at the push of a button and legs and handle snap off. Just like that. Easy.

If you hate curlers and love curls, get yourself a GE Speedsetter. GE rollers are tangle-free. So smooth and easy to roll up. You get the fastest set you can imagine. There are 6 Jumbos, 10 Mediums and 4 Smalls, and can be used dry, with conditioner or with mist. Nifty.



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When is an electric knife more than just a meat knife? When it's a GE super sharp slicing knife with the handle that really fits your hand.



Makes it easy to zip through everything from tomatoes to pineapple to turkey to ham to bagels to sandwiches and yes, even to ice cream. Delicious.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

OF POTS AND PIPKINS *continued*

MARINATED VEGETABLE SALAD

1 package (16 oz.) frozen lima beans (preferably baby)
1 package (9 oz.) frozen green beans
1 package (16 oz.) frozen green peas
1¼ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons pimiento, chopped (2-oz. jar)
1 tablespoon onion, grated
3 tablespoons vinegar
1 cup mayonnaise

Cook lima beans, green beans, and peas slightly less than directed on packages. It is important not to overcook. Drain. Combine and season with salt and pepper. Cool. Add pimiento, onion, vinegar, and mayonnaise to the vegetables and toss lightly. Chill thoroughly. Serve on crisp greens, garnished with tomato wedges, or in the center of a tomato aspic ring if desired. Serves ten to twelve regular salad servings, less if used as entree.—*Mrs. John K. Boardman, Jr.*

ORANGE BLOSSOM MELBA

9 cups orange juice, fresh or frozen
½ cup sugar
6 envelopes unflavored gelatin
2¼ cups apricot nectar, canned
2 teaspoons almond flavoring
3 egg whites (for ½ recipe, use 2)
Raspberries or strawberries

Heat two cups orange juice, sugar and gelatin in a saucepan. Stir until gelatin dissolves. Mix with remaining orange juice and the apricot nectar. Add almond flavoring. Whip egg whites until very frothy and stir them into the fruit juices. Pour mixture into a three-quart mold until firm, five or six hours, refrigerated. Unmold on large platter. Place raspberries or strawberries around it.—*Mrs. R. S. Waldron, III* END

SEND YOUR COOKBOOK

Do you belong to a group that's published its own cookbook? A church group, an auxiliary of some kind, a service group? If you do, we'd very much like to have a copy to consider using in this series. Send to:

Cookbook of the Month
Ladies' Home Journal
641 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10022

HOW MRS. AGNEW STAYS FIT

continued from page 61

was too time-consuming and too public. So I exercise in private—using specific and progressive exercises to solve specific body problems. I take my exercises from a booklet published by the President's Council on Physical Fitness. Anyone can write for it—it's free." (Ed. Note: *Journal* readers may obtain the booklet, "Introduction to Physical Fitness," by writing to The President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, 400 6th Street S.W., Washington, D.C. 20201.)

"For example, I tend to gain weight across the back area, so I do leg lifts to control it. I lie flat on my stomach and lift my legs—one at a time—as far off the floor as I can—without bending my knees. I try to do at least 15 leg lifts a day, and when I can, I try for 30. If I've no time in the morning to do them all, I do the other half at night before going to bed. I exercise on the floor while my husband reads. He encourages me when I'm extra-tired and fall back on the 'Oh, do I have to?' routine."

Does exercising reduce her weight? "No, it redistributes it; it takes off inches more than pounds. Recently I've been exercising with five-pound weights to firm up my upper arms. I hold a weight in each hand—at my side—and then raise my arms straight up then bend my elbow and bring the weights to my shoulder. I do this 10 times on each side. Speed is unimportant when you're doing such exercises. The point of doing them is to get the most out of each muscle. I also use the 'windmill' for firming my arms, and head-revolving exercises for my chin."

"How does it feel when you are referred to as 'the plump Mrs. Agnew'?" I asked.

"It doesn't bother me nearly as much as when people meet me for the first time and exclaim with surprise, 'You're much slimmer in person!' Photographs and TV have not been my kindest friends in the past. But I've learned to avoid high necklines, to stay away from splashy prints, and to be careful of the size of any print I wear. That purple, princess-cut coat I wore for the inauguration *is* slimming," Mrs. Agnew laughed. "And I'll make a confession: I wore a brilliantly-striped scarf with it—it rivets attention to itself and away from other parts better left less conspicuous!"

How does Mrs. Agnew diet when she dines out? "If we're going to a private home and the hostess has fixed something special, I eat it; I never say I'm on a diet. I just try to eat less of each serving. It's easy in restaurants or at dinners in public places; there no one cares if or what amount you eat.

"I can count calories in my sleep, I'm that aware of their importance. One dieting technique I've used successfully is to eat half of what I really want. Another is to have someone around to share that other half so I won't be tempted. Often Kim and I share a small steak at dinner; the Vice President and I share an English muffin at breakfast. For 24 years of our 31-year marriage I cooked and learned to weigh my food, especially beef, which is high in calories (veal and lamb are less so). Now the life we lead, with so many appearances at public functions, precludes much cooking—but I go into the kitchen on the cook's night out to fix my husband's favorites—including grape juice fruit ice [see recipe below]. It's my step-grandmother's recipe. Not only is it delicious, but it also has great sentimental appeal for us—it's what got the Vice President to propose!"

GRAPE JUICE FRUIT ICE A LA JUDY AGNEW

1 cup orange juice
2 cups grape juice
¼ cup pineapple juice
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup water
1⅓ cups sugar

Put water and sugar in saucepan and bring to a boil. Boil for 5 minutes. Remove from heat and when cool add juices and pour into freezer pans.

After 1½ hours, stir. It will take about 4 hours to freeze. END



For energy and stamina, one important thing you must do is eat right. Good-tasting Kretschmer Wheat Germ adds a healthy helping of natural protein and vitamins to your breakfast or any meal.

Wheat germ, the world's most nutritious natural cereal.

CE CREAM

ntinued from page 95

e Cream-Making Hints

e made all of our ice cream in elec-ic ice cream makers (see below for veral examples). But all recipes can made by hand in freezer trays using asic Recipe 1 or 3 (below) as di-cted, adding a flavor variation, then ouring into freezer trays and placing freezer. After approximately 2 ours, remove from freezer and beat ith electric mixer to break down ice ystals, about 2 minutes. Return to eezer. Repeat every 2 hours until ice ystals are not visible on surface of e cream. One more beating should adequate in most cases. Freeze ice eam until firm, then pack in covered ntainers.

Further hints:

Whether using a machine or not, eck your freezer temperature before arting. It should register 0°F. or be-w for proper storage of finished ice eam.

If using a machine, follow all direc-ons closely. Best results are achieved ith rock salt and crushed ice—as ainst ice cubes and table salt.

If using a machine, allow ice cream churn about 20-30 minutes or until otor slows or stops (allow additional ne for recipes with alcohol). Discon-ct immediately or the motor will be maged.

After ice cream is hardened, pack to smaller containers. Cover con-iner with plastic wrap, pressed onto e surface. Then wrap in plastic bag heavy duty foil. This method pre-nts the formation of ice crystals.

Ice Cream Recipes

We give four versions of basic ice cream. Each has its own identity, which we describe under recipe. After you make the basic, simply choose one of our 32 flavors and add the prescribed ingredients. If it's plain vanilla you want, just add 2 tablespoons of pure vanilla extract to the basic recipe. Be sure to check sugar requirements for each flavor—they do vary.

ICE CREAM BASIC RECIPE 1

A traditional ice cream, super rich and creamy. Expensive, but well worth it for special occasions.

4 cups heavy cream
6 egg yolks or 5 eggs, beaten
1 cup sugar

In a double boiler scald cream. Beat egg yolks with sugar until light and fluffy. Add to the cream and simmer gently over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from heat and cool in the refrigerator. Add one of the following flavor combinations and prepare ice cream as directed. Makes 2 quarts.

BASIC RECIPE 2

A French version of Basic 1, but just as creamy. A bit easier on your budget.

3 cups milk
1 cup heavy cream
6 egg yolks or 5 eggs, beaten
1 cup sugar

In a double boiler scald milk and cream. Beat egg yolks and sugar until light and fluffy. Add to milk-cream mixture. Simmer gently over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from heat and cool in the refrigerator. Add one of the following flavor combinations and prepare ice cream as directed. Makes 2 quarts.

BASIC RECIPE 3

A traditional American recipe. Very, very rich, with a slightly more airy texture than the preceding two. The best recipe if you're making ice cream by hand.

5 cups heavy cream
1 cup sugar

Combine heavy cream and sugar in a large bowl. Add one of the following flavor combinations and prepare ice cream as directed. Makes 2 quarts.

BASIC RECIPE 4

An economical version using evaporated milk. Very smooth and creamy.

3 cans (13 oz. each) evaporated milk
1 cup heavy cream
1 cup sugar

Combine milk, heavy cream, and sugar in a large bowl. Add one of the following flavor combinations and prepare ice cream as directed in general procedures. Makes 2 quarts.

Note: Check sugar requirements on each recipe for substitutions.



Electric ice cream freezers are probably the best invention since ice cream itself. They make quick work of the job, are easy to use; they cost between $20 and $30. Shown here, from left to right, models by Proctor Silex, Sears, J. E. Porter.

32 ICE CREAM FLAVORS

Pick your flavor and add ingredients called for to one of the basic recipes.

1. **Blueberry Shortcake**
   2 pints fresh blueberries
   3 cups vanilla wafers, crushed
2. **Cranberry Eggnog**
   1½ cups fresh or frozen cranberries
   1 tablespoon rum extract
   1½ teaspoons pumpkin pie spice
3. **Zabaglione**
   1 cup light raisins

(continued)



Reach for the bag that shows its strength



¼ cup Madeira or 2 tablespoons sherry extract

4. Napoleon
1 cup chestnut purée
½ cup candied cherries
½ cup candied orange rind
½ cup Malaga or 2 tablespoons sherry extract

5. Dutch Chocolate Pudding
1 package (3 oz.) lady fingers, crumbled
8 squares (1-oz. each) unsweetened chocolate, melted with 1 cup cream from basic recipe

6. Praline
Substitute 1 cup dark brown sugar for the sugar in basic recipe.
2 cups chopped pecans

7. Mint Julep
¾ cup bourbon or 2 tablespoons brandy extract
1 bottle (1 oz.) mint extract

8. Key Lime
¼ cup crème de menthe or 1 bottle (1 oz.) mint extract
3 tablespoons lime juice
2 tablespoons lime rind

9. Banana Daiquiri
2 cups banana purée (about 4–5 bananas)
¼ cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons rum extract

10. Vintage Grape
Decrease sugar in basic recipe to ½ cup
1 cup grape preserves
1 can (7 oz.) frozen grape concentrate, thawed
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind

11. Double Berry
1 pint fresh raspberries, puréed
1 pint fresh strawberries, puréed

12. Apple Brown Betty
Substitute 1 cup dark brown sugar for sugar in basic recipe
2 cups applesauce
1 cup chopped walnuts

13. Goober Ripple
1½ cups peanut butter

14. Marmalade
Substitute 1 cup orange marmalade for 1 cup sugar in basic recipe

15. Pink Lemonade
⅓ cup lemon juice
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
1 drop red food color

16. Brandy Alexander
¼ cup brandy or 2 tablespoons brandy extract
¼ cup crème de cacao or 2 tablespoons coffee extract
1 tablespoon cocoa

17. Porto
½ cup port wine

18. Nectarine Melba
2 cups nectarine purée (about 4–5 nectarines)
1 cup grenadine, drizzled throughout prepared ice cream

19. Cherries in Snow
Decrease sugar in basic recipe to ½ cup
1½ cups red maraschino cherries with syrup, coarsely chopped
¼ cup cherry brandy or 2 tablespoons brandy extract

20. Avocado and Lime
2 cups avocado purée (about 3 avocados)
1 tablespoon grated lime rind

21. Papaya-Mango
1 cup papaya purée (about 1 papaya)
1 cup mango purée (about 1 mango)

22. Beach Plum Pudding
3 cups vanilla wafers, crushed
1 cup fresh plum purée (about 4-5 plums) or 1 cup fresh peach purée (about 2-3 peaches)
1 teaspoon cinnamon

23. Brown Derby
1 package (8½ oz.) chocolate wafers, crushed (about 2 cups)
1 package (11½ oz.) chocolate pieces
3 tablespoons strong coffee

24. Apricot Meringue
Decrease sugar to ½ cup
1 can (16 oz.) apricot halves or 2 cups fresh apricots
1½ cups fluffy marshmallow cream

25. Prune Whip
1 jar (16 oz.) prunes, puréed
1 cup chopped walnuts

26. Piña Colada
1 can (8 oz.) crushed pineapple
1 can (3½ oz.) flaked coconut
1 tablespoon rum extract

27. Ginger Snap
1 cup chopped crystallized ginger

28. Crème de Rose
¾ cup rosewater

29. Cappucino
1½ tablespoons freeze-dried coffee
1½ tablespoons pure vanilla extract
¾ teaspoon ground nutmeg

30. Mandarin Almond
1 cup toasted slivered almonds
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
1 teaspoon almond extract

31. Shoofly Pie
Decrease sugar to ½ cup
1 cup dark molasses
1 cup chopped pecans
1 bag (14 oz.) caramel candies, melted with 1 cup cream from basic recipe

32. Currant
1 cup dried currants
3 tablespoons crème de cassis, optional

END

Fresh vegetables put a brand new crunch into Lipton California Dip.

Serve your guests a different kind of dip. Start with Lipton California Dip. Then add something else good to it. Lots of things are good with it. Like seafood. Or cheese. Or fresh vegetables, as in this recipe.



Vegetable California Dip
2 cups Lipton California Dip: Blend 1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix with 1 pint dairy sour cream.
1 small green pepper, chopped
1 medium tomato, chopped
¼ cup of chopped celery
2 teaspoons chili powder
In medium bowl, blend Lipton California Dip with green pepper, tomato, celery and chili powder. Chill. Makes about 3 cups dip.



has moved to New York, and tha
is happy in his life. Despite her s
pronouncements, she worries al
him.

Pat Loud is a very involved,
cerned, and loving mother, but sh
making every effort *not* to hold o
her children. She hopes to help t
to realize themselves and to cut
bilical ties. Her middle
sons Kevin, 20 and Gran
have their own rock b
While she wishes them e
success, she is grateful
they have not become
of any kind of rock
scene. Her oldest daug
Delilah likes dancing,
like her mother, Del
now 17, is most intereste
graduate work in history
hopes to study abroad.
totally approves. Mich
now 15, starts senior
this fall and is still
terested in dancing and
etry. "I will miss the
terribly when they hav
left," she says. "Five
dren and their many fri
have filled my life and h
for years."

Their leaving will be
ticularly painful bec
Bill is gone, too.

Hungry to learn

At the moment, how
the children—except La
are still there and Pat
much in common with t
They are all growing, g
ing, struggling, and see
to give birth to themse
So is Pat Loud. She int
to go with her work at
Forum. She is eager
hungry to learn, to gro
communicate.

After meeting Pat I
I am particularly suspi
of the effects of TV edi
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crew in the privacy of
home makes for distu
and unnatural influe
(Pat admits to being
than free in their pres
and also to some "pl
to the camera" in the
days of filming.) Cons
ing this, perhaps it i
possible to produce a
vision documentary o
American family. Tele
may be just too disto

In any case, Pat Lo
not a typical Ame
woman, wife, or mother; but
neither is anyone else. We share
ings, moods, yearnings, frustra
problems, sorrows, and joys. Lea
about each other we learn about
selves, and learning about ourselv
learn about each other. But we sti
main individual and different. Ind
uality is one of the great hu
privileges. Pat Loud is an indiv
and a very interesting person. She
interesting before she became fa
Nearly all people are interesting
out becoming well known, but t
to know them is necessary to learn
interesting they really are.

EN-MINUTE BARBECUES

ued from page 32

CHICKEN TANDOORI

dia one word for barbecue is pori, from the clay oven, or tan- in which food is roasted.

cken breasts boned and skinned
plain yogurt
p lime juice
es crushed garlic
spoons finely chopped ginger
spoons ground coriander
easpoons salt
easpoons paprika
poon ground cumin
spoon cayenne
s, cut into eighths

chicken breasts into 2½ x ¾-pieces and set aside.

a large bowl combine yogurt, juice, garlic, ginger, coriander, paprika, cumin, and cayenne. chicken pieces and cover bowl. nate in refrigerator 24 hours.

ce on 6 bamboo skewers and over hot coals 10 minutes, turn- once. Remove chicken from ers. Serve on a bed of cooked s as pictured. Serves 6.

RECIPES TESTED IN THE JOURNAL KITCHENS

Ruth Lauman, Manager
Jean Aultman
Claudia T. Kinsey
Laura Lexa

INDONESIAN BEEF SATÉ

are the Indonesian version of bal-grilled meat on skewers. combination of coconut mari- with bananas and pineapple sound exotic, but it's sure to e a family favorite.

1½ lbs. flank steak, 1 inch thick
1 can (16 oz.) cream of coconut
¼ cup soy sauce
⅓ cup chopped onion
3 cloves garlic, crushed
1 tablespoon ground coriander
1 tablespoon ground turmeric
1 teaspoon caraway seeds
Meat tenderizer
4 bananas, peeled and sliced into 1½-inch pieces
1 pineapple peeled and cut into 3-inch fans

Cut steak with the grain into 3x1-inch strips. Butterfly each strip by slicing it almost through horizontally to make strips 3x2 inches.

In a large bowl combine cream of coconut, soy sauce, onion, garlic, coriander, turmeric, and caraway seeds. Beat with a wire whisk to blend.

Add meat to bowl and toss to coat. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate 24 hours.

If desired, you can sprinkle with meat tenderizer before grilling for added flavors.

To arrange on skewers: Place a banana piece first; then weave on a piece of flank steak, accordion-style; then pineapple, alternating the meat strips between the two fruits.

Grill over hot coals for 5 minutes on each side, basting occasionally with the remaining marinade. Serve with boiled rice. Serves 4. END

PE INDEX

s a listing of recipes appearing in this is- cluding those from the Journal kitchens ivertisements. All have been tested by our economists.

'IZERS
Cheese Strips, p. 99.
Dip, p. 40.
Toasties, p. 98.
ble California Dip, p. 104.

AGES
Cocktail, p. 75.
lemonade, p. 3.
ea, p. 3.
Lime Kiddie drink, p. 3.
a, p. 3.
and Go Barefoot," p. [illegible].

RTS
de Menthe Ice Cream Pie, p. 98.
Fruit Compote, p. 101.
am Basic Recipes, p. 103.
um Sauced Watermelon, p. 96.
Blossom Melba, p. 102.
berries, p. 101.

ENTREES
ued Bratwurst, p. 18.
hampignons, p. 32.
O-Club Delight, p. 96.
n Yakitori, p. 32.
Relleños, p. 74.
own Chops, p. 4.
ec Les Perlettes et Les Oranges, p. 99.
Short Ribs, p. 18.
(Clam Pie), p. 74.
ian Beef Sate, p. 105.
lam Hawaiian, p. 31.
-Baked Chicken, p. 110.
n Chili-Stuffed Peppers, p. 18.
a's Tater Topped Casserole, p. 111.
an Grill, p. 32.
Trout in Foil, p. 110.
ried Whole Turkey, p. 76.
ritz Sandwiches, p. 76.
Gazpacho, p. 99.
Salad Waikiki, p. [illegible].
ed Shrimp Italiano, p. 32.
Lamb Burgers, p. 18.
ri Chicken, p. 105.
al Bowl Almandine, p. 76.
Marguery, p. [illegible].
n Grilled Halibut, p. 32.
iki Tuna Salad, p. 30.

LLANEOUS
Sauce Supreme, p. 97.
ice with Snow Peas, p. [illegible].

TABLE ENTREES
Green Bean Bake, p. 97.
N Cheese Surprise, p. 97.
ed Vegetable Salad, p. 102.
Potatoes with Sour Cream, p. 96.

French's introduces the 60 second gravy.

New French's Gravy Makins is as good as it is fast! Now you can make homemade-tasting gravy in just sixty seconds. Because all you need is boiling water! No cooking, no waiting. Stirs instantly into rich, smooth, great tasting gravy. There are eight flavors, one for every kind of meat. So try French's great new Gravy Makins. It only takes a minute.



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5¢ Save 5¢ in a minute. 5¢

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continued from page 83

is not being accurate—to say the least! —how little is established. For an actor lives with the lie as if it were truth. A false truth can offer more reality than the truth that was altered. And so, for instance, she tells her biographer, Maurice Zolotow:

"While I was in the second grade, the public school chose me to appear in the Easter sunrise service at Hollywood Bowl. They gave all of us a black robe. Under the black robe, we wore white tunics. The service, which is an impressive ceremony, begins just before dawn. All we children were arranged in the form of a cross. Just when the sun rose we were given a signal to throw off the black robes and that changed the cross from black to white. I got so interested watching the sky, I didn't pay attention and didn't see the signal. I was the only child who forgot to throw off her black robe. I was the only black mark on a white cross."

Publicity value

The interesting biographical question is not whether the event actually occurred —the story is so full of publicity value it reeks of the kind of self-composed history that actresses and feature writers are anxious to collaborate upon. No, a better question is whether the story is cynical or offers some psychological reality to her. The latter suggests the child saw herself early as ostracized, cursed, even revealed as a witch—full black mark on a white cross. If we are in danger of forcing such a conclusion, we can still hold it in mind while waiting for other clues.

Since this is a poor way to establish history, and has to open the biographer to the vice of the trade (which is to embark upon unsupported speculation), the next question is whether a life like hers is not antipathetic to biographical tools. Certainly the two histories [of her—Zolotow's *Marilyn Monroe* and *Norma Jean* by Fred Lawrence Guiles] show the limitations of a conventional approach. Her personality remains submerged: the facts live, but Marilyn does not. The final virtue of *Norma Jean* is that a great biography might be constructed some day upon its foundations, although it might have to contend with the notion that exceptional people (often the most patriotic, artistic, heroic, or prodigious) had a way of living with opposites in themselves that could only be called schizophrenic when it failed. That was a theory developed while studying astronauts, and it seemed suitable for Marilyn, and so most interesting, for what had a movie star like Monroe in common with an astronaut? One has to speak of transcendence. But transcendence was precisely the enigma which faced every psychohistorian, for it was a habit as much as a miracle, yet a mystical habit, not amenable to reason—it assumed that something in the shape of things respected any human who would force an impossible solution up out of the soup, as if the soup itself were sympathetic to the effort. By the logic of transcendence, it was exactly in the secret scheme of things that a man should be able to write about a beautiful woman, or a woman to write about a great novelist—that would be transcendence, indeed!

The new candidate for biographer now bought a bottle of Chanel No. 5—Monroe was famous for having worn it —and thought it was the operative definition of a dime-store stink. But he would never have a real clue to how it smelled on her skin. Not having known her was going to prove, he knew, a recurrent wound in the writing, analogous to the regret, let us say, of not having been alone and in love in Paris when one was young. No matter how much he could learn about her, he could never have the simple, invaluable knowledge of knowing that he liked her a little, or did not like her, and so could have a sense that they were working for the same god, or at odds.

If the temptation, then, to undertake such a work of psychohistory was present, he still knew he was not serious. It would consume years, and he was not the type to bed down into the curious hollow of writing about a strange woman an whose career had so often passed through places where he had lived at the same time. One of the frustrations of his life was that he had never met her, especially since a few people he knew had been so near to her. Once in Brooklyn, long before anyone had heard of Marilyn Monroe—she had been alive for twenty years but not yet named!—he had lived in the same brownstone house in which Arthur Miller was working on *Death of a Salesman* and this at just the time he was himself doing *The Naked and the Dead*. The authors, meeting occasionally on the stairs, or at the mail box in the hall, would chat with diffidence they looked for a bit of politics or l erary business to mouth upon—ea certainly convinced on parting that t other's modest personality would nev amount to much. In later years, wh Miller was married to Monroe, t playwright and the movie star lived a farmhouse in Connecticut not fi miles away from Mailer's house, a the younger author, not yet aware what his final relation to Marilyn Mo roe would be, waited for t call to visit, which of cou never came. The playwrig and the novelist had nev been close. Nor could t novelist in conscience co demn the playwright such avoidance of dram The secret ambition, af all, had been to steal Ma lyn; in all his vanity thought no one in all t world was so well suited bring out the best in her himself, a conceit which fi million other men may a have held—he was still untested to recognize t the foundation of her might be to speak to e man as if he were all of m existence available to It was only a few marria (which is to say a few ures) later that he could ognize how he would h done no better than Mi and probably have b damaged further in the p cess. In retrospect, it mi be conceded that Miller been made of the tough middle-class stuff—which, istentially speaking, is to as hard synthetic mater

Trifling discrepancy

So there would be ther immense job on Monroe himself; no, rather a st like this, bound to stray ward the borders of ma For a man with a cabali turn of mind, it was fair engraved coincidence the letters in Marilyn M roe (if the "a" were twice and the "o" but o would spell his own n leaving only the "y" for cess, a trifling discrepa no more calculated to u the heavens than the minuscule diffraction of red shift.

Of course, if he wishe play anagrams, she was Marlon Y. Normie, an unlimited use of the le in *el amor* gave Mar Mamroe, a forthright Latin s (considerably better than Mor Maeler). But let us back off such pl ures. It is possible there is no ins ment more ready to capture the elu quality of her nature than a novel a thief to catch a thief, and put an ist on an artist. Could the solutio nothing less vainglorious than a r of Marilyn Monroe? In biogra form? Since it would rely in the r on other sources, it could hardl more than a long biographical arti nonetheless, a *species* of novel r to play by the rules of biography items could be made up and *(contin*



Here's what Myra Waldo wanted to know about her new General Electric microwave cooking center.



Myra Waldo has written more cookbooks than any other person. Some of her most popular cookbooks include: *The Complete Round the World Cookbook, Myra Waldo's Chinese Cookbook* and *The Complete Book of Wine Cookery.* Miss Waldo's questions about microwave cooking are part of a continuing series answered by General Electric.

Q. How does microwave cooking differ from conventional cooking?

A. In conventional cooking, the air or liquid surrounding the food is heated and heats the surface of the food. This heat is conducted into the interior of the food and cooks it. In microwave cooking, the microwave energy is absorbed only by the food and does not heat the surrounding air. This energy causes the food molecules to vibrate against each other, resulting in friction and creating heat which is conducted through the food and cooks it faster. General Electric markets two complete microwave cooking centers (Model J896 and Model J856), plus a countertop portable microwave oven (Model JET80). Cooking speed varies with the type of food being prepared, but here are some comparison times:

FOOD	CONVENTIONAL COOKING TIME	MICROWAVE COOKING TIME
Chili	35 Min	15 Min
Thaw Frozen Fruit	10 Min	2 Min
Lasagna	45 Min	17 Min
Stuffed Peppers (6)	60 Min	22 Min
Brownies	25 Min	9 Min
Salmon Loaf	60 Min	14 Min
Scalloped Potatoes	90 Min	21 Min

Q. Can I put something from the freezer directly into a microwave oven?

A. Yes. Frozen vegetables (even those in cooking pouches), frozen package entrees and home-frozen dishes can all be prepared quickly and easily with microwave energy. You can soften ice cream or butter to serving consistency in only a few seconds. Meats, depending on size and thickness, generally take only minutes to thaw.

Q. Can I make pastries in my microwave oven?

A. Yes. You can expect excellent results with General Electric's complete microwave cooking centers because they have heating elements to provide the conventional heat for browning, while the microwaves provide the speed in cooking. Our portable microwave oven is very effective for pastries which do not require a brown crust for appearance, such as brownies.

Q. When foods are cooked in liquids, does the liquid boil out more rapidly than in conventional ovens?

A. No. There's usually more liquid left because of the shorter cooking time. In a conventional oven, heat and longer cooking time result in more evaporation of liquids and natural juices.

Q. Will a potato skin turn crisp in the baking process?

A. Yes. By using the combination of microwave energy and conventional heat in the General Electric complete microwave cooking centers, potato skins can become very crisp. However, in our portable microwave oven, the natural moisture in a potato keeps the skin moist, and because of the speed of microwave cooking, the skin does not dry out enough to become crisp.



Q. Can I bake a soufflé in my microwave oven?

A. Yes. You can create superb soufflés with a General Electric complete microwave cooking center, because it supplies conventional heat for browning at the same time the microwaves are baking the soufflé. Because soufflés require delicate treatment, they're not recommended for our portable oven.

Q. Does a microwave oven require any special electrical installation?

A. No. The total connected load of a General Electric complete microwave cooking center is about the same as required by comparable electric range models. Our portable microwave oven requires only a standard 120 volt, 15 ampere grounded outlet.

Q. Is my microwave oven self-cleaning?

A. Yes. General Electric's complete microwave cooking centers feature our P-7® Total-Clean™ oven, because they also have a conventional oven and conventional heat bakes on food spills and splatter. The surfaces inside our portable microwave oven remain cool enough so food soils don't bake on. You can clean them easily with a damp cloth.

Q. Can I get my microwave oven serviced easily, should I ever need it?

A. Yes. General Electric's Customer Care…Service Everywhere™ goes with every microwave oven we sell. This is our pledge that wherever you are, or go in the U.S.A., you'll find a qualified GE serviceman nearby. Should you ever need him.



If you'd like to know more about microwave cooking, write: General Electric, Dept. M.O., Ap4-206A, Appliance Park, Louisville, Kentucky 40225.

Microwave cooking…another reason why General Electric is America's #1 major appliance value.

Number 2 in a series.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

evidence would be provided when facts were moot. Speculation *had* to be underlined. Yet he would never delude himself that he might be telling a story which could possibly be more accurate than a fiction since he would often be quick to imagine the interior of many a closed and silent life, and with the sanction of a novelist was going to look into the unspoken impulses of some of his real characters. At the end, if successful, he would have offered a literary hypothesis of a *possible* Marilyn Monroe who might actually have lived and fit most of the facts available. If his instincts were good, then future facts discovered about her would not have to war with the character he created. A reasonable venture! Let us hasten, then, to the story of her life. Magic is worked by the working.

Cultureless

She was born on June 1, 1926 at 9:30 in the morning, an easy birth, easiest of her mother's three deliveries. As the world knows, it was out of wedlock. At the time of Marilyn's first marriage to James Dougherty, the name of Norma Jean Baker was put on the marriage license (Baker by way of her mother's first husband). On the second marriage to Joe DiMaggio, the last name became Mortenson, taken from the second husband. (Even the middle name, Jean, was originally written as Jeane—a quintessentially prairie spelling, like Choreanna for Corinne.) There is no need to look for any purpose behind the use of the names. Uneducated (that familiar woe of a beautiful blonde), she was also cultureless—can we guess she would not care to say whether Rococo was three hundred years before the Renaissance, any more than she would be ready to swear the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow didn't come about because his railroad trains couldn't run in the cold. Historically empty, she was nonetheless as sensitive as she was historically empty—and her normal state when not under too much sedation was, by many an account, vibrant to new perception. It is as if she was ready when exhilarated to reach out to the washes of a psychedelic tide. So, talking to one publicity man, it would seem natural in the scheme of things that her last name was Baker—maybe that sounded better as she looked at the man's nose. Another flack with something flaccid in the look of his muscles from the solar plexus to the gut would inspire Mortenson. Since it was all movie publicity, nobody bothered to check. To what end? Who knew the real legal situation? If the mother, Gladys Monroe Baker, had been married to Edward Mortenson, "an itinerant lover," he had already disappeared by the time Marilyn was born; some reports even had him dead of a motorcycle accident before Norma Jean was conceived. There may also have been some question whether Gladys Monroe was ever divorced from the first husband, Baker, or merely separated. And the real father, according to Fred Guiles, was C. Stanley Gifford, an employee of Consolidated Film Industries, where Gladys Baker worked. A handsome man. Shown a picture of him by her mother when still a child, Marilyn described him later "wearing a slouch hat cocked on one side of his head. He had a little mustache and a smile. He looked kind of like Clark Gable, you know, strong and manly." In her early teens, she kept a picture of Gable on her wall and lied to high school friends that Gable was her secret father. Not too long out of the orphanage where she had just spent twenty-one months, then veteran of numerous foster homes, it is obvious she was looking for a sense of self-importance, an imperial sense of self-justification. Illegitimate she might be, but still selected for a high destiny—Clark Gable was her secret father. That she would yet come to know Gable while making *The Misfits* (know him toward the end of her life down in the infernal wastes of that psychic state where the brimstone of insomnia and barbiturates is boiled, h marriage to Miller alrea lost, her lateness a disea more debilitating than p sy), what portents she mu have sensed playing lo scenes at last with the secr father, what a cacophony cries in the silence of h head when Gable was de 11 days after finishing t film.

Fruit-Fresh introduces the peach that doesn't turn brown.

Let Fruit-Fresh preserve the color and flavor when you preserve the fruit.

The moment you peel most fruit, it's vulnerable. Discoloration begins. Flavors slip away. That's why peeled fruits need the protection of Fruit-Fresh. To lock out browning and lock in flavor.

Peel fruit into solution of 3 tablespoons of Fruit-Fresh to each 2 quarts of water.

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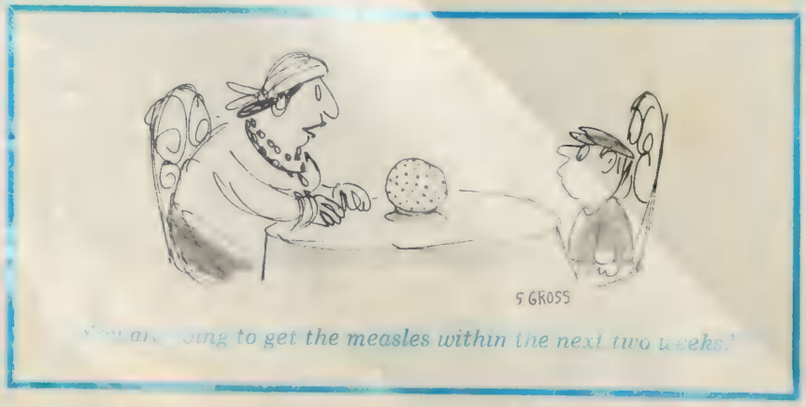
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This half was kept 12 hours in plain syrup with Fruit-Fresh added.

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...ing to get the measles within the next two weeks.

Vision of blood

But then omens su rounded her like the rel tives she never had at family dinner. If her foo prints fit Valentino's abo the time she became a st so too was a bowl of toma sauce dropped on h groom's white jacket the d of her first wedding, a down she was turned, do a hall with no exit in C Hall in San Francisco ju before she married J DiMaggio, little fish intimation too small for biographer to fry, but r membered perhaps when woman reporter was kill chasing after her in a spor car the day she was getti married to Miller. (A Marilyn was having h period that day.) What vision of blood!—burni like a flashbulb into the re ina of future dreams. Wh an activation of old mem ries—the bloody color on white jacket worn to a v gin's wedding, then the sig of a closed corridor on morning she is getting ma ried to a man she is n certain she loves: what amputation of nerve-ends the end of the corridor. N a car smashes into a tree a turn of the road behi her, and a woman is de smashed and dead on t day she is getting marri to the one man she may convinced she does love. is not sedative for a you woman whose sense of h own sanity can never secure: she has no roots but illegitim cy on one side and a full pedigree of i sanity on the other. Her grandfath Monroe had spent the last part of h life committed to a state asylum. Mo roe's wife, Marilyn's grandmothe Della Monroe Grainger, a beauty wi red hair and green-blue eyes, was al committed to a mental hospital befo she died. So was Marilyn's mother an asylum for most of Marilyn's li And the brother of the mother kill himself. When the wings of insani beat thus near, one pays attention to feather. The most casual coincidence obliged to seem another *(continue*



For people who can't leave well enough alone, look what you can do with a Banquet Turkey Cookin' Bag® entree.

Giblet gravy and sliced turkey. Nobody makes it faster or better than Banquet, but if you want to make it fancier, here's how:

Take one Banquet Giblet Gravy and Sliced Turkey Cookin' Bag® entree from your freezer and prepare. Oven-melt Monterey Jack Cheese on a slice of sourdough bread. Top with turkey, then add gravy. Garnish with parsley, pimiento and a sprinkling of curry powder. Serve with Snow peas and kumquats, accompanied by an avocado and cherry tomato salad.

Banquet. When you start with great food you end with a great meal.



Banquet Foods Corporation, St. Louis, Missouri 63101

warning from the deep. So must it have been like opening the door to a secret room (and finding that it looks exactly as envisioned) to know that the director of her first starring movie, *Don't Bother to Knock* (about a girl who was mad), should have the name of Baker, or that the name of Marilyn Monroe—chosen instead of Norma Jean Baker in 1946 at the age of 20, long before she had even heard of Arthur Miller—was picked at the last moment in preference to calling herself Marilyn Miller after the musical comedy star who had died. She did not wish to be linked with a dead woman, she told Ben Lyon [casting director at 20th Century-Fox], who made the suggestion. It was more natural to choose the name of an insane grandmother. Only later, after the shock of christening herself had passed, did she say she didn't like Marilyn. Jean Monroe would have been better.

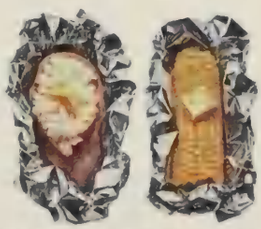
Still, these reinforced roots of insanity, and this absence of clear identity, are not only a weakness but an intense motive to become an actor. In the logic of transcendence, every weakness presupposes the possibility of a future strength. Great actors usually discover they have a talent by first searching in desperation for an identity. It is no ordinary identity that will suit them, and no ordinary desperation can driv them. The force that propels a grea actor in his youth is insane ambitior Illegitimacy and insanity are the god parents of the great actor. A child wh is missing either parent is a study i the search for identity and quickly be comes a candidate for actor (since th most creative way to discover a nev and possible identity is through th close fit of a role). But then the origin of insanity can also be glimpsed in wil and unmanageable ambition. While th appearance of insanity is not ever sim ple, and two insane people are rarel alike (except when in depression), sti the root of insanity is easier to locat than sanity, for it is more single-minc ed. The root is to be found in frustra ed ambition, no more, provided we cor ceive the true pain of such a state—a undying will existing in conditions c hopeless entombment. To be burie alive is insanity. What creates suc complexity in the mad is the reactio of thwarted will upon every structur of the character. While the cause c insanity is therefore as simple as th process that makes an enlargemer (where a focus of light burns in, di torts, dodges, or solarizes the origina negative) still the content of the in sanity is not simple: it must remai at least as complex as the content the negative itself; that is, the comple ity of the original character.

If we want to comprehend the insan then we must question the fundamen al notion of modern psychiatry—th we have but one life and one deat The concept that no human being h ever existed before or will be reinca nated again is a philosophical rule thumb which dominates psychiatr yet all theory built upon this concep has failed—one is tempted to say *sy tematically*—in every effort to find consistent method of cure for psycho

Reynolds Wrap® Summer Survival Kit.



Ice in your picnic cooler will last longer covered with Reynolds Wrap. It reflects the heat. Pack salads and cold cuts under foil so they stay cold and fresh.



Corn and potatoes taste delicious baked in Reynolds Wrap. The foil seals in natural flavors and aroma.



The sleeping bag trick. Place two long sheets of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap on ground underneath sleeping bag. It insulates against dampness.



Reynolds Wrap makes an excellent reflector oven for outdoor baking. Place in front of a fire. Bake biscuits for ten minutes on each side.



Backyard soda stand. Line a wheelbarrow with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap, fill with ice, and cans and bottles of beverages. Cover with second sheet of foil to keep everything cold longer.



Lemon-Baked Chicken

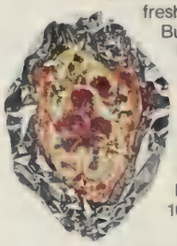
Divide 2 or 3 lb chicken into 4 servings. Season each. Place on a sheet of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Pour 1 tbs. lemon juice over each serving, dot with 1 tbs. butter. Wrap tightly in foil. Bake *in* hot coals about 1 hr.



Make instant bowl covers with Reynolds Wrap to keep salads cool and crisp. Summer sandwiches stay fresh and tasty longer wrapped in Reynolds Wrap. It reflects the heat away from the food, so there's less chance of spoilage.

Piquant Trout in Foil

Spread butter in center of large sheets of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Place generous portion of trout filets (or any fresh water fish) on each. Butter and season filet. Place potato and onion slices atop fish. Cover with either *ketchup, beer* or *hot sauce.* (Each gives fish unique piquant flavor.) Seal tightly. Bake *on* hot coals, 10 min. each side.





Always line your grill with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. It reflects heat upward so foods cook faster. Does away with messy clean-ups.

all seasons mom's



Here's your Summer Survival Kit... strong, dependable Reynolds Wrap and good ways to use it. That's how you get more fun out of summer with less work. Reynolds Wrap is strong all over. It's oven-tempered for flexible strength so it resists tearing. You can wrap it, seal it, cook with it. It stays strong under high heat. For all the outdoor doings of summer, count on Reynolds Wrap, the outdoor foil. Buy the larger sizes and save.



Strong all over. Count on it.

LOVE ME

By Annie Wu

Love me in the spring,
And I will send you
Roses,
Yellow posies,
And melting buttercups.

Love me in the summer,
And I will swing you
Under the tree,
Churn vanilla ice cream
In the bucket,
And dry your forehead,
When the sun hisses,
With kisses.

Love me in the fall,
Take all, take all
The leaves that snow
Like silent blossoms.
In the forest,
Gaze on the slow rain
Of paled petals.

Will you love me in the winter?
Then I will walk barefoot
In iced brook
To make you laugh,
Cook a beef stew
To make you forget
The hungers of other winters,
And stoke the fire,
Stoke the fire,
And watch the flames
Dance in your eyes.

's. Even the least spectacular proc-
sses of reasoning may therefore sug-
est that to comprehend psychosis, and
ıe psychology of those who are excep-
onal (like our heroine), it could be
me to look upon human behavior as
ossessed of a double root. While the
ominant trunk of our actions has to
e influenced by the foreground of our
ne life here and now and living, the
ther root may be attached to some
ármic virtue or debt some of us (or
ll of us) acquired by our courage or
ailure in lives we have already lived.
such theory is certainly supported
y no foundation, nonetheless it offers
me immediate assistance for compre-
ending the insane, since it would sug-
st we are not all conceived in equal
appiness or desperation. Any human
ho begins life with the debt of owing
xistence somewhat more than others
thereby more likely to generate an
nbition huge enough to swallow old
ebts. (And be less content with mod-
st success.) The failure of such ambi-
on must double all desperation.

Emotional cripple

Double-entry bookkeeping on a ce-
stial level! I stub my toe because of a
ap taken in another life! Then I fight
ith my wife because I disputed with
y fourteenth-century mother. Ab-
rdities eat into the argument with
ıe ferocity of ants. Yet if we are to
nderstand Monroe, and no one has—
e have only seen her limned as an
ngelic and sensitive victim or a mur-
rous emotional cripple—why not as-
me that in a family of such concen-
ated insanity as her own, the illegiti-
ate daughter of Gladys Monroe Bak-
may have been born with a desper-
e imperative formed out of all those
revious debts and failures of her
hole family of souls. And this impera-
ve may have been to display herself
a presence to the world (this im-
rative now her karmic duty, no
ss!), there to leaven the thickening
r with the tender, wise, and witty
sh of an angel of sex, dim and dippy
the light of the moon, and this pres-
ce—for all the world to see!—was
anaged and directed and advanced its
sufferably difficult way forward by a
rsh and near to maniacal voice of
e most inward, concealed, and secre-
e desperation, since the failure of
r project was insanity.

We draw back from such a projec-
n. It is too much, and much too soon.
ıe was a dumb and sexy broad, a
ice of outraged bitterness is bound to
y, a dizzy dish with a flair and a mis-
able childhood and much good and
d luck, and she took a little talent a
ng way. You could go to any southern
wn and find twelve of her. A familiar
ice. It is comfortable. Yet facing the
ıenomenon of her huge appeal to the
rld—Napoleonic was her capture of
e attention of the world—let us at
ast recognize that there are a mil-
n dumb and dizzy broads with luck.
d none come near to Monroe, no. To
plain her at all, let us try to follow
e involuted pathways of her life.

"LONELY LADY"

next month's concluding excerpt,
orman Mailer details with sensitiv-
yet candor the final tragedy of
arilyn Monroe—and explores the
ystery that still surrounds her death.
e think you will find it one of the
ost moving stories you have ever read.

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Ore-Ida Tater Tots® are so special you can plan a meal around them.





"What'll we have with the main course?" That's the way some people work out a menu.

But not after you've sampled Ore-Ida Tater Tots® brand potatoes. They're as exciting as anything on your plate.

Look at their shape. Inviting. Bite-size.

And how about their color? Mouth-watering. Tater Tots are deep fried, just a touch, to a nice rich gold.

And their taste! Pop Tater Tots in your oven. They come out, seasoned just so, with a flavor all their own. And when you take a bite, they're crunchy.

That's what makes Tater Tots such a tasty counterpart to fish and fowl. A perfect partner to charcoal steaks and chops. And even a quick-to-fix hot snack with dips.

Ore-Ida Tater Tots come in three flavors. Regular. With onion. With bacon flavoring.*

Serve them tonight. And make the meal something special.

For more good eatin' from Boise, try other products from Ore-Ida's complete line like Southern Style Hash Browns, Shredded Hash Browns and Potatoes O'Brien.



Good eatin' from Boise.

*Bacon flavored vegetable protein.
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ORE-IDA'S TATER TOPPED CASSEROLE

1½ pounds ground chuck

½ cup Ore-Ida fresh frozen Chopped Onions

Salt and pepper

1 can (10½ ounces) Heinz condensed Cream of Celery Soup

1 package (16 ounces) frozen Ore-Ida TATER TOTS®

1. Preheat oven to 400° F. Grease a shallow 2-quart baking dish.
2. In 10-inch skillet over medium-high heat, cook onions and ground chuck until meat loses its red color. Spoon off any excess fat. Season with salt and pepper.
3. Spread meat mixture in baking dish; stir in undiluted soup and top with single layer of frozen TATER TOTS.
4. Bake for 45 minutes or until hot and bubbly.

YIELD: 5 servings.

May also be prepared with Ore-Ida TATER TOTS® With Onions.

continued from page 72

truth. If I worried about him every time he went on tour or out of town, I'd have worried myself to death long ago. I trust him. I don't worry.

If this makes Lawrence sound like some sort of paragon, I'd like to clarify that. He isn't—and neither am I. Occasionally Lawrence will ask me to go to some special function, and if it means a great deal to him I will go. On the other hand, if he can see that I truly do not want to go to some of the functions he has to attend, he never tries to force me. We try as much as possible to do what the other person wants.

Because of the number of hours Lawrence had to be gone from home, I long ago began to build other interests for myself, to construct a life that was rewarding. That's how I discovered bridge; I now play in several tournaments and enjoy them thoroughly. Meanwhile Lawrence discovered golf, and we have made another pact. I don't go to the golf tournaments—and he doesn't kibitz on my card games! We do play socially with our friends, but not with the same intensity I invest in my bridge games.

A nice disposition

People are always saying, "Oh, Mrs. Welk, how lucky you are to be married to such a charming man. And he has *such* a nice disposition." Well, that's quite true. He has always had an innate sweetness and charm, a kind of gentle goodness. And he does have a nice disposition. That's partly because he genuinely likes and enjoys most people. (I think that is one of the secrets of his success.) He himself says the chief difference between us is that he likes and trusts everybody till they prove they're not worthy. On the other hand, I don't trust anybody until they have earned it!

But if Lawrence feels that his trust has been betrayed he can get into a towering rage. He feels his temper is his worst fault and the one he's had to work the hardest to overcome. He used to be far more demanding with his orchestra than he is now—and with good reason, I might add. In the early days, some of the drinking and excessive behavior would have tried the patience of a saint. (With our children, on the other hand, he was always a marshmallow; he left the discipline pretty much up to me.) Today the men in the band are of a very high caliber, and he expects and gets the best from them. But occasionally something really upsets him, and if he is angry everybody knows it! If he gets very quiet and speaks slowly and softly . . . but if his cheeks are red and his eyes are spitting fire . . . watch out!

Lawrence has a few other faults. He not only forgets to tell me that an occasion is formal, he sometimes forgets to tell me about the date altogether! More than once he has come home and said cheerfully, "Well, are you ready?" And I say, "Ready for what?" I keep a few emergency wardrobe changes on hand for just such occasions.

He also changes his mind with distracting regularity, but I suppose the thing that is at once his biggest fault and most endearing characteristic is the way he loves to tease me.

Not long ago he told me that the "kids" on the show were planning a surprise party for us in honor of our marriage—and he mentioned a date on which he knew very well I would be playing in a bridge tournament. When I protested that I couldn't go, he looked very disturbed. "Well, would you mind if I took another girl?" he inquired. My jaw dropped, but before I could say anything more he burst out laughing. "Oh, Fern, you're wonderful," he said. "To think I can still tease you after all these years!" I should be used to it by now. When we were first married he drove me out to his parents' farm to meet them, and on the way he gave me a briefing. "My father has a long gray beard," he told me seriously, "and a terrible temper. Just awful. And my mother is even worse. Now don't say this . . . and don't do that . . ."—and he outlined a whole string of do's and don'ts. He had me scared to death, but when we arrived, I discovered that his father was a dear man with a twinkle in his eye, and a great propensity for teasing—just like Lawrence. And his mother was charming. I laugh when I think about that now, because I remember how frightened I was about telling my own mother that I was planning to get married. It took me days to write her, and I got a letter back immediately. "Who is this Lawrence Welk ? What does he do? Does he have a shirt to his name?"

Then I faced the task of telling her that he was a musician, and in those days that was really something. But I finally did it and when she met him she liked him immediately. She to me aside and said, "Fern, I think y made a good choice. He has an hon face." And then she added with a lit smile . . . "And he dresses so nicel To my mother, with her exquisite tas that was quite a virtue.

Lawrence does love clothes and ways has. He appreciates fine tailori a good fit, quality material. And don't think that in all the years we been married I have ever seen h look really untidy or mes He is the cleanest man mind and body I have ev known. I don't know whi one of us is the champi shower-taker, but Lawren has an unfailing routine the morning. He takes shower, gradually turni the water down to cold, a then plunges into our indo swimming pool, which ope off his bathroom. After swims a few laps I go out see what he wants for brea fast—we both rise abo 5:30, another hangover fr our farm days—and almo always he dashes the h back from his eyes, shak the water off his face, a says, beaming . . . "Fern just had the most *wunner* idea!" And almost always is a "*wunnerful*" idea.

Tremendous ambitio

I think my husband is genius in some ways. If had had schooling—his ed cation stopped at the four grade—I believe he cou have gotten to the top any field he chose. His i tellectual endowments a enormous, and the fact th he has accomplished much in spite of the fact th he had minimal educatio no formal musical trainin and no working knowled of the English language u til he was 21 speaks for i self. Like most extreme successful men he has tr mendous drive and ambitio and an almost limitless su ply of energy.

I think both Lawrence a I realized at the very begi ning that we would have be separated a good de and we accepted it, just we each accepted our sha of the responsibilities. O religious faith has helped u Lawrence has never miss Mass in his life—except f illness or other emergency and neither have I. And think I can safely say that a sense humor has saved the day for us mo than once too! In the beginning it ke me from crying when we got stuck a ramshackle motel somewhere, wit no "conveniences," and today it hel us both when we get bogged down one of the cocktail parties we dislik so much.

When Lawrence's show was ca celled in 1971, I hoped he would retir but I knew he wouldn't. Music is th breath of life to him, and I knew als that he was deeply concerned about th 200 people who depended on him f their living. *(continued*

Coffee Time...

"I'd love a little snack too."



When you have coffee, when the kids wangle cookies, how about a snack for me too? French's Doggie Do•Nuts, made just for dogs, like tiny bakery-fresh doughnuts—yet crisp and crunchy.

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Both our daughters urged him to retire, but they also understood that it was virtually impossible for him to do so. He plunged into preparations to put the show on syndication, where it is now seen by more people than ever before. He has been on television for 21 consecutive years now, 17 of them nationwide.

And he still puts in a full work week! He's at his office in the new Lawrence Welk Plaza [in Los Angeles] by 7:30 or 8 A.M., and often works at home at night. He put in two full years writing his autobiography *Wunnerful! Wunnerful!*, and after it was published he spent another few arduous weeks promoting it on the television circuit. The book ended up on the best seller list.

Remarkably little ego

When we have a free evening at home, we like to watch television together—and Lawrence's comments are frequently funnier than the show we're watching. When we look at his own program he watches with a very professional eye, of course, but sometimes he can't resist his own music and he pulls me to my feet and we do a fast waltz around the room. But whenever he hears himself talk he groans in agony! It seems to me that he has remarkably little ego for a performer, but I don't have much basis for comparison since few of our friends are in show business. Most of them are people we've known for 30 or 40 years—businessmen, farmers, friends from the Midwest.

Sometimes I reflect on the great changes in our lives since those early days on the farm. Recently I ordered a beautiful handmade gown of green-embroidered silk chiffon for a party at the Governor's Mansion in North Dakota—and I suddenly remembered the little red and black dress my mother had made for me so many years before. And when Lawrence tried on his beautiful new tuxedo he grinned at me. "Remember when you had to wash and iron that same white shirt for me every day so I'd have it clean?" he asked. I remember. I remember very well.

We have all the material comforts anyone could want today, although we certainly do not live extravagantly (all those things you've heard about the Welks being thrifty are quite true!). Neither of us believes in trying to impress anyone else with "things."

What I am proudest of, and I believe Lawrence joins me in this, is the close and warm family life we've been able to build. Even during those years when Lawrence was never able to be home much, he did what he could to help. He backed me up completely in whatever decisions I made. I remember one time he came home and told our son Larry something—and Larry, confused, said, "But Daddy, Mother says it's so and so." Lawrence didn't even hesitate. "Well, if Mother says it's so, then it's so," he said positively. And he always took all of us on tour with him in the summer, when the children were on vacation. The children loved it.

Our daughter Shirley and her husband Bob have five children now. Donna and her husband Jim have three. Larry and his wife Tanya (Tanya Falan who sings on the show) have two little boys, including young Lawrence Welk III—the first grandchild to bear the Welk name. We get together at Christmas, Thanksgiving, or our birthdays. We generally meet at one another's home, but sometimes we meet at the Bel-Air Club, where Lawrence plays golf and I play bridge!

The windows of the Bel-Air dining room open onto broad, rolling green lawns and a vista of the city beyond; it is a beautiful sight. But to see our children gathered round the table is much more beautiful. We thank God. **END**



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RAPE

continued from page 66

know women who have successfully warded off attack by a toss of the pepper shaker, and were able to escape. Other weapons, such as knives and guns, require training or practice to be used safely and effectively. Check with your local police department about the legality of carrying knives, guns, or even mace sprays on your person, or keeping them in your apartment or house.

At home, know what's around that you could use in an emergency—rolling pin, hammer, baseball bat, fireplace poker, knife, brick, broom, or anything else that is effective. And don't be embarrassed to sleep with one nearby if it makes you feel better.

If you're grabbed from the front, the most effective response is a fast and hard knee to the attacker's groin. This never fails, and you don't need a Charles Atlas physique to make it work. If your arms are free, use them: chop or punch at his head—temples, eyes, right under the ears, mouth, nose. Or bite.

If you're grabbed from behind, move your hips so you can drive your elbow back into the attacker's solar plexus (the sensitive region of the stomach under the breastbone and between the last ribs), then finish him off with a blow to the groin with the back or side of your fist.

Whatever you do, do it quickly and with all the strength you can muster. Remember in dangerous situations we often respond with a power we didn't know we had, because the level of adrenalin rises in our bodies, speeding up our reflexes and giving us an unbelievable spurt of strength and energy. As you counterattack, let out a yell—not a scream for help, but a loud, bloodcurdling battle cry. This will give you a psychological boost and will scare your attacker, throwing him off guard. Once you're free of his grasp, don't hang around to see how he is. *Run. Fast.*

Your use of these techniques depends upon your being able to move quickly and effectively. Clothes often inhibit movement. It's easier to defend yourself if you're wearing pants (not too tight) and shoes that stay on your feet when you kick and run.

To begin to deal with the danger that confronts us on the streets and in our homes, all women should start demanding (as some already have): better-lighted streets; good, frequent public transportation all night long; the right to keep dogs in our apartments; the safest locks for doors and windows installed at the landlord's expense; specially trained women to go with police on rape calls; some way of forcing police to prosecute rapists (they almost never will, unless a 40-year-old man rapes an eight-year-old child); a change in the penalties for rape so juries will convict (the penalties are so high now that most juries—usually male—don't convict); at least some women on all rape juries; self-defense courses at our places of work (especially where women are on graveyard shifts, such as in restaurants, hospitals, the phone company and other such places) and in our communities.

Through learning self-defense we will be on our way to becoming less vulnerable and more self-reliant women. A woman teacher of Tae Kwon Do expressed it well: "Learning self-defense has given me a greater choice in deciding and doing what I want. I don't feel so much a prisoner of my body. I feel like a being of a bigger world." And as we spread that skill around, and begin to defend each other, we will be on the way toward ending that oppression that will stop only when it becomes as dangerous to attack a woman as it is to attack another man. **END**

THE CUP OF COFFEE

continued from page 53

world is made up entirely of little com-
any back-stabbers in gray suits?
here are bigger people. I know some!"
"Only if they don't want anything,"
insisted. "And I'm not confining my-
elf to little company back-stabbers.
No, indeed, I'm talking about big peo-
le. As big as you want. Your great
tatesman has to pander to the mob to
in an election. Your great soldier has
o smirk and flatter to get a command.
Even in love it's so. Won't the true
ver submit to humiliation? You'll find
ut all about it some day, Alice. You'll
eet some bearded, leather-jacketed
ully who'll strike you as possessing
he political keys of the future, and
ou'll do anything for him."
"Tommy!" my wife warned me
gain.
"She will, Matilda! And when you
ant something badly enough, fawning
ecomes noble. It becomes sacrifice."
"No!" both children cried.
"You can't face the world," I told
hem, shaking my head. "You can't
ce the world as it is." Then I paused
s a sudden thought struck me. "Per-
aps nobody can. Perhaps, really, no-
ody can."
"Surely Mr. Crater can," Alice said
heeringly.
"Oh, he least of all."
Freddy turned on me now with un-
oncealed disgust. "But even if what
ou say is true, how can you care
hough about getting ahead in house-
old appliances to put up with a goril-
like Crater?"

And then a funny thing happened
o me. I realized that I didn't care
hough. I realized that I didn't give a
mn. I had only cared that what had
ppened should not have happened.
"Maybe you're right, Freddy," I ex-
aimed. "Maybe I've always had my-
lf wrong. Maybe, after all, *I* belong
those who don't want things." I
oked bemusedly about at these three
rangers who constituted my family.
Whereas, you three are all wanters.
es! I see it. Matilda, you want your
ildren's love. Of course, you do.
here's nothing in the world you
ouldn't do to keep it. And Freddy
ants to be respected by his pals at
ale. He'd give anything to have yes-
rday's anonymity back. And Alice
ants to be able to worship some
eatherman and make bombs. Ah, you
oor dear creatures! You all suffer
om the pathos of loneliness in an
verpopulated world. I pity you. I, who
ant nothing."
Well, this provoked an uproar. Never
efore had I taken the offensive with
hem. We talked till late at night, and
the time we all went to bed, I was
tually "communicating" with my
on and daughter. That is, they had
eased to treat me as a total idiot.
Matilda was another matter. She was
viously apprehensive of the contents
the Pandora's box that the children
ad opened, but what could she do?
he had started it, after all.
The next morning, at the office, I
as summoned by Mr. Crater.
"My dear fellow," he began, in the
eculiarly beneficent tone, as soft and
auve as the curtains that rimmed his
ge of glass on the top of our building,
I have news for thee. How would you
ke a little sojourn, say for three years,

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in Topeka? I see you in soap pads. Yes, dear friend, I definitely see you in soap pads. I looked at a memo only this morning that I had jotted down just a year ago. It read, quite simply: 'Trimbolt. Soap pads'."

"Did it read: 'Trimbolt. Soap pads. Executive vice-president'?"

"No. I do not recall that it did."

"So this, then, is a demotion?"

The opaque eyes were half-concealed by heavy lids. "You might call it that."

"Might thou?"

"I might."

"And might thou tellest me why?"

"I have a little test, Tommy. A little test of executive capacity. It's a very simple trick, but it never fails."

"But we all know it, of course! The coffee slops. The man who sits by while that is done to him cannot be an executive type."

Crater's smile seemed not merely to congratulate me. It was a beaming sun that could afford to illuminate the rulers and the ruled.

"So, my dear fellow, you see!"

"Certainly. But I also see that you haven't an executive in any of your companies. For who has passed your test?"

Crater's smile faded slowly as he found himself in the novel position of having to answer. Then it beamed again as he saw his way. "Well, there you are, dear fellow! *(continued)*



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By Dorothy Lambert Brightbill

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Photographed by Ben Swedowsky

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CUP OF COFFEE *continued*

None of them has. It's why I can never retire!"

I rose. "That's a good answer, and the one I expected of you. But, of course, it's all a farce. You adopted the test theory when you read that article in *See*. For you cannot face the facts. You cannot bear to live in a world where a man will deliberately cringe, yea fawn and prostrate himself, before such a thing as Denis Crater. I hardly blame you. It's a funny world. But I see it."

Crater's voice was even silkier. "My dear fellow, I begin to wonder if I even see thee in soap pads."

"Oh, of course, I'm quitting. I only came around this morning to see if I could call you a son of a bitch without experiencing the least titillation, the least pleasure. Simply as a matter of course. I find that I can."

Crater ran around the desk to grip my shoulders. "Tommy boy, I love you. Stay with me! Succeed me!"

But I did not even smile as I shook myself loose and strode from the room. He bored me. That was all. **END**

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PICNIC TIME

continued from page 85

you understand, although to him it all started when he did and it will all stop when he does—until he's ten or eleven, I guess, and starts getting it straight, or maybe crooked. Now, when he gets here for God's sake don't bring up the matter, will you? He's finding out, he's doing all right, he'll go to school but nobody's going to teach him anything. It's all in him from the beginning waiting to come out, waiting for some accident like this one to bring it out."

"What accident?"

"I think this all started when he suddenly noticed the sun for the first time. It was an accident that he began to notice it, an inevitable accident and one of the best, but still an accident. A lot of unlucky people take years to have that accident, and a lot never have it."

"What is it about the sun, and you, and him? Do you think it's yours and nobody else's, or what? It's not your private property, it's everybody's, although a lot of us aren't crazy about it. I happen to prefer night and the moon and stars."

"*They're* very nice, too. Here he is, then, and leave him alone."

The boy came and stood in front of both of them, not smiling, dry-eyed, sober, and in a soft voice he asked: "When do we do the picnic part?"

"How about right now?" the boy's mother said, and his father reached back and took the picnic basket by the handle and set it down at the center of the blanket.

"Picnic time," the boy shouted to his sister, and the little girl got up and began to walk, not run, toward the rest of the family. **END**

WHAT'S HAPPENING

continued from page 8

eighth grade education. Her figures are doubtless founded on fact—but there is one field where equal pay for equal results does pay off for women, and that's show business. If a woman can fill Madison Square Garden, she's going to get the big money, and if a man *can't* fill it, he'll make nothing. Gender has nothing to do with it. Las Vegas, the Broadway stage, the movies, television—what's wanted is the person who can sell tickets, and it can be an hermaphrodite for all the producers care. Barbra Streisand didn't need to be a man to sign a million-dollar deal in Las Vegas. Shirley Temple made more money when she was five years old than all the little boys in her neighborhood, and more than all the little boys' *fathers* for that matter. When Judy Garland sat on the edge of the stage of the Palace and broke everyone's heart with "Over The Rainbow," another pot of gold was poured into her bank account. When Beverly Sills sings, the register rings. When Diana Ross was Supreme, she had the best of everything. On Broadway, who topped Tallulah or Ethel Merman? In films, Marilyn Monroe, Ingrid Bergman, Elizabeth Taylor? Women may be discriminated against in business, but for the discriminating audience the fair sex gets a fair shake. And that's a fact you can bank on. **END**

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Gorham silverware drawer pad of soft Pacific Silvercloth keeps your silverware neat, clean and handy. It absorbs all the tarnish and folds over at the top, eliminating dust. No hurry-up cleaning to face when guests are expected. 14x12x2½ inches, holds 108 pieces. $5.98. Jumbo size, 17½x14x2½ inches, holds 120 pieces. $6.98. Add 95¢ postage. Holiday Gifts, Dept. 707-F, Wheatridge, CO 80033.

IN THE JOURNAL STORE

Put Your Products on the Shelf that Sells! or a great buy in mailorder advertising rates (and further information) write to The Journal Store, 641 Lexington Avenue New York, New York 10022

THE WORLD'S FASTEST, MOST SUCCESSFUL WAIST SHAPER EVER



"I lost 6 inches off my waistline in only 21 days



doing just one five minute exercise–and didn't even have to give up eating the foods I love."

"I never thought it would happen to me...but it did. I got fat.

"As a former fashion model, I'd always taken pretty good care of myself because if I didn't look good, I didn't work. But when I got married, and didn't need a job, it was a different story.

"For about 5 years I neglected my body, and ended up a mess. And worst of all, I looked about 10 years older than I really was. So I decided that it was time to do something drastic. I tried a few of those 'effortless exercisers' but, of course, they didn't do a thing.

"Then I heard about Joe Weider's 5 Minute Slimming Plan. After just 21 days on the plan, my weight dropped from 143 lbs. to 129. And my waist went from a sloppy 31" to a nice, trim 25", just about what it was when I was modeling. I can't thank the Weider 5 Minute Slimming Plan enough. It gave me back my youth." **Aleta Hopkins**

What is this ingenious 5 minute body shaper plan?

The Weider "5-Minute Body Shaper" plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE. **That's all you do!** This one 5-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waistline and Hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look)—as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning stored calories and releasing excess water — while reshaping your chest, shoulders, arms and hips, as well as firming up your legs and gut — YOUR TOTAL BODY!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts . . . or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 ounces and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

How much can you expect to lose in 14 days?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14-day period, you can expect to lose up to 4 inches from your waistline and up to 10 pounds from your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. It also shapes you up — from head to toes. For a "5-Minute Exerciser — it sure does a lot."

Here's what the experts say:

"Doctors have always known, exercise done while lying on the back, virtually eliminates strain while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market." RICHARD TYLER, Chiropractor

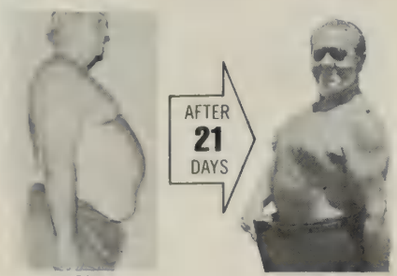
"Beats jogging and working out in gyms — and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days." JIM HANLEY, famous athletic coach

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 32 lbs. of excess weight using it." PIERRE GRAVEL, D.C.

*Exposing effortless exercisers

Reader's Digest (September, 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree . . . there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body . . . **you must work the inches off!**

Living Proof of Fantastic Results



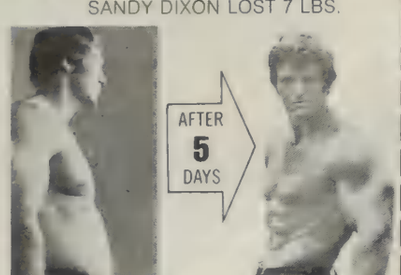
BEFORE WAIST 44" — AFTER WAIST 38"

MICHAEL BENEDICT (AGE 55) LOST 22 LBS.



BEFORE WAIST 30" — AFTER WAIST 25"

SANDY DIXON LOST 7 LBS.



BEFORE WAIST 36" — AFTER WAIST 33"

KEN WALLER (AGE 26) LOST 6 LBS.

'5' Minute BODY SHAPER

The Figure Shaper that *Works*

NO GIMMICKS, NO CATCHES MONEY BACK GUARANTEE OFFER

Because this isn't a "gimmick" plan — and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers"—I make you this **UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE.**

"GET IT OFF FAST"— and measurable and firming results in 3 days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund!

Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper"?

FREE TRIAL OFFER!



Weight Just 16 oz.

See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or return lightweight Body Shaper (small enough to fit into pouch shown) for a full 100% refund!

Joe Weider, Dept. LHJ-7
"5" Minute Body Shaper
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Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364

Dear Joe: Rush me your 5 minute Body Shaper and Slimmers Course in plain wrapper, with your money back guarantee offer!

I ENCLOSE $9.95 FOR THE ABOVE.
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IN CANADA: "5" Minute Waist Slimmer Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec

Pat. Pend. © 1973 Body Persuasion System, Inc.



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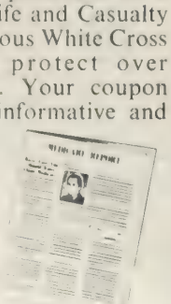
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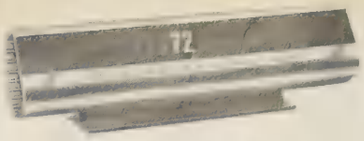
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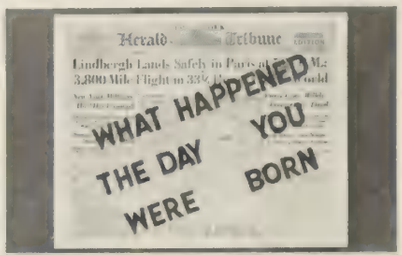


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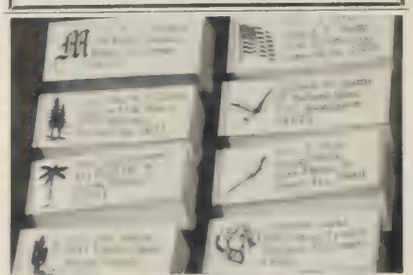


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HOLIDAY GIFTS
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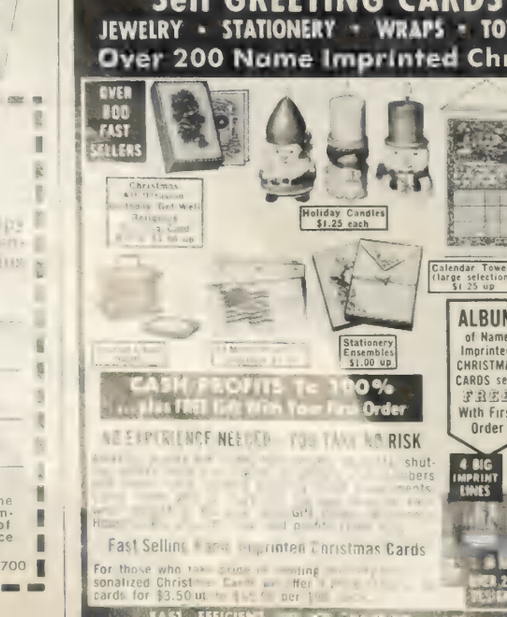
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TO BE DEVELOPED ■ PRINTED
Deduct 35¢ from the prices below for each roll sent in.
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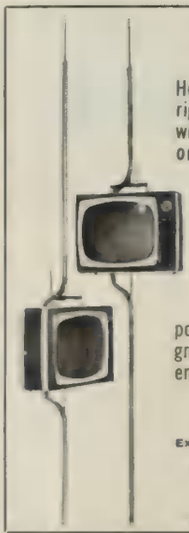
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Hold your portable T.V. right where you want it without awkward tables or stands. Takes any width up to 14" deep, 17" high. Black decorator pole has spring tension rod to adjust to 7½ to 8½ ft. ceiling heights. Can be set up in Hi or Low position. Hi position is great for reclining watchers!

Made in U.S.A.
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Personalize your stitchery

Your creations deserve the stylish finishing of these rayon taffeta labels; sew into dresses, knitted items, etc. Background is eggshell with harmonizing brown and red trim. Name imprinted to match. Specify choice of label and your name (print clearly).

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1½ FT x 2 FT $2.50
3 FT x 4 FT $7.50
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RUSH SERVICE: Shipped 1st class in 1 day. Add $2.00 per poster.

SAVE 50% ON DUPLICATES when orig. ordered at full price. 1½x2 ft. @ $1.25, 2x3 ft. @ $1.75, 3x4 ft. @ $3.75 plus 50¢ ea. pstg. & hdlg.

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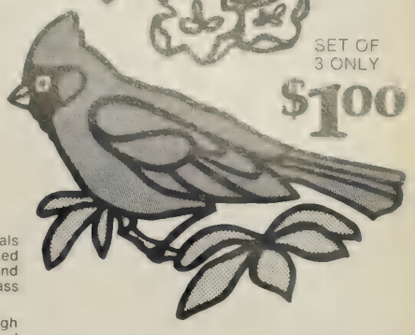
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Please send me _____ sets of "Stained Glass" Birds at $1.00 each set. SPECIAL: 3 sets (9 birds) only $2.50.

Amount enclosed $_____.

Check or money order, no COD's please. Please include 25¢ to partially cover postage and handling.

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(Connecticut residents add sales tax.)

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WHAT BETTER WAY TO SAY

"I LOVE YOU"

2.25 CARATS SIMULATED DIAMONDS

PERFECTLY MATCHED FOR BRILLIANCE



ACTUAL SIZE

FINISHED IN MAGNIFICENT PLATINUM-LOOK.

What could be more beautiful for gift giving than this traditional "Diamonite" Heart? Handsomely gift boxed, with 43 simulated diamonds, the Heart Pendant will be a treasured gift for anyone on your list. It is an outstanding value at only...

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Please send me _____ (qty.) Diamonite Heart Pendant(s) with 17" chain for only $9.00 each. First Class mail post paid.

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☐ **SAVE $3.00.** Order two Diamonite Pendants for only $15.00. Extra heart makes treasured gift.

NY STATE RESIDENTS ADD TAX

AMAZING $1 ART OFFER

4 IRRESISTIBLE K. CHIN KITTENS IN FULL COLOR FOR YOUR HOME



BEAUTIFUL AND APPEALING OIL PAINTINGS NOW YOURS AS FULL COLOR LARGE ART PRINTS

Just picture these irresistible kittens in your own home. Everyone who sees these appealing kittens fall in love with their adorable warmth and touching beauty. You just want to take them into your home and into your heart. That's because the artist, K. Chin, one of America's most perceptive painters of animals has captured the universal appeal and warmth you find only in a funny, friendly kitten. Under his sensitive brush, the wonder of these lovable kittens and the colorful backgrounds combine to give a refreshing glimpse of life. Unfortunately the black and white illustrations here cannot possibly convey all the artist's magical color and brilliant details. Only when you see them in your home can you fully appreciate their magnificent artistry and superb beauty.

ALL 4 ONLY $1

OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED THIS SEASON

We urge you to order your full color prints now while the supply lasts. The dramatic portraiture of kittens is the latest decorator rage, and these are certain to go quickly. In order to show some of the craftsmanship and intricate detail in all the pictures, we have shown one picture larger than the rest. Actually all four fine art prints are the same size, a full 12" x 9" decorator size. So hurry, order now, offer will not be repeated this season in this magazine.

AMERICAN CONSUMER, Dept. KP-22
741 Main Street
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Please send me the four Kitten prints for only $1 (plus 25¢ postage with each order) on full money back guarantee if I am not delighted.

Enclosed is $_____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER: Order 3 sets of prints only $2.00 (plus 25¢ postage).
Extra sets make ideal gifts.

SHEETS: NOT FOR SLEEPING

continued from page 89

MATTRESS SLIPCOVER

From a patterned sheet, cut strips for the shirred boxing. These should be an inch wider than the boxing to allow ½" each side for seaming. Shirring should be very full, so allow 2½ to 3 times the distance around the mattress. Join these strips end to end, joining the end of the last strip to the beginning of the first, and shirr along both edges, gathering the fabric until it just fits around the mattress.

From the same pattern, cover cording. You'll need enough to use top and bottom of the shirring—twice the distance around the mattress.

From a differently patterned sheet cut the top of the slipcover—allowing ½" all around for seaming. From this same pattern cut lengths 6" wide and join together (in the same way you joined the strips for shirring), until you have a length that fits around the mattress. Turn up a hem along one edge through which you can later run elastic.

Join the shirred boxing to the mattress top, with the covered cording between. Then, join the shirred boxing to the 6" wide strip, with the covered cording between. Last step is to run elastic through the hem of the 6" strip, pulling it tight so it will hold the cover neatly in place.

DRAPERY ON BEDPOSTS

This style of tiered drapery is commonly referred to as "Cardinal's Breeches." It requires six full-size sheets—1½ for each post of the bed. Cut the top hems from four sheets, and both tops and bottom hems from the other two. Cut these two in half across the middle, and add one to each full-length sheet cut edge to cut edge. Make a narrow hem across the top of each lengthened sheet.

Start at the top of the bedpost, under the valance. Gather the sheet around the bedpost, allowing it to overlap itself a bit, and tie tightly to the post with cord or tape.

Drop down to the seam, and gather this around the bedpost a little more than halfway up from the top of the mattress; again, tie the sheet to the bedpost.

Measure the distance from the floor to the top of the mattress, and at this distance from the bottom of the sheet (which still has its bottom hem) gather the sheet and tie to the bedpost at mattress height. Adjust the puffs of the Cardinal's Breeches and the flounce, and tie bowknots of wide ribbon at the points where you've tied the sheet to the bedpost.

COVERLET OF SHEETS

Use two sheets to make a quilted coverlet. They can be either of the same pattern or of different patterns that complement each other.

Decide how far down you want the coverlet to drop at sides and bottom; whether you want it to just reach the top edge of the mattress; or whether you'd prefer it to be long enough to tuck in beneath and then pull over the top of the pillow as you do a bedspread. Figure out your measurements, and cut the sheets to size, allowing an extra ½" on all edges for seaming. If your bed has posts, you may want to cut out the corners at the bottom edge so that the coverlet fits around the posts. Purchase a quilt bat and cut it to the size of the coverlet. Place the bat between the sheets, and bind around all edges with bias binding—or make a self binding from the same sheet pattern. Tie bows of narrow taffeta ribbon and stitch them to the quilt, sewing through all layers, so that the batting is held in place.



COVERING TABLES WITH FABRIC

Only Parsons tables (also called T-Square tables) can be covered successfully, because they're the only tables that have absolutely straight lines.

What you will be doing is covering the table with a single piece of fabric, with as few seams as possible. The fabric must cover the top of the table and reach to the floor on all four sides.

Apply adhesive (Sobo or Mod Podge) to the top of the table with a brush. You might thin it a little with water, so that it doesn't dry too fast. Position the fabric on the table top. Allow an equal overhang on all sides, and be sure the pattern aligns with the edges of the table. Smooth the fabric to the table top.

Apply adhesive to the table apron and legs on one side, and smooth the fabric over these areas. Do the same on the opposite side of the table. Trim away excess fabric on these two sides, leaving enough below the apron to turn up beneath, and enough alongside the legs to cover the inside of the leg and overlap the third side by ⅝ to ¾ inch.

When you've completed these two sides, start on an adjoining side. Before applying glue, pull the fabric smoothly around the corner of the table, and fold it diagonally from the corner of the table top to the corner where leg and apron meet. Mark this line with chalk, or press in the fold with your fingers. Trim, allowing enough fabric alongside the leg to turn and cover the inner side of the leg, and cutting evenly along the diagonal mark you've made.

Repeat on the other side. Now fold these two cut sections back out of your way, and pull the remaining fabric over the apron. Trim so you have enough to cover the apron, and turn up underneath. Glue fabric in place on apron, then very carefully glue fabric to leg on each side. When you glue the fabric to the inner side of the leg, trim it even with the inner edge with a sharp razor blade. Finish the other side in the same manner.

FABRIC-COVERED FRAME

Cut a section of sheet large enough to cover the frame, pull around the sides, and glue to the back.

Spread clean wrapping paper on a table, and place the frame on the paper, right side up. Use a brush to spread a thin coat of adhesive (Sobo, Mod Podge) on the surface of the frame. Thin your adhesive if it is too thick. Position the fabric on the frame, with the allowance equal on all four sides, and with your fingers, smooth fabric to the frame so it fits like a skin. Take care in placing the fabric, for if it isn't straight, you'll have wrinkles. You can lift the fabric and smooth them out, but only while the adhesive is still damp.

Place the frame face down (first making sure there are no dribbles of glue on your work surface) with the fabric allowance all around. With a sharp razor blade, cut the fabric diagonally out from each corner.

Spread adhesive on one long side of the frame, brushing a little around the corners onto top and bottom sides. Smooth fabric over this side; press the excess at each corner down onto top and bottom sides of frame. Apply glue to back of frame and smooth rest of fabric onto back. Trim fabric even with edge of frame. Repeat on opposite long side.

Place frame face down again. Place a ruler against the long side of the frame, extending to the edge of the fabric allowance. Cut top and bottom fabric allowance so it is only as wide as the frame. Do this at all four corners, cutting off that diagonal section that would overlap the edge.

With frame in this position, cut fabric from the center opening, enough to cover the thickness, and glue onto the back of the frame. Cut this allowance diagonally out from each corner.

Glue fabric to other two sides of frame and onto back. Then glue the fabric over inside edges of frame. END

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THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN
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EDITOR'S DIARY

BY JOHN MACK CARTER

Figuratively and literally, *Marilyn*, by Norman Mailer, looks like one of the biggest books of 1973. Selling for $19.95 in the regular edition ($50 in the specially signed collectors' edition), this unusual biography of Marilyn Monroe, who died in August, 1962, is being published this month. It is the August selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and is already being talked about everywhere. You can read what we think is the book's best section beginning on page 79.

We had an interesting talk with Norman Mailer about himself—and the book—just before we went to press. We asked if writing this book had brought him closer to Marilyn Monroe, a woman he never met. "I suppose like half the males in America, I may have been a little in love with Marilyn Monroe," Mailer replied. "By the end of writing the book, however, it was no longer a simple crush, but rather a guarded respect for a woman of considerable complexity and ambition. . . . In the course of this work, I naturally asked myself how it might be to have been married to her, and I had the feeling it would have succeeded no more than any of her other marriages."

Since Norman Mailer has often indicated a fascination with, if not a real belief in, the supernatural, we asked him if writing a book about a dead woman gave him any sense of reaching across into the twilight zone of the occult. No, he said he had none of this feeling himself. "But a couple of the people I interviewed told me that after they had spoken about Marilyn they began to dream about her again, and felt she was near to them. Another mentioned how years ago he was visiting the vault where she rests, and she actually said to him, 'Let go.' In effect: stop mourning; let go. More than a few people seem to have had occult experiences around her."

Mailer, who knows members of the Kennedy family well, is often asked about the one relationship in Marilyn's life that is most controversial: did she or did she not have a romance with Senator Robert F. Kennedy? It is Mailer's belief that Marilyn did *not*.

"I doubt that she had an affair with Bobby Kennedy, even if this is against all the gossip. There is no question they were great friends and very close, and I'm sure she would have wanted to have an affair. But I'm not so certain he was about to jump into a relationship and take that risk. As the brother of the President, he was more vulnerable to scandal than JFK himself."



MAILER: "If MM had kept herself intact, I think she might have been our greatest actress by today."



HIGH-POWERED LINE-UP: Backstage at our "Women of the Year, '73" TV show, a mighty line-up of womanpower. That's executive editor Lenore Hershey, center, between Shirley Chisholm and Rosalind Russell.

WOMEN OF THE YEAR

Were you one of the 30 million people who saw the *Ladies' Home Journal* "Women of the Year, 1973" television show on CBS-TV? It was telecast live from Washington, D.C., in mid-May, and sponsored by Clairol. Whether you were or weren't in the TV audience, you have probably heard that this first annual honors program for achieving women was a huge success. Eight distinguished women: *Dr. Virginia Apgar, Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm,* poet *Nikki Giovanni,* publisher-executive *Katharine Graham,* Comanche Indian *LaDonna Harris,* actress *Helen Hayes,* philanthropist *Mary Lasker,* and voluntary action leader *Ellen Straus,* all received their Tiffany pin-pendants from equally distinguished presenters, including *Margaret Chase Smith, Barbara Walters,* and *Mamie Eisenhower. Rosalind Russell* was Ms. of ceremonies.

The ratings, the audience reactions, and the mail all indicate that this Journal "first" is well on its way to becoming a national tradition. Excerpts from just a sampling of the many letters we received from readers and others: ". . . there can be little doubt that the recognition of these women emboldened dreams, strengthened courage, increased dignity and deepened a sense of humanity in women." *Jane Anderson Russell, M.D., Clinical Instructor in Psychiatry, Harvard Medical School.*

"I thought the show was very successful from all points of view, and certainly from mine. Some quite sophisticated women agreed it 'did something for women.'" *Kay Graham, Chairman of the Board, Washington Post Company.*

"Thank you for sponsoring such an excellent program." *Carol Sotnick, Image Chair-one, Northern N.J. Chapter, National Organization for Women.*



JOURNAL KUDOS TO A MAN, TOO. Mrs. Nixon helps us to honor the Teacher of the Year.

TEACHER OF THE YEAR. This award, co-sponsored by the JOURNAL, Encyclopaedia Britannica Companies, and the Council of Chief State School Officers, was presented this year at the White House by Mrs. Nixon, a former schoolteacher. Winner: John Arthur Ensworth, a 6th grade teacher from Bend, Oreg. (center). Seen from left to right in the photograph above: Mrs. Nixon, John Robling of EB, Mr. Ensworth, John Field, also of EB, and myself. The JOURNAL will continue its sponsorship of this fine award, too.

JMC

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VOL. XC, NO. ■
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ARTICLES

58 A Doctor's One Easy Exercise to Cure Your Aching Back *Dr. Alec Thompson and Jess Stearn*
79 Marilyn *Norman Mailer*
82 My Life With and Without Elvis Presley *Sandra Shevey*
84 Tatum: The New Scene-Stealer *Geraldine Carro*
92 My Beautiful Stranger *Helen Pastore*

FICTION

72 P.O.W. *Ivan Prashker*
80 Old Arthur *Margery Sharp*

BOOK BONUS

117 Ike and Mamie: Their White House Love Story *J.B. West with Mary Lynn Kotz*

REGULAR FEATURES

4 Editor's Diary
10 What's Happening *Gene Shalit*
16 Can This Marriage Be Saved? *Dorothy Cameron Disney*
26 Poor Woman's Almanac *Beryl Pfizer*
38 Medicine Today: Prettier, Healthier Hair *David R. Zimmerman*
40 Your Questions Answered *Theodore I. Rubin*
46 How America Lives *Evan Frances*
56 Pet Journal
60 Bringing Up Children *Bruno Bettelheim, Ph.D.*
62 Amy Vanderbilt
64 Spending Your Money *Sylvia Porter*
66 Ralph Nader Reports
68 The Working Woman: Job Counseling *Letty Cottin Pogrebin*
114 Journal Shopping Center
141 The Journal Store

FOOD

48 The Journal Food Sampler
94 Special Section: 10 Best Food Buys *Arlene Wanderman*
112 Recipe Index

PATTERNS

50 The Coat Sweater: Fall's New Show-Stopper *Nora O'Leary*
136 From Our Gift Boutique

FASHION

84 Tatum: The New Scene-Stealer *Trudy Owett*

BEAUTY

28 Beauty Journal
32 "Subtraction Slimming": New 7-Day Crash Diet *Luciana Avedon with Jeanne Molli*
90 Frances and Candy Bergen: Two Faces of Beauty *Sally Obre*

DECORATING

88 A Country Kitchen: Something Old, Something New *Margaret Davidson*



PAGE 79



PAGE 82



PAGE 84



PAGE 90



PAGE 117

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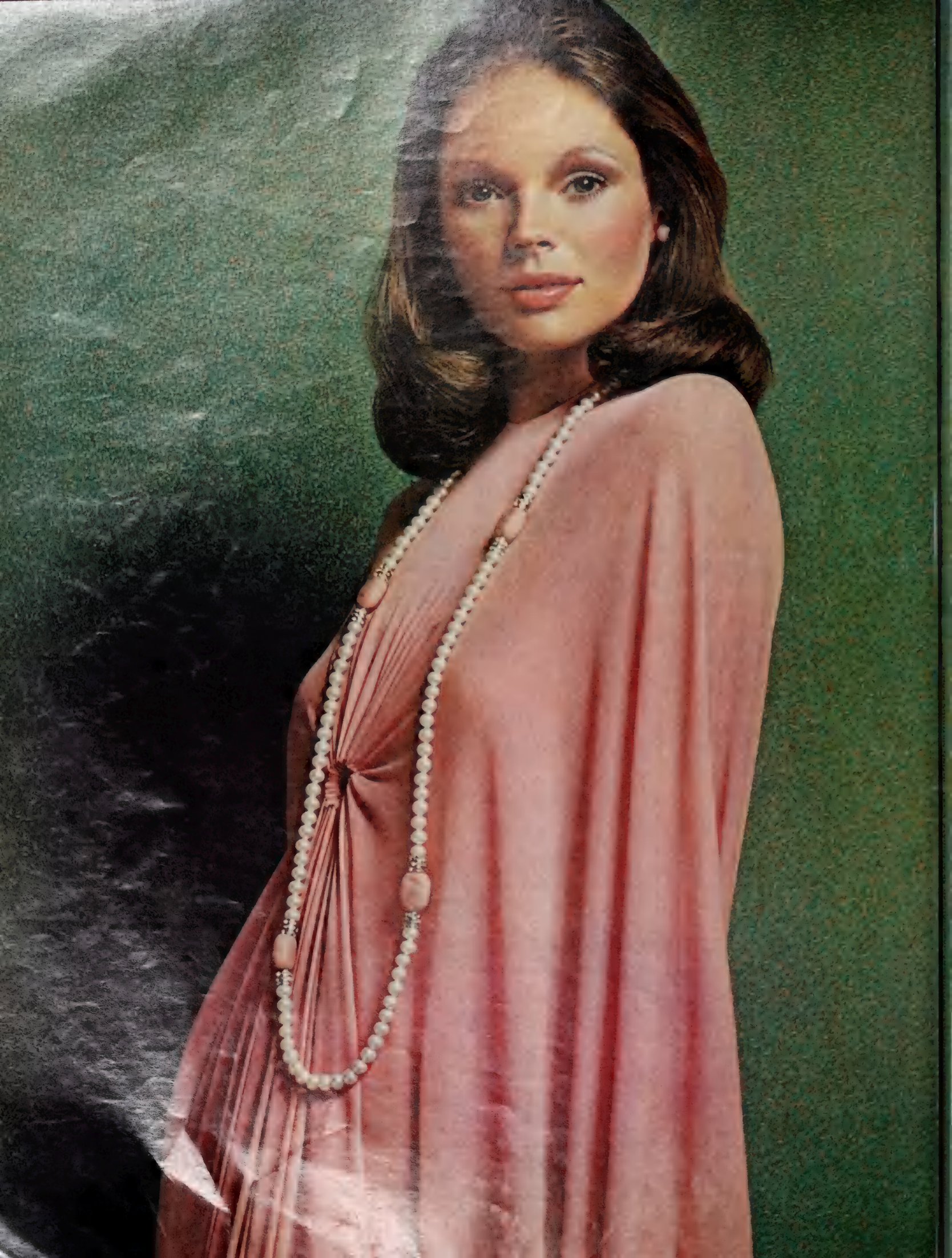


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WHAT'S HAPPENING

BY GENE SHALIT

The click-on of the new television season has been delayed because of the energy crisis: namely, the writers didn't have the energy to prepare the scripts without a raise and a new contract. But the season will begin eventually—really it will. So here, ever responsive to your fervent desires, is the *Journal's* Annual Pre-Preview of the fall (and after the fall) of TV. The trends include cops, detectives, and lawyers . . . series based on movie titles . . . big names, little names, and new names . . . and (may we all laugh together) *comedy!*

The New Adventures of Perry Mason (CBS, Sunday). Not only a new title, a new Perry Mason: Since Raymond Burr became the wheeler-spieler of *Ironside*, Monte Markham is the new Perry Mason, and I hope he'll perform with the same conviction.

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice (ABC, Wednesday). Named for the movie, but concocted for TV. The couples are Bob & Carol (Anne Archer & Bob Urich), in their twenties, & Ted & Alice (Anita Gillette & David Spielberg), in their thirties. They all live in a suburb of Los Angeles with the Ampersands, who hold them all together.

Police Story (NBC, Tuesday). This got a trial last season and the critics applauded two Times—New York and Los Angeles. *The New York Times* called it one of the best made-for-TV movies of the season, and the L.A. *Times'* critic said it was "the most graphic and powerful police story I've ever seen." The series was created by Joseph Wambaugh, author of the best-selling nove *New Centurions.* The progra be up against *Marcus Wel* ABC, so you might think would just throw any old thi figuring they'll lose in the r anyhow, but *Police Story* is n out: the evidence is that it w an arresting series.

Kojack (CBS, Wednesda cop, in the person of tough Savalas—"tough but compa ate," the script promises.

Griff (ABC, Saturday). Wel if it isn't another cop. And if Lorne Green. He left the Pon and rose to Captain of the L geles Homicide Division wh weren't looking. Now he's l force to become a compassiona vate detective. (This is going t big year for compassion in th tion house.) Lorne Green pla man whose contempt for injus only surpassed by his comp for the victim." He is a widowe only son has been murdered. S he's a loner, "thwarting a blac er, nailing a pusher." Hey, how about once in a while mailing a thwarter or push nailer?

Cyborg (ABC, Saturday). pilot, nearly killed in a plane is re-created, given a superh body by cybernetic med (Would I make that up?) H incredible powers of strength, sight, and endurance. I assum ABC is giving him his own phone booth to change clothes

Chase (NBC, Tuesday). runs 60 minutes and is caught Jack Webb's *(conti*



TV time's a-comin'. From top left: Diana Rigg is Diana; *Ken Howard Blythe Danner become* Mr. and Ms.; *Telly Savalas is a tough cop in* Ko *Calucci and Coco sound like an Italian snack, but this Coco is James* Calucci *his show. Lorne Green, Dom DeLuise get their* own *shows.*



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production company. These are stories of an undercover police unit that operates out of uniform. The premise is a little chilling, considering the news out of Washington: "Forced on occasion to investigate without official sanction . . ." Hmmmm. The unit utilizes an automobile, a motorcycle, and a helicopter. What a shambles *they'd* make of Dr. Ellsberg's doctor's office!

Hawkins (CBS, Tuesday). Somebody's got to defend all of the people arrested by all of these compassionate cops and extra-legal beagles. So here comes Jimmy Stewart as a country lawyer who is world famous. (Name *one.*)

Shaft (CBS, Tuesday). On some Tuesdays when Hawkins is not being world famous, a black superstud-sleuth-slammer named John Shaft will swarm over the screen. He'll be Richard Rountree, who is also the hero of the movie *Shaft.*

He works out of an office in midtown Manhattan and an apartment in Greenwich Village. And on nights when Hawkins and Shaft are cooling it, CBS will throw on a movie.

The Girl with Something Extra (NBC, Friday). I'm afraid to even *think* what this one's about! Hmmm. Ahem. Let's check my li'l ol' notes. False alarm—it's only ESP that this girl has extra. And guess who the girl is? None other than Gidget, the Flying Nun: Sally Field, with a mind of her own and an ability to read the minds of others. This causes her new husband, John Davidson, to feel rather uneasy, because she always knows what he's thinking. Can this marriage be saved?

Diana (NBC, Monday). *Diana* stars Diana Rigg as Diana Smythe. Anybody on the sets yells "Diana," a lot of girls are going to come running. The show's gimmick is that her brother gives her his apartment but doesn't tell her that people are likely to wander in and out unannounced at unlikely hours. I wonder if the wanderers include Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine? Diana is an independent, spirited British fashion designer "who comes to America to make her mark." Let's hope it's A+. We shall C.

Needles and Pins (NBC, Friday). More fashion. In the 1930's, Harold Rome wrote a New York musical revue that was a smash. All of the performers were members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. The show was called *Pins and Needles.* (People write to me and ask where TV show titles come from.) *Needles and Pins* is a comedy series about a dress manufacturer. His partner and brother-in-law is Louis Nye—I'm laughing already—who provides support (?) in these yarns about a business that is seldom what it seams. Also making the Seventh Avenue scene is Deidre Lenihan as a girl from Omaha. With her lilting name, it's more likely she's from O'Maha.

Mr. and Ms. (ABC, Friday). Remember *Adam's Rib* by Garson Kanin starring Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn? From that has sprung this series starring two ingratiating ingratiates, Ken Howard and Blythe Danner. Ken was Thomas Jefferson in *1776,* and Ms. Blyt was his wythe. She also won t Tony Award for her Broadway r in *Butterflies Are Free.* In *Mr. a Ms.,* Ken is Adam and Blythe Amanda. He's the assistant distr attorney, and she's a lawyer in stuffy firm. So they often take posing stands, carrying Adam's F to Women's Lib.

Lotsa Luck (NBC, Monday). comedy about a bachelor played Dom DeLuise (that's already ho ful) who's a clerk in the lost-ar found department of a New Yo City bus line. The *most* hopeful si is that it's a spin-off of a British success called *On the Buses.* T other shows that have spun over fr England are *All in the Family* a *Sanford and Son.* Remember I s he is a bachelor? Well, he does live alone. There's his mother, sister, and his unemployable bro er-in-law. If DeLuise works in t lost-and-found department, h come he can't find that sap a jo Lotsa luck.

Toma (ABC, Thursday). Y thought there couldn't be any m shows about cops, right? Wrong. T network brochure for this one say "You'd probably not even look Dave Toma twice." So much for t show's chances! He's played Tony Musante and, in keeping w the trend, he's described as "wa generous, outgoing." More: "I Italian ancestry imbues him with passion for people." (Don't you j love it?) More: "He's quick-thi ing and quick-fisted." (Whate happened to warm, generous, a compassionate?)

The Magician (NBC, Tuesda Here's the combination you've been waiting for: a professional m gician and a nationally syndicat columnist. Bill Bixby is the ma cian—remember his tricky role in *Favorite Martian?* If he excels at l itation maybe the ratings will ri

Roll Out (CBS, Friday). Ok everybody up for the World War number. The Red Ball Express w the name given to the supply truc and their devilish drivers of derri do or die who sped the stuff alo roads to keep General Patton's m rushing forward. Naturally, this h been turned into a comedy.

Love Story (NBC, Wednesda When this was first announced, t word around the studios was t they'd have to find a different tress to die every week. But t series will not ape Erich Sega paean to terminal illness. Inste it's called a "series of contempor love stories featuring major gu stars each week." That sounds a it could have been called *Love Sto American Style.*

Calucci's Dept. (CBS, Friday). past performances count, this sho be a funny comedy. (Unfortunate on TV "funny comedy" is not dundant.) Renee Taylor and Jose Bologna, that dream of a merry m ried couple, dreamed up the premi and it stars James Coco, who h one of the most adorable fat gri in show biz. Calucci (rhymes w Pucci, Gucci, and Minnie-the-M chie), runs a state unemployme office, the real one of which he ho none of the cast of this series soon be applying to.



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I got my blonde hair from my mother, and she got hers from me... last Tuesday.

That radiant honey blonde s Mother. And (I still can't elieve it) that girl who looks ike the sun is coming up in ier hair is me!

Ever since I can remem-ber, I've been yearning to ake this self-improvement tep. But since I have all I an do to even get my eye-iner on straight, I was afraid 'd goof up the shade.

Well, my mother doesn't give up so easy. Last week, she talked to a friend who's a professional hair colorist and she found out a blonding secret they use in the finest salons. Ultra Blue® Lady Clairol® Hair Lightener. This expert explained that Ultra Blue is the step that lifts the darkness out of your hair. (So you're like an artist starting with a fresh canvas.) Then all you have to do is apply any Clairol toner, and you can get the delicate blonde shade you want.

Well, it sounded good, but I just sat there looking at my 10 thumbs until Mother came up with the clincher. She said she'd been thinking of lightening her hair, too—as a soft way to hide her gray instead of going darker. So she had a beautiful idea. Why didn't we go blonde together?

Why not? The next day we did. And helping each other, it wasn't hard at all. First, Mother gave me a hand in applying the Ultra Blue lightener. And I did the same for her. Then while it was working, we just sat and had a good talk. When we looked at the clock next, it was time to put on the toner.



That's all there was to it. And you can see the pure, shimmery shades we got.

What does it feel like to be a blonde? All I can say is I feel like celebrating last Tuesday as my birthday, because it was the beginning of the real me.

And I haven't seen Dad be jealous of Mother like this in 20 years.



Mother and me, the day we went blonde.

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Rather than work to improve his marriage to Beth, Larry chose to fantasize a romance with a woman he hardly knew. By Dorothy Cameron Disney.

Larry had two wives—one real, one imaginary. Beth, the real one, was kept busy with their four children. She saw very little of Larry because he was giving all his thought to his imaginary "other wife," Alice—even though he only saw her when they were riding to the city together on the bus. Alice, an older woman, had no idea that Larry was in love with her, nor had she given any indication that she felt that way toward him. It's hard to believe there could be such dreamers in the world as Larry, but there are. Beth naturally became more and more dissatisfied until, at last, she was sensible enough to come to the Institute for help. It took the counselor many months to help Larry understand that he already had a fine wife, and that he could not expect Beth to become a substitute mother who would do everything for him but ask nothing in return. The counselor in this case was Dr. Samuel McDill.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.,
Founder and Chairman of the Board of Trustees The American Institute of Family Relations

Beth talks first

"Larry and I haven't slept together as man and wife since last summer," said 34-year-old Beth, a broad-hipped, busty redhead with freckles spattered across her cheeks and nose. "I was frequently tempted to give up taking the pill and save the prescription money. We've been short of funds ever since I quit work when the first of our four children were born. But I always changed my mind and went on hoping our sex life would revive.

"Even on our honeymoon fifteen years ago, Larry wasn't wildly amorous. For quite a while, I consoled myself with the thought that most men slowed down sexually after children are born. However, I have two older girlfriends who have been married considerably longer than I have. One day we got to talking, and I mentioned my unsatisfied desire for affection and hinted with great embarrassment at my sexual frustration. I grew up in an old-fashioned Midwestern farming community where respectable women didn't discuss sex. Both friends laughed at my embarrassment and told me that their experiences in the bedroom were the direct opposite of mine. With the passing years, their husbands have become even more interested in sex—'too interested,' the older of my two friends complained.

"I was ashamed to mention that conversation to Larry, or to tell him about my hunger for physical intimacy. I love my husband, and I didn't want to hurt him, although he has often hurt me deeply. Most of the time I blamed our lack of sex, our lack of closeness, on his abominable job conditions. Larry is a marine biologist employed by an underfinanced, understaffed government agency. He has always been so overworked that he could hardly spare an extra minute to function as a husband and father.

"For the past five years, Larry has left our house in the suburbs at six each morning and arrived home around seven each night. When he walked in the door, he would hardly pause long enough to say hello. Brushing off the youngsters—who, of course, made a mad dash for their Daddy—he'd march straight to the master bedroom, lock the door, and then soak leisurely in the bathtub until I announced supper. If Larry overheard the kids yelling, he would lay aside his book—he reads in the tub and often at the dinner table—and come out to inquire what had gone wrong. It has never occurred to Larry that he might shoulder his share of the parental burden in the evening, and take the opportunity to get acquainted with his own children.

"One evening several months ago, four-year-old Jimmy and three-year-old Joe got to wrestling on the bunk bed. Their two older sisters were watching television, completely oblivious to all the racket. I was busy preparing a meal when Larry wandered into the kitchen from his bath. He was wearing an Italian silk lounge suit that I had made for him. I told him he looked very handsome, which was true. He told me I looked hot and sweaty, which I guess was also true.

"At that point, there came a pie ing shriek from the boys' room. had shoved Jimmy off the top bu I ran, fearing a fractured skull worse. Larry followed at his usu unhurried pace. Luckily, Jimmy w unhurt. While I comforted the ch Larry surveyed the bunk bed a spied a few dents. At once he tempted to uncover the guilty pa When neither of the youngst would admit to the 'crime'—triv scratches or spots on anything app Larry—he punished *me*. In view the fact that I no longer held a j said Larry, surely I could protect furniture from damage. I felt l telling him I had only two eyes a at his specific request, we had *f* children.

"Naturally, I said nothing of sort. I seldom argue with Lar When I do pump up the nerve to fer with him, he stares at me, quie walks out of the room, and gen closes the door behind him, leav me forlorn and desolate.

"I grew up in a large, affection family. I had five brothers and semi-invalid sister. I was too b helping my mother run the hous acquire much self-confidence or cial grace. My father used to sa was as 'awkward as a hog on ice won a college scholarship thro my work with the 4-H Club and, tunately, I landed in a school v five male students to every fem With a student body that un anced, even a freckle-faced, o sized, gawky girl like myself ha chance to attract some mascul attention.

"I met Larry when I was a sop more. When Larry asked me fo date, I could hardly believe miracle. All the girls were fascina by Larry's appearance, his clot and grooming, his poise, and his served air. He was my only seri boyfriend, but I soon felt comf able enough to take him out to farm on weekends. His good mann charmed my parents, and he kind to my invalid sister.

"The night Larry proposed, I like the luckiest person in the wo In comparison to him I was 'ugly sin,' and I was nowhere near his tellectual equal. As we exchan our wedding vows, I vowed siler that I would do anything, an meant *anything*, to please my br groom.

"Unfortunately, our honeym wasn't the greatest. Just as church ceremony ended, my m strual period began. It had c three weeks early. I was petri that my white satin gown, m from my great-grandmother's w ding dress, would stain as I wal back down the aisle.

"Mom was in the first row, she guessed from my face exa what had happened. At the chu door she grabbed my arm and t all the guests that she was feel faint and needed my help to ready for the reception. At home helped me change into my goi away dress, then laid out the refre ments for the reception guests. E more important, Mom cornered I ry and filled him in on *(continu*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories repo here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identi



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what had happened, thus sparing me the ordeal.

"I gather from my two girlfriends that bridal nights are a breeze in this modern era. But my wedding night occurred a long while ago, and both Larry and I were shy virgins. After the reception, we returned to his campus apartment. We talked about our career plans. Then we talked about love and our true inner selves. Larry curled up on the floor in his sleeping bag that first night, and I occupied his single bed in solitary splendor. Two weeks went by before I found the courage to tell him that my period was over. Then we consummated our marriage. Strangely enough, our sexual relationship was great, at least from my viewpoint. Larry didn't speak of his reaction. I had a climax that first time, and almost every time since.

"It seemed essential that Larry complete his education. Consequently I dropped out of college and went to work to put him through school. Occasionally, his parents contributed a gift check. My parents contributed farm produce to stock our kitchenette and free bed and board on many weekends.

"After a tough but worthwhile four years, Larry earned his B.A. and M.A. degree, and also got a start toward his Ph.D. He then received a job offer from California that exactly met his special requirements. It was hard for me to leave my parents and go live among strangers, but naturally I didn't stand in my husband's way. Nor did I protest when Larry suggested we begin our family immediately, although I thought it might be wise to wait a bit. I thought, perhaps selfishly, that we deserved a year of fun and freedom—just the two of us.

"Our daughters are eight and ten years old. Mom visited us and helped out when they were born, but she has never seen her grandsons. We couldn't afford to buy her an airline ticket.

"With a family of four hungry kids, it seems we can't afford much of anything. It's my guess that Larry earns approximately $12,000 a year, although he has never informed me exactly how much he makes. I've done my best to economize. I have never hired a cleaning woman, and I make all our clothes. Last year Larry spent more money on books and publications than I spent on clothes for myself and all four children. Larry says books are his only luxury, but he buys one expensive suit every year, and I suspect that he eats high-priced lunches. He spends $25 a week for transportation and lunch. My monthly allowance is $10, and I usually spend it on little treats for the children.

"I've taught myself to be a thrifty, but creative, cook. My housekeeping could stand improving, I know, and I could probably improve my mind by reading more. But with four children, it's impossible to keep a spotless house or read many books.

"Until recently I believed my sacrifices for Larry were worthwhile, that deep down he loved me—even though he didn't express it. But then I found out otherwise. One Friday night, after an especially good dinner, Larry called me to join him in the bedroom. There was something I ought to know, he said. He was in love with an older woman—fifteen or eighteen years older—and had been in love with her for two years.

"He met this woman, whose name is Alice, at the bus stop three years ago, and since then he has been riding back

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and forth to work in her company. They usually sit beside each other and talk. He has never seen her anywhere except on the bus. He did invite her to lunch once, but she declined. He says he hasn't spoken a word of affection to his bus acquaintance, and I believe him. Nevertheless, Larry declares that he loves this woman in a way he never loved me. He would gladly renounce our marriage and give up our children if there were any chance she might become his wife. Ever since then I've been in a daze. I don't see how our marriage can survive if Larry does not love me and does love somebody else."

Larry's turn to talk

"Perhaps I shouldn't have told Beth about my interest in another woman," said 35-year-old Larry, a well-dressed man with curly blond hair and evasive blue eyes. "My romance was purely cerebral—a mental affair, so to speak.

"I had no idea Beth would be so upset when I confessed what had happened. At any rate, I could no longer withhold the truth. I was driven by an irresistible impulse to tell Beth that our marriage was a disappointment, and that I wished I were married to someone else.

"For almost three years now I have dreamed endlessly of Alice. I have talked to her every day on the bus. Over a three-year period, that adds up to approximately twelve hundred hours of conversation—twelve hundred hours of absorbing, totally committed communication. Because of our conversations, I feel that I know Alice as well as I know my own hand. By my definition, I love her more than I have ever loved any other woman.

"It's true that I have had no physical contact with Alice—I believe that too much emphasis is placed on sex—and I've never seen her home or visited her in private. I have never entertained her. This last year I have dropped strong hints of my admiration and my desire to become better acquainted. So far she has always seemed to shy away, saying that she is old enough to be my mother. On several occasions she advised me to make an effort to be closer to my wife and children. But I haven't let Alice's aloofness discourage me. One of these days, with luck, I believe that I will win her affection. It is my hope that Beth will eventually agree to a divorce. Then I can renew my life with the woman whose companionship has meant so much to me.

"I realize that Beth has tried hard to be a good wife, but unfortunately, we aren't compatible. I enjoy books, philosophy, intellectual pursuits. Beth enjoys TV soap operas, and she lets our children indulge in similar trash. She and I can't communicate on an honest, meaningful level.

"Beth doesn't talk, she chatters. Whenever she has the opportunity, she carries me in gossip, trivia, and complaints about the children. She also complains because she didn't marry a Don Juan. She bores me with long-drawn-out recitals concerning the sexual exploits of her girlfriends' husbands. According to Beth, these guys wish their wives three or four times a week. This is an offensive line of talk I would never have expected of Beth.

"When I met her in college, she was shy and sweet. Her modesty and naivete had a powerful appeal for me. She's decent, hardworking, warmhearted family, who always made me feel completely at home, were also appealing.

"My family is very different. Both my parents are New Englanders, and they are inclined to be distant and reserved. One time when I was three or four I threw my arms around my mother while she was feeding my baby brother, and she sent me to bed without my supper. My brother was delicate and handicapped, and perhaps mother feared that I might harm him.

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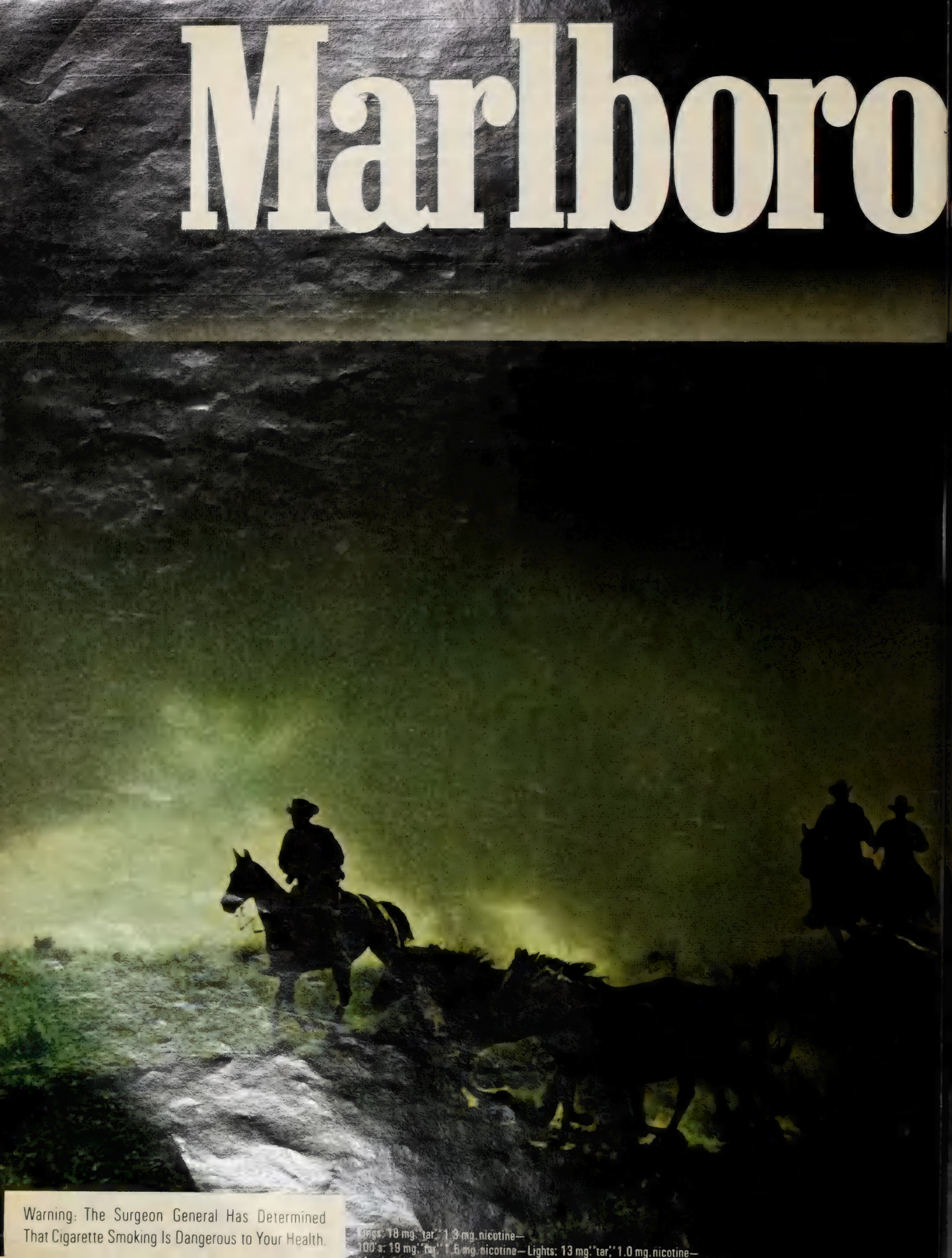
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Hair & Beauty · By Joan Clair

These August days are a great time for making ambitious plans—to be carried out mañana. If you're mulling over the big beauty change—blonding—here are some practical details to feed your dreams. And here, too, are some quick tricks you could put to use right now, without breaking your deep-summer bliss.

Becoming a blonde. Lots of dark-haired girls ask us if it's possible to go blonde without peroxide. Well, blonding takes two steps—so let us answer in two steps. #1. You start by lifting the darkness out of your hair, with a lightener—such as *Born Blonde* Lightener. All lighteners contain peroxide. That's what makes them work. #2. You put the right shade of blondeness into your hair with a toner—such as *Born Blonde* Toner. Now, here's where you can save on peroxide. Most toners contain peroxide. But *Born Blonde* Toner has none at all. It's just color and conditioners. So you can use it whenever you want to pretty up your color.

Riddle: What kind of bottle contains both a conditioner and a creme rinse? Answer: A bottle of Balsam 2. Okay, so it's not much of a riddle. But Balsam 2 is quite a product. It's a 60-second conditioner and creme rinse in one—with rich moisturizers for your dry split ends, and a creme rinse to unsnarl your snarls and detangle your tangles. You'll find regular-formula Balsam 2 in a yellow bottle, and the extra body protein-formula Balsam 2 in pink. For an 8 oz. bottle of Balsam 2 (regular-formula) send 50¢ in coin to Joan Clair, P.O. Box 1020J, Yonkers, N.Y. 10701.

Insurance against summer blues. How many times have you had your hairdo undone by summer humidity? Infuriating! But now there's an invisible hair net you spray on—a clear concentrated mist in a bottle. It holds even where the leading aerosol spray may have failed you: in dampness and humidity. No wonder Clairol calls it *Final Net*. *Final Net* isn't an aerosol hairspray. It's a clear mist that holds your hair in any weather. It should mean the end of those humid, summer day blues...finally.

Something to blush about. Clairol has two new ways to bring natural-looking color to your cheeks. There's new Really Cheeky Blushing Powder—a brush-on blush that looks as if the wind just whipped a little color into your cheeks. And new Fresh Outdoors Cheek Gel—clear, shining cheek color in a tube. Right now, the gel is packaged with an extra bonus—Highlighter Cream for cheekbones, under-eyebrows, anywhere. All very new and very flattering.

For clear skin, keep it clean. Don't let dirt come between your skin and the fresh air. If you're really as fanatic as you should be about cleaning your skin, you should try the fun-to-use *Skin Machine* automatic cleansing brush. It cleans like a washcloth can't. You just press the button and 24,000 tiny bristles whirl around, scrubbing away grease and grime—"pore pollution." And *The Skin Machine* is also about the handiest makeup-remover ever invented.

Summer Blues: When the thought of a hot hairdryer gets you down, pick yourself up with *Pssssssst* Instant Shampoo. It's the fast and cool way to clean your hair.

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POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

One of the things that makes life at a beach house easy is that sand isn't *really* dirt.

If you always do something constructive with your leisure time, you never have any fun at all!

I love waffles, but I never eat one without wondering who in the world first invented them.

My convictions don't seem to take as much courage as they used to . . . I don't know if they've gotten weaker or I've gotten stronger.

I've seen some towns lately where it's hard to tell which is the wrong side of the tracks.

It seems to me it's a lot easier than it used to be for people to get famous —but it's a lot harder for them to stay that way.

When they talk about the price of gold, it's always so much an ounce . . . I think of it more in terms of three fillings and an inlay.

I never care much for "The World's Greatest" anything.

I'm not sure why, but the Sixties seem a lot longer ago than four years, and the Eighties seem a lot farther away than six.

If Christmas came next week, I think we could all be perfectly happy exchanging seashells.

I don't know what liberation can do about it, but even when Man helps, Woman's work is never done.

I finally understand why the most popular flower for city gardens and window boxes is geraniums. You can't kill them, and they smell so bad people never pick them.

If you reconcile yourself at an early age to the fact that, (a) your hair is straight; or, (b) your hair is cur you'll save an awful lot of tir trouble, and effort in life.

Nothing described as "totally ne ever is.

It's not really a vacation if you ha to stick to your diet while you on it.

No matter how much I'd like to lieve the opposite is true, it's obvi to me that the person with the lo est voice usually wins the argume

Hot weather makes you sleepy, cept when it's so much so you ca

In a lot of situations, it's harder be the one who tells someone to something than it is to be the who gets told to do it. That must why, in the average office, there four people to do the telling every one who does the doing.

It's never too late, except sometim

I'd always thought it was good your feet to go barefoot, but nov realize all it does is make them h in different places from when y wear shoes.

When I invite people over for din and they ask, "What can I brin I always say, "Nothing" . . . what I'd *like* to say is, "Why d you bring the meal?"

Every once in a while I have kind of week that makes me wis believed in horoscopes.

The family that packs the car gether starts out their vacation n together.

Don't you hate it when some thanks you too much for too litt

How come every time I start to th of laying the groundwork for future, the ground I'm standing now starts to give way?



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BEAUTY JOURNAL

HELP!



I've always had nice skin and been careful to keep my face clean and moisturized, but recently have noticed my pores seem larger and often clogged.—C.M., Iowa

Try a liquid moisturizer rather than a cream, and don't leave it on overnight. Use a pore-tightening mask once a week, and if you don't see any change, try twice weekly.

My hair is thin and fine and I have to keep it teased and curled, or I look a mess. A permanent ends in a frizz. A set only lasts a day. Help!—B.D., Maryland

Fine hair is most manageable when it's short and worn in a blunt cut. Be careful not to over-brush, and wash with the gentlest baby shampoo in conjunction with a scalp conditioner and body builder.

I am thinking of having my ears pierced. Can you help?—B.W., Colorado

It's not a complicated process, but if you have qualms, go to a doctor. In fact, jewelry stores in larger cities do the job when you buy a pair of earrings. Pain is minimal. Healing takes about six weeks, and during that time the ears may "weep," so be prepared. The hazard is infection if the opening isn't kept clean, but the incidence is rare. Cleanse with alcohol or an antiseptic and keep turning the earring until healing is complete.

OVER THE COUNTER



While some have been merrily tanning (or burning) all summer, for many, August vacations are the first serious confrontation with the sun. But even as women become increasingly aware of the need for protection against ultra-violet rays if they are to avoid leathery skin and brown spots later on, the volume of sun products makes choice of that protection difficult.

Confusing terminology doesn't help. Do all sun products contain adequate moisturizers? Is a sun screen the same as a sun block? Does something as uncomplicated and pure as baby oil do the job? The answer to all three questions is "no." One should apply moisturizer after sun exposure, even if conditioning agents are included in your preparation. The more conditioning, the less likely you are to flake or peel. A sun screen filters harmful rays for safer tanning; a sun block doesn't allow any tanning. Baby oil gives no protection.

Basic tanning rules suggest a moderate course. Start with a 20-minute exposure and avoid noon's fiercest rays. Cover color-treated hair with a scarf or hat, as sun can damage this type of hair. Wear sunglasses when you can, replace with wet cotton pads when tanning lying down. Everyone knows squinting in the sun etches in white wrinkles against a tan. Few are aware that night vision may be reduced 50 to 80 percent for a week, as a result of staying sunglassless in a glare for a few hours.

- Know your skin type and pick your tanning preparations accordingly. The high-speed tanning lotions and oils with cocoa butter are best for the dark-skinned who are young enough to take a strong dose of sun. Copper Tone and Tanya Hawaii suntan lotion are two of the most popular.
- For medium complexions, or those who want to approach sun tanning practically, use a sun-screen lotion that permits gradual tanning, while filtering harmful effects. One of the newest comes from the Ultima II/Charles Revson collection, called Highly Protective Tanning Lotion. An old favorite you might consider is Aloe's Fashion Tan.
- The very fair, those who've had facial surgery, and those who've noticed brown pigmentation or aging spots should avoid tanning, and use a sun block. Apply a minimum ½ hour before exposure, and re-apply frequently throughout the day, especially after swimming. Presun from Westwood Pharmaceutical has just been introduced; also effective are: Estee Lauder's Ultra Violet Screening Creme and Irma Shorrell's Sun Sensitive.

HERE'S HOW

Four ways to make your eyes look larger



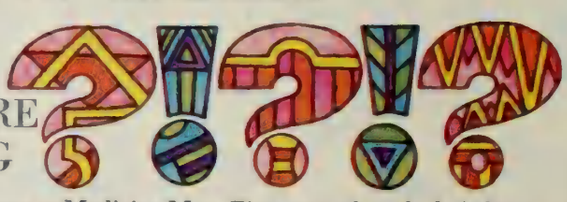
1. Your eye appears larger if you widen the space between lid and brow with a curving, narrow arch. Pluck eyebrows from underneath, always starting at the eye's inner corner. Dotted line shows where to start.

2. To create the effect of a more open eye, use a pale shade of lid color, starting low on the lid and sweeping to the outer corner of the brow.

3. Since false eyelashes are too obvious for current fashion, make mascara do the job, applying carefully, brushing upward and out, and allowing to dry before applying a second coat.

4. Dramatize lower lashes: trace the natural curve of the eye with an eyebrow pencil the same shade as your natural lashes, smudging the outer edge with a finger to avoid a harsh line.

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING



The Hairdresser as Medicine Man. Time was when the hairdresser was king. Women sat patiently through long, weekly sessions so they could emerge for a Friday date or dinner party with every bouffant hair in place, teased to a height few could hope to approximate successfully at home. Then came the fashion revolution. Hair went dead straight, long and shiny. Trimming and coloring kept the woman returning to the salon, but on a monthly or bi-monthly basis.

By the time we entered the 1970's, a new movement was gaining momentum. Health and condition became magic words. The best hairdressers, who'd been talking about proper hair conditioning to a largely disinterested audience, found people ready to listen. Ready . . . and eager, as with the women who stand in line at color expert Leslie Blanchard's salon for a few minutes' consultation in an effort to correct color problems. Other experts have similar experiences: "More women are becoming aware that hair, like a plant, must be nourished," says Monsieur Marc, whose New York salon is a haven for some of the discreet movers and shakers of the international set. "If there's any news, it's the desire for a beautiful head of hair, rather than a stylish set," says Kenneth. And at spanking new Paul Mitchell Superhair there's a powerful microscope where a single strand of every newcomer's hair is analyzed—vastly enlarged—so proper scalp and hair treatment can be determined. "Top salons will be primarily treatment centers where you get the best haircut in town," says Paul.

So—the next hairdresser who talks earnestly to you about conditioning may not be merely trying to increase your bill. He may be trying to save your hair. It's the better hairdresser today who knows more about the health of your hair than its style.

Illustrations by Marie Michel

It lets me be me.*

Color that becomes part of you (not the other way around!)—that's what you get with Nice 'n Easy, from Clairol. Whether you want to color or conceal, to change a little or a lot, choose Nice 'n Easy, for beautiful coverage, healthy-looking hair and honest-to-you color.



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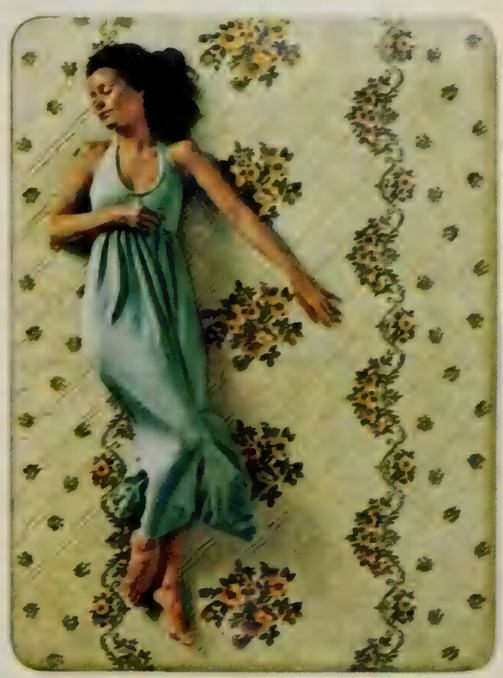


Posturepedic Imperial. $99.95* twin size each pc. $109.95* full size, each pc. $279.95* Queen size, 2 pc. set. $399.95* King size, 3 pc. set. Also available in latex foam (sets only).



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"SUBTRACTION SLIMMING" NEW 7-DAY CRASH DIET

BY LUCIANA AVEDON
WITH JEANNE MOLLI



Photograph by Elisabetta Catalano

How do the beautiful people stay so slim? In an excerpt from her new book, glamorous Luciana Avedon (above) tells the reducing secrets of her famous friends—including this totally new, easy, one-week regimen for taking off those excess pounds.

The shock usually comes when you try on a bathing suit—and discover to your dismay that you are not the size and shape you used to be. Ten to twenty pounds have crept up on you, a burden that both your looks and your health could do without. You want to get rid of this excess weight, that's for sure, because what looks bad in the mirror is not going to look any better on the beach, even with a tan.

The first question you ask is: How fast can I lose that weight? The answer depends on you, on the technique you use, and on how much weight you have to shed. One would like to think that excess body fat could just melt away like the ice cream, chocolate, and butter that helped cause it—except that body fat does not melt that way. Wishing will not make it go; dieting will.

Nevertheless, it's not how fast you lose but how long the weight stays lost that really counts. Supervised fasting or one of any number of stringent diets will cut you down to size, but if you then revert to the eating pattern that made you fat, the pounds will roll right back on. Obesity specialist Dr. Neil Solomon calls this the "Yo-Yo syndrome."

The only advantage to crash dieting is that you see the weight slip off you—deprivation brings a quick and tangible reward. But, nutritionally speaking, you may be at a disadvantage. I realize it is useless to preach nutrition to someone whose prime concern is how to look great for an imminent party, wedding, or vacation. Many crash diets, while ineffectual in the long run, are harmless as long as you follow them *for only a week or two.* As far as I am concerned, go ahead and try one, if you must, as long as you realize you are resorting to a stop-gap device—and not a permanent way of life.

One word of warning: there is a circumstance in which you cannot play around with even the shortest crash diet—and that is when overweight is associated with a diagnosed illness. In the case of any physical problem that is aggravated by fat, your doctor will insist you take off weight, and he will regulate the speed with which you do so. Having to reduce because of impaired health is not the same as reducing by choice, and obviously you must follow your doctor's instructions, however unpalatable they may be. In any case, it is important that you check with a doctor before going on any diet. Your doctor knows you and your body—and knows what makes you both work best.

For those of you who have grown unpleasingly plump, I pass on the diet (at right) as an example of one way to lose weight fast and still go about your business. It is an elimination—or "subtraction"—diet.

Most of us find diets passed on to us by some enthusiastic friend more compelling than something we just read about. We fall for the diet even more when the person who talks about it obviously has lost weight and looks ravishing. Fashion designer Vera Maxwell had this diet pressed upon her by such ■ *(continued)*

Copyright © 1973 by Luciana Avedon. From "The Beautiful People's Diet Book," by Luciana Avedon with Jeanne Molli, to be published shortly by The Saturday Review Press.

HERE'S THE DIET!

Note: Consult your doctor before going on this or any other diet! Stay on this diet for seven—and only seven—days.

Day 1
Breakfast
5 oz. orange or grapefruit juice
1 cup dry cereal with ½ cup skim milk and 2 tsps. honey
2 slices dry toast (no butter)
1 cup mint tea (optional)
Lunch
2 eggs Florentine (2 soft-boiled or poached eggs on 1 portion spinach on 1 slice dry toast)
3 celery stalks
4 Tbs. applesauce
5 oz. skimmed milk
Dinner
2 small lamb chops (broiled and fat trimmed) or 1 medium hamburger (broiled)
1 portion steamed asparagus (or any other green vegetable)
1 medium baked potato (no butter or margarine)
5 stewed apricots or prunes
Bedtime Snack
5 oz. orange or grapefruit juice or skimmed milk

Day 2
Breakfast
5 oz. orange or grapefruit juice
2 slices dry toast (no butter)
5 oz. skimmed milk
1 cup mint tea (optional)
Lunch
1 egg Florentine (1 soft-boiled or poached egg on 1 portion of spinach on 1 slice dry toast)
4 Tbs. applesauce
5 oz. skimmed milk
Dinner
1 small lamb chop (broiled and fat trimmed) or 1 small hamburger (broiled)
1 medium portion steamed asparagus (or any green vegetable)
4 Tbs. strawberries or raspberries (preferably stewed)
Bedtime Snack
5 oz. orange juice or grapefruit juice or skimmed milk

Day 3
Breakfast
5 oz. orange or grapefruit juice
1 slice dry toast (no butter)
5 oz. skimmed milk
1 cup mint tea (optional)
Lunch
1 medium portion spinach
4 Tbs. applesauce
Dinner
1 medium portion any green vegetable
4 Tb. fruit
Bedtime Snack
5 oz. of orange or grapefruit juice or skimmed milk

Day 4
Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner, and Bedtime Snack:
choice of 5 oz. orange or grapefruit juice or skimmed milk only for each meal

Day 5: *Same as Day 3.*
Day 6: *Same as Day 2.*
Day 7: *Same as Day 1.*

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King or Super King

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine. SUPER KING: 21 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine. FTC Report FEB. '73

crusading woman friend—the sort you may encounter tomorrow at a party, in the office, around the sandbox, or anyplace where women swap news. Mrs. Maxwell asked a doctor's opinion before she leaped. I recommend that you do, too.

"I find diets dull because you have to give up your social life," Mrs. Maxwell says, "but I feel marvelous when I follow this one which a friend gave me. It's a diet where you eliminate some food each day. My son is a doctor, and he told me, 'If you must go on a trick diet, mother, this one's O.K.'"

Throughout this diet, you have no liquor or coffee or tea (except for the mint tea, which is optional). You must drink two full glasses of water per day. Ideally, you should begin the diet on a Thursday so that Day 4, when you fast, falls on a restful Sunday. Mrs. Maxwell, who is a sensationally attractive grandmother, loses at least four pounds in her seven days—and others who have tried it have lost more. Stay on the diet for seven—and only seven—days. It is a means of quick weight loss—not a way of permanent eating. Remember—only seven days!

That diet is how Vera Maxwell sheds her extra pounds quickly—but how do other women do it?

"I keep my weight fluctuation within two pounds. It's bad for the face when you go up and down," says California's wealthy Betsy Bloomingdale. "Beyond two pounds, I eat half of everything until I'm back to normal."

"I like to eat, I really do," says Aileen Mehle (society columnist Suzy), "but I know how much I should weigh, and the minute I go five pounds over, I cut back to 1,000 calories a day."

Five-pound limit

I kept hearing the same words in London, Los Angeles, New York, Paris, and Rome. All those I talked to about staying in shape replied that their weight has not changed in years because the minute it shoots up, they shoot it down. This is what I call the five-pound limit. I believe in it, and though I have scales in my house, I do not need them to tell me when my five-pound limit has been reached. I can feel it with or without my clothes on, and by now I am so conditioned that when I feel heavy, I am not hungry. I automatically eat "light" until I am lean again.

I have also never needed a chart to tell me how much I should weigh, nor does anyone really. You see yourself and you know. As Hélène Rochas, the French perfume dynamo, states, "You must have a mean mirror in the house. A flattering one won't do at all."

It is important to know your physical type—and to know where the extra pounds would go if you put them on.

"I'm really too small and skinny," says Louise (Loulou) de la Falaise, fashion consultant to Yves Saint Laurent, "but skinny people have a problem too because they only put on weight in the wrong place. If I thought eating was going to give me a bigger bosom, I would eat the house down. Since it never does, it's pointless to force myself."

In practice, the five-pound limit turns out to be less fanatic than it

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pHisoDerm has no tints, perfumes, or antibacterials of any kind that can cause allergic reactions, and should not irritate even if used dozens of times a day.

Beautiful looking skin needs proper care.

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seems. There is a physiological reason why it is easier to lose weight as soon as it is gained. When you first put on weight, the fat is still "soft" and high in water content. That is the time to lose it before the body gets a chance to assimilate it. If you remain ten to fifteen pounds overweight for a year, the extra fat becomes part of the muscle structure. In other words, it marbleizes as in fatty steak, making it much harder to lose.

When I want to reduce during a normally active week, I eat about half a normal breakfast and lunch, skip dinner, and go to bed early with an apple and a book. When you go to bed in a quiet room, feeling snug helps to take your mind off food. If you do not want to read, watch TV, though I must say that one of the unsung merits of reading is that it keeps your hands so busy that it's awkward to be messing about with food at the same time, especially in bed.

Dietetic laze

If your schedule permits, another quick method for keeping your weight stable is a weekend or one-day fast. Rest for a day and eat nothing but apples or yogurt or, if you can, drink only fruit juice, tea with honey, or just plain water. Mild activity is fine but mostly you should organize in advance so that your own or your family's practical needs have been catered to and you can retreat into a dietetic laze for twenty-four hours.

"If you can stay on vegetable bouillon one day a week, it's marvelous for you," says Françoise de la Renta, wife of Oscar, the fashion designer. "You drink three quarts of bouillon in twenty-four hours, preferably while resting."

"When I have a weight problem," actress Merle Oberon says, "rather than cut down on everything, I simply live on yogurt, raisins, and almonds for a day or two. I add vitamins and protein powder to the yogurt."

"I don't diet, but buying larger clothes is such a bore that when I'm a few pounds over, I prefer to eat less," says former cover girl Fiona Campbell Thyssen. "If one day of only fruit, one day of only meat, and one of salads doesn't do the trick, I get by on just yogurt and honey. Or if I'm desperate, I just stop eating altogether and lose the extra pounds."

Gymnastics is a standard answer for keeping your weight in the right place.

"You have to keep the joints loose and well lubricated," says Tamara Geva, former dancer and musical comedy star who left Russia with the great dancer George Balanchine when she was fifteen. "You have to make sure nothing grows in the back so you don't look humped over, and you watch out for the inner thighs. I've developed my own exercise routine which I follow regularly because I know what makes each muscle work, but some movements are basic. If you begin to have a little pot belly, you suck it in and keep it in; when you walk, you pretend you have a coin between your buttocks; as for your hands, play the piano."

"Staying busy keeps the body alive; my weight has been the same for fourteen years," says Janie Stevens, fashion magazine editor and wife of London *Daily Express* managing director Jocelyn Stevens. "I'm always working; I love sweets, but I also *(continued)*

love tennis and other sports. I never sit still. I have a real breakfast with bacon and eggs, orange juice, honey and toast, but I never have huge meals, and I drink only wine. Four small meals a day are better for me than three large ones; I also try to eat very slowly."

"Moving keeps me thin," says London-based Georgiana Russell, journalist and daughter of the British Ambassador to Spain. "I walk home from work, which I have clocked at twenty-nine minutes, including stops for red lights. Once home, I often put records on and practice dance steps and I go to a dance studio as often as possible to do a half-hour's exercises to jazz. Then, there's Tramp on a Friday night: we wear jeans and easy shoes, and dance solidly for three hours. I can lose four or five pounds . . ."

"Tune up the motor"

If you care about energy, shape, and weight, no matter where you are, you'll find the time and the means to exercise. No one has to take you by the hand; you'll feel the need and do it, even if it is just five minutes of stretching like a cat in bed every morning as Arlene Dahl does "to tune up the motor."

You have to be aware, though, that exercise alone will not keep your weight down. It helps distribute weight correctly and improves your measurements, but to bring your weight in line and keep it there, the golden rule is to watch how and how much you eat. Good-bye starchy snacks! So long sweet tooth! Down with *haute cuisine!*

I know that last statement sounds like heresy but I cannot think of anyone whose weight has been right for years who enjoys a lot of complicated food and sauces.

"I like very light things," says American socialite Cappy Badrutt of the international jet circuit. "I was at one of the Rothschilds' homes the other night for dinner and the food was incredibly rich and the wines were the best and the heaviest. You suffer!"

Joan Kennedy startled me when she said that, left to her own devices without her French chef, she found cooking for herself so boring that she's capable of opening a can of chicken à la king and a can of spaghetti and eating them cold. This kind of food makes my Italian blood run cold. At the same time, I would never order *coq au vin* or duck *à l'orange*. My idea of bird is broiled or roasted with a few herbs. That is what I mean by the middle ground: good, simple food.

"I think most people in the United States don't know what they're eating," says Mrs. Winston (Ceezee) Guest. "I have been aware of what is fattening all my life, and I never eat it—I can't stand fried food, and I always have sauces served separately. When the children eat with me, we never put tons of butter on food. I like meat. I was brought up to eat roast beef, steak, and lamb chops. Meat is what gives you strength and energy. I have vegetables from the garden, and I adore fruit. I am not a dessert person. I never take sugar in coffee. For energy I often eat protein toast with honey and I have honey with my tea."

You eat superbly at Ceezee's house. You eat superbly at Cristina Ford's.

"The food I like is basic," says

Love your hair



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Cristina Ford. "Even if I'm having a dinner party, I won't serve anything complicated—no French sauces, nothing special unless you call special everything perfectly fresh.

"When I travel, I, like everyone, tend to overeat, especially in Italy. At home I start the day with fresh fruit. I adore grapes or peaches in the morning instead of juice. How can anyone have both orange juice and tea at the same breakfast? It gives you such an acid stomach! Then, I have two pieces of wheat bread with one fresh boiled egg and my tea with honey. That's about eleven o'clock, so I skip lunch, or maybe I have some fruit and cheese around two o'clock. Then I have a big dinner at night, fresh fish and a lot of vegetables. That is not very much."

In her own quite personal way, Cristina exemplifies how to eat well and stay thin. She thinks it is in her nature to go to bone rather than fat as she grows older but is not about to trust nature alone. Her regular Grosse Pointe, Mich., regimen of fresh, simple food, two meals and one snack a day, also includes two hours of gym and ballet, biking around the neighborhood, and five-mile walks. Rest assured, her weight gain never exceeds the five-pound limit!

I do not suggest that you doggedly copy her regimen or anyone else's. Satisfactory long-term eating and exercise habits have to be individual or you will not stick to them. Ceezee Guest eats more than I do; when the weather is hot, Janet Leigh lunches on a shake of ice cream and liquid diet food, which would never occur to me. I feel fine with nothing but tea and honey for breakfast, which may be one reason I need a real lunch. I know that in theory a good breakfast with protein is important, but I think it is even more important to eat only when you feel like it. If I suddenly started to get the midmorning queasies, I would switch to more at breakfast and less at midday. I am a mineral water fiend; in my case, it's because I drink very few other liquids. Alcohol is poison to my liver, although I do have wine or champagne when I go out.

It really comes down to using your head as well as following your personal inclinations. Once you have eliminated all but simple foods, what you eat most of—animal or vegetable—and how you distribute your food during the day are really up to you. Your energy level, scales, and mirror will tell you if you're right. **END**

"IF THERE SHOULD COME A TIME, MY LOVE . . ."

By Kerry Johnson

if there should come a time, my love,
when the land begins to tilt
and another's face lies on your chest
and your soft eyes, which i have felt,
pour you into her, as you have been
part of me;
if your heart gives depth to silence
and your dear strong hands caress
her soul
that she lie in your arms and melt
in such a warmth as i have known;

if that time should come, my love,
when actors lose their lines,
when you take hold another's heart,
i ask you to be gentle, love,
when you're letting go of mine.

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MEDICINE TODAY

BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

The latest advances in hair care and grooming—from a recent American Medical Association hair growth conference atten by physicians, hairdressers, and cosmetics chemists.

TLC. "Don't comb 100 strokes a night," advises Gillette Research Institute hair specialist William Tolgyesi. "The more you comb, the less hair will be left on your head." Rather, he says, comb only as much as is "needed" for grooming.

This recommendation is based on discoveries made with the recently developed scanning electron microscope (SEM); through it, clear photos can be made of single hair shafts that have been exposed to cosmetics and/or combing.

Hair experts differ as to how much hair damage and loss is due to cosmetic chemicals and how much due to brushing, combing, and everyday wear and tear. Tolgyesi says, "no standard chemical cosmetic treatment—bleaching, dyeing, waving, straightening—destroys the physical integrity of hair." A colleague, Martin Rieger of Warner-Lambert Research Institute, Morris Plains, N.J., disagrees: "Numerous SEM pictures . . . in recent years confirm earlier suspicions that permanent waving or hair straightening have an adverse effect on the smoothness of the . . . structure of human hair."

Pounds off, hair out. Hair growth requires body protein. When dietary protein is low, hair falls out or fails to grow. Chicago dermatologist Dr. Paul Lazar says several women recently complained of hair loss after only a month on the low-protein "grapefruit diet."

Hair tonics? People have long dreamed of a drug that would regrow hair. A Denver dermatologist, Dr. Paul Grant, says that he and a colleague just *may* have found one.

They were treating severely ill high blood pressure patients with a potent experimental drug, Minoxidil, that widens the blood vessels, allowing more blood to flow through them. To their surprise, the patients grew luxuriant head and body hair. Hairlines stopped receding; bald spots were re-covered.

The doctors then applied the drug to their own skins. Hair grew.

Dr. Grant thinks that the drug stimulates hair follicles to grow by bringing them more blood. Colleagues dissent; they say that skin doctors have long doubted that increasing the blood supply will grow hair. The U.S. Food and Drug ministration has criticized Dr. G and his associate for not testing potentially dangerous treatment in animals (in which, they now it does not grow hair). But Grant says they will continu pursue the possibility that Mi dil may "offer hope for the f treatment of human baldness."

Postpartum hair loss. Horm influence the rhythmic growth shedding of hair. This is why women lose hair after giving b English zoologist F. John E explains that estrogens, preser high levels during pregnancy, the hair follicles in their a growing state. A month or two l however, when estrogen levels fallen, the hair follicles all ente "resting" stage together. Much falls out. There is no definite Ebling says, but the hair us grows back again two or months later.

Blanched. Some women report their hair has turned white overn —following sickness, fear—or fo apparent reason. But hair specia say it simply can't happen.

The natural hair color parti called *melanin*, cannot disappe disintegrate suddenly, exp Brown University biologist W Quevedo, Jr. What *can* happe says, is that in a person with and-pepper hair, the whites ma thicker and stronger, while the d are thin and weak. Sudden s may cause the more suscep dark hairs to fall out—leaving u terrupted patches of white.

Stress and strain. Water s hair shafts, leaving them we than dry hair. Moreover, when hair shafts are combed, ther greater friction on their sur Using a new machine that meas the combing force needed to p hair out of a hank, Robert W of Clairol Research Laborat calculated that a wet hair is times as hard to free from its h as a dry one. He found that a cr rinse, which leaves the shaft surf slippery, cuts in half the friction hairs. This reduces the com force needed, and so reduces damage and breakage.

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YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

BY THEODORE I. RUBIN, M.D.

Which emotional factors lengthen life? What can a husband do when his wife snores? Exactly what is a compulsive eater? Psychiatrist Theodore I. Rubin answers these and other questions.

Compulsive eaters

Exactly what is a compulsive eater?

In simplest terms, a compulsive eater is a person who eats whether or not he (or she) is suffering from real hunger. Real hunger is when a person has a physiological *need* to eat. A compulsive eater suffers from what I call "mouth hunger." Mouth hunger has no connection with real hunger or the body's physiological need for food. Mouth hunger is invariably caused by the eater's emotional needs—a need that he or she displaces from its hidden or unconscious source to the mouth. This need can be satisfied momentarily by the tasting, chewing, swallowing, and ingesting of food. When the emotional need reappears, so does mouth hunger. Compulsive eaters are usually overweight, and it is almost impossible for them to diet successfully until they solve their emotional problems.

Childless marriage

My 31-year-old daughter has been married for seven years—and is childless by choice. She says that for the time being she and her husband don't want any children in their lives. I feel that a family is not a family without children. I also think that a couple that feels as my daughter and son-in-law do might have serious problems that should be looked into. Whenever I bring up the subject—and I think it's perfectly normal for me to have it on my mind—my daughter angrily tells me to tend to my own business? Who is right?

At the age of 31, I think any woman has the right to live her life as she pleases. Despite the obvious desire on your part to have grandchildren, your daughter has no obligation to comply with your wish on this score. I feel that it is extremely important to respect the desire of people who choose not to have children. Couples who are coerced into having children against their will often develop serious emotional problems that are passed on to the unwanted children. There are many styles and ways to live life—and one is not necessarily any more or less "normal" than the other. Some couples derive more individual and mutual satisfaction from a childless marriage. With others, the opposite is true. Neither way of life—of itself—is an indication of profound emotional disturbance. In those cases where emotional or marital problems exist, having children is no remedy. Quite the contrary, having children will usually bring on added pressures—and possibly cause even greater difficulty in the marriage.

Do tranquilizers work?

I have a friend who takes tranquilizers for her nervousness. Do these pills really calm her down, or is it the fact that she has taken the pill that calms her down? What I mean is: Are tranquilizers merely a psychological placebo—or do they medically work?

Studies indicate that tranquilizers have both a placebo effect and a physiological (medical) one. In other words, one way or another, they do what they are supposed to do—calm the patient. However, tranquilizers cannot resolve the basic problems that cause your friend's anxiety or nervousness; only therapy can do that.

A psychiatrist's background

My daughter is considering treatment with a psychiatrist who does not have a similar ethnic or religious background to hers. Do you think such a similarity is important in selecting the proper therapist?

No, I do not think it is vital that a patient and doctor have the same ethnic or religious background. But I do think it important that the therapist understands the background, customs, and value of the culture from which his patient comes. Such understanding helps the patient and doctor to better communicate with one another.

Computers vs. the human brain

I have heard that the human brain is the same as a giant electronic computer. If this is true, does it mean that human thought, behavior, and breakdown will some day be understood exactly the same way today's computer experts understand electronics?

I sincerely doubt that day will come. First of all, the brain is *not* the same as a computer. Computers and other electronic devices try to imitate brain functions. At best they suffer by comparison because these imitations are primitive, rudimentary, and gross when compared to the human brain.

The human brain and spinal cord (comprising the central nervous system)—and the body to which this system sends messages and from which it receives messages—is still the finest, most intricate, most complex, most capable, and most undefinable entity on earth. One average human brain contains a biochemistry capable of more permutations and combinations than all the electronic devices manufactured to date put together. The brain—as part of the organism comprising a whole person—is alone capable of feelings, moods, self-contemplation, change, growth, and the very cornerstone of life—reproduction.

A snoring wife

My wife's snoring drives me crazy. Is it possible that she snores because, unconsciously, she is angry at me? We discussed this and she denies any such feeling. She also turns down my suggestion that she see a hypnotist or a psychoanalyst to find out if I am right. What do you think would be the best thing for us to do about it?

I think your money would be better spent on a consultation with an ear, nose, and throat specialist for your wife—and a pair of ear stoppers for you.

Emotions and longevity

Do you feel that emotional factors play a part in determining a person's life span? If so, which factors do you think lengthen a person's life?

We all know that physiological factors such as diet, physical activities, inheritance, etc., can help to determine a life span, but I feel that emotional factors play a large role, too. I consider the following extremely important life-lengthening emotional factors:

1. A relatively stress-free life.
2. Compassion for oneself and one's human limitations.
3. A good relationship with one's self and with at least one other human being. (Love of oneself and another person is very important.)
4. Being cherished by the immediate community in which one lives.
5. Curiosity, interest, and involvement in any activity.
6. A sense of satisfaction from helping a person, people, or society as a whole.

Standing up to the boss

My husband finds it very difficult to assert himself. He is a wonderful man, but he just can't stand up to his boss or other domineering men. Could this possibly mean that my husband has homosexual tendencies or that he has trouble with his masculinity?

Your husband's actions have nothing to do with homosexual tendencies or with his masculinity. D[ifficulty] with self-assertion is comm[on] to both men and women and is o[ften] linked to poor self-esteem. M[en] (and women) who do not hav[e] high regard for themselves and t[heir] ideas will usually back down be[fore] a more self-assured adversary. M[ost] homosexuals, by the way, are s[elf]-assertive, and many decide[dly] heterosexual men are self-effa[cing] and compliant.

Height and marriage

My five-foot, two-inch daughte[r] marrying a man who is a full [inch] taller than she is. My grandmo[ther] always used to say that ideal m[ar]riage partners should be the s[ame] size. Is there any truth to this id[ea]

Absolutely none.

Parents and therapy

Is it true that everyone who un[der]goes psychoanalytic treatment wi[ll] up hating their parents?

Absolutely not. Psychoanaly[tic] treatment helps a person get in to[uch] with feelings she (or he) may h[ave] been repressing and hiding from [him]self for years. These feelings ma[y] may not include hostility tow[ard] parents. Becoming fully consc[ious] and aware of these hidden ho[stile] feelings helps to dissipate rage [and] guilt and may contribute to grea[ter] lief and a sense of well being. [Ex]ploration and insight into the or[igin] of these feelings results in gre[ater] compassion and understanding [of] oneself and one's parents, and ma[kes] for more constructive, fruitful c[om]munication with everyone. In m[any] cases, human beings can have [a] fruitful relationship with their p[ar]ents only after undergoing anal[ytic] treatment.

Tears for Mother

My mother passed away 11 years [ago] yet I still "tear-up" whenever [I] speak about her. Why?

Tears can indicate a range of e[mo]tion from gentle warmth to ov[er]deep grief. Because I do not k[now] you, I cannot say where, in [the] range, your emotions fall. Howe[ver] the more mature a person, the m[ore] readily he or she accepts death [as] a fact of life. I have found [that] those who were most dependent [on] their parents are those who gri[eve] the longest. If you are hindered [or] embarrassed by your tears, [you] might want to discuss the situat[ion] with a psychiatrist.

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin a[n]swers questions on your perso[nal] marriage, family, and emotio[nal] problems. The doctor is a w[ell] known psychoanalyst who practi[ces] in New York and is the author Lisa and David *and* The Thin Bo[ok] by a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist. *H[is] new book is* Emergency Room Di[ary] *(Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.). If y[ou] have questions for Dr. Rubin to a[n]swer in his column, please addr[ess] them to him in care of Ladies' Ho[me] Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., N[ew] York, N.Y. 10022. We regret t[hat] only letters selected for use in [the] column can be answered.*



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Pressure groups are constantly contacting their Congressional representatives to impede the passage of a reform bill. I urge all concerned citizens to give full backing to those of us who support meaningful and balanced strip mining legislation.

Women of the Month



Judianne Densen-Gerber, lawyer and psychiatrist, is founder of Odyssey House, about which she writes in "We Mainline Dreams."

Judianne Densen-Gerber, J.D., M.D., psychiatrist, at 38 is the founder, executive director, disciplined brain, and concerned heart of Odyssey House in New York, one of the nation's most successful drug long-term, and in-residential, it is psychiatrically oriented, as she puts it, "to make people feel relevant. We've made our young, our women, our minorities feel irrelevant. We must change this condition and feeling. They must be given the chance to control and optimize their own destiny via ample education, housing, food. Only then can they become self-concerned, outer-directed, able to understand the need to set a limit on their pleasure."

Why the name, "Odyssey"? From its definition—a journey of exploration. One such exploration is Odyssey's innovative "Parents' Program" for addict mothers (and in some cases, fathers) and their children, including born-addicted babies. Its goal is to salvage both generations of a family by teaching such addicts how to become loving (instead of neglecting or abusing) parents.

Married to Dr. Michael Baden, NYC's deputy chief medical examiner, Judianne is as proud of the Mrs. before her name as the J.D. (Doctor of Law) and M.D. (Doctor of Medicine) that come after. She explains, "I'm a wife first, a mother [of four] second, and a career woman third, and I believe the first and second make me a better third. We get turned on to each other—he, I, and the kids—and that's how we want it for the whole world."

Dixy Lee Ray of Tacoma, Wash., (Ph.D., Stanford U., Class of '45), is the first woman appointed Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. She is also the first woman named to a five-year term on the commission, of which she has been a member since August 1972. Asked how she felt about it all, Dr. Ray said, "When Mr. Nixon offered me the post last February, I was shocked, not because I'm not qualified—I am—but because I had been on the commission only six months. However, when the President asks you to do a job, you do it."

Before coming to Washington, D.C., Dr. Ray, 58, spent 27 years in the Dept. of Zoology at the U. of Washington (state). Simultaneously she served as director of the Pacific Science Center and advisor to museums and science councils.

We wondered if her chairmanship of the AEC triggered tempests in D.C. teapots and she said, "Probably, but I've been so busy trying to be sure that I understand thoroughly all the various things I need to know, that I've not had time to be concerned about my being a woman."



Dixy Lee Ray, Ph.D., is new head of the Atomic Energy Commission.

Party of the Month

Whether it's love or women's lib, more men are organizing and hosting parties, leaving their wives free to enjoy the fun. Two recent letters attest to this:

Mrs. Jean Kraus of Missouri writes: "We live in an ideal spot for block parties and the best one was completely organized and run by our husbands who astounded us with 'you do nothing except bring the kids about five o'clock.' By six o'clock over 50 people had gathered; kids of all ages played games, danced, and sang. Wives clustered together in a mixture of amazement and approval, while husbands tended babies, prepared dinner, and set picnic tables. The menu was simple but no one complained: baked beans, potato chips, tomatoes, hamburgers, hot dogs, and drinks. Our husbands even paid the teenagers to clean up and put the small fry to bed. We danced under the stars long into the summer night."

From Mrs. Patricia Donohue of N.Y.: "Recently our husbands (we are five couples who get together frequently) treated us to a *third annual gourmet dinner*, which they planned, cooked, and served. They even presented each of us with a corsage at cocktail time! This year's repast included several dishes new to our once-a-year chefs but they said, 'No problem, just took a little more preparation.' We had quiche Lorraine, filet mignon wrapped in bacon, baked potatoes with sour cream, broccoli with hollandaise sauce, salad, mocha torte, coffee, tea, and liqueurs. And guess what they hired someone to clean up!"

Spare-time Moneymaker



Gloria Goostray of Marlboro, Mass. paints mini-pictures, hand-decorates gift items, recipe holders, key boards, sconces.

Gloria Goostray's successful part-time business was born four years ago when a gift-shop owner admired one of her paintings and asked if she'd supply the shop with miniature paintings that could be sold to tourists. The tyro-artist was astounded and had to admit to a mere six weeks of art lessons! The offer remained firm, and Gloria accepted happily.

"We live in Marlboro, Mass., but that summer of '69 my husband, Donald, and I rented a beach cottage in Sandwich for our children (Gregory, now 7 and Linda, 4). While monitoring them and the house, I painted hundreds of miniatures, using picture post cards and color photos of the area as models," Gloria recalled.

The mini-paintings sold out as soon as they were shown in the shop and the satisfied owner asked Gloria to paint designs on other gift items as well—breadboards, napkin holders, wooden spoons, etc., and they all sold and sold and sold.

At summer's end, when the gift shop closed, a wholesale distributor invited Gloria to display her handiwork at the Boston Gift Show. "Naturally, I was thrilled," she said. "After the show there were so many orders to fill that for two years I painted, changed diapers; painted, cleaned house; painted, defrosted the frig . . . I worked myself into exhaustion. Then Donald, who is an industrial designer, suggested that I work on my own instead of filling orders for the distributor and he promised to help me. He did, too—many of the best-selling items are his ideas." It wasn't long before the Goostrays were supplying three shops in their hometown. Gloria told us, "These days Don works about 10 hours a week cutting and base-coat-painting items such as key-finders, breadboards, notepaper holders. We import several additional items, which are far too time-consuming for Donald to make. I work about 20 hours every week, more if necessary, to fill rush orders or to complete a design on a new gift idea. But we have a firm rule—weekends are for our children."

In 1972 the Goostrays grossed about $3,500. With expenses at $1,500, they made very little profit for all their work-hours. However, they enjoy working together, they're not complaining, and the money goes for extra family fun.

Our "How America Lives" pages are based entirely on letters from our readers. We welcome any and all suggestions you have. Address letters to the appropriate section: Family of the Month, Party of the Month, Spare-time Moneymaker, Women of the Month, Why Can't They?, and Baby of the Month. For the last, send us pictures of your baby, up to two years old, but please keep a duplicate since we cannot return pictures. We'll send an enlargement of all pictures we choose. Send letters to *Ladies' Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

Your roast is perfect. Should the glasses be spotty?

Get the Cascade look... virtually spotless.



Look... even clean water lets spots form.

You get a lot of pleasure out of preparing a lovely, elegant dinner. And you don't want spots on your family crystal to spoil the effect. That's why it's good to know about Cascade. Cascade's sheeting action fights drops of rinse water that could dry into dulling spots. You'll like the Cascade look... and so will your guests.

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JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER



The Journal Food Sampler reports the latest on the food scene. Recipes from readers, supermarket news, best buys. Enjoy it!

—Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor

RECIPE EXCHANGE



Sharon Lieber of Carteret, N. J., loves dessert; she developed this unusual recipe for lemon eggs to satisfy her exacting sweet tooth. Sometimes she amuses guests by serving the eggs in a gaily decorated egg carton.

SOUR LEMON EGGS

6 jumbo lemons
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
¾ cup sugar
6 drops yellow food coloring
¾ cup heavy cream, whipped
Mint leaves

Cut ½-inch caps off blossom end of lemons in a saw-tooth pattern; reserve caps. Carefully scoop out pulp of lemons into blender and liquefy. Strain and measure one cup of lemon juice. Set aside.



Attach foil collars around lemon shells. Set shells in an egg carton.

Soften gelatin in water. In a saucepan combine sugar and lemon juice. Bring to a boil. Remove from heat; add softened gelatin and food coloring. Cool mixture over cracked ice, stirring slowly until thick. Stir in whipped cream.

Fill shells with mixture about ½ inch over edge of shell. Chill 4 hours or overnight in refrigerator. Remove foil collars carefully. Top with lemon caps and mint leaves. Serves 6

• For our next recipe, some rich delicate cookies we think are an especially irresistible treat. Anyway, that's been the experience of the husband, children, and grandchildren of Mrs. Ernest Roeger of Oregon City, Oreg. (They've been known to polish off a batch in one sitting.) But we wouldn't have been able to share them with you if Mrs. Roeger hadn't translated her recipe for us. It comes from an old traditional Swedish cookbook.



FILBERT COOKIES

1 cup butter
⅓ cup sugar
1 egg yolk
1 teaspoon pure vanilla extract
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 cup ground filberts
Pinch salt
1 egg white
½ cup finely chopped filberts



Preheat oven to 350°.

Cream butter with ¼ cup sugar. Beat in egg yolk and vanilla. Stir in flour, 1 cup ground filberts, and salt.

On a lightly floured board, roll dough under fingers into sticks about ½-inch thick. Flatten with a knife until about ¾ inch wide. Brush with egg white. Cut into 2-inch lengths; dip cookie tops into remaining sugar combined with chopped filberts. Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Bake at 350° for 12-18 minutes. Cool 5 minutes, remove from cookie sheet. Makes 60 cookies.

Send us your favorite cookie recipe. We'll pay $50 for those we use. Include with recipe some mention of its origin; we reserve the right to alter recipes used; recipes submitted become the property of Downe Publishing, Inc. Entries must be postmarked by Sept. 30. Send: Recipe Exchange, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

ON THE AISLE

Forget you ever heard about the "dog days." August is a smashingly festive month, ushering in National Smile Week (Aug. 6-11), International Character Day (Aug. 8), Shape-up-with-Pickles Time (Aug. 23-Sept. 8), and the Louisiana Shrimp and Petroleum Festival—to name a few of the many good times we are determined to celebrate. In fact, there's so much going on in August we won't be spending too much time at the stove. One of our typical August supper menus goes something like this: • Open Turkey Sandwiches topped with French's new Gravy Makins Brown Gravy Mix (shamelessly easy to prepare [illegible] you just add boiling water); • Green Salad dressed with the most recent offering from Wishbone—Chunky Blue Cheese Dressing; • and for dessert, a cold sweet—Libby's new Fruit Treat. It's a canned pudding, not a drink, with real pieces of fruit (strawberry, raspberry, mandarin orange, pineapple, and peach). Just add milk. We'll take peach. • Other quickie menus come from McCormick and their new line of skillet dinners called Skillet Magic. We'd try Round-up Macaroni or Taco Macaroni Shells first. Add hamburger and water according to directions. In under 30 minutes, dinner is served.

Instant Gourmet. Good things now come in tubes—from a Swedish company, Reymersholm. So far, plain and flavored mayonnaise, salmon paté, and horseradish are available. You roll up a tube—just like toothpaste—squeeze out as much as you want, and recap. Handy for lunchboxes, picnics, camping. We'd love to have more things tubed. Mustard, ketchup—how about peanut butter?

FOOD OF THE MONTH

For August, the laziest month of the year, two idle considerations for an end-of-summer afternoon: Do I want a sun-warmed ripe juicy peach or a lightly chilled ripe juicy peach? Just plain peaches are always a welcome treat, but now that the height of the peach season is upon us, we're thinking up ways to savor this fuzzy golden fruit the Romans called "Persian Apple." The more practical uses of peaches are many and luscious: peach pie, peach shortcake, peach crisp, peach ice cream (your own homemade brand if you can manage it). But for a change, why not serve peaches with meat: our own Curried Peaches for example. In a two-quart casserole combine 6 cups sliced peaches; ½ cup snipped, pitted prunes; ¼ cup dark brown sugar; 3 Tb. each cider vinegar, butter, and pine nuts; ½ tsp. each curry powder and salt; ¼ tsp. allspice. Bake at 350° for 45 minutes.

We're peach stuffers from away back. Here's how—and why: Peel peaches (drop briefly in boiling water first), cut in half, remove pits, and fill with . . .

• Fresh berries, sprinkle on brown sugar, cover with meringue, bake at 450° 5-10 minutes till golden.

• grated sharp Cheddar. Bake or broil and serve with chicken salad.

• mint jelly as a go-with for lamb.

• for six halves, a mix of 3 Tb. crushed peppermint candy and 1 cup whipped cream. Treat.

• orange marmalade, bake at 400° 5 minutes, top with a marshmallow and bake 5 min. more. Dessert.



Photographs by Charles Gold

They say a woman thrives on change.
That's why you're always looking
for something new to do.
Something new to wear.
And something different for dinner.

It's a good day for Stouffer's.



Corn Soufflé.
Scalloped Potatoes. Broccoli au Gratin.
Three of 35 Stouffer's Frozen Prepared Foods.

Stouffer's

THE COAT SWEATER: FALL'S NEW SHOW-STOPPER

The coat sweater steals the limelight. Watch it play a leading role in the season's smash hit wardrobes. Michele Lee, also one of the year's big hits (she's star of the Broadway musical *Seesaw*) wears her rust-colored sweater non-stop with the wardrobe Journal Patterns Editor Nora O'Leary designed around it. Another unifying thread—the new fall earth colors.

1.



1. Michele, outside the new Uris theater, in a pleated plaid wool challis skirt and matching blouse with an added pussy-cat bow. Over it, the puffy-sleeved, giant-pocketed coat sweater. Blouse, Simplicity #5854. Golo shoes, Vuitton bag. (See page 138 to order directions for sweaters.)

2. Backstage, Michele [illegible] printed challis halter dress with the coat sweater over her shoulders. Simplicity #5675. K.J.L. necklace.

Photographs by Jerry Abramowitz. Backstage [illegible] wool challis fabric by Auburn. Shirt buttons [illegible] J.H.B.; Calderon belts.



2.



Alive with pleasure!

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After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

arning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
at Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



3.

4.

3. Relaxing in her dressing room, Michele wears Ultra Suede pants and a challis shirt in a graphic geometric print. The sweater shown up nearby on the back of a chair, Simplicity #5854. Far Eastern scarf.

4. At the stage door in a challis shirt dress. The [illegible] along over an arm. Simplicity #5394. Gucci bag. Delman shoes.

Just try sitting like this in your pants.

If they bunch, bind or bag, then you should try our pants. Pants That Fit.™ They're trim without being tight. So you can scrunch up. But they won't. Thanks to Perma-Prest® fabric of polyester doubleknit.

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And we have tops that really show their stripes, too.

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230870 * AL GREEN CALL ME

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229518 * HUMBLE PIE EAT IT Road Runner

229526 THE BEST OF BREAD If/Make It With You

229393 * JEFF BECK TIM BOGERT CARMINE APPICE Black Cat Moon

229195 * LORETTA LYNN Entertainer Of The Year

229310* CHARLIE McCOY GOOD TIME CHARLIE Orange Blossom Special

226431 CARLY SIMON NO SECRETS You're So Vain

224485 * The Edgar Winter Group THEY ONLY COME OUT AT NIGHT

187112 GERSHWIN'S Greatest Hits Rhapsody In Blue, etc.

227439 * TAMMY WYNETTE KIDS SAY THE DARNDEST THINGS

225862 THE MOODY BLUES SEVENTH SOJOURN Isn't Life Strange

230102 * DOBIE GRAY DRIFT AWAY

223123 * LIZA MINNELLI Liza with a "Z"

221887 * LAURA NYRO THE FIRST SONGS

220368 JOY Great Composers' Hits for the '70's

230912 PAUL SIMON There Goes Rhymin' Simon

230375 BILL WITHERS Live At Carnegie Hall

230839 * Sergio Mendes And Brazil '77 LOVE MUSIC

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228163 JUDY COLLINS True Stories And Other Dreams

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223420 BARBRA STREISAND Live Concert At The Forum

227074 (SOUNDTRACK) LOST HORIZON MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY Burt Bacharach

227793* ERIC CLAPTON Lovin' You Lovin' Me

225839* THE HOLLIES ROMANY

173674 BEETHOVEN'S GREATEST HITS

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222000 THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY AT HOME WITH THEIR GREATEST HITS

227892* BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS SEXTET "LIVE" IN COPENHAGEN

216341 THREE DOG NIGHT Seven Separate Fools

228585* SOUNDTRACK GODSPELL

212852 CAROLE KING MUSIC

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222356 RAY CONNIFF AND THE SINGERS Alone Again (Naturally)

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220038 * Ferrante & Teicher Play The Hit Themes

193748 * RAY PRICE For The Good Times

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230771* 230772 URIAH HEEP LIVE Easy Livin' COUNTS AS TWO

230904 * RAY CONIFF AND THE SINGERS YOU ARE THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE

229369* (SOUNDTRACK) JOHNNY CASH THE GOSPEL ROAD

230367* VICKI LAWRENCE THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN GEORGIA

226332-226333 NEIL DIAMOND HOT AUGUST NIGHT COUNTS AS TWO

187161 MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR GREATEST HITS, Vol. 3

219634 PETER NERO THE FIRST TIME EVER (I SAW YOUR FACE)

227447* THE BEST OF MOUNTAIN

228270* (SOUNDTRACK) LAST TANGO IN PARIS

222919 ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK IN TIME

227454* LYNN ANDERSON KEEP ME IN MIND

207662 Everything You Always Wante To Hear On The Moog

228288* THE BUDDY MILES BAND CHAPTER VII L.A. Resurrection

224295* LOGGINS AND MESSINA Your Mama Don't Dance

216655 JOHNNY MATHIS All-Time Greatest Hits

223230* GROVER WASHINGTON, JR. ALL THE KING'S HORSES

185843 HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS GREATEST HITS

223107 * BERT KAEMPFERT Greatest Hits—Vol. 2

221176 ELTON JOHN HONKY CHATEAU

204743 * BOOTS RANDOLPH Homer Louis Randolph, III

217851* JERRY LEE LEWIS The "Killer" Rocks On

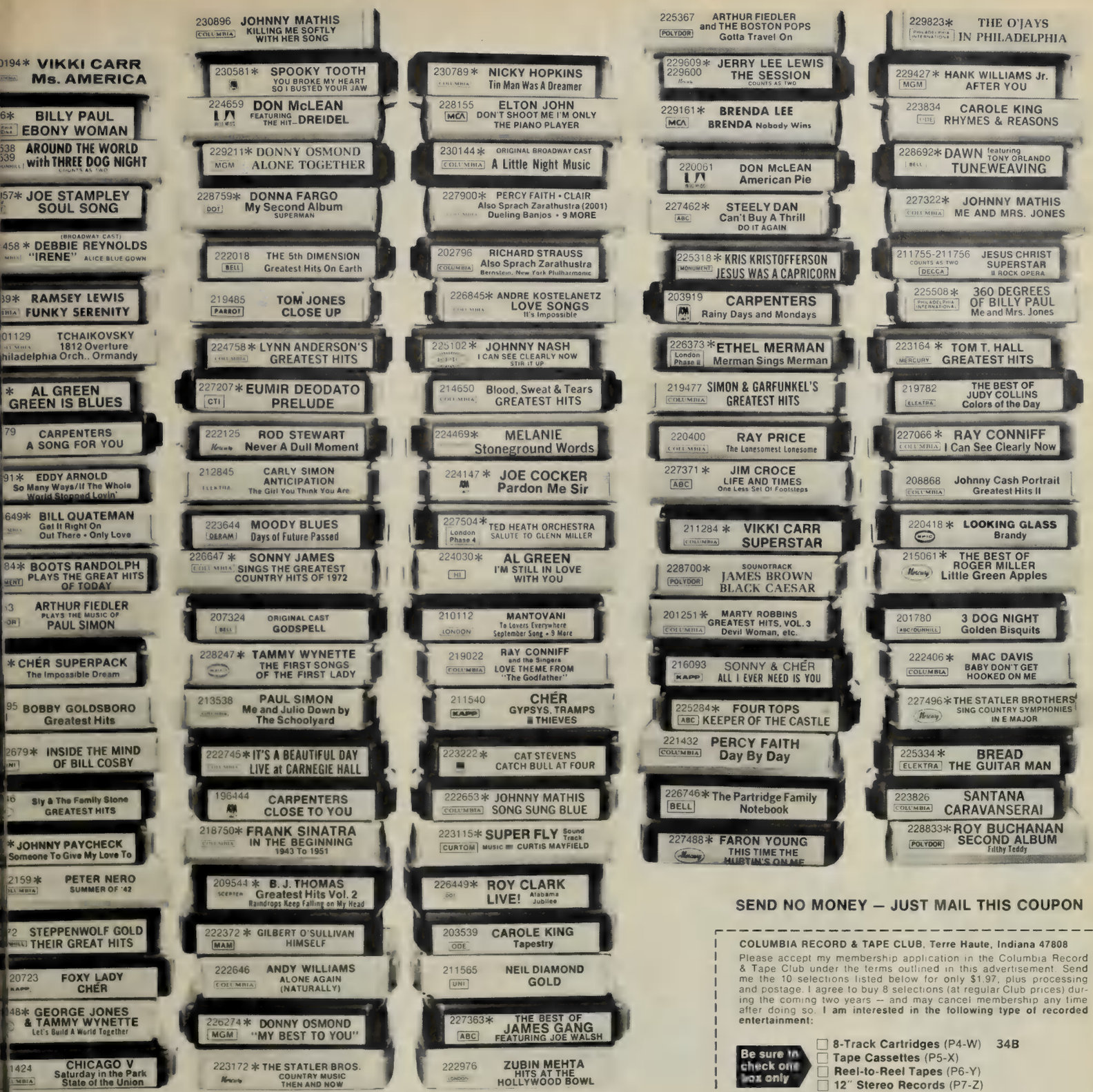
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You agree to buy just eight more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years — and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment . . . the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes, $6.98; reel tapes, $7.98; records, $4.98 or $5.98 . . . plus a processing and postage charge. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the regular selection for each musical interest . . . plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. (Since you'll receive 13 informative magazines a year, you'll always be up-to-date on the most current hits.)

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. . . **if you want only the regular selection** for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically (naturally, you may return the regular selection at our expense and for full credit if you did not have at least ten days in which to decide)

. . . **if you want any of the other selections offered,** just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified

. . . **and about four times a year,** we will also offer special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices), which you may reject by mailing the special dated form provided . . . or accept by doing nothing.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement — a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. Don't delay, act now!

Columbia House
Terre Haute Indiana 47808

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Send these 10 selections

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only):
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☐ **Easy Listening 2** ☐ **Teen Hits 7** ☐ **Classical 1** ☐ **Country 8**

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Paradise Kittens easy on a lady's feet because they're made to breathe and arch and bend and stretch and coddle every step. Easy on the lady's mind because they have the look of now but with that lovely classic restraint that says so much about good taste.

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PET JOURNAL

The games people play have a lot in common with the games pets play—and probably for the very same reasons: to win love, attention, and status.

Every morning our rolled-up newspaper was tossed into our driveway—sometimes a long way away from the house. One day I decided to teach our collie, Happy, to retrieve it. For a week I stuffed Happy's reluctant mouth with the newspaper and praised him when he made it to the door. Then, one morning, I found Happy on the porch. Behind him were masses of newspapers—he'd retrieved every one on the street!

We *had* to redeliver those papers, replacing one in each driveway for as long as they lasted. We missed one drive, and there we met a gentleman combing the shrubbery for his paper. I picked up one we'd just dropped at his neighbor's and pushed it into the amazed gentleman's hands. Then I turned and raced Happy home!—*Mrs. Louise Kelley, Knoxville, Tenn.*

I'll never forget the night my dad and Esmaralda, the hen, began their strange relationship. We were all asleep when a great clamor arose in the hen house. My dad grabbed a flashlight and hurried out. However, when Dad turned it on the chicken roosts he saw that one hen was causing all the commotion! The noisy creature dashed across the hen-house floor and attempted a flying leap up to the nesting place. She missed, and the egg dropped and smashed. Esmaralda just sat there, dazed. Dad picked her up gently and set her back on the roost.

When I returned later in the year, I asked about Esmaralda. "Fortunately she doesn't lay every night," Mom explained, "but when she needs to, she sits and squawks until your father picks her off the roost and carries her to the nest. Then Dad has to wait for the egg to be laid. If he tries to get away before she's ready, Esmaralda sets up a terrible ruckus. Thank goodness she has a short laying season!"—*V. H. Scott, Petaluma, Calif.*

Whiskers, a yellow tomcat, was a frequent vacation-time guest. Our own cats like visitors, but Whiskers felt quite different about it when another cat, Holly, also came visiting.

Holly was frightened and needed lots of attention, which we gave h By the second day of her visit Wh kers began to droop. He ate well, l he didn't bounce up on chairs or bles. He'd just stand beside a chos piece of furniture as if he were ab to have a sinking spell, and whi per softly. We lifted him up and t him down but he still sat hunch up and sad-eyed. A day later he veloped a limp. Because he had h a kidney infection, we hurried Wh kers to the veterinarian. Nothi amiss. Back in our home ag Whiskers continued to pine wh Holly settled down quietly. Hol visit finally ended and Whisk watched her departure. Smugly, then leaped to the floor and began play with a catnip mouse; he frisk about like a kitten—and managed make it to the top of the refrigera in one vault. It didn't take a gen to figure out his ailment—"Hol itis!"—*Pauline L. Jensen, Min apolis, Minn.*

One day when I was playing s taire I noticed Sam, my white gora Manx, watching me. Every ti I shuffled the cards he leaped up the air. I didn't quite know what make of this until I tossed a ca and he caught it. Realizing then t his card-catching could be the ba of a trick, I went to work with S and in a week he learned to cat card and bring it to me, in exch for lots of praise.

The next time my card-pl group arrived, Sam didn't curl my feet as usual; he insisted ting on my lap. When the were shuffled for the first Sam's eyes riveted on them; were being dealt, his head dart from player to player in anticip tion. Suddenly he jumped on t table, caught the card being dea stalked back to where I was sittin and proudly deposited it in front me. Everyone laughed and applau ed. I petted Sam, talked to him, a put him down. He let us alone about an hour, then hopped ba into my lap, making it clear that was now ready for *his* turn. Anyo want a partner for solitaire?—*Sus Victoria Keick, New York, N.Y.*

Send your anecdotes (500 less), along with your nam and telephone number, t nal, Ladies' Home Journ ington Ave., New York, N Send pictures only if you them returned.

"I'm shocked, he likes it."



Mrs. Dianne Fuchs



"Does he like canned dog food?"
"Very much."



"Have you ever tried Cheese Flavor Gaines·burgers?"
"No."



"He likes it. I never thought he would eat it."

We went to Boston to prove dogs who like canned dog food will like Cheese Flavor Gaines·burgers. We fed Cheese Flavor Gaines·burgers to dogs who eat canned dog food. Did they like Cheese Flavor Gaines·burgers? Dianne Fuchs' reaction was typical of most of the dog owners we spoke with.

More dogs and their owners discover dogs who like canned dog food like Cheese Flavor Gaines·burgers.®



Gaines·burgers. The canned dog food without the can. In beef or cheese flavor.

When you're ready for contraceptive protection...



so is this applicator

Emko®
Pre-fil
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Pre-fill the applicator up to a week in advance and store it within easy reach. Apply in seconds...instant protection. No delays to mar the mood or tempt you to skip. Dainty, natural feeling. No hormones. Highly effective. Recommended by physicians. PRE-FIL is so safe and simple to use you can buy it at drug departments without prescription.



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A DOCTOR'S ONE EASY EXERCISE TO CURE YOUR ACHING BACK

Dr. Alec Thompson, a Los Angeles osteopath, has found a way to help his backache patients help themselves. For years, people suffering from a displaced sacroiliac hesitated to stray too far from his office lest trouble recur when help was unavailable. But now Dr. Thompson has devised a simple, effective exercise that patients can perform any time, any place, to rid themselves of debilitating back pain.

By Dr. Alec Thompson and Jess Stearn

To relieve backache caused by a displaced sacroiliac, lie on floor and grasp right ankle with left hand (or left ankle with right hand) as shown in Figure 1. Grasp back of knee with other hand. With heel turned in over groin, pull ankle and knee gently and evenly toward chest. (Figure 1A)

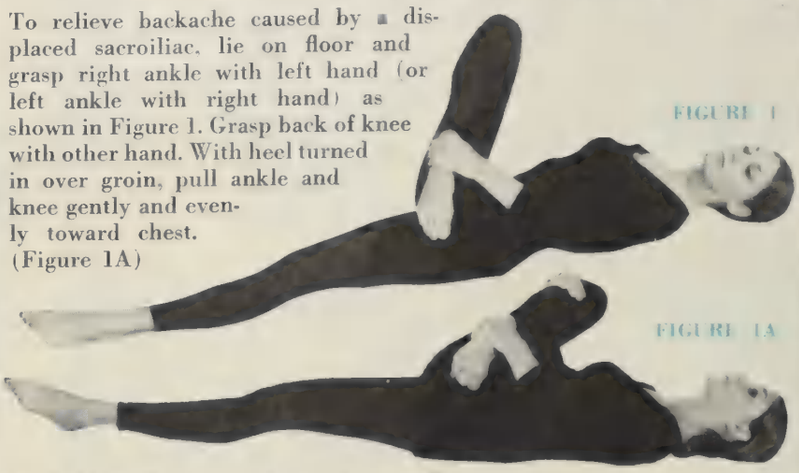


FIGURE 1

FIGURE 1A

By holding this corrective position, the displaced ilium, or hipbone, is rotated back into proper alignment with the sacrum. The exercise can also be performed while sitting (see Figure 2) or standing, as shown in Figure 3. Since generalized lower back pain can make it difficult to determine which hipbone is actually displaced, it is often wise to repeat the maneuver with both legs. The exercise is perfectly safe, even to a healthy back, and can be performed as often as desired without fear of strain or injury.

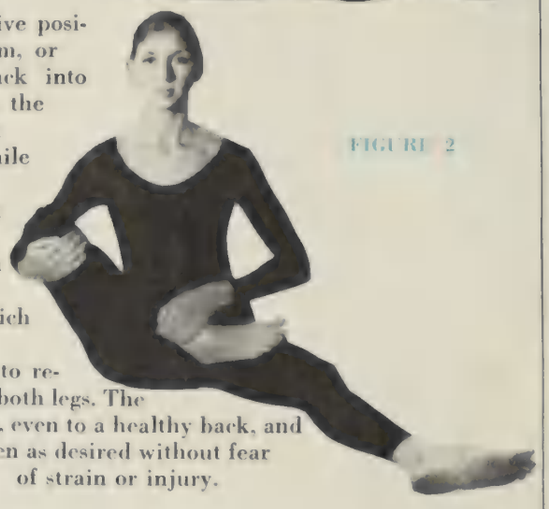


FIGURE 2



FIGURE 3

The longer the sacroiliac displacement goes untreated, the more unstable the joint will become. Then, even when it is finally corrected, the ilium may habitually slip back into its now familiar displaced position. To counteract this problem, the muscles and ligaments that hold the sacroiliac in place must be strengthened and retrained. At first, Dr. Thompson says, it may be necessary to repeat the exercise as often as 20 times a day. This number can be decreased as the muscles strengthen and the joint regains its stability. Once the discomfort disappears, the exercise can be used to prevent back problems from ever returning. **END**

Copyright © 1973 by Alec Thompson and Jess Stearn. From their book, "Dr. Thompson's New Way to Cure Your Aching Back," to be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

RALPH NADER

continued from page 67

states that because of a strong p sibility of cancer in offspring, "i probably unwise to continue pr nancy" if DES is not effective. T form also states that the long-te and some of the short-term effe of the pill are not known, and t the use of well-studied methods birth control is preferable.

These surveys were taken wh the pill was still under investigati *before* it was approved by the FD and while it merited the closest v ilance from doctors. The strong p sibility is that if doctors failed to precautions when the pill was approved, they will be even less clined to do so now—unless wom themselves demand it.

Here is what you can do to p tect yourself:

1. Find out whether the "mo ing-after pill" is available in y community. Check with camp health services, medical clinics, a your local medical association.

2. If it is being prescribed, det mine what precautionary measu are taken, if any, and how they enforced. (If doctors are given option of handing out a fact she are they actually doing it?)

3. Are doctors giving women information about the pill? Dr. S ney Wolfe of the Health Resea Group recommends that before prescription for the "morning-af pill" is ordered each patient sho be given a fact sheet to inform that:

- DES has not proven 100 p cent effective in preventing pr nancy.
- DES has been found to ca cancer in the female children some women who have taken it.
- Your doctor should determ as nearly as possible whether y are already pregnant (*prior* to t intercourse for which the pill wo be taken).
- If you have ever had breast genital cancer, you should not t this drug.
- If there is a history of breast genital cancer in your family, risk to you is increased.
- Your risk is probably highe you have been exposed to other trogens, such as birth-control pi
- DES should not be used a routine form of birth control. If y have taken it once, do not take again.

4. Follow-up of each patient t ing DES should be mandatory, a the option of an abortion offered a woman does become pregnant.

Women who consider the risks great for any of these reasons m prefer to wait and see whether th are pregnant and then consider abortion. The crucial point is th women should be informed of t facts and the risks so that they c become part of the decision-maki process on what affects them. **EN**

If you have any information abo the use of DES in your communit the Health Research Group wou like to hear from you. Write to D Sidney Wolfe, Health Researc Group, 2000 "P" St. N.W., Was ington D.C. 20036.



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FILTER: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.







BRINGING UP CHILDREN

BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

At age four, your child is learning to identify strongly with both mother and father. What happens if the child's parents are at odds about basic beliefs?

Four-year-old Joyce has become a very difficult little girl, her mother reported to our child-rearing discussion group. Her behavior has gotten way out of bounds: one night she got out of bed, went into the kitchen cupboard, helped herself to some popcorn, and then doused it with baby lotion. As Joyce explained later to her mother, popcorn needs oil to pop. Another night she ransacked the bathroom and ravaged the medicine cabinet. By the time her mother got to the scene, Joyce had not only given her dolls a head-to-toe treatment with a heavy layer of Vaseline, but much more seriously, she had begun to chew on some potentially dangerous drugs.

During the day Joyce is at it, too. Once she persuaded her mother to let her cut shapes out of paper. During her mother's absence Joyce used the scissors to give her 15-month-old brother an impromptu haircut and was busily trimming his eyelashes when the mother returned. Upset by this incident, Joyce's mother forbade further use of scissors. Crayons had already been put on the taboo list some weeks before, since Joyce permanently marred the dining room wallpaper.

Joyce's disruptive behavior extends to her nursery school; every day she bursts wildly into the room, announces loudly to the teacher, "I'm back!", throws her coat on the floor, then starts to run about and play in a disorganized fashion. Even as a baby, Joyce was very active, but until fairly recently her energy could be channeled into acceptable activities. Now Joyce doesn't seem to care whether her behavior is acceptable to anyone.

Joyce's mother knows that such "naughty" behavior is fairly typical at age four, so she is trying hard not to let herself be provoked. But she'd like to understand what is going on inside the child.

When her mother asks Joyce, "Why did you do such a thing?" Joyce will reply, "Because I felt like it." If the mother pushes the question further, and asks, "Why did you feel like it?" then Joyce will answer, "I don't know." Sometimes the mother has suggested, "Do you like to do these things because Mommy doesn't like you to?" Then Joyce replies, "No," but immediately follows up her answer with giggles. The mother takes this to mean that Joyce probably *does* things because she knows her mommy disapproves of them.

On the other hand, the mother continued, Joyce also seems very interested in imitating Mommy. She treats her large baby-doll with a great deal of love, and she's very much interested in her baby brother.

From this mother's story, it is hard to ascertain whether her daughter was seriously upset or merely an unusually active and exploratory child. Her pranks are as ingenious as they are aggravating. And her escapades with her brother seem to reflect rather typical sibling rivalry—she resents his demands for Mommy's attention, while also enjoying the pretense that he is her baby and she is the good mother. Still, pulling the baby's hair and eyelashes is quite an aggressive and potentially dangerous activity; so is taking pills from the medicine cabinet.

The mother added that sometimes Joyce is quite rough with her brother, and that lately she's been defiant about it. She'll give him a hit when no one is looking; or when he squawks and the mother asks why, Joyce will say, "I didn't know. I didn't hit him." If the mother pursues the subject and asks, "Joyce, why did you hit him?" the girl will reply, defiantly, "I just like it." Thus by her own admission Joyce establishes that her first claim of innocence was false. The mother reminds Joyce that it is wrong to hit her brother—or anyone else. To which Joyce almost always responds, "I can do what I want."

I asked how Joyce's parents reacted to these statements, and to Joyce's behavior in such situations. The standard punishment for naughty behavior, the mother said, was to isolate Joyce in her room—to give her

---

Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, one of the world's most distinguished child psychologists, recently retired after 28 years as Professor of Psychology and Psychiatry at the University of Chicago. He is Director of the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School for chronically disturbed children, and has written many books about children—their psychological development and problems.

opportunity to think about what e's done. Before Joyce goes off to her om, her mother will make it clear nat she is angry about. Joyce doesn't em to mind being spanked, but she esn't like being sent to her room at l. She can't stand to be without other ople around. She doesn't like to go to d alone at night—it seems that she s some sort of fear that she won't appear in the morning. This fear minds her mother of Joyce's habit announcing herself to her nursery hool teacher every morning—as e has for over a year.

In addition, the mother said, Joyce so has a frantic need to play hide- d-seek with her mother every morn- g. It is almost a mania; her first sponse on being awakened, or on be- g told that she can leave her room er being put there as a punishment, to implore her mother for a game hide-and-seek. Her insistence is so ense that it is impossible to disre- rd. But while Joyce likes to hide, e cannot tolerate being hidden; she ems to get panicky and to feel that e must be found immediately. The me situation applies when the mother les; Joyce cannot search for even a nute without becoming frantic.

This mother rightly saw insecurity hind Joyce's daily need to announce rself to her nursery school teacher d her incessant clamor to be "found" hiding games; Joyce's sense of iden- y seems pretty precarious. Witness w easily it can be shaken by a few oments' isolation in her room. On other hand, Joyce's blithe state- nt, "I can do what I want," is at st on the surface a strong self-asser- n. It was a contradiction that had to resolved to understand what dis- bed the child. So I asked this moth- if there were other factors in the me life which might be affecting yce.

Yes, the mother replied, for several ars, she and her husband had been ving problems in their marriage, and had just filed for a divorce. In the t few months particularly, her hus- nd has not been at home. He seems rdly able to remember that he has a e and family. His isolation from the of the family is so clear that the ldren cannot help but notice it, and those few occasions when he does y with the children he's so rough l aggressive that he soon has them ears.

Joyce's mother has tried to keep ir marital difficulties from imping- on the children's lives, but she ows that Joyce senses something. e other day in the nursery school -pool, the children were talking ut their fathers. One of them said, y daddy goes to school"; and Joyce oped up with, "My daddy is a pes- —he bothers everybody all day g."

This seemed a fascinating remark me; first, Joyce was indicating that felt that her father had a most tating impact on her life; second, was expressing a great fantasy h that he was home all day long— posed to the reality. Here was a d explanation for a little girl who aks in "contraries": contrary to the ts of his behavior, Joyce wants a ner to be home and to be an integral t of her family life.

It seems obvious that Joyce knows re about what's going on in her home than her mother has given her credit for. Thus the child's behavior becomes less mysterious; her "I can do what I want to" is a direct copy of her father's attitude. He does exactly what he wants with complete disregard for the wishes and needs of his family. At age four, Joyce is in the midst of the so-called "Oedipal stage," which is characterized by the child's trying to form her own personality by harmonizing her identification with both parents—a difficult task at best. If things are as they should be, the little girl's desire to remain identified with her mother now becomes enriched by her strong attachment to her father, whom she sees in a much idealized fashion.

But what a problem all this poses to Joyce! Her parents, instead of working together, actually fight over their deep convictions; as far as behavior is concerned, they openly pull apart. So Joyce cannot harmonize the two identifications with father and mother and integrate them into her personality. But if there *are* two parents in the home, the child's identity has to be built up out of identifying with both in some fashion. As a result, Joyce struggles to make sure of her identity through the hide-and-seek games, and reflects her despair of achieving this integration by speaking and acting in contrary ways. *(continued on page 77)*





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AMY VANDERBILT

Gift for a Third Marriage

Two of my nephews have been married twice, and a third is about to be married for the third time. We have received formal invitations for each of these seven weddings. We have always sent presents while declining the reception invitations. When can we draw the line?

You have been very generous with your gifts. Actually, you should not have been expected to give any after the first wedding in each case. When one attends a wedding reception a gift is usually expected, but when one regrets the sending of a gift is optional. Let's hope the marriages begin to take.

Damaged Gift

We received an expensive gift from a friend. It was sent from the manufacturer and was defective. What should we do?

The best way to handle this is to write to the company producing the product, preferably to the president. They will probably make good. If they won't, then by all means tell your friend as tactfully as you can. If a replacement is made and is still not satisfactory, mention this to your friend at a later date, to prevent her from ordering from this company again.

Handling Insults

My hostess at a dinner party told me that my pointed-toe shoes were out of style. I explained that they matched my coat. Then she said my coat was also "out." The argument became hostile. Do I owe her an apology or should I drop the matter?

Your hostess's behavior was indefensible. Drop the matter and consider dropping her.

The Bride Entertains

We have been married a few months and are living in a small apartment. Would it be ostentatious for me to use my fine china and crystal when I entertain?

I see no reason why you cannot use all your best things in the apartment that you have. Learn to care for them and you will have them all the rest of your married life.

Correspondence

At what age should a young girl's letters be addressed "Miss"? Our son calls me "Mom" and his wife calls me by my first name. How should I sign my letters to them?

Letters to girls should include the title, Miss, from birth.

In my family I have solved your second problem by signing my mail to my sons and their wives simply, "Me." My daughters-in-law call me by my first name—and my sons also call me Mom. I would be interested in hearing from other readers who have solved this problem differently.

Elopement

Should we give a shower or other party for a girl who has eloped?

A retroactive shower is not usually given, but any party—such as a cocktail party, buffet supper, or brunch—could be given to welcome the couple home. Elopers should not expect wedding presents, either, but of course many of their friends and relatives do send them—especially if they are happy about the marriage.

Old Wedding Picture

I have a beautiful wedding portrait of myself from my first marriage. I would like to hang it in the living room of the house my new husband and I have just built. He thinks it should be in the bedroom. What do you think?

Can't you just wrap it up and store it in the attic? I can't imagine that your second husband would be particularly happy to view you as his predecessor's bride—no matter where you hung the painting. If it is hung at all, I would certainly suggest that you not hang it in the living room. But I can't see that the bedroom is any better.

Cash Bar

I frequently attend social functions that have cash bars. Men will ask me to dance, then sit at my table to talk, but they seldom buy me a drink. What should I do?

The "cash bar" is new to me. I think I would say, "If you will excuse me, I think I'll go get myself a drink." Then, if he didn't get the idea, I would proceed to do exactly that.

Entering a Taxi

When a gentleman holds a taxi door open for a lady, she has to slide across the seat. If he enters first, she is left standing in the street. What is the proper procedure?

If for some reason a woman cannot slide over—perhaps because she is wearing a long dress or is less than agile—she may certainly say, "Will you please enter first?" After she is seated, the man then reaches over and closes the door if there is no one else to do so.

Piano Decoration

What is the proper way to decorate the top of a piano?

A piano that is used by a soloist must have the lid up; thus nothing can be placed on the top. Ordinarily, however, flowers or photographs are quite usual, particularly on grand pianos. Toscanini, for example, had many photographs and drawings of composers on his. Today, draping a piano with a Spanish shawl would be considered old-fashioned, although a protective runner or mats might be needed.

Wooden Salad Bowls

My china, a mosaic pattern, is predominantly brown, and my stemware has a brown tone. Is it appropriate to use wooden salad bowls with it?

Unless the china is very fine and expensive porcelain, I see no objection to using wooden salad bowls, preferably well-finished ones. Alternatively, you could use dessert plates, either bowl-shaped or the flat kind, for salad.

Sexton's Duties

You recently advised a bride to discuss a question about her wedding with the sexton of her church. I thought that the sexton was the church custodian, not the person to give advice on church procedure.

You are quite right. I was thinking of sextons in big-city churches, who may be called upon for technical supervision of large weddings, funerals, and so forth. In other churches the clergyman is the person to consult concerning procedures.

Reader's Help

You said recently that a couple shouldn't give up their bedroom to guests even if the guests had to sleep on the floor. I would never ask a guest to sleep on the floor. My dog sleep on the floor! Some friends travel hundreds of miles to visit us. We feel they should have real rest, especially before driving home. What if elderly grandparents visit?

I still feel a couple's bedroom should be inviolate. Ask any husband how he would like to give up his bedroom every time guests come. I'd like to hear more readers' thoughts on this subject, however

END

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers and answers them in this column as space permits.
Now ready for JOURNAL *readers Miss Vanderbilt's new booklet "Large Parties" (open houses, anniversaries, house warmings, showers). Also "Letter Writing," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," and "Table Manners." Send 75¢ in coin for each booklet to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*

If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Angie Dickinson won't brush with anything else?

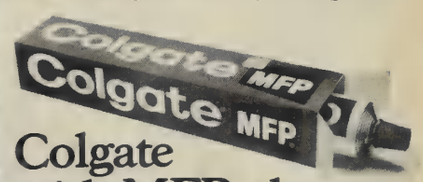


For some actresses, life is only real when a director calls, "Action." For Angie Dickinson, blessed with family and rich with friends, life is truly meaningful when she's with the people she cares most about.

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SYLVIA PORTER

SPENDING YOUR MONEY

Student Loans

Do you have to be a full-time student at a four-year college in order to qualify for a low cost Federally guaranteed student loan?

You need *not* be a full-time student to qualify for these loans in most states—although some states do have such a requirement.

Most important, eligible educational institutions not only include regular colleges and universities, but *many vocational, technical, business, trade and correspondence schools—and some foreign schools as well.* In all, some 8,300 schools, colleges, and universities are in the program.

Financial Supermarkets

Why is it that I hear so much about the development of the "one-stop financial supermarket" but find it so difficult to find one? What I'm looking for (and willing to pay for) is truly professional, high-caliber assistance in one place on all the services we need: investment advice on stocks, bonds, mutual funds, other mediums; guidance on a sound overall insurance program; help in filling out our income tax; assistance in planning for retirement and estate taxes; even ordinary bill paying. Why can't this be developed in the U.S.?

The key stumbling block is the need for truly high-caliber professional experts. "Supermarkets" such as those you are looking for can come into existence only when they are staffed by experts trained in each area, capable of giving you the assistance you want and guiding you, the individual. While we have independent experts in each area, bringing them together in a constructive, profitable arrangement is extremely difficult.

Another stumbling block is the establishment of standards for such a group: imperative if the public is to be protected. Several organizations are now at work to develop a professional category named "financial planner," and this should be a reality by the end of the 1970's.

Meanwhile, though, all over the country new organizations are springing up to service the overall financial needs of individuals on a completely different basis. Their business takes an entirely new approach to the financial supermarket concept. These firms provide a broad range of financial counsel and advice to their clients, but t *don't* offer any products.

What they do is analyze an dividual's needs for insurance, s ings, stocks, bonds, mutual fur plan tax and estate strategy; then come up with an integra package of recommendations tou ing on almost every aspect of client's financial needs. But t work generally stops at this poin the client wants to follow the fi recommendations, he does it thro his own broker, insurance ag banker, accountant, and lawye

The financial planning organ tion gets a fee for the master fi cial program it presents and doe try to make any commissions f the stocks or mutual funds the cli buys or from legal or accounting the client pays to implement recommendations on estate pl ning and tax strategy.

So far, only a handful of organ tions provide such services, and t fees are steep. It is not unusual a plan tailored to an individu requirements and needs to \$2,000–\$4,000. As a result, most tomers for this service are wealt in many cases corporations pay costs of such programs for t executives and consider it an a tional fringe benefit. Howe these new-breed financial plann organizations are working on w to cut the cost of their services they can serve the needs of the m millions of you who need pro sional help but can't pay such s gering fees.

On one side, there is mount interest by major financial inst tions in developing financial su markets. On the other, there is growth of professional finan planning firms offering compreh sive financial programs. Betw these, it seems clear that the pro sional assistance and variety o nancial services available to you the future will be vastly superio any existing today.

Working Women

A friend and I (we're both coll educated suburban housewiv were having a discussion rece about why so many women in

Miss Porter welcomes questi from readers. Those of general in est will be answered in this colu as space permits.

itions go into full-time paying jobs. as contending that the big reason to supplement the husband's in-ne, but my friend feels that the in force pushing women to go to k is their own capability of earning ney by doing so. Which way do you e?

vote with both of you. And to back all three of us, a report on moti-ions of working wives published year by the National Bureau of nomic Research found the drawing er of a woman's own "market wage " was a good deal stronger than her ination to go to work to increase the ily's total income.

od and the Single Girl

eems to me that food processors packagers deliberately discrimi-e against the single girl. I frequently e to buy much more of an item than ant, and as a result I waste more n I should. Just the packaging of I must buy unfairly increases my of living. Isn't this true?

. Studies by the U.S. Department Agriculture confirm your suspicion t single people pay more for their l than large families. Here are the res to show just how much more ller householders pay for the same . Department of Agriculture's ketbasket:

here are this many your household	*You pay this much more for food*
One	11%
Two	7%
Three	6%
Four	3%
Five	2%

ssian Cost of Living

v that we are developing a closer tionship between the U.S. and sia, I'm curious about Russian ng standards. I assume that they much lower than in the U.S., but you have any exact documentation rove it?

sian living standards have im-ved in recent years, but they're still h lower than those of an average . worker, even in such a high-cost as New York. Russian citizens te enormous amounts of time mere-tanding in queues to buy goods in es. Housing is scarce and dreadful-cramped. Services are inadequate ss the board.

he best way to give you the docu-ntation you seek is through a sim-comparison of the work time Rus-s and Americans must put in to equivalent things. (The figures dated 1970, but the comparisons as valid today as then.)

	Moscow	*New York*
d. lb.	17 min.	5.4 min.
, lb.	62.6 min.	18.7 min.
er, lb.	140 min.	16.4 min.
r, lb.	40.3 min.	2.5 min.
, qt.	24 min.	5.6 min.
s, doz.	92.6 min.	12.2 min.
's shirt	11.4 hrs.	1.7 hrs.
's suit	157 hrs.	26.3 hrs.
aan's dress	42 hrs.	5.6 hrs.
	16.3 min.	2.0 min.
ka, fifth	6.6 hrs.	1.36 hrs.

recognized Household

ve just set up housekeeping with ther person in as close a relation-as any marriage. The only dif-nce is that the other person is the

(continued on page 77)

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4Seasons Woman

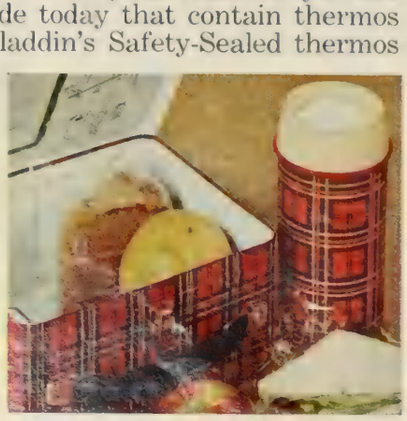
Only Aladdin makes a thermos bottle for children.



Nothing keeps things as hot or cold as a glass vacuum insulated container . . . in other words, a thermos bottle! Foam insulated bottles are not thermos bottles, not even when they bear the Thermos brand name.

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For your child's sake, be sure it's an Aladdin.



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RALPH NADER REPORTS

There is much controversy about the "morning-after pill," a large dose of the synthetic female hormone DES, which is kno to cause cancer in animals. Should women take this drug?

Many doctors are prescribing a new drug to prevent pregnancy, the "morning-after pill." Should you be concerned about this new form of birth control? Should you take it?

First, you should be very concerned. The "morning-after pill" is actually a massive dose of DES, a synthetic female hormone (estrogen) long known to cause cancer in animals and recently banned as a food additive in beef cattle. More recently, DES has been linked to cancer in human beings. In April 1971, Dr. Arthur Herbst, a Boston physician, reported in the *New England Journal* that seven young women developed vaginal or cervical cancer as a result of ingestion of DES by their mothers, who took it while they were pregnant. There are now well over 100 such cases reported. These mothers were among tens of thousands of women who were given DES during the 1940's and 1950's, usually over a period of three months in early pregnancy, because doctors then believed the drug could prevent miscarriage. Belatedly DES was found ineffective for that purpose and in 1971 the Food and Drug Administration warned doctors not to give it to pregnant women.

Now DES is becoming increasingly popular as a "morning-after pill." Doctors have found that when taken within 72 hours after intercourse, in doses of 25 milligrams twice a day for five days, DES is highly effective in preventing pregnancy. "Most" university health services prescribe it, according to an official in the Center for Population Research of the National Institutes of Health. And sales of the drug have significantly increased over the past few years.

Researchers report that the effectiveness of the "morning-after pill" may be as high as 95 percent. One of them, Dr. John Morris, reported in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* in January, 1973, that of 9,000 women given the pill after intercourse only 29 became pregnant. (This failure rate is actually higher than it may seem, since by estimate only 360 of these women would have become pregnant anyway.)

The effectiveness of the "morning-after pill" also depends, of course, on whether a woman ta the correct dosage. Because the can cause violent nausea, a wom so affected might stop the medi tion before taking the full course which case she might become pr nant.

Is the pill safe? Doctors who p scribe it generally say that it has been proved *unsafe*. They note t as a "morning-after pill" DES given for a short period of time in relatively small doses. (A d dose of the pill is 50 milligra about 500 times the amount of trogen the body produces in a da However, the Herbst report in cates that even this dosage can dangerous to a female child if woman does become pregnant. one case of cancer in the daugh of a woman who took DES to p vent miscarriage, the mother h only taken the drug for ten days. another, the mother had tak amounts of only 1.5 milligrams day. The "morning-after pill," th is not safe if a woman finds that is pregnant after taking it.

There is no data to show that "morning-after pill" causes can in the woman who takes it. On other hand, as Dr. Herbst not "We do not have enough data knowledge at the present time to s what the smallest dose or the sho est duration of exposure to this d is that could cause trouble." If D causes a more common type of c cer such as breast cancer (vagi cancer in young women is very usual), it is unlikely that conclus human evidence will ever be av able. Certain conditions enhance chances of cancer developing: example, if your family has a hist of breast or genital cancer, expos to DES would increase an alrea indicated risk and you should pr ably not take the "morning-af pill." Further, it is known t

Ralph Nader is America's forem consumer defender. He is credit with the passage of at least six ma laws that imposed new Federal sa ty standards on cars, meat and po try products, coal mining, gas pi lines, and radiation from electro devices. In 1970 Nader founded t Public Interest Research Gro which investigates and research consumer issues.

xposure to estrogen in birth-control pills over a period of time can ause serious side-effects in some vomen. Thus the additional expoure from the "morning-after pill" which roughly equals ten months f birth-control pills) can increase he risk of cancer and other sideffects for women who have already ad considerable exposure to estroen in other forms.

Lack of hard data to prove that he "morning-after pill" is safe aused an FDA advisory committee few years ago to recommend gainst approving it. Last May, the dvisory committee reversed itself nd the FDA has now approved the ill "as an emergency treatment nly." The FDA has notified physiians that they should give patients pregnancy test before prescribing he pill, and warned that any womn who is pregnant or whose family as a history of breast or genital ancer should not take DES. The DA also said abortion should be eriously considered if pregnancy oes occur after taking the pill.

You should not take the "morng-after pill" unless these safeuards are strictly invoked and unless your doctor is willing to sit own and discuss with you the risks n your particular case. Unfortuately, many doctors have not been illing to do this. The Public Citien's Health Research Group, a conumer organization in Washington, .C., affiliated with me, finds that precautions have been uneven at best, and in some cases entirely ignored. One woman in Washington, .C., was able to get a prescription ver the phone with no questions sked. Surveys by student groups ave turned up equally irresponsible ractices among some doctors disensing the drug through campus ealth services.

Advocates for Medical Informaion, an Ann Arbor student group, eported last year that the health ervice at the University of Michian was taking almost no precauions. A survey of 69 women who ere given the pill, most of them by he University health service, found hat only five women were warned bout a cancer hazard if they did ave a child; none were informed of suspected cancer hazard to themelves. Only four women were given regnancy tests; only three were sked about their family medical istories; only ten were questioned bout exposure to other estrogens; nd only nine were followed up for ide-effects or pregnancy. (The Uniersity of Michigan health service as since agreed to give women a act sheet outlining the hazards of he pill.)

At the University of Vermont, acording to a student investigation, doctors had not been checking medial or family histories for evidence f increased risk. There was no folow-up in case of pregnancy, and vomen were not told of the evidence f risk to the fetus or to themselves. his is typical of most universities.

Some health services are more reponsive. The Indiana University ealth service has prepared a writen consent sheet—unfortunately sed only at the doctors' option—which *(continued on page 58)*

She is what she eats.



A healthy mouth: clean teeth, healthy gums.—Purina Cat Chow has crunch for her teeth.
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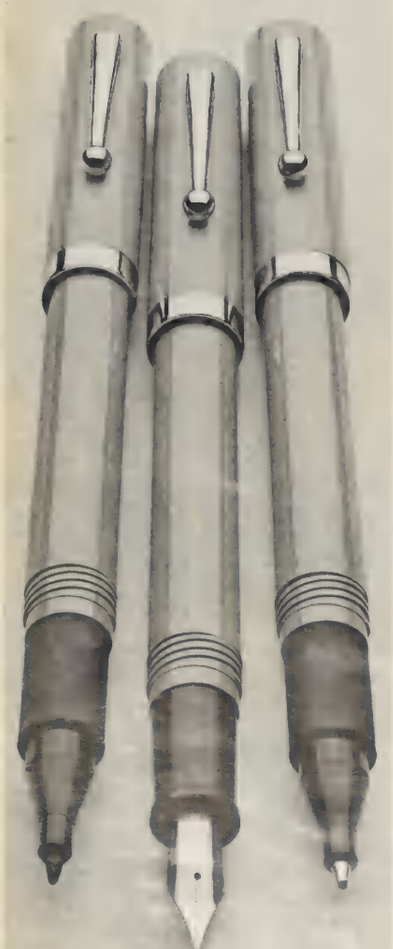
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THE WORKING WOMAN

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

If you feel ready to go back to work but don't know precisely what you can do—or how to go about finding the right job—this could be the most important article you've ever read.

Oh, I just can't decide what I want to do." . . . "I'm 38 and I've never worked, so who'd hire me?" . . . "I'm really not very good at selling myself." . . . "All I know is that I want to work with people." . . . "If only I could understand what jobs are out there. . . ."

Those are typical statements uttered in despair by the woman who longs for a *career* but ends up in just any job, by the clerical worker who feels trapped, by the college graduate who feels brainy but unfocused, by the housewife who feels economically worthless—or by any one of us at a moment of confrontation with our future.

As women we often find ourselves in a hopeless bind. We're taught that femininity means being demure and self-effacing, but we know that people don't get jobs by selling themselves short. We've learned that most men feel uncomfortable with high-powered, highly paid women, so we end up fearing that success can spoil our social lives. Most important, because our youthful energies were directed toward getting married, we've never been encouraged to think in terms of total life-planning.

While boys grow up knowing that they must chart their careers, make decisions, and actively plan their lives, we girls look ahead to who our husbands might be, where his job might lead us to live, or how many kids we might afford. We women have rarely been conditioned to think about what *we* ourselves want to be doing 25 years from now; or how much we are capable of earning in a lifetime; or what would constitute real, *long-term* personal fulfillment (beyond the joys of family life). In recent years, self-actualization for *you*, the woman and the person that you are, has become a respectable pursuit. And for thousands of women, that's where career counseling comes in.

Whether they call themselves life-management courses or career-development workshops, most of these programs promise to change your life—and in some cases they seem to deliver. There's a wide variation in their techniques, timetables, and fee scales (see this month's Out Basket for a representative list of services). I've heard good and bad reports about nearly every method, but it's essential for you to find the one that serves your needs perfectly.

Once you decide what fee you can afford, I suggest that you interview program directors to be sure that their attitudes, philosophy, and course content truly suit your needs. Talk with people who have finished the course or sit in on a trial session. Find out what companies have hired "graduates" of the program. Ask for a few case histories. Watch out for fancy placement services who promise counseling but are actually employment agencies eager to find you a job and collect their commission.

If psychological concepts are part of the counseling theory, check that the staff has the proper professional credentials. Quiz the director about the program's expressed goals. Does it get to the root of your attitudes about yourself, or does it only teach you how to ask for a promotion or a raise? For simple practical help you should not have to pay a fee more suited to in-depth life-planning counseling.

Finally, check your findings against the following composite description of some of the most intensive (and expensive) programs I've researched.

The programs have both male and female staff members with diverse business and psychological counseling experience. The directors' attitudes reflect an approach that is, if not feminist, at least pro-women, realistic, and grounded in psychological technique. They begin with the basic premise that nearly *everyone* has developed basic skills for dealing with life. The role of the career counselor is to bring those skills into focus and apply them to your life plan.

Generally, the first phase of the program includes individual and group counseling devoted to identifying your basic life skills by examining your patterns of interest. In other words, what have you enjoyed doing and what have you done well?

Jim Gallagher of Career Management Associates believes that the successes of the past predict the successes of the future. He has all his clients rate their past succes whether or not they *seem* jo lated. He asks you to look at school experience, your factua complishments on former jobs matter how dull), your activiti clubs and leisure-time purs These provide clues as to wh you are a leader, an organize originator, a teamworker, etc.

Carl Bielby of Mainstream A ciates stresses the concept of "creative conversation"—the a transmitting your best possible image. He helps clients rese who they are and what they a order to create a new career o tive and then see how they can prospective employer's needs, p lems, and future plans.

Janice LaRouche of OPTIONS: reer Workshops for Women, about hang-ups common to all w en. She helps clients over "femi role-playing" so that they can b to take themselves seriously as fessional working women.

After the self-assessment p you read the signals about you and consider which of your skill transferable to the job ma Think positively. Translate talents and interests into the ja of the business world.

A nun, for example, distilled experience as a Maryknoll mis ary in the Philippines so that it like an impressive work record veloped slum improvement prog organized children's camp, recr and hired staff, obtained adm trative support and budget. nun's skills in one context transl readily to executive potential she analyzed the parts to ma new whole. A teacher can easil the same.

A housewife claimed she h "worked" for 20 years. It turned that in her "free time" she ha ordinated a staff of 75 volun and had raised $100,000 a year symphony orchestra—first-rate ifications for a professional f raiser. "Treat volunteer wor though it were paid," advises lagher. "You can use the p 'contributed services worth $15, once you've evaluated your ma value."

All the counselors remarke women's generally low salary ex tations and attributed it to low image and ignorance about good jobs really pay. This is tified during the self-assess phase of the program, which cludes "measurement" or testin personality, vocational inter adaptability, motivation, self-d tion, and goals.

Next comes the job search p Here you're trained to locate ganizations and persons—not n sarily to offer you *the* job, bu extend your network of pers contacts. Alene H. *(contin*

☐ *Letty Cottin Pogrebin, 34, is thor, wife, and mother of t During her 13-year business c she rose from file clerk to vice-p ident—and she wrote a best-se book:* How to Make It In a M World. *Although Ms. Pogr reads all reader letters, she re that time does not permit h respond personally.*





n a hot day in 1912, Miss La Noitte McLurkin decided that Lake Kisselberg would be a great place to sneak a cigarette. It was a good place, but not a great place.



You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS.

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke.



ning: The Surgeon General Has Determined Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'73

Moris of Individual Development Center says she has to persuade women that it's okay to call an authority figure for information. "Their immediate reaction is 'Oh, I wouldn't want to bother anyone.' "

In the job search portion of the program the group dynamic helps with practice interviews, role playing, designing an effective résumé, discussing job classifications, and doing task-oriented exercises to improve self-image. Bielby sees this period as a rehearsal for the "creative conversation" with a prospective boss. "I think 85 percent of all hiring is based on good vibes," he says, "so you have to turn on enthusiasm about yourself."

The last step is "Doing It"—Going out into the marketplace, putting out feelers, seeking information, researching firms and the people who run them, and generally collecting data to help you make the final decision.

The group process is supportive as you discuss how to negotiate salary, deal with a sexist interviewer, and analyze work factors such as independence, work schedule, travel, security, or salary before choosing among several job offers.

Gallagher recognizes that our society matches identity with utility. Therefore, he says, what you *do* ought to be consistent with what you *are*. "And that can only be true if you're the one who makes things happen in your life."

Bielby describes the job market as an iceberg. Only 25 percent is above water; that is, jobs advertised in newspapers or listed with agencies. The rest of the jobs are known only to insiders—and since women have been excluded from the circles of power, they need help getting inside.

Ideally, women should be teaching other women the techniques of career planning and self-improvement. Then we would see more emphasis on the legal issues of job discrimination and a greater sharing of common experience. But although dozens of new feminist counselors are setting up programs, we still have relatively few female role models because of decades of discrimination and repression. Until more professional women are able to make careers of career counseling, we should take the helping hand wherever it is offered without condescension—as long as the goal is career change that fully reflects women's changing role, our growing strengths and our essential dignity.



The Out Basket: Where to Get Career Counseling

• *Women's Training Resources Center*, 142 High St., Portland, Me. 04101. Traveling three-day workshop to increase your effectiveness in job interviews, presentations, or communications with colleagues. Includes videotape self-study. ($195.)

• *Betsy Hogan Associates*, 222 Rawson Rd., Brookline, Mass. 02146. Two-day program for women working in federal jobs. Career solutions seen in terms of Civil Service regulations, influencing male managers, and bonding with other women. (About $50.)

• *Career Management Associates*, 101 Park St., Montclair, N.J. 07042. Individual and group counseling leading to total reassessment and career change. Follow-up until client achieves career self-management. ($750) Also *Choices for Women*, a program for women who want to explore all alternatives but who lack know-how and courage. ($125.)

• *MORE for Women*, 2 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010. Career reorientation, executive development; resource people available as advisors. ($200; $135 for crash course.)

• *Individual Development Center*, 3111 E. St. E., Seattle, Wash. 98122. Vocational testing, talent bank, job search assistance, analysis of skills and values *vis-à-vis* volunteer or paid jobs. ($125 for private career counseling; $50 for "self-discovery group".)

• *Mainstream Associates*, 343 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Task-oriented program specializing in career change, self-actualization, mastery of "creative conversation," redesign of self-image, establishing network of contacts, full career campaign. ($300.)

• *Washington Opportunities for Women*, 1111 20 St. N.W., Washington, D.C. (and branches in Atlanta, Richmond, Baltimore, Boston, Providence, and White River Junction, Vt.). Drop-in service featuring peer-group counseling by trained volunteers. Supportive, upbeat—and free!

• *OPTIONS: Career Workshops for Women*, 333 Central Park West, New York, N.Y. 10025. Problem-solving in context of everyday work situations. Feminist slant in tackling sex-role stereotypes, guilt, discrimination, work relationships. ($250 for crash course; or $45 a month.)

• EVE (Education, Volunteer Employment), Kean Building, New State College, Newark, N.J. 07 Group counseling (free to Central N Jersey women). Vocational aptit test ($8). Special workshops on reer how-to's, financial planning ($2 Reference library.

• *New Environment for Women* Bertwell St., Lexington, Mass. 02 Group counseling using self-fulfillm concepts and exploration of career portunities in business industry. (Sliding scale $25.)

• *"Women: Potent and Perspectives,"* a con uing education course vided into three pa "Who is woman?" (sex ro status); "Who am I?" (p sonal assessments); "Wh do I go?" (back to sch career, volunteer work, p tics.) $20 at Michigan St University, Evening Colle 18 Kellogg Center, E Lansing, Mich. 48823.

• *"Life Work Planni* career counseling course, cludes introspection e cises, data-gathering, lea ing management, tools organization, and decis making. Pennsylvania S University, McKeesp Campus, Pittsburgh, 15132.

• *Catalyst*, 6 East 8 St., New York, N.Y. 10 has been a career godmo er to many thousands women.

Request list of 75 ca counseling centers nati wide; two self-guida booklets: G-1 "Planning Work," and G-2 "Your Campaign" ($1.25 eac a self-assessment questi naire; and an applicat for yourself to be inclu in Catalyst's roster of lege-educated women se ing challenging work.

• *Association of Femi Consultants* has a direct of services and special offered by its member sultants in 15 states. AFC, 4 Canoe Brook Princeton Junction, N 08550.

• *"Career Counsel New Perspectives for Wo en and Girls,"* a selec bibliography of career g ance materials. 50¢ f Business and Professio Women's Foundation, 2 Massachusetts Ave., N. Washington, D.C.

ONE 'MS' TO ANOTHER

By Maureen Cannon

Dear Madame, Miss—or, pardon, Ms,
Your letter came addressed
To me—at least I think *it is*
To me you sent your best.
But, listen, I've been 'Mrs. John'
So long (I love him dearly)
It's 'Mrs. John' I look upon
As me. *And, quite sincerely,*
If you insist on your abbreviation
And call me 'Ms,' I'll feel for pity's sak
That I have lost my favorite relation,
Or you have made a terrible ms-take!



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LENOX. TO KEEP YOU HOME.

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P.O.W.

After all the lost and lonely years, he came home to a welcome he could not have imagined in his wildest dreams. A memorable short story by IVAN PRASHKER

When the first American P.O.W.'s leaving Hanoi were shown on television recently, Edith Arkin, a sixty-five-year-old widow, sat glued to her TV set. Her son had been reported "missing in action" five years ago, and since then she'd prayed every day for his safe return. And now, watching those liberated P.O.W.'s, she'd have given anything to see her son walking among them.

Earlier that week she'd bought a new dress, new shoes, a new bag, everything matching. She'd wanted to look her best when she greeted her son on his safe return, for she knew in her heart he'd be among those eventually coming home. She'd tried to remember the type of clothes he admired and which pieces of jewelry he'd complimented her on. Not that she was rich or owned much jewelry. But she'd always tried to look her best, and prided herself on aging gracefully. As her best friend once put it, "Edith is what's known as a fine woman, and she looks it."

She had large brown eyes and a shapely mouth. Her nose was slightly on the flat side, and the cast of her face was round and full. Her hair was almost totally white. In her early twenties she'd taken singing lessons, but she'd always suffered from "nerves," and for that reason gave up the possibility of becoming an opera diva. Her speaking voice, though, still had a dark, rich sound, and it was a pleasure to listen to her.

She'd once said to her son, "You know, Jack, I could have been somebody, an opera singer." She'd smiled when she said it, but it was a wistful smile. And Jack said, "But you *are* somebody, Ma. You're a good

(continued)

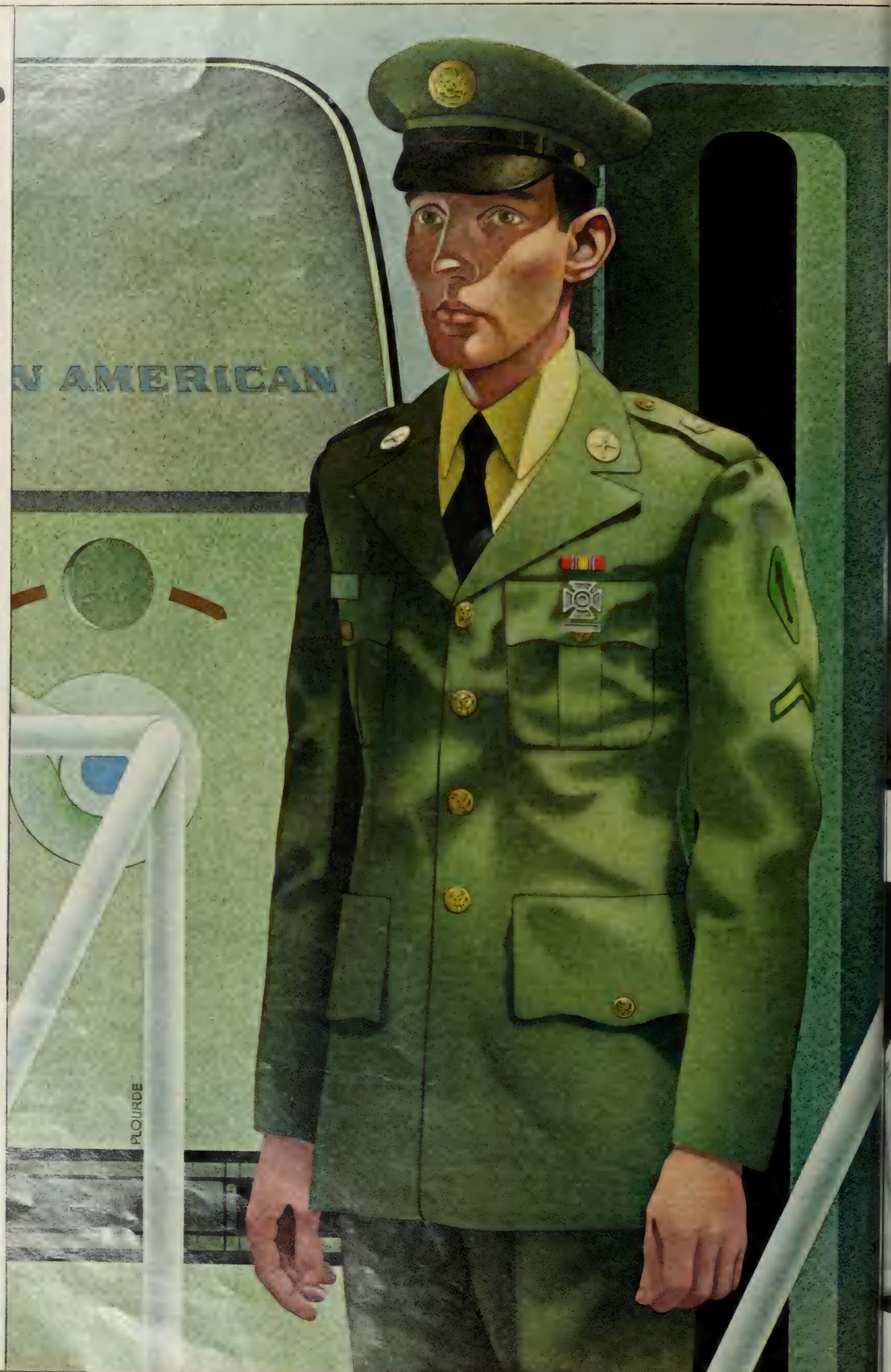


Illustration by David Plourde

The Sears Ah-h Bra.™ It understands everything about your shape:



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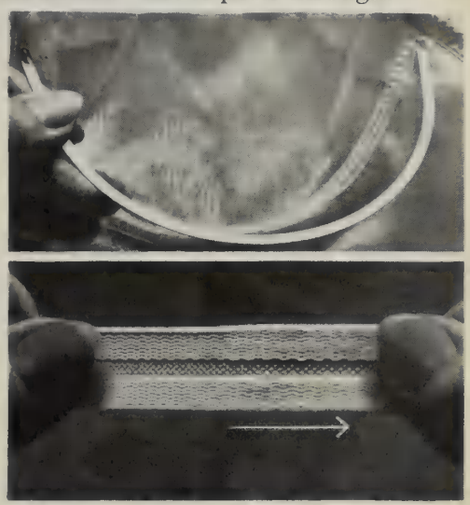


And inside.

Just by looking you can tell our wire bra is different. It gives support and separation in comfort. There's no bulky framework to embarrass or burden you.

Next to your skin you feel a blanket of softness, our own Wonder-Fil lining. The side boning is thin, flexible. The fit is smooth, not rigid.

Our wire is flat, not round. It lies flat to your body. We put it in a soft channel of double-layered fabric, so it's guaranteed* not to poke through.



Our strap is unique. The stretch part is woven to the nonstretch in one smooth piece. You get the release you need for comfort without feeling or seeing a bump.

You'll notice the center section gives, for easy breathing. And the top of the cup is elasticized at the side, to adapt to your fullness.

The Ah-h Bra can improve any shape from 32B to 42DD. A Perma-Prest® fabric, it keeps its shape through many washings.

When you try it on, your experience should indeed be: "Ah-h!" You'll find saleswomen in Sears Figure Shop trained to measure and fit you correctly.

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If you like what you see, the Ah-h Bra is right for you.

Also available in tricot and lace longline. In white or beige. At most Sears, Roebuck and Co. larger stores, through the catalog or by telephone, if you call Catalog Shopping Service.

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*We guarantee your Ah-h Bra underwire will stay in place for the life of the garment or return bra for free replacement.

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The Machete.
(Carving out time for what counts)

We're always showing ordinary couples doing an extraordinarily refreshing thing: enjoying being together. To celebrate these small reminders that human beings can still be human, we try to suggest a drink that is suitably refreshing.

This time we mixed pineapple juice with Smirnoff and added some tonic. Result? The Machete, a drink you might take to when you're taking a break.

To make a Machete, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a glass of ice. Add two-thirds of a glass of pineapple juice, fill with tonic and stir.

Smirnoff leaves you breathless.®

P.O.W. *continued*

mother. And there's not so many of them around. You're somebody, Ma, don't kid yourself."

Edith wasn't much of a reader. For entertainment, and to keep up with what was happening in the world, she watched a lot of television. But that week, when the papers were filled with news about the first batch of repatriated soldiers, she made it a point to buy all the available papers, and avidly read each news item about the P.O.W.'s. That, plus watching as many film clips taken in Hanoi as possible, was almost a fulltime job.

One afternoon, while Edith was listening to a special CBS report about the physical condition of the first group of returning P.O.W.'s, her phone rang. "Hello, Edith, it's me, Annie," said her ex-daughter-in-law. "I was thinking of you today, and wanted to say hello." Annie had divorced Jack three years after he'd been shot down in Vietnam, and had remarried last year.

"It's nice of you to call, Annie," Edith said suspiciously. She'd tried to sympathize with Annie in the years since her divorce. But blood is thicker than water, and in the long run she couldn't help feeling that Annie had let her son down.

"I'd like to come over and see you tonight, Edith," Annie said. They hadn't seen each other in almost t years.

"I've been tired this last week, Ann I'd really prefer being alone tonigh

"I'd just stay a few minutes, Edi We've always liked each other a been friends. Please, for old tim sake."

"Some other time, Annie," Ed said impatiently.

Annie sighed. "Okay, Edith, ok Take care of yourself."

Edith's hand was shaking when put the receiver down.

"I'm sorry, Annie, but I can't h myself," she said.

You probably don't remember n but before the second batch of Ame can P.O.W.'s were released, there w a delay, and for a few uncertain da relatives of the P.O.W.'s still held the North Vietnamese feared the wo Then the Secretary of State, in Pa at the time, was given new and firm surances by the other side that the s ond contingent of American P.O.W would be repatriated just a few da beyond the original release date.

Edith suffered terribly during t uncertain time. It was as if God w teasing her, along with the other mo ers and wives, and she was powerl to do anything about it. But she t herself, "If you keep wanting sor thing badly enough, it *will* really h pen. It's the people who give up, w can't stand the long and painful appointments, who lose out in the en

Edith lived in a four-room apartm in Kew Gardens.

Her best friend, Rose, also a wid lived on the same floor. "Keep y chin up," Rose kept telling her, es cially this last month.

Edith and Rose used to sit, weath permitting, on benches in a park t blocks from their apartment buildi Four or five of the other women fr the building used to sit with the Edith thought she was lucky to ha such good friends. She had missed s ting with them on the benches th last weeks, because, though the weath was mild for this time of year, s avoided the park. She had neither t time nor the patience for it.

It seemed that all her attention w focused on the faces of the seco group of P.O.W.'s as they disembark from the planes that had flown th from Hanoi to Clark Air Force B in the Philippines. They all appea so happy to be free and to be am friends. Edith wished she could re out and touch them; touching them, could almost believe she was touch her son. According to the arrangeme worked out with their captors, P.O.W.'s were to be released ab once every two weeks, in batches four. So, although Jack wasn't amo the servicemen in the first two cont gents, Edith still believed she'd see h son's smiling face in one of the t groups yet to be released.

Some newspapers were beginning carry stories that certain of the turning P.O.W.'s had been more operative with the enemy than w prescribed in the military code. A there were those in the Pentagon w wanted such personnel court-ma tialed. Word had even leaked o that some of the repatriated servi men themselves were bitter towa comrades who'd voluntarily sign anti-American statements.

;dith tried to guess who among se already freed looked even re- ely like a traitor. And she wondered Jack's life had been made more erable because of such treachery. here was a traitor among the men o'd returned, Edith, from the bot- of her heart, wished him no good. o distract herself, Edith went to closet and looked at her new dress shoes. She wanted so much to look best when she greeted her son. uld he choose to stay with her when was well enough to leave the mili- y hospital where he'd be stationed? hoped so, and, to avoid being ght unprepared, she'd made the re bedroom cheerful by buying a ght new bedspread; also a new AM/ radio and a lamp with a brass base. ;dith made a point of keeping the r to the bedroom closed when- r any of her friends or neighbors ted the apartment. Last week, for tance, after she'd returned from ring the radio and lamp, Rose rang bell. Edith checked the door to the re bedroom even before letting her nd into the apartment.

Rose said she hadn't seen Edith all . "Where've you been?"

Shopping," Edith said.

Rose was glad that Edith had got- out of the house and only sorry t her friend hadn't asked Rose to ompany her downtown. "Did you anything?" Rose asked.

No, just looked around," Edith l. "It was nice to get out of the ise for a while."

ater that afternoon Edith wished hadn't felt compelled to lie to her nd.

When the third batch of American O.W's were released in the middle the month, Edith read the papers dly and watched her TV screen with htening absorption. Now, if her orbell or phone rang while she was the midst of catching a P.O.W. re- t on the news, the door and phone nt unanswered.

One night, Edith's brother, Al, called five or six times, but no one picked the phone. Soon after the ten lock news was over, Rose rang ith's doorbell. She told Edith that brother had been trying to reach most of the evening, and because d gotten no answer he'd called Rose l asked her to make sure Edith was right.

"He must have been dialing the ong number," Edith shrugged. "I've n here all evening;"

Rose wanted to say, "But he had operator call you the last two es," but she thought better of it.

"Thanks for coming in," Edith said. guess I better call Al now, or he'll worried."

The following day, Rose called ith's brother herself. "I'm concerned out Edith," Rose said. "She's been der a terrific strain since the O.W.'s have been in the news so ominently, and no one seems able to ach her. It's as if she's living in her n private world."

Al said he'd noticed the strain in lith's voice the last few weeks, too. was going to visit her last week, but siness has been so hectic. I'll make point of catching her as soon as ssible."

In between the time Rose called and Al arranged to visit his sister in her apartment, Edith read a story in the paper which told how torture broke down the will of many of the P.O.W.'s. One navy pilot was forced to sit on a stool for three straight weeks. And whenever he tried to sleep, a guard woke him by hitting him under the nose. Other P.O.W.'s were forced to kneel on concrete floors for days, their knees swelling like inflated balloons.

Edith knew her son to be forceful and independent. Even as a boy, Jack could be stubborn, and if a test of wills was involved, he hated to lose. Now, Edith tried not to imagine the tortures he underwent, and she wondered if breaking a man's will left his mental abilities confused for all time. She thought she could bear Jack's losing an arm or a leg, but it frightened her to consider his coming home mentally unbalanced.

Each morning, before attending to any of her other chores, Edith wou dust and sweep the spare bedroon On the dresser was a piece of card- board. WELCOME HOME JACK had been printed on the cardboard with a red crayon. "Just let him come home safely," she told herself, "and I'm quite sure that everything else will work out."

When her brother called during the last week in March and said he wanted to drop by that night *(continued)*

Hotpoint's refrigerator gives you a lot of food space without taking up a lot of floor space.



Model CTF21EP

We call it the Hotpoint Big One. And the amazing thing about it is that it gives you so much usable space on the inside without taking up all that much space on the outside.

It actually packs 20.8 cubic feet of storage area into only 30½ inches of width.

The fresh food section is a family-sized 13.85 cubic feet. On top of that, there's a large 6.94 cubic foot freezer. (It'll hold up to 242 pounds of frozen food, more than some chest freezers.)

There are a lot of other features you'll like about this Hotpoint giant capacity refrigerator, too. It's no-frost throughout, so you never have any messy defrosting to do.

And it offers you more flexibility than you ever had before. There are four adjustable shelves in the fresh food section, plus two removable freezer shelves. There are also adjustable Easy-Stor shelves on both refrigerator and freezer doors that you can lift off for easy cleaning, or carry to a work surface.

The Hotpoint Big One has a large covered dairy compartment, adjustable meat keeper and twin slide-out crispers for vegetables and fruit. It's also equipped for an optional automatic icemaker, available at extra cost. And The Big One rolls out on wheels for easy cleaning under it.

Hotpoint's Big One. It's a lot of refrigerator. And it's only one of an entire line of Hotpoint refrigerators—all built for a life of dependable performance.

But should anything keep one of our appliances—refrigerators, washers and dryers, ranges, dishwashers, compactors, disposers, freezers and room air conditioners—from doing its job, a telephone call will bring a qualified Hotpoint serviceman to your door.

And that's a promise.

Hotpoint Customer Care ...Everywhere.™

Fast, dependable service.



Hotpoint
A QUALITY PRODUCT OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Edith tried to talk him out of it. He'd come alone, he said, she wasn't to go to any trouble. "I haven't seen you for a while and would just like to say hello in the flesh," Al said.

Al was three years younger than Edith, and had been in the Army during World War II. Before enlisting, he'd had an ulcer, and a doctor cousin had told him the ulcer could get him a medical deferment. But Al said, "No thanks. There are too many slackers ducking the Army as it is."

"But you have a legitimate excuse," the doctor said.

"Well, then maybe my going evens it up a little for one of those jerks who can go but is weaseling out."

"You're a stubborn fool," the doctor said kindly.

"It must run in my family," Al said. "My sister's the same way."

And Al kept remembering how painfully stubborn Edith could be, even as a kid, driving over to her apartment from work that night. But when he got there, the first thing he said was, "Please excuse me for not coming over sooner." He looked at Edith, trying to detect signs of a nervous breakdown, whatever they might be. Then he glanced around his sister's apartment; the place appeared neat and clean. Edith seemed to be functioning fine.

Meanwhile, Edith put on the kettle for some tea and took out half a cheesecake from the refrigerator. In the kitchen, Al spotted a pile of newspapers. While she poured tea for them both, he casually flipped through the top paper, a month old. All the news items relating to the returning P.O.W.'s had been circled in red. Putting the paper down Al suddenly felt flushed and decided to wash his face.

He went out into the hall. He hadn't been in Edith's apartment in more than six months, and instead of going to the bathroom, by mistake he opened the door to the spare bedroom. He flipped on the light, realized he'd made an error, and was about to turn off the light when he noticed the Welcome Home sign on the dresser. He must have stared at that sign for a minute before putting out the light and closing the door. Then he saw Edith, watching him from the kitchen.

"Edith, Edith, you mustn't do this to yourself," he couldn't help saying.

"You've no right to spy on me, Al," she said angrily.

"Edith, why do you torture yourself like this?" Al said. "Jack's dead. He's not coming back. His plane was shot down five years ago, and if he was captured or is alive, you'd have had word by now." Al went over and took his sister's hand. "You'll wind up in a mental hospital if you don't accept your son's death."

Edith pushed her brother away from her. "Al, did I ask you to come over? Do I bother you? Do I complain? Do I make a nuisance of myself? Please, drink your tea and you're welcome to some cheesecake, then go home to your wife. You're a hard worker, Al, you probably had a rough day at the store, go home and rest, Al." She walked back into the kitchen and sat down at the kitchen table. Al trailed after her.

"Edith, Jack's dead," he said.

"That's what you say," Edith answered impatiently, "but I say different."

Al considered his alternatives. He could tell his sister to see a psychiatrist. He could try to get her admitted to the hospital tonight. He could really keep in touch with her, maybe visit her again this weekend, and generally play things by ear. Besides, didn't he have his own troubles?

"You've done your duty; you're a good brother," Edith said, reading his mind. "Go home, Al. No one can help me, just my son, he's the only one."

The last batch of returning American P.O.W.'s from the New York area was scheduled to arrive at McGuire Air Force Base shortly before six on a Sunday evening. Relatives of the P.O.W.'s crowded behind restraining ropes. They were standing about fifty yards from the approximate point at which the hospital plane would come to a halt. They'd been instructed by the military public relation officers that each P.O.W. would have his name announced, after which he'd emerge from the plane and salute the welcoming military brass. Then, when all the P.O.W.'s had left the plane, they'd be taken to waiting rooms at the air base, where their relatives might see them in comparative privacy. To prevent confusion, to keep things organized, the relatives were asked to please cooperate.

Among the relatives were young wives wearing corsages, tiny children, and elderly parents. Edith stood toward the rear of the crowd. She wore her new dress and her new shoes, and she carried her matching bag. H brother stood next to her, pawing the ground nervously with one sho Al had visited Edith earlier that afte noon, and she'd told him she planne to go out to the air base. Did he wa to go along for the ride?

He found he couldn't say no, a he'd held her hand during the two-ho drive from Kew Gardens. And he w still holding her hand when they hea a couple of M.P.'s saying to each oth that among this returni batch of P.O.W.'s were t reputed traitors, enlist men who'd been shunned the others since the gro had left Hanoi last week.

Presently, the plane lan ed and maneuvered itse near the crowd of watchf relatives. A band struck "The Star-Spangled Ba ner." The first P.O.W name was announced: was a colonel, and he can striding out of the pla dressed in a new uniform combat ribbons festooni one side of his chest. H saluted the three office standing at the foot of t plane. Then, before anyo could stop her, the colone wife broke past two M.P and flew into her husban arms. Her impact knock the colonel's hat from head. One of the gener nearby bent down, picked the hat, and held it patient for the colonel. The colone wife seemed to set the to for the other wives. Each them embraced her husba almost as soon as the ma stepped out and away fro the plane.

The last repatriated s dier to emerge from t plane was a P.F.C. He w no more than twenty-tw and he was very thin. Aft he saluted the welcomi officers, he did not look expectantly, like the othe to see if any kin was the to meet him.

"That's it," Al said softl "He's the last one."

Edith let go of her brot er's hand. Then, without word, she started threadi her way toward the front the crowd.

Al tried to keep up wi his sister, but a solid wall people got between the and he couldn't move arou them. "Edith, where you ing?" he yelled.

But Edith didn't ev bother answering him. She made h way purposefully past the M.P.'s a officers, and walked over to the you soldier, who stood quite alone now.

Looking at Edith suspiciously, said with a soft southern drawl, think you've mistaken me for someo else, m'am."

She kissed him on the cheek. "I no mistake," she said, and tried smile.

But it was, the soldier thought, t saddest smile he'd ever seen. An momentarily forgetting his own tro bles, he reached for her hand a began patting it. EN

The Fisher-Price Movie Viewer
(Starring Walt Disney Cartoons)



It's just like going to the movies. Only better. Because now a child can run Disney cartoons all by himself. Just by turning a handle. In slow motion, fast motion, and backwards.

To get things rolling, the Fisher-Price Movie Viewer comes with a special cartoon film cartridge that slips right into place. It's called "Lonesome Ghosts" and features Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and Goofy.

What's more, you can buy eight other enchanting Disney cartoon cartridges for your viewer.

The viewer can be used indoors and out. It's made of sturdy plastic. And like every other Fisher-Price toy, it runs on child power. Not batteries.

So all you'll have to provide is the popcorn.



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THE COUNTRY CLOTHES COLLECTION

By Virginia T. Habeeb

Worth Noting

• When we speak of household equipment, we usually think of such standbys as ranges or toasters, not such things as utility pumps or fire extinguishers, specialized devices that in an emergency can become your best friends. Take pumps, for example. Nothing's more discouraging than watching several inches of water from a week-long rain fill a basement or recreation room, ruining carpeting, furniture, and other valuables. If you own a house in which such an event may take place, you'll be glad to learn of a new lightweight utility pump that can move over 1,300 gallons of water an hour. Called "Minute Master" and manufactured by Peabody Barnes of Mansfield, Ohio, it weighs only a modest 12 pounds—about the size of a small appliance. It is self-priming, powered by a ½-horsepower motor, similar to that used by a portable drill.

• Although private- and government-sponsored tests have proved that fluoride in small amounts aids in the prevention of tooth decay, many people object to the addition of fluoride to municipal water supplies. Looking at the matter objectively and without developing a case, pro or con, if *you do not want* fluorides in your water there is one inexpensive way to remove them. It is a hand-held tap-water purifier that removes fluorides from drinking water in addition to the removal of chlorine, detergent contaminates, bad tastes and odor. It is composed of a two-stage activated bone charcoal/silica quartz filter element and a universal faucet adapter, which allows the one hand installation and operation. The name of the little marvel is Aqua-Jet Water Freshener, model AJ 20; it has a suggested retail price of $4.95. Filters last about 4 months and are replaceable.

• I don't suppose there is one of us who has not been especially cautious these days in carrying purses and pocketbooks in public places. I know I am, and that's why I'm delighted to find out about Watch Dog Alarm. It is a loud alarm small enough to tuck into a purse with a trigger cord around your wrist. If someone grabs your purse the alarm sounds instantly with a screeching piercing noise. A built-in flashlight comes in handy when searching for hard-to-find items. Power is supplied by batteries and should last for several months. From Active Trading Company, Chicago, Ill., around $

• The Sausage Maker. If you are a do-it-yourself food buff, you might find making your own sausages and frankfurters a pleasant new pastime. You need a special sausage shaper, which you attach to the grinder. The shaper holds the casing and then you grind, grind, grind to fill. Make sausage sweet and mild or hot and spicy, according to recipes in a cookbook that comes with Union Manufacturing Company's food and meat chopper. This model is operated manually, sells for about $22.

Do You Know . . . ?

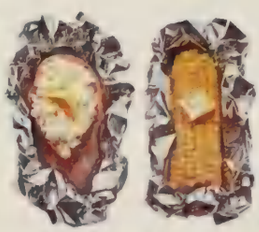
Air conditioners will do a better cooling job if you give them a little care. Correct location is very important; consider furniture arrangement and window placement. If the filter is washable, wash it periodically in lukewarm, sudsy water, rinse, and wipe or shake dry, or change it periodically according to instructions. To avoid "freeze-up" at night when temperature drops, raise the thermostat to middle setting and on medium or high fan speed. On hot test days, turn unit on a few hours earlier before the temperature rises, and let it run continuously. After the unit or compressor has been shut off or the temperature control has been changed, wait for at least two minutes before restarting. Quick restarts may blow fuses.

Water and grease vapors evaporate and condense, producing more than 700 pounds a year of grease-laden moisture in the air of the average household. To help minimize such deposits keep a ventilating hood over the range . . . have it going before cooking begins. And since water boils at only one temperature (212°F), slow boiling or simmering in a covered pot produces the same cooking results as fast boiling but a lot less moisture. When possible use a splatter-mesh lid when frying. Control the flame on a gas range. And be sure to wipe all surfaces with a damp cloth. EN

Reynolds Wrap® Summer Survival Kit.



Ice in your picnic cooler will last longer covered with Reynolds Wrap. It reflects the heat. Pack salads and cold cuts under foil so they stay cold and fresh.



Corn and potatoes taste delicious baked in Reynolds Wrap. The foil seals in natural flavors and aroma.



The sleeping bag trick. Place two long sheets of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap on ground underneath sleeping bag. It insulates against dampness.



Reynolds Wrap makes an excellent reflector oven for outdoor baking. Place in front of a fire. Bake biscuits for ten minutes on each side.

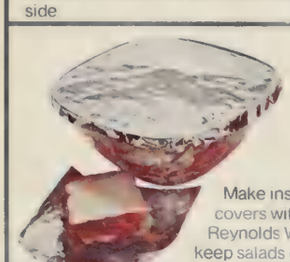


Backyard soda stand. Line a wheelbarrow with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap, fill with ice, and cans and bottles of beverages. Cover with second sheet of foil to keep everything cold longer.



Lemon-Baked Chicken

Divide 2 or 3 lb chicken into 4 servings. Season each. Place on a sheet of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Pour 1 tbs. lemon juice over each serving, dot with 1 tbs. butter. Wrap tightly in foil. Bake *in* hot coals about 1 hr.



Make instant bowl covers with Reynolds Wrap to keep salads cool and crisp. Summer sandwiches stay fresh and tasty longer wrapped in Reynolds Wrap. It reflects the heat away from the food, so there's less chance of spoilage.

Piquant Trout in Foil

Spread butter in center of large sheets of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Place generous portion of trout filets (or any fresh water fish) on each. Butter and season filet. Place potato and onion slices atop fish. Cover with either *ketchup, beer* or *hot sauce.* (Each gives fish unique piquant flavor.) Seal tightly. Bake *on* hot coals, 10 min. each side.



Always line your grill with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. It reflects heat upward so foods cook faster. Does away with messy clean-ups.



Here's your Summer Survival Kit... strong, dependable Reynolds Wrap and good ways to use it. That's how you get more fun out of summer with less work. Reynolds Wrap is strong all over. It's oven-tempered for flexible strength so it resists tearing. You can wrap it, seal it, cook with it. It stays strong under high heat. For all the outdoor doings of summer, count on Reynolds Wrap, the outdoor foil. Buy the larger sizes and save.



Strong all over. Count on it.

SELECTING ANTIQUES

By Virginia T. Habeeb

ou really have your heart set on an-ıes, then there are a few warnings t are important to note.

Jnless you have unlimited funds or fortunate enough to have acquired je old pieces from parents, relatives, friends, then concentrate on your ınting" at auctions, Good Will and vation Army stores, thrift shops, or cs. And then do your own restoring. Most pieces found in the better an-ıe shops have been refinished, sold n dealer to dealer, and have very le repairing or restoring, if any, be done on them. Consequently, es are set accordingly. Keep in ıd that unless you plan to become avid collector and acquire antiques an investment, which in itself re-res a great deal of time and money, t may want to consider buying fine roductions.

The definition of an antique used to something that was manufactured or to 1830; today, however, the less trictive definition is an article made least 100 years ago. This very fact ne means that the piece, depending n its age and condition, may require cial care in cleaning and mainte-ıce in the general indoor envi-mental conditions of your home.

Another important consideration in ing an antique is how it will be used. ples, desks, and some chests do not ally get hard wear; consequently, fragile quality would not be as ch of a concern with these as it ıld be with a chair, for example. If t plan to use a chair frequently for eral use, then an antique might not ı wise choice.

As for cleaning, generally the regular e is just about the same as for fine niture. If much repairing, restoring very special care is necessary, it is e to consult a professional, or read ne of the good books available.

tique Reproductions

productions of antiques are ma-ne-made by blunting corners and tening hard edges by hitting them h metal chains. Such reproductions uld be executed ever so subtly so to avoid any obvious look of me-nical "aging." Otherwise the buying siderations for reproductions are same as those for other wood furni-e and upholstered pieces.

w to Determine Quality—Questions Consider

- Does the piece wobble when it is ked? If so, it is cheaply made.
- Are the tops of drawers and doors perly aligned? Any gaps along the es?
- How do the doors hang when ned? Do they rub or drag the bot-n of the chest?
- Do drawers glide freely? If they d or screech, they are improperly talled.
- Are the insides of drawers, backs chests, and undersides of tables and irs smoothly sanded and finished?
- Are joints in drawers made with erlocking dovetailing? This provides id construction.
- Are corner blocks used to reinforce the frame?
- Do doors stick when they are shut? Are they easy to open?
- How are legs attached with mortise and tenon (best) or dowel joinery (also good)?
- Are leveling legs provided to counterbalance the possibility of uneven floors?
- Are surfaces smoothly finished and free from defects? Look at them in a good light and rub your fingertips over them lightly.
- Has a protective finish been used on surfaces that will receive hard wear?
- Is hardware heavy and solid, securely attached? The more solid and heavy it is, the better the hardware.
- Have you read the label carefully to determine the materials used and any other pertinent information as to construction and care?
- Are there extra leaves for dining tables? How do they store—separately or within the table itself? Are the leaves finished in exactly the same way as the table is?
- Do large and heavy storage pieces come with casters for easier moving?

Note: Always make these buying checks on furniture that is delivered to your home, as you do not generally receive the floor sample you looked at when you made your purchase. END

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ENDING YOUR MONEY

tinued from page 65

ıe sex. We are wondering what we uld do about changing tax with-ding on our paychecks. Will we be to file a joint return next spring?

The law hasn't got around to ognizing your relationship as simi- to a heterosexual marriage. Nor either of you claim the preferred d of household status.

ou can claim your partner as a endent and get a $750 exemption him (or her) even though he (or) is not a relative. But you must t some rather strict qualifications: r partner's gross income during the r must be under $750; you must ish more than half the support; r partner must have your home he principal place of abode; and r partner must remain a member our household for the entire year. porary absences, however, caused separate vacations, illness, or some voidable chore or circumstance will disqualify him (or her).

nd what, you ask, if you both work earn far more than $750 in 1973? hen you both must file returns as le individuals and pay the steep s on single taxpayers.

erpaying Taxes

's say you *overpaid* your tax last il. I think I did just this. Does the rnal Revenue Service recheck a payer's math, and, if a mistake is nd, does the IRS automatically e a refund for the amount of the rpayment?

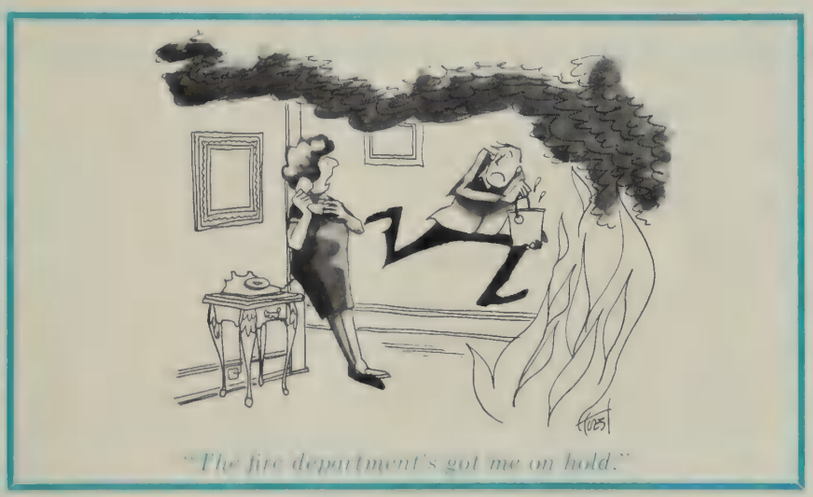
Yes to both questions. In fact last year the IRS checked the math on all 72,500,000 individual tax returns, found overpayments on 1,600,000 of them, amounting to $119.4 million—and issued appropriate refunds.

Valid Appraisals

We're making an inventory of our belongings to guide us on how much homeowners' insurance we should have. We want to get proper coverage for several good oil paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry. How can you get a reasonably accurate idea of how much, say, a diamond is worth? Diamond jewelers and dealers have disagreed by wide margins on the value of gems I have shown them.

The jewelry industry is now in the process of putting together national standards for jewelry appraisal and the results should be available some time this year. Meanwhile, you might take (or with proper safeguards, send) your stone to the Gemological Institute of America (580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017), and ask experts there to study it and give you a "grading" certificate describing the stone—its shape, clarity, color, cut, weight, etc. For this service you would pay $31 for a one-carat stone, $73 for a seven-carat stone, and amounts in between for weights between one and seven carats.

However, this is *not* an appraisal; it is only a collection of the facts that a professional, reliable appraiser will need in order to make a sound estimate of your stone's value. **END**



"The fire department's got me on hold."

CHILDREN *continued from page 61*

I suggested that in view of Joyce's confusion, the mother should tell Joyce about the plans for divorce, and also about a possible relocation with Joyce's maternal grandparents, whom the mother told us Joyce adores.

A few weeks later, Joyce's mother reported that the girl's behavior had greatly improved. The mother had told Joyce about the plans for divorce, and had also taken both children to their grandparents' home for a holiday, which they enjoyed. Now that things are out in the open, the father spends even less time at home, but Joyce doesn't seem so bothered by his absence.

Joyce's problems illustrate the difficulties a child faces in establishing her identity if she doesn't know how her parents stand in regard to each other or to her. If things flow smoothly between the parents, and also through the children, then the child can build up a secure identity, based on what her parents have in common. But if the parents are in deep conflict, and the child identifies with one parent, she cannot help "dis-identifying" with the other. The result of such a conflict is always the same: confusion, deep anxiety about self-identification, and insecurity. But this story also illustrates how these pressures eased as soon as hope entered the picture: hope that the situation which prevented Joyce from forming a secure feeling of identity would not continue indefinitely, and hope that Joyce could find a good and consistent life within her extended family. **END**

Back-to-school used to mean pencils, pads and a lunch box.



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17 mg. "Tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.

MARILYN BY NORMAN MAILER

A great writer explores the decline and fall of a great and tragic movie star—her emotional torment, the men in her life (DiMaggio, Miller, Sinatra), her shadowy relationship with the Kennedys, the mystery of her death. Last of two excerpts from the book of the year.



One of the last photographs of Marilyn, taken shortly before her death.

© 1972 George Barris

The Misfits will be over on November 5, 1960. A half week later, Marilyn will be back in New York—to an empty apartment—and on the 11th, Armistice Day, will announce her separation from Arthur Miller. Somewhere in the next week she will hear that Yves Montand [with whom she'd had a two-month affair during the filming of *Let's Make Love*] is flying from Los Angeles to Paris; she runs out to Idlewild to catch him for a few hours between planes. Drinking champagne, they sit in the back of her limousine, and she learns he is going back to his wife Signoret. Simone, when her turn arrives to talk to the press, will make the wise and utterly oppressive French remark, "A man . . . doesn't feel he has to confuse an affair with eternal love and make it a crisis in his marriage," (to which Marilyn can only reply like a programmed analysand, "I think this is all some part of her problem, not mine.").

After these separate blows, [her *Misfits* co-star] Clark Gable dies of a heart attack. Reporters phone Marilyn at 2 A.M. with the news. She is hysterical.

Where to calculate the measure of her woe? As a girl she had pretended that Gable was her secret father, and now she has met her surrogate father and embraced him on film, and now the surrogate is dead. Is it because of knowing her? She has to be in some new depth of insecurity. In the past, no matter what indignities might come to others because they worked with her, she had always one justification—she lived closer to death. Now, Gable had shown she was wrong.

If she had a hundred thoughts on the event, few could offer her life. She was on a slide into the longest depression of her existence. The days of dwindling are at hand. If she has held to a monumental ambition—she will be as great as Garbo—we can *(continued on page 126)*

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OLD ARTHUR

It wasn't that Judith was *afraid* of her former father-in-law, but he was so insidiously bent on mischief. She had to get rid of him. Then an accidental talisman came to her aid. A story by MARGERY SHARP

Who now believes in ghosts?

"Obviously no one," complained the shade of Mrs. Flower's father-in-law, answering his own rhetorical question. "I don't ask for credence—"

"Actually quite a lot of people seem to," interrupted Judith. "One's always reading in the newspapers about all-night vigils in haunted houses, and

Illustration by Chuck Wilkinson



ven exorcisms by beneficed clergy-
nen. There was an exorcism in the
Times last week."

"You were always argumentative,"
ecalled old Arthur. (His son's name
vas Robert; Judith was Mrs. Robert
Flower.) "Woolly-minded too: what
l'you mean, 'exorcism in the *Times*'?
Did the editor suddenly sprout horns?"

"Actually somewhere in Cornwall," apologized Judith. "The *Times* just reported it . . ."

"Then why not say so?" snapped old Arthur.

He had appeared at the appropriately witching hour of midnight, just as Judith switched off the television set. For a moment, *(continued on page 112)*

My Life With And Without Elvis Presley



UPI

After five years as the wife of the superstar singer, Priscilla Beaulieu Presley is as much of a mystery woman as she was the day she married him May 1, 1967 (above). In this, her first interview, she talks about Elvis—their romance, marriage, and divorce—and her life today as a woman alone. By Sandra Shevey.

Priscilla Ann Beaulieu married Elvis Aron Presley on May 1, 1967, in Las Vegas, Nev. She was 21; he was 32. The wedding culminated a seven-year romance. At the time of the wedding, Elvis was earning $4,000,000 as an actor-singer. On February 1, 1968, the couple had their only child—a daughter, Lisa Marie. In August, 1972, the Presleys suddenly separated, and on January 8 of this year, Elvis filed for a California divorce, giving Priscilla custody of their daughter. As they wait for the divorce to become final, Elvis lives in the $550,000 Holmby Hills estate he once shared with his wife; Priscilla and Lisa live in a large, five-room penthouse apartment overlooking a small marina on the Pacific Palisades. Alimony payments have not yet been worked out, but on all counts the divorce is completely amicable.

After five years as the wife of one of the world's most famous entertainers, Priscilla Ann Beaulieu remains a mystery. She was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., on May 24, 1945 to Ann Iversen and Lieutenant Joseph P. Beaulieu of the United States Air Force. When she was ten, her father—by then

(continued on page 137)

Photograph by Curt Gunther



At 28, Priscilla now looks forward to a new life that includes two things she never had as Mrs. Elvis Presley: a job and her own identity.

TATUM: THE NEW SCENE STEALER

Meet Tatum O'Neal, the captivating 9-year-old who wins all the raves in Paramount's *Paper Moon*. Here, Miss O'Neal takes time out from her busy schedule to model fall's new scene-stealing children's fashions. Below, an interview with Tatum and her famous father and co-star Ryan O'Neal. Produced by Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor. Text by Geraldine Carro.

She's been called the greatest child star since Shirley Temple. And there, as Tatum O'Neal will tell you, the comparison ends. "I was a con artist and she was a dainty little lollipop," says Tatum, aged nine. From the way she screws up her freckles, it's clear she thinks playing a con artist is a lot more fun.

"Except that Tatum admires Shirley Temple," points out her father and *Paper Moon* co-star Ryan O'Neal. "Shirley may have been coy, but she sure could sing and dance."

"Yeah," says Tatum. "But I'd rather learn karate."

As a child of the Seventies, life is a long way away from the Good Ship Lollipop for Tatum. Like virtually all the other fourth graders at her California boarding school, Tatum has divorced parents. She lives, by preference, with her father.

It all tends to make a girl grow up fast—but not that fast: It is Tatum's first visit to New York, and she complains that all she's been doing is "interviews, interviews, interviews." What she's really looking forward to, like any other 9-year-old, is a

(continued on page 102)

Photographs by Sherman Weisburd, except as noted. Haircuts by Jon Peters of Beverly Hills. Shoes by Buster Brown. Ryan O'Neal's cardigan and shirt by Ralph Lauren for Polo. All prices approximate. Shopping information on page 114.



The movie never settles the question, but in real life there's no doubt these two look-alikes really are father and daughter. Here Tatum poses with father Ryan in a grown-up girl's suede finish shirtdress with top-stitched patch pockets. In rayon by Betsy Daniels for Shu terbug, 7-14, $18. Bonnie Doon kneesock

As director Peter Bogdanovich saw at a glance, Tatum is a natural in front of the camera. For this picture she's wearing a Orient-inspired dress with gingham-trimmed kimono sleeves and an obi-like sash. In cotton and polyester by J.C. Penney's. 7-14, $6.50. Uncle Sam umbrella.





Tatum tries out the swings on a sunny afternoon in a knit pantset. The Fair Isle design across the top also trims the wide-legged pants. In Orlon acrylic. Love Bug by Infanta, 7-14. Top, $10; pants, $14. Sheffield watch.

Jerry Abramowitz

Under a giant tree, Tatum poses in a layered look: Over a nylon bodysuit goes a ribbed acrylic sweater and bell-bottom jeans in cotton and polyester denim. 7-14, Winnie-the-Pooh Collection for Sears. Bodysuit, $5.50; sweater, $6.50; pants, $8.



Modeling what the well-dressed girl wears cycling: A cable-knit cardigan with a shawl collar—a fashion essential this season—over a tailored oxford shirt and menswear glen plaid trousers. 7-14, by White Stag. Pants, $12; sweater, $11. Both in acrylic. Madcaps beret.



A COUNTRY KITCHEN: SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

How an imaginative couple turned an old back porch into a super-efficient kitchen with old-fashioned country charm. It's a warm and lovely room full of interesting ideas that we think anyone can copy. By Margaret Davidson.





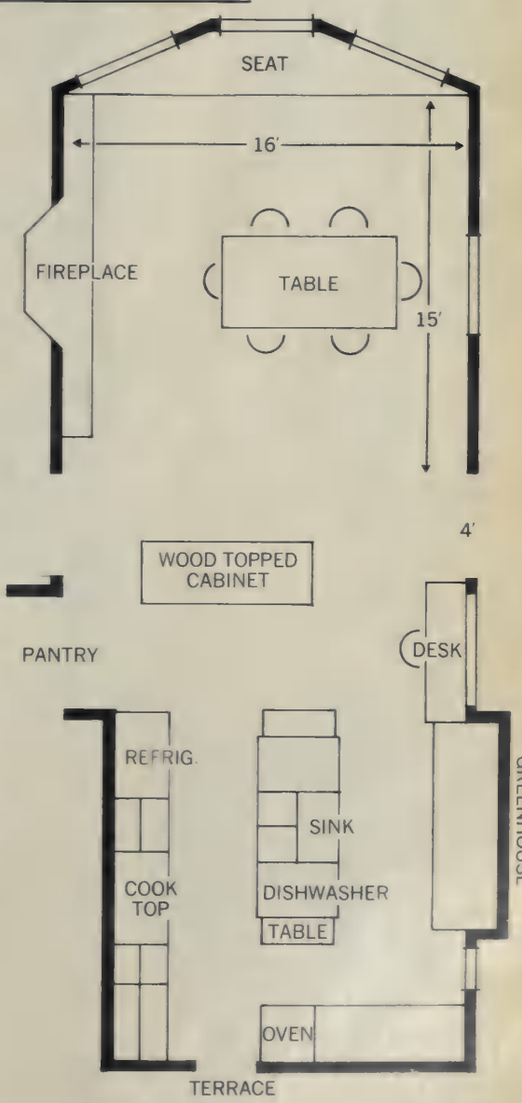


Above, left: Back-to-back stainless steel sinks sunk into center island. The trout is fresh from the farm's brook. Center: The 25-cent table, refinished, is used for blending and mixing. In the background is a pantry cabinet with swing-out shelf doors. Right: Susan and Sara Morthland by the big brick fireplace in eating area. On the floor is one of Clara Morthlands hand-braided rugs. Photographs by Jerry Abramowitz

When Dr. and Mrs. William Morthland moved into the 40-year-old house they named Happy Brook Farm in the hilly country outside Woodstock, N.Y., they began opening up spaces. Since they've moved into the stone and clapboard house they have knocked down walls to create a large drawing room, built three new bedrooms overlooking the property's trout stream and turned the old back porch into a kitchen.

The kitchen, because the Morthlands and their two teen-age daughters love cooking and entertaining, has become the nerve center of the remodeled house. The approximately 15 x 15-foot work area frequently turns out dinner parties for 12 with great ease. It is a kitchen that yields maximum output in a minimum of space. The secret, according to Clara Morthland (shown across the page) "is no bottlenecks." Traffic in the kitchen circulates around a four-foot-wide island in the center of the room into which has been sunk two stainless steel sinks placed back-to-back. The washing and the chopping can be done from either or both sides of the island at once, depending on how many people are at work. The island, into which the dishwasher has also been built, is in easy reach of other important appliances—the big vertical refrigerator-freezer and gas cooking top on one wall and the double ovens on another. The Morthlands have a number of friends who love to come over and cook with them and there's always enough room for everyone to putter.

Because the kitchen is such a social place at the Morthlands it has also been designed to be as attractive as it is efficient. For Clara, who "gravitates toward the old things," it meant finding craftsmen who could set in the oak floor boards with wooden pegs rather than nails, track down old hand-hewn chestnut beams for the ceiling, and lay old-fashioned tongue and groove boards between them. For the eating area adjacent to the kitchen she hired a local mason to build the fireplace from old brick. "I like the warm old woods and brick; they're more sheltering," says Clara. Even the oak cabinets, which are modern, have a dark wood color. The old-style materials are an ideal setting for the Morthland's antique accessories—oil paintings, prints, dishes, and a collection of tole canisters. On the floors are several of Clara's own hand-hooked rugs. There is also an old table that she bought for 25 cents at an auction. She stripped it, finished it, and now uses it as a kitchen work table. "I refinish old furniture, says Clara, "the way other people do dishes."



Opposite: Kitchen work area seen from silvery ash wood-topped counter that separates it from eating area. Island with sinks is on other side of bookcase, which holds cookbook collection. On the left, a peek into a two-story greenhouse that provides greenery and fresh herbs year round.

FRANCES AND CANDY: TWO FACES OF BEAUT

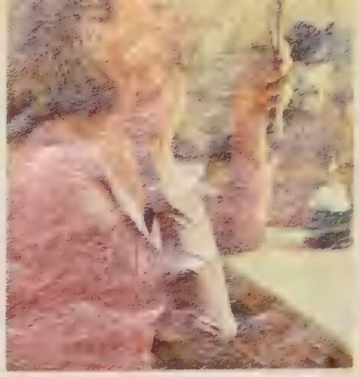
Candy Bergen, the 26-year-old daughter of Edgar Bergen, and her glamorous mother Frances, talk about what it takes to have beautiful skin. Like many mothers and daughters they've learned a lot from each other. By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor.

Candy: I was lucky as a teenager—I had about three pimples. My mother just said wash and suggested I use a very mild, very pure non-alkaline soap since my skin was always dry.

Frances: I learned about keeping my skin clean when I was a model in New York before marrying Edgar. Every morning and night I'd cleanse my skin with a little sponge saturated with a mild soap and then rinse. Then I'd follow with a moisturizer. I started Candy out on her own soap and moisturizer when she was about 12 years old. She was always very good about remembering to use it.

Candy: The big advice I remember getting was on makeup. Mother was always telling me to go light, that being fair you can't carry a lot of makeup. Now that I don't wear much makeup at all she'd like me to wear more. The nice thing is that the man I'm going with really likes me better without a lot of makeup.

Frances: I'm like Candy. I don't care that much about wearing a lot of makeup all the time. Not that my skin is as perfect as hers. But I found out that a light foundation acts as a great protective. I think if you wear a heavy, heavy *(continued on page 125)*









(1) (2) (3)

Above (left to right): **1.** *Frances' skin-care regimen features a thorough twice-a-day cleaning with a cotton pad soaked with mild cleansing lotion.* **2.** *Next step is a gentle astringent to tighten the pores.* **3.** *Before applying makeup Frances always uses a moisturizer.* **4.** *Relaxing on the sofa in her Holmby Hills living room.*

Below: Frances says good-bye to husband Edgar, about to go on a trip.

Photographs by John Vidol. Hair and makeup by Don Moran of Ménage à Trois.







MY BEAUTIFUL STRANGER

A mother presents the case (and there still is one!) for innocence. Is this fiction—or most parents' hidden reality?
By Helen Pastore

You didn't glimpse me as I passed your half-opened door tonight. Or did you? There you were, fresh from the shower, intently studying your own body in the full-length mirror.

As your mother of 16 years, I am not unfamiliar with your anatomy. I have talcumed your baby bottom, alcohol-rubbed your little girl body in its fevered flushes, inspected a parade of rashes and bruises, and been allowed occasionally to run a rhythmic brush through that just-washed hang of hair.

But that was yesterday.

Now my eyes take in those ripening curves, and I know you are moving into womanhood. For you, it is an exciting passage. For me, it marks both a new kinship and a new separateness. You are my daughter still. But you are also a beautiful stranger.

Your father is suffering through this period. It is not just that your springtime signals his autumn. It goes fathoms deeper into the complex tides that run between male parents and girl children. "Damn it," he cried at the beach this weekend, when you wore your almost topless suit. "Can't you stop her from running around undressed like that?"

Empty talk—"out of sync," as you'd put it. We know we can no longer forbid you to dress or act or live like your peers. We can no longer legislate; we can only lobby with every bit of artfulness we can muster.

I had my own complex reactions as I watched you plunge into the surf, surrounded by a laughing group of friends. Pride at your awakening grace, your healthy vitality. An undertow of nostalgia for my lost summer days, for times when I was something else than a size-14 pumpkin in a tactful coverup bathing suit.

And blatant envy. Oh, yes. For that glorious figure I never had. For the perhaps-too-many possessions at your beck and call . . . the phone of your own, the racks of shoes, the hi-fi and records, the books, college without question, the chance to go to Europe next year. For your free spirit, the casual way you seem to accept what for me were the veiled, painful mysteries of life.

I take modest credit for some of this matter-of-factness. I remember well that first awkward conversation we had about procreation—could it have been nine years ago? It opened the door to many others. Little did I realize how far your education could go. Neither your father nor I can hide our pain when you now discuss sex with the rhetoric of a sociologist and the explicitness of a streetwalker. It still does something to us when you refer to orgasm as "the big O." Drugs? We've gone over that, too. And I believe you when you say you've tried pot only once, and have enough sense to avoid the hard stuff.

Yes, we've talked. Until last year, you've seemingly been tolerant of our efforts to communicate to you something about the traditions and ideals we believe in.

But recently a generational haze tinted with defiance has arisen between us. How skillfully you drop the news that two of your friends are on the pill. I refused to be drawn into outright disapproval or acceptance, letting it go with a noncommittal "Mmm."

All the alternatives are dangerous for me. By becoming a confidante one becomes an accomplice. By expressing horror or shock, one widens the breach. By ignoring sex information, through conviction or embarrassment, one denies reality. So I said, "Mmmm." Because I had the comforting suspicion that contraceptive methodology was not a personally relevant concern to you.

But then, two weeks ago, you met Randy at the beach. He seems unlike your other friends; he reads Camus out on the jetty, or goes for long walks along the shoreline with you.

I've seen you look at each other. And tonight, I saw you gaze at your own body. (I remember the whispered wisdom of gym locker rooms—if one is in love, one's breasts stand out pointy and straight. Is that notion still around? Or would you laugh and lecture me on erectile tissue?)

Oh, you think you have all the answers. Politics, the war, the propriety of wearing jeans to everything but funerals, your right to decide to do what you wish with your own body. With shaking bravado at dinner the other night, you informed us that you intended to share your body according to your own values, based on commitment and the presence of a Meaningful Relationship.

"Meaningful is *married,*" muttered your father, almost choking on his soup. Your response was to laugh, mockingly, irritatingly, nervously.

And your father called you half-baked and insolent. And there were tears, and slammed doors, and an uneaten dinner. Later, I brought you a toaster pizza and a cola, which you ate with a zest unassociated with your recent roots-and-berries food phase. We talked, stiffly at first, and then more easily. About marriage, mostly, and why your father had been so hurt.

"I didn't mean to put you and Daddy down," you said. "You two seem to make it work. You're not just putting up a front. But Daddy should hear the truth about some of the other mothers and fathers he thinks are such dolls. Wow!"

Gropingly, I put in a few plugs for stability and permanence. I offered the possibility that if marriage got a better press, among all generations, the institution might do better. "Marriage *is* meaningful. Ask the couple who owns one," I laughed, having the last word as I carried out your tray.

But now, suddenly, there's Randy, and I myself am a bit intrigued by his brooding darkness, which is why I am suspicious of him. And you have been spending time with him. Listening together in your room, the door closed, to the jagged rhythms and the mournful melodies you enjoy. Going to movies together, where it is all spelled out for you on the screen, the most erotic practices made as routine as Andy Hardy's banal antics. Attending beach parties where the couples take off by themselves to the dunes. It's only been two weeks, but I have seen the 300-watt sparkle in your eyes, and a certain amount of self-conscious tension in your behavior.

What can I do to hold you, protect you, keep you from running too free too quickly? Become a censor, admonisher, dictator, and know that in rebellion you may well secretly do what you want to do anyway? Permit you to drift away, by default, right under my own eyes? Should I really want to hold you and protect you? If I were a good mother, a confident mother, shouldn't I let you go to become yourself? Woman to woman, don't I want you to know the tenderness and warmth and pleasure of a first love? When I was younger, Ben Hecht called love "the sudden hilltop of companionship that adds a sense of genius to living." I wrote that down in a notebook.

Perhaps, for you, this is too sentimental a definition. Stardust, both the song and the concept, is of another age. The sexual revolution implies that excitement and sexual gratification have nothing to do with the stars: they are bread and butter and instant pizza.

But I won't buy this, and I think most women will agree. For women, more than men, really do need something meaningful, hilltops of companionship as well as pinnacles of climax, affection along with technique. And women more than men can be hurt by the results of impulsive *(continued on page 144)*

Illustration by Joe Bowler

10 BEST FOOD BUYS

Buying groceries these inflationary days requires every bit of imagination and energy one can muster. After checking the advertised specials, clipping the price-off coupons, deciding if you want six large oranges at 59¢ or a dozen small ones at 98¢, and debating whether or not to splurge on the sirloin, what you really need is a vitamin supplement to restore your strength.

In an effort to help simplify shopping expeditions, we went on a treasure hunt recently to determine the best buys on the supermarket shelf. Here are 10. To qualify for our list, an item had to be available at a low price on a year-round basis (not just seasonally), as well as be high in nutritional value and versatile in use. Our final choices include a representative cross section from the meat, fish, produce, canned, and frozen foods departments.

Some of the entries won't surprise you. Chicken, ground beef, and eggs, though higher priced than in the past, still rate among the best buys around—and probably always will. No list such as this would be complete without them. But along the way we also made some fascinating discoveries. Canned mackerel, for one (on this page), at approximately 31¢ a pound. This usually overlooked fish can, like salmon or tuna, be used for anything from sandwiches to fish mousse. On the following pages you'll find the rest of the big 10, plus some inspired things to do with them.

By Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor.

All recipes begin on page 102

All photographs by Charles Gold



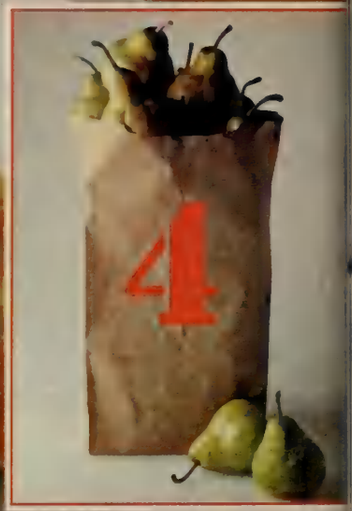
Mackerel: Mixed with mayonnaise, sour cream, dill, and gelatin (above), it's a *Mackerel Mousse*. Below, the *Mackerel Deluxe*—grilled sandwich with cheese.



Carrots: Month in and out, a best produce buy. *Carrot Patties with Raisin Sauce* (above) are great. So the *Tiered Carrot Mold* layered with lemon gelatin, pineapple, pecans, cottage cheese, and, of course, carrots.



Canned Tomatoes: Compared to the fresh article or to other canned vegetables, they're a bargain either way. For greater savings use the even-less-expensive stewed tomatoes for sauces or dishes like the *Tomato-Cheese Log* at the right. This party spread combines cream and Cheddar cheeses, tomato, garlic, onion, and chopped walnuts.



Pears: Between Boscs, Anjous, Bartletts, Seckels, etc., there's ■ low-priced pear for all seasons. For a change, try ■ chilled pear soup (see recipe section). For an exercise in elegance try the *Pastry Pear* (shown here), ■ peeled pear stuffed with almond-lemon paste, wrapped in pastry, and baked.



Eggs: An old stand-by that still ranks low in price, high in protein. Escape the fried egg-sunny-side-up syndrome with ■ *Fat Cat Omelet*. Directions for making this overstuffed puffy omelet are on page 108



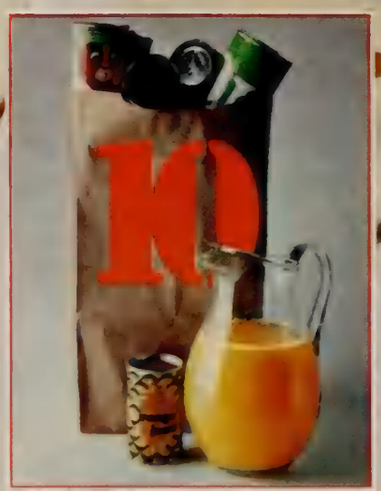
Brown Rice: The price is right and so is the flavor. Try *Brown Rice Croquettes* either as a main course or an accompaniment. They combine rice, cheese, and a coating of Italian-flavored bread crumbs with a spicy Tomato-Clam Sauce.

Applesauce: A familiar but dependable buy in a bottle. Nothing old shoe, however, about *Apple Sauce Crêpes* spiced with ginger and topped with sour cream and pecans. Recipes for this and for Iced Apple Cream Soup and Apple Charlotte Russe on page 106.



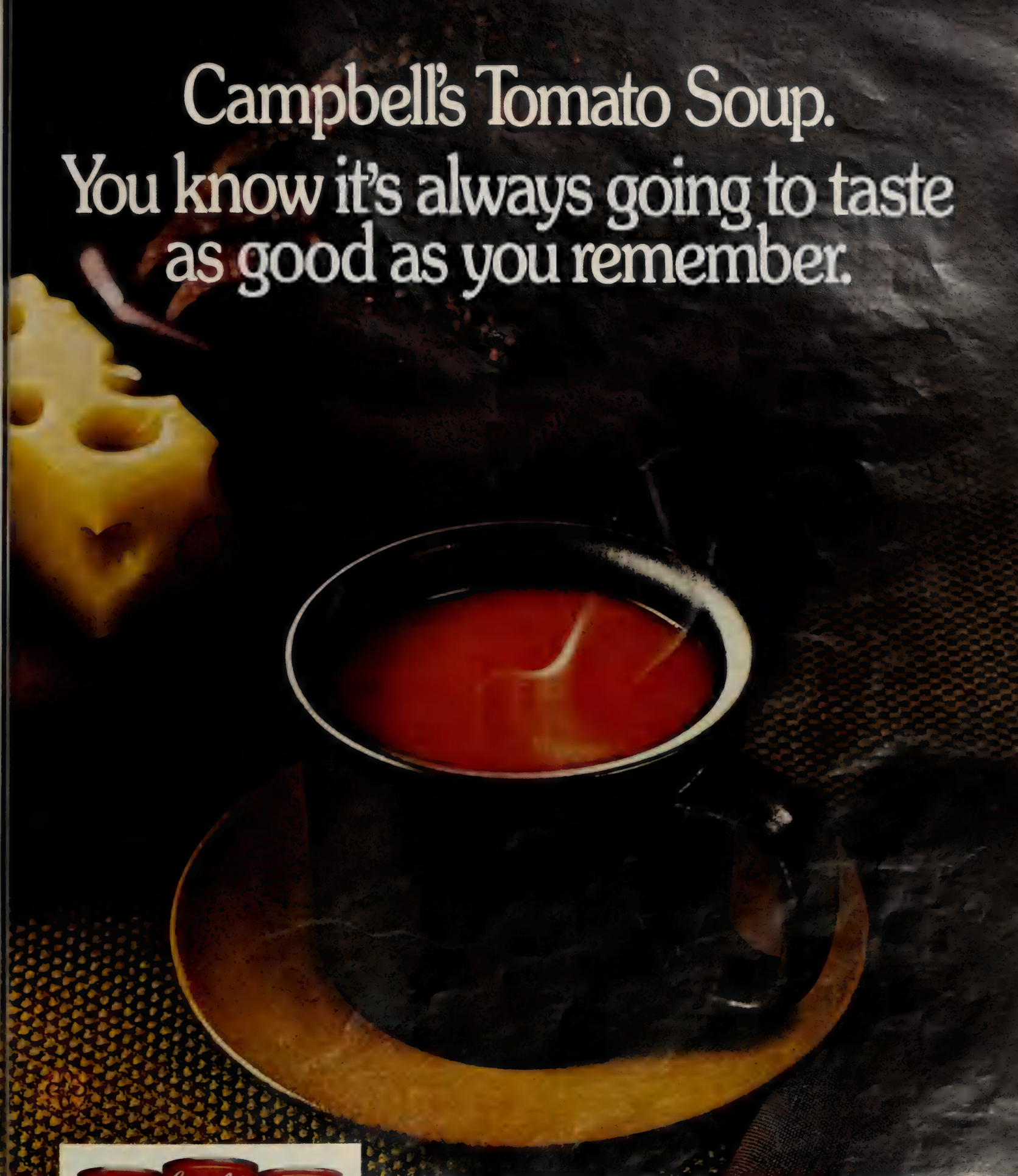
Ground Beef: Not as cheap as it used to be, but it still beats most other beef entries on the meat counter. Give it first-class treatment. The ***Reuben Roll*** (above) features a hearty stuffing of sauerkraut and cheese. The caraway-flavored beef wraps it all up jelly-roll fashion. Another bright idea: ***Beef Taco Appetizers*** (below). They are fried taco shells stuffed with seasoned ground beef and skewered with olives. Recipes on page 110.

Frozen Orange Juice: Frozen items can be more expensive than fresh ones, but not so of orange juice, one brand or another of which always seems to be on sale. Whip up ■ *Cold Orange Soufflé* with juice, gelatin, eggs, and a touch of rum flavoring. Recipe on page 111.



Chicken: Still a good buy, especially when used to best advantage. You get the most for your money buying either a whole chicken or the less expensive parts like the drumsticks or wings. Succulent *Cheese-Stuffed Drumsticks* are easily boned, then rolled in bread crumbs and baked until golden.

Campbell's Tomato Soup.
You know it's always going to taste as good as you remember.





It isn't easy to live up to so many happy memories. But Campbell's does it every day. With every serving of Campbell's Tomato Soup—brimming with real tomato flavor. The flavor that's made Campbell's Tomato Soup America's favorite for generations. Stir up some happy memories today with Campbell's Tomato or Tomato Bisque or Old Fashioned Tomato Rice Soup. You know they'll always taste as good as you remember.

M'm! M'm! Good!

TATUM: THE NEW SCENE-STEALER

continued from page 84

visit to the Statue of Liberty. "How big is it?" she asks. "As tall as this room?" Her blue eyes are full of wonder when she learns it is even taller.

A rock concert that evening is the other strictly-for-fun entry on Tatum's crowded New York calendar. Her father and baby-sitter Diane are taking her to hear Rod Stewart sing. "You know, he does 'Maggie, da, da, da,'" sings Tatum, her toothpick-straight blonde hair flopping to the rhythm.

Tatum is also a big Sonny and Cher fan. She is, however, totally unimpressed by preteen idol David Cassidy and absolutely violent on the subject of Alice Cooper. "He's weird and sick," she pronounces. "And what's more I don't like the way he sings."

Tatum squirms restlessly on the big sofa in her posh hotel drawing room and announces she wants to play cards. "Are you a card sharp?" she asks. Met with a disappointing no, she bounds from the sofa and starts throwing plastic rings at the ring toss she has installed on a wall. She gets a bull's eye on the second try. "Daddy, Daddy, I got a 25," she shrieks.

A game of "Three Wishes" brings Tatum back to the sofa. "My wish is to be a fashion model and wear *big* platform shoes," she says. "Do I get two more wishes? Well I also want to be an actress and—a singer."

"Tatum," explains her father, "is into platform shoes. Into them in the sense that she'd like a pair. We haven't given her any yet, but I have a feeling that it's imminent."

As the talk turns to fashion, clothes-conscious Tatum apologizes for the baggy red T-shirt and blue denims she's wearing: "I've got on my house clothes." She decides to conduct a tour of her closet. In it are four or five pairs of colorful pants, more T-shirts and what is obviously the *pièce de résistance*, the long blue-and-white gingham dress she wore to meet President Nixon at a recent Hollywood gala.

Would-be model Tatum is enthusiastic about her first fashion assignment, her two-day session with the JOURNAL. During the shooting she mugged playfully for the photographer, tried taking her own picture, and exhibited patience which, for a 9-year-old, was awesome.

She says modeling is much easier than making movies. "I thought making *Paper Moon* would be a lot funner," she confesses.

Her part as Adie, the film's precocious, cigarette-smoking heroine, required a month of rehearsing and then three long months of shooting, often in below-freezing Kansas weather. When the temperature dropped suddenly, Tatum got the flu. She continued working, bolstered by regular shots of penicillin. "Daddy had the flu, too. But he stayed in bed. I had to work because I was in every shot. But I didn't mind," she brags like an old trouper.

Sometimes the movie-making was fun. The part she enjoyed most was the bootlegging scene. In it, Tatum, her father, and a 1930's convertible full of illegal whiskey are pursued by police. During the high-speed chase, which was reshot several times, Tatum was perched precariously atop the whiskey cases. "That was the scariest and funnest scene," she says.

How did she like working with her father? "Pppplllllhhhh," she replies.

"I prefer to work with my daughter than with some stranger," says Ryan.

How did he resolve the problem of being a father and fellow actor at the same time? "Once we were on the set we just became two actors trying to get the job done," says Ryan.

"Yeah, and you were always bossing me around," says Tatum. She is not, she says, planning to allow her father to be in any future film of hers.

"We've made a deal," says Ryan, "that we're not working together anymore. We shook on it."

Whatever tensions may have surfaced during the filming, Ryan clearly thinks, on balance, that it was all worth it. Although the critics are saying Tatum steals the show, Ryan considers it his best performance yet. As for Tatum: "She was wonderful. She just couldn't have been better." Ryan also believes the movie has done a lot for his daughter's self-esteem. "She really came into her own during the film. It made her feel good about herself."

According to her father, Tatum's past has been a rough one. She and her mother, Ryan's first wife, actress Joanna Moore, were unable to get along with each other. Tatum was so unhappy that she chopped off great chunks of her hair. Finally, crying, she called her father and asked if she could come live with him. As a result Tatum spent weekends last year at her father's new Malibu beach house and weekdays at boarding school. Recently relations have improved between Tatum and her mother, who lives in Brentwood with Tatum's 8-year-old brother Griffin.

Tatum confesses she is much happier these days. "I had some bad lives [sic] when I lived with my mother. Now it's my chance to be spoiled. I probably am a little spoiled already," she worries.

This coming school year Tatum will be in England with her father, who is scheduled to begin shooting a new movie with director Stanley Kubrick. The two are still looking for a school for Tatum to attend. Although she's obviously very bright, Tatum says her report card is awful. Last year she flunked drama—of all things. As Tatum tells it, she muffed her only line in the school play. "I was supposed to say 'Pretty soon we'll be going to bed in the light and getting up in the dark.' And I said 'Pretty soon we'll be Bbbblllllllhhhh.'" It doesn't strike her the least bit funny that she failed drama even though she's a big movie star.

In Europe both Tatum and her father expect to see Ursula Andress, who Tatum describes as "my father's girl friend." Tatum keeps a photograph of Ursula over her bed.

Despite his open admiration for Miss Andress, Ryan says he's not eager to get married. He has been married twice (he is still legally married to actress Leigh-Taylor Young) and thinks he would have better relationships with both women if he hadn't married them. He doesn't, however, rule out the possibility of marriage if "the woman I loved needed it." "There are," says Ryan, "so few things you can give to a woman nowadays."

As for Tatum she's not so sure she's in favor of marriage either: "I think I'd just like to have a boyfriend when I'm about sixteen." END

10 BEST FOOD BUYS

continued from page 94

MACKEREL MOUSSE
(pictured on page 94)

As elegant—and pretty—as a salmon mousse, at a fraction of the price.

2 cans (15-oz. each) mackerel
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1 cup sour cream
1 cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon dill weed
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon liquid hot pepper sauce
¾ cup chopped celery
⅓ cup chopped green pepper
⅓ cup chopped pimiento

Drain mackerel, reserving liquid. Remove bones and skin. Sprinkle gelatin over reserved liquid in a small saucepan. Place over low heat, stirring until gelatin dissolves. Remove from heat.

Combine sour cream, mayonnaise, lemon juice, dill weed, Worcestershire sauce, salt, and liquid hot pepper. Stir in dissolved gelatin. Fold in mackerel, celery, green pepper, and pimiento.

Rinse a 6-cup mold with cold water. Turn fish mixture into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on a bed of greens and garnish with half slices of pitted green olives. Makes 6 servings.

MACKEREL SANDWICH DELUXE
(pictured on page 94)

Grilled sandwiches are always family favorites. Here's a new one to add to your collection.

8 slices white bread
¼ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 small clove garlic, crushed
8 oz. mozzarella cheese, cut into 8 slices
1 can (15 oz.) mackerel, drained and bones removed
¼ cup chili sauce

Toast bread on one side under broiler. Combine butter or margarine with garlic, and spread garlic butter on untoasted sides of bread. Place one slice of cheese on toasted side of 4 bread slices. Top with mackerel. Spread with chili sauce. Place remaining cheese on top. Cover with remaining bread, toasted sides down. Grill both sides of sandwiches until golden brown under broiler. Cut into two triangles. Makes 4 sandwiches.

CARROT PATTIES
(pictured on page 95)

Serve this sweet vegetable dish anytime; we especially like it as an accompaniment to ham and pork.

Patties:
2 cups finely grated carrots
2 cups dry bread crumbs
2 eggs, beaten
⅓ cup milk
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon grated orange rind
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
Sauce:
½ cup raisins
⅓ cup water
⅓ cup currant jelly
⅓ cup orange juice
1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ teaspoon grated orange rind
⅛ tablespoon allspice

To prepare patties: Combine carrot, bread crumbs, eggs, milk, cinnamon, and salt in a large bowl and work with hands until evenly blended. Shape into eight patties 3 inches in diameter.

Melt butter or margarine in a large skillet. Add patties and sauté a few minutes on each side or until golden and cooked through.

To prepare sauce: In a small saucepan combine remaining ingredients. Cook until mixture thickens and boils, stirring often. Serve carrot patties with sauce. Serves 4–6.

TIERED CROWN CARROT MOLD
(pictured on page 95)

This gets our most beautiful-recipe-of-the-month award.

1 package (6 oz.) lemon flavored gelatin
2 cups boiling water
1 can (20 oz.) crushed pineapple, drained, reserving liquid
Juice of 1 orange
2 cups cottage cheese, drained
2 cups coarsely grated carrots
½ cup chopped pecans

Place gelatin in a large bowl. Add boiling water. Stir until gelatin is dissolved.

Pour drained liquid from pineapple into a 2-cup liquid measuring cup. Add orange juice and enough water to make 2 cups. Add to gelatin mixture and stir to blend.

Rinse an 8-cup mold in cold water. Place 2 cups gelatin mixture in mold and refrigerate along with remaining mixture until partially set.

Arrange cottage cheese in mold.

Fold pineapple, carrots, and pecans into remaining partially set gelatin. Add to mold and chill until set.

Unmold onto serving platter. Garnish with chicory if desired. Serves 8–10.

SPICED CARROT CUSTARD

Would you believe a carrot dessert? Delicious, with just a suggestion of pumpkin. It's a quick blender concoction.



1 lb. carrots, pared and cut into 1-inch pieces
1 cup milk
3 eggs, beaten
½ cup light brown sugar
1 teaspoon lemon rind
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon ground cloves
⅛ teaspoon salt
Whipped cream

Preheat oven to 350°. Place carrots in 1 cup boiling water; cover tightly and cook 10 minutes or until tender. Drain.

Purée carrots in blender with milk. Pour into a medium bowl. Add remaining ingredients except for cream and beat until blended.

Pour into six ⅔-cup buttered custard cups. Place in a 350° oven in a shallow baking dish. Add boiling water to the depth of 1 inch and bake for 35–40 minutes. Serve warm or chilled. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Serves 6.

(continued on page 106)

SQUEEZ CHART



KRAFT Division of Kraftco Corporation

This is a starter chart. It gives some basic suggestions for using Squeez-A-Snak process cheese spread from Kraft. Down the left hand side you'll see the six delicious flavors of Squeez-A-Snak. Across the page there are 14 snack ideas from plain cracker snacks to stuffed tomato appetizers. Hang this chart by the kitchen cabinet where you keep Squeez-A-Snak. (Yes, in the cabinet. Squeez-A-Snak never needs refrigeration, even after opening.)

Kraft Snaks. A good time is only as good as its food.

Take it home.



1. Your favorite take-out chicken.

2. Store bought 3-bean salad.

3. Their potato salad.

4. Pound cake. Frozen or from the bakery.

And mother it.

1. Your favorite take-out chicken. Pour over a quick, but sassy, sauce. Combine a 12 oz. jar plum preserves, ¼ t. ginger, dash onion salt, 4 t. fresh lemon juice, 1 Tb. soy sauce. It's enough for a bucket.

2. Store bought 3-bean salad. Make it special by adding 1 t. fresh lemon juice, 4 slices crumbled bacon and 2 hard-cooked eggs, quartered, per pt. Tastes fresh. Home made.

3. Your potato salad. Start with theirs, and add ½ cup sliced celery, ¼ cup sliced dill pickle, 1 t. grated lemon peel, 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice and ½ t. poppy seeds, per pt. So easy. So much better.

4. Pound cake. Frozen or from the bakery. Split into four layers. Spread layers with a 10 oz. jar red currant jelly, combined with 1 Tb. grated lemon peel. Assemble cake. Combine 1 snack-size can lemon pudding with 2 t. fresh lemon juice. Spread on cake. Decorate with almonds.



We have a whole series of good little lemon tricks. To get them all, send us a postcard: Sunkist, Dept. S-73-30, Box 7888, Van Nuys, California 91409.

Sunkist®

10 BEST FOOD BUYS

continued from page 102

TOMATO-CHEESE LOG
(pictured on page 96)

Show off with this recipe at your next party; leftovers, if any, are great for sandwiches.

1 cup drained canned whole tomatoes
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, softened
8 oz. Cheddar cheese, grated (2 cups)
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
½ cup chopped onion
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ to ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
8 ounces chopped walnuts

In a large bowl combine tomatoes, cheeses, butter or margarine, onion, garlic, salt, and cayenne. Beat with an electric mixer until smooth. Spoon out onto a large piece of wax paper. Roll with wax paper to form a log shape. Place in the freezer 1 hour or until firm. Remove wax paper and smooth log shape. Cover with chopped walnuts and garnish with bits of fresh tomato. Place on a large platter and serve with crackers as an appetizer.

FRUITY, NUTTY TOMATO CAKE

Here's a cake that will have the whole neighborhood talking—and asking for the recipe. Like the more usual fruit cakes, it's a moist one.



Cake:
3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup firmly packed dark brown sugar
½ cup shortening
2 eggs
1 can (16 oz.) whole tomatoes
½ cup chopped pecans
½ cup snipped dates
½ cup raisins
Frosting:
1 package (1 lb.) confectioners' sugar
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, softened
½ cup butter or margarine

To prepare cake: Preheat oven to 350°. Grease and flour two 8-inch cake pans. Sift flour, baking powder, baking soda, cinnamon, nutmeg, and salt into a large bowl.

Cream brown sugar and shortening. Combine with eggs, tomatoes, pecans, dates, and raisins. Gently beat in flour mixture. Pour cake mixture into prepared cake pans. Bake in a 350° oven 30 minutes. Remove pans from oven and place on cooling rack 10 minutes. Remove cakes from pans and place on rack to cool completely.

To prepare frosting: Combine confectioners' sugar, cream cheese, and butter or margarine. Beat until very smooth and creamy. Set aside ½ cup. Spread frosting generously between cooled layers and over entire cake. Decorate the cake with remaining one-half cup frosting, using a small piping tip and a pastry bag. Serves 8–10.

PASTRY PEAR
(pictured on page 96)

This is our show-off dessert of the month.

Pastry:
2½ cups all-purpose flour
¾ cup plus 2 tablespoons butter, softened
2 eggs
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
Filling:
1 cup ground blanched almonds
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 egg yolk
6 pears, peeled
1 egg, beaten
Lemon sauce:
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Juice of 1 lemon
2 egg yolks, beaten

To prepare pastry: Place flour on pastry board and make a well in center. Put in ¾ cup plus 2 tablespoons butter, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, and salt. Gradually blend all ingredients together with fingers. Knead the dough until smooth, about 2 minutes. Form into two balls and let rest for at least 1 hour.

To prepare filling: Preheat oven to 375°. Combine almonds, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon each sugar, lemon juice, and 1 egg yolk. Mix well. Core pears from bottom leaving stems intact. Fill center of each pear with almond filling.

To assemble: Roll out each ball of dough to ⅛-inch thickness. Cut out six 7-inch circles. Cut one-third pie wedge out of each circle. Wrap each pear with one piece of dough, molding it around pear. Decorate with cut outs of leftover dough. Brush with one beaten egg.

Bake at 375° for 25 minutes.

To prepare sauce: Meanwhile in saucepan combine water, 1 cup sugar, lemon rind and juice. Bring to boil. Strain sauce and immediately slowly whip into 2 beaten egg yolks. Makes 2 cups.

Serve pears warm or cold with lemon sauce. Serves 6.

CHILLED PEAR SOUP

A quick blender soup—or a delicious drink for a midsummer afternoon.



6 pears, peeled and cored
2 cups dry white wine
½ cup sugar
1 cup heavy cream
Graham cracker crumbs

Prepare soup garnish by scooping out small balls from 2 pears. Set aside in a bowl of water and lemon juice. Dice remaining pears and put into blender with scraps from first 2 pears, wine, sugar, and cream. Blend until smooth. Chill.

Pour into small soup bowls or tureen. Add drained pear balls, and sprinkle with graham cracker crumbs. Makes 6 cups.

HOW TO PREPARE OMELET PAN

To make perfect omelets the pan should be seasoned. Rub an omelet pan or heavy skillet generously with oil or clarified butter and a small amount of salt, using a paper towel. Set pan over low heat for 5–10 minutes to season. Then use according to the recipe directions you are following.

After preparing omelet, clean pan with a piece of paper towel and some salt. Do not wash with soap and water. If you do so you will wash away seasoning.

RECIPES TESTED IN THE JOURNAL KITCHENS

Ruth Lauman, Manager
Jean Aultman
Claudia T. Kinsey
Laura Lexa

FAT CAT OMELET
(pictured on page 97)

If you're not familiar with puffy omelets, take a minute to learn the technique and you'll have a whole new way with eggs.

Filling:
1 can (16 oz.) whole potatoes, drained and sliced
½ lb. bacon, chopped
1 cup sliced mushrooms
½ cup chopped onion
1 package (10 oz.) fresh spinach, cleaned with stems removed
Omelet:
2 tablespoons butter
4 eggs, separated
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup water
1½ tablespoons flour
Sauce:
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
4 oz. shredded Cheddar cheese (1 cup)
2 teaspoons caraway seeds
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon basil

To prepare filling: In a medium skillet combine potato slices, chopped bacon, sliced mushrooms, and chopped onion. Sauté until bacon is crisp and onions are tender. Add spinach and cover 5 minutes until wilted. Set aside.

To prepare omelet: Preheat oven to 325°. Melt butter over low heat in prepared 10-inch ovenproof omelet pan. Whip yolks, ¼ teaspoon salt, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper until thick and creamy. Whip whites with water until soft peaks form. Fold yolks and flour into beaten whites. Pour into heated omelet pan and fry 3 minutes until partially set and puffed. Place pan in the oven. Bake in oven for 12 minutes.

To prepare sauce: While the omelet is baking, melt butter in a heavy saucepan over medium heat. Gradually stir in flour until smooth. Add milk, cheese, caraway seeds, salt, pepper, and basil. Stir the mixture continuously until it is smooth and thickened.

To assemble: Remove omelet from oven and place on warmed platter. Spoon on filling. Fold over and pour on sauce. Serves 4.

MOZZARELLA ROULADE

Still another puffy omelet creati a main dish this time.



Roulade:
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
6 eggs, separated
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅓ cup water
3 tablespoons flour
Sauce:
¼ lb. sweet Italian sausage, cut into pieces
½ cup chopped onion
⅓ cup chopped green pepper
1 can (16 oz.) tomato sauce
¼ cup water
½ teaspoon basil
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Filling:
oz. shredded mozzarella (2 cups)
½ cup finely chopped parsley

To prepare roulade: Preheat o to 325°. Line a jelly roll pan w cooking wrap or waxed paper. F butter evenly over wrap. In a sm bowl whip yolks, ½ teaspoon s and ⅛ teaspoon pepper until th and lemon colored. Whip whi with ⅓ cup water until soft pea form. Fold yolks and flour in beaten whites. Pour into jelly r pan. Spread evenly. Bake 10 mi utes.

To prepare sauce: In a mediu saucepan sauté sausage, onion, a green pepper until sausage is brow Add tomato sauce, ¼ cup wat basil, ¼ teaspoon salt, and ⅛ te spoon pepper. Simmer until servi time.

To assemble roulade: Remove om let from oven. Sprinkle with chees Roll, starting from narrow end, jelly-roll fashion. Return to oven f 5 minutes or until cheese melt Slice and serve with piping h sauce. Serves 6.

APPLESAUCE CREPES
(pictured on page 98)

A make-ahead dessert, with a fe minutes in the oven just before ser ing. A rare, glamorous, but budge dessert.

Crepes:
2 large eggs
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup butter or margarine, melted
⅓ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk, warmed
2 tablespoons rum (optional)
Filling:
1 jar (35 oz.) applesauce
1½ cups sour cream
½ cup chopped pecans
⅓ cup chopped candied ginger
¼ cup sugar
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
1 teaspoon ground ginger

To prepare crepes: Stir the eggs flour, butter or margarine, sugar and salt together until smooth. Grad ually add the warmed milk and sti until you have a batter of about th consistency of heavy cream. Stir i rum, if desired. *(continued)*

FROM OUT OF THE BLUE.



WISH-BONE® CREATES NEW CHUNKY BLUE CHEESE DRESSING. BRIMMING WITH CHUNKS YOU CAN SEE AND TASTE.

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Wish-Bone. For people who really like salads.



Banana Breeze

uscious, creamy, no-cook filling in a crunchy, no-bake crumb st. Convenience ingredients cut your time and work. Almost as y as peeling a banana. Here's how:

Bake Crust

cup regular margarine or butter
cup sugar
easpoon cinnamon (optional)
cup Kellogg's® Corn Flake Crumbs
margarine, sugar and cinnamon in small saucepan.
e over low heat, stir constantly until bubbles form around edges of pan; remove from heat.
Corn Flake Crumbs; mix well.
s mixture evenly in 9-inch pie pan to form crust. Chill.

Cook Filling

package (8 ounces) cream cheese, softened
can Eagle Brand® Sweetened ondensed Milk (not evaporated milk)*
cup bottled lemon juice (measure accurately)*
easpoon vanilla extract
medium size ripe Dole® bananas
tablespoons bottled lemon juice

holia® or Dime® Brands may be used.

Beat the cream cheese until light and fluffy.
Add sweetened condensed milk. Blend thoroughly.
Add 1/3 cup lemon juice and vanilla and stir 'til thickened.
Slice 3 bananas; line crust with banana slices.
Turn filling into crust. Refrigerate 2 to 3 hours, or 'til firm. (Do not freeze.)
Cut fourth banana into thin slices; dip in remaining lemon juice. Garnish top of pie with banana slices as shown.
Yield: 8 servings.



Place a 6½-inch crepe pan or a frying pan with a nonstick surface over medium high heat. With a pastry brush, lightly butter the pan. Ladle about 2 tablespoons of batter into pan, immediately rolling it around clockwise to coat bottom of the pan evenly. Cook until bottom of crepe is golden brown. Turn the crepe over by slipping a metal spatula underneath, or invert the pan over a paper towel. Allow the crepe to fall out, browned side up, and then return crepe to the pan with your fingers.

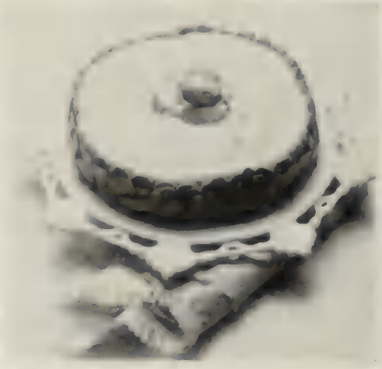
Continue cooking the remaining crepes, stacking them on top of one another until all the batter is used. Makes 15 to 18 dessert crepes.

To prepare filling: Pour the applesauce into a heavy, deep saucepan. Bring to a boil over high heat. Stirring often, boil the applesauce until it is reduced to 3 cups. Remove from the heat, stir in 1 cup sour cream, ⅓ cup chopped pecans and ¼ cup candied ginger, sugar, lemon rind, and ground ginger. This will make 4 cups of filling.

To assemble crepes: Preheat oven to 375°. Spread about 3 tablespoons of apple filling on each crepe, then roll each up. Place in a buttered baking dish and heat in oven for 8 to 12 minutes or until very hot. Serve topped with remaining sour cream, pecans, and candied ginger. Makes 5 to 6 servings.

APPLE CHARLOTTE RUSSE

Bless all the great convenience foods in this recipe.



Crust:
1 package (10 oz.) pie crust mix
3 tablespoons apricot jam, melted
⅓ cup toasted sliced almonds
Filling:
2 cups applesauce
1 package (3 oz.) lemon-flavored gelatin
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon applejack (optional)
1 package (2 oz.) whipped topping

To prepare crust: Preheat oven to 425°. Prepare pie crust according to package directions.

Roll out pastry to an 11-inch circle. Butter an 8x1½-inch round cake pan and line it with pastry. Prick with a fork. Then line the pastry with aluminum foil, fill with rice or dried beans.

Bake in a 425° oven for 15 minutes. Remove foil and rice or beans. Reduce heat to 375°, return pastry to oven and bake 10–12 minutes longer. When cool, turn out carefully from pan.

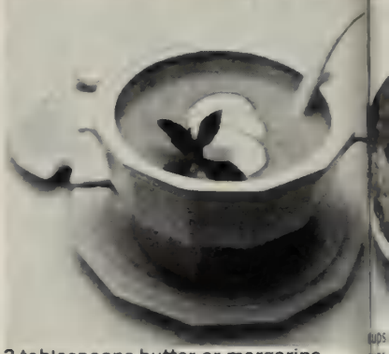
Brush outside of pastry shell with melted apricot jam and coat it with ¼ cup sliced almonds.

To prepare apple filling: Heat applesauce until bubbly. Remove from heat. Add lemon-flavored gelatin, sugar and applejack (optional), st until dissolved. Chill until slightl thickened. Whip topping mix a cording to package directions. Fol 1½ cups whipped topping into gel tin mixture. (Refrigerate remainin topping for decorations.) Pour gel tin mixture into pastry shell. Chil

Before serving top with reserve whipped topping and sliced a monds. Serves 4–6.

CURRIED APPLE SOUP

Add more curry if you can stand i We call for only a modest amoun



2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon curry powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups applesauce
4 chicken bouillon cubes
1½ cups water
½ cup light cream or milk
3 tablespoons sherry (optional)

Melt butter or margarine in a sauc pan. Add celery and onion. Saut until the vegetables are limp, abou 5 minutes. Blend in flour, curry pow der, and salt; cook 1 minute.

Transfer the mixture to a blende Add the applesauce and bouillo cubes. Blend until smooth.

Return mixture to saucepan, ad water, and bring to a boil. Remov from heat, stir in light cream or milk and sherry (optional). Chill.

Serve garnished with slices o fresh apple and mint. Makes 4 to servings.

BROWN RICE CROQUETTES
(pictured on page 98)

An Italian main dish with a spic clam sauce, not to mention a melte cheese center.

Sauce:
2 tablespoons olive oil
½ cup chopped onion
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1 can (35 oz.) Italian tomatoes, sieved
1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste
1 tablespoon oregano
1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons basil
½ teaspoon pepper
1 can (8 oz.) minced clams, drained
Croquettes:
4 cups cooked brown rice
2 eggs, beaten
⅓ cup chopped parsley
1 tablespoon milk
4 oz. mozzarella cheese, cut into 1-inch cubes (1 cup)
¾ cup Italian-flavored dry bread crumbs
Oil for frying

To make sauce: Heat olive oil in a saucepan. Sauté onion and garlic for a few minutes. Add tomatoes, toma to paste and seasonings. Cook uncovered 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add minced clams and cook an additional 15 minutes.

To make croquettes: Combine rice, 1 beaten egg, and parsley in a bowl.

In a small bowl beat remaining egg and milk.

Place ¼ cup rice mixture in palm hand, arrange a cheese cube in ter and top with an additional ¼ rice mixture. Shape into a cro- tte. Dip in egg-milk mixture and in bread crumbs. Repeat, mak- 8 croquettes.

Heat 3–4 inches of oil to 375°. ep fry a few croquettes at a time 2–3 minutes each or until golden. ve with clam sauce. Serves 4.

CONFETTI PIE

neatless meal that's almost—but quite—too pretty to eat.



ups cooked brown rice
ups whole wheat bread crumbs
p diced roasted almonds
cup chopped celery
cup diced tomato, seeds removed
cup chopped onion
cup chopped parsley
ggs, beaten
aspoon salt
aspoon ground ginger
teaspoon pepper
teaspoon ground nutmeg
teaspoon ground sage
ard-cooked egg, cut in eighths
ery leaves

heat oven to 350°.

Combine all ingredients except d-cooked egg and celery leaves. Press into a buttered 9-inch pie te and bake at 350° for 25 min- s. Garnish with egg and celery ves. Serves 6–8.

CURRIED RICE RING

one will miss the meat when you ve this dish. Please, don't over- k the vegetables.



ce:
cup buttermilk
blespoons lemon juice
gg yolks, slightly beaten
aspoon curry powder
teaspoon salt
e Ring:
ups cooked brown rice
cup chopped parsley
. green beans, trimmed, cut in half
nd cooked
ead cauliflower, trimmed, cut into lowerets and cooked
diments:
cup currants
cup diced green pepper
cup sliced scallions
cup pine nuts

make sauce: Combine butter- k, lemon juice, egg yolks, curry wder, and salt in top of a double ler. Cook over boiling water, stir- g constantly with a wire whisk il mixture thickens. Keep warm.

prepare rice ring: Mix cooked rice and parsley. Press into a greased 5-cup ring mold. Invert onto serving platter.

Place cooked green beans and cauliflower in center of ring. Pour curry sauce over all. Serve with condiments. Serves 6–8.

REUBEN ROLL
(pictured on page 99)

We've taken the basics of the classic Reuben sandwich and turned it into a meat loaf variation.

1½ lbs. ground beef
1½ cups caraway rye bread crumbs
1 egg
½ cup chopped onion
¼ cup sweet pickle relish
¼ cup creamy Russian dressing
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 can (14 oz.) sauerkraut, drained
1½ cups grated Swiss cheese

Preheat oven to 350°. In a large bowl combine meat, bread crumbs, egg, onion, and seasonings. Work mixture with hands until blended.

On a sheet of waxed paper shape mixture into a 6x14-inch rectangle. Sprinkle with chopped sauerkraut and grated cheese, leaving a one-inch border around all edges. Starting with the narrow end, carefully roll the mixture, jelly-roll fashion, using waxed paper as a guide.

Place in a shallow baking dish and bake at 350° for 45 minutes. Serves 6.

(continued)

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BEEF TACO APPETIZERS
(pictured page 99)

A whole new concept for the hors d'oeuvre scene.

1 lb. ground beef
1 can (4 oz.) taco sauce
1 teaspoon salt
Oil for frying
1 can (11 oz.) tortillas
1½ cups grated Cheddar cheese
¾ cup diced tomato
Pimiento-stuffed green olives

Brown ground beef in a medium skillet. Pour off excess fat. Add taco sauce and salt, stirring to blend. Cover and simmer 25 minutes. Heat oil in a large skillet to 375°. Fry tortillas, a few at a time, for 3 seconds each. Drain on paper towels. When cool enough to handle, slice each in half and form into a cornucopia shape. Secure with toothpicks. Return to skillet and fry 1 minute. Drain and keep warm.

To assemble: Place about 2 teaspoons each meat mixture and cheese and 1 teaspoon diced tomato in each cornucopia. Makes 36.

MEAT LOAF EN CROUTE

A juicy meat loaf recipe that's simpler than it sounds.

Meat loaf:
1½ lbs. ground beef
⅔ cup dry bread crumbs
1 egg
⅓ cup chopped onion
¼ cup chili sauce
2 tablespoons horseradish
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon thyme leaves
½ teaspoon marjoram
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 package (10 oz.) frozen patty shells, thawed

Glaze:
1 yolk, beaten
1 tablespoon milk

Sauce:
1 package (⅞ oz.) brown gravy mix
⅔ cup water
⅓ cup dry red wine
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 (3 oz.) chopped mushrooms, drained



Preheat oven 450°.

In a large bowl combine beef, bread crumbs, egg, onion, and seasonings and work with hands until blended. Shape into a rounded loaf. Set aside.

On a lightly floured surface, press patty shells together in a circular arrangement. Roll out to ¼-inch thickness and trim to a circle 14 inches in diameter. Arrange over loaf and press underneath to secure. Score top diagonally in two directions with a knife to make a diamond pattern. Place on a rack in a shallow baking pan.

Place in a 450° oven. Immediately reduce heat to 400°. After 15 minutes reduce heat to 375° and bake an additional 30 minutes.

Combine egg yolk and milk and brush over pastry. Continue baking for 10 minutes or until golden.

To make sauce: Combine gravy mix, water, wine, and lemon juice in a small saucepan and heat according to package directions. Stir in mushrooms. Serves 6.

CHEESE-STUFFED DRUMSTICKS
(pictured on page 100)

A company dish on a budget—something we are always looking for. The quick lesson in boning the drumsticks is easily mastered.

12 chicken drumsticks
1½ cups (¼ lb.) finely diced boiled ham
1½ cups grated Swiss cheese
½ cup plus 2 tablespoons heavy cream
¾ teaspoon pepper
2 eggs, beaten
2 cups dry bread crumbs
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons salad oil

Bone drumsticks by scraping meat off bone, turning meat inside out as far as it will go toward narrow part of drumstick. With cleaver cut off bone just before the end, leaving knob.

Preheat oven to 375°. Stuff drumsticks with mixture of ham, cheese, ½ cup cream, and ½ teaspoon pepper. Fold skin over at end of drumstick to wrap in stuffing.

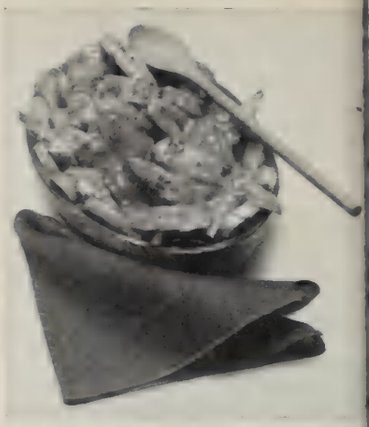
Combine eggs, 2 tablespoons cream, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Dip drumsticks in egg mixture and then roll in bread crumbs.

Bake 40 minutes at 375°, basting frequently with butter and oil.

Garnish with lemon and parsley if desired. Makes 6 servings.

CHICKEN WINGS BOUILLABAISE

A one-pot meal; don't be afraid use your fingers.



18 chicken wings
2 cups olive oil
1 large onion, thinly sliced
1 cup dry white wine
1 cup chicken stock
3 medium tomatoes, seeded and chopped
3 garlic cloves, chopped
⅓ cup chopped parsley
2 tablespoons tomato paste
1 chicken bouillon cube
2 bay leaves
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon thyme
¼ teaspoon basil
¼ teaspoon ground fennel
¼ teaspoon saffron
1 loaf French bread
3–4 garlic cloves

In a large skillet sauté chicken wings in ¼ cup olive oil until golden. Set aside. Sauté onion in same skillet until transparent. Add wine, chicken stock, tomatoes, 3 cloves, garlic, ¼ cup parsley, tomato paste, bouillon

NEVER, NEVER



refrigerate chicken in store wrap!

When you bring chicken home from the market, take it out of the store wrap, wash it thoroughly and refrigerate it in a Baggies® Alligator Bag. That way, it'll taste better and smell fresher longer. Baggies Alligator Bags are rough and tough—with a texture like mine. So to keep chicken fresher longer, refrigerate it in Baggies Alligator Bags. **At today's prices, why gamble.**



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bes, bay leaves, salt, pepper, yme, basil, fennel, and saffron and ing to boil. Return chicken wings skillet and simmer 20–30 minutes. Cut French bread into half-inch ces. Rub them with 3–4 cloves rlic and fry in remaining olive oil. Line a deep serving platter with e bread slices. Arrange chicken ngs over bread and pour sauce er them. Sprinkle with remaining opped parsley. Serves 6–8.

BRAISED CHICKEN IN CIDER

new way with roast chicken. If u're in a hurry put all ingredients a cooking bag (following package structions).



oasting chicken (3 to 4 pounds)
ablespoons butter
ablespoons salad oil
cup applejack (optional)
–20 small pearl onions, peeled
uart apple cider
easpoons salt
teaspoon pepper
ablespoons cornstarch
cup cold water
up sour cream

own chicken in butter and oil in itch oven until golden on all sides. ld applejack; flambé, if desired. move chicken from pot.

Sauté onions in same pot for 5–10 nutes. Return chicken to pot and d cider, salt, and pepper. Cover d simmer for about 1 hour (20 nutes per pound). Turn chicken quently.

When done, remove chicken to ving platter. Arrange pearl onions und chicken.

Mix cornstarch with cold water; d to sauce and bring to boil. Re- ve from heat and stir in sour am.

Pour some sauce over pearl on- s. Serve remaining sauce in gravy at. Serves 4–6.

Note: Potato dumplings go well h this dish, as they soak up all t extra gravy.

COLD ORANGE SOUFFLÉ
(pictured on page 100)

make-ahead dessert. Prepare in- idually or in one large dish.

nvelopes unflavored gelatin
ups milk
ggs, separated
cup sugar
easpoons rum extract
up heavy cream
an (6 oz.) frozen orange juice concentrate
cup grated orange rind
range slices, cut into quarters

rap 5- x 3-inch foil strips tightly und the tops of eight parfait or ne glasses, allowing 2 inches to tend over glass edge.

In a small saucepan soften gela- in ½ cup of milk for 3 minutes. ok over medium heat, stirring gently until dissolved.

In top part of double boiler combine the remaining 1½ cups milk, the egg yolks, and sugar. Heat mixture over boiling water, stirring until thickened. Stir in gelatin and rum extract. Cool in the refrigerator 45 minutes.

Beat egg whites until stiff. Beat cream until stiff. Fold cooled custard mixture and orange juice into egg whites and heavy cream. Pour soufflé mixture into glasses to extend 1½ inches above glass edges. Refrigerate.

To serve: Carefully insert a knife along the edge to loosen foil. Press rind onto exposed custard and garnish with orange quarter. Serves 8.

French's introduces the 60 second gravy.

New French's Gravy Makins is as good as it is fast! Now you can make homemade-tasting gravy in just sixty seconds. Because all you need is boiling water! No cooking, no waiting. Stirs instantly into rich, smooth, great tasting gravy. There are eight flavors, one for every kind of meat. So try French's great new Gravy Makins. It only takes a minute.



ORANGE JUICE DRINK

A lovely, thirst-quenching summer punch. For a kicker, substitute ½ cup brandy for the brandy extract.

1 can (16 oz.) crushed pineapple
4 cups water
2 cans (6 oz. each) frozen orange juice concentrate
½ cup lime juice
3 tablespoons brandy extract
Mint leaves
Lime slices

In a blender, whip crushed pineapple and strain. In a large bowl combine water, pine-orange juice, and brandy extract. Chill. Serve over ice cubes. Garnish each glass with mint leaves and a lime slice. Makes 2 quarts. END

continued from page 81

indeed, she'd thought him some trick of the fading picture. Only as the screen went blank he stayed on—a bit shadowy perhaps, but entirely recognizable in his familiar corduroy shooting jacket and deerstalker hat. (He'd in point of fact never stalked a deer in his life, and hardly knew one end of a shotgun from the other; it was a form of dressing up, a taste inherited by his grandchildren, who regularly enlivened a Sunday walk by impersonating explorers.) Oddly enough, both hat and jacket were much more distinct than old Arthur's face, but even had Judith felt any doubt, their immediate bickering would have confirmed his identity at once.

"I'm only sorry Robert isn't here too," said she placably, "but he's in Scotland. If you want to see the children, they're both in bed upstairs—only I must absolutely insist on coming too, in case they get a shock."

"Thank you, I'm very well where I am," said old Arthur.

He was in the sitting room of a very pleasant small house situated not so far outside London that Robert couldn't easily commute back and forth. Unlike his father, who'd never been more than a small tailor, Robert had so prospered in the men's outfitting world as to achieve a highly regarded position with a firm of highly regarded cloth-suppliers as their man specially knowledgeable in tweeds. The reason he was away at the moment was that he was making his quarterly foray among the Scottish handlooms. Robert still had his own overcoats built of vicuña—the man's mink; and rather surprisingly, as the image of her husband's newest overcoat crossed Judith's mind, so did her father-in-law appear to be wearing one similar—the tan corduroy shooting jacket darkening and lengthening into rich inky black well below the knee. But even as she blinked, the garment shortened and turned brown again, and anyway she couldn't imagine her father-in-law returning from the grave simply to try on, so to speak, his son's wardrobe.

"You haven't any particular message for him?" suggested Judith. "Any . . . er . . . warning?"

"I certainly had once," snapped old Arthur, "and little heed he paid it!"

"You mean he married me all the same?" said Judith. "He wasn't a child, you know; he was thirty."

"And you were thirty-four!" accused old Arthur.

"And our son and daughter are aged seven and eight," observed Judith. "I've always felt sorry for Robert, being an only child."

"I've noticed he isn't with you," said old Arthur, rather like a tennis player letting go an impossible return and serving again.

"I told you, he's in Scotland," said Judith. "He goes up four times a year, to buy tweeds."

"Damn' clever notion," chuckled old Arthur. "*I* had to invent a rich asthmatical great-aunt at Bath . . ."

With which parting shot he promptly disappeared, leaving behind a faint odor not of brimstone but of after-shaving lotion.

Well, if that's all he came back for, he might have spared himself the trouble! thought Judith.

She hadn't felt afraid, only irritated.

Whenever he was away for more than a few days Robert always telephoned each morning at nine o'clock—so punctually, indeed, Judith had more than once lifted the receiver and cried 'Hi, darling!' to a wrong number. Thus most precisely eight hours and minutes later the phone rang.

"Hi, darling!" called Robert. well?"

Like his father's the previous ni the question was largely rhetori Robert just liked to hear Judi voice, as she liked to hear his.

"All well!" called back Judith. "H you bought anything special?"

"Actually no," said Robert. "B hae wind of an old bid in Outer Isles whose plaids practically psychedelic. may be awa' a wee lar than I thoct. But di greet, ma bonnie lassie!"

It was one of their pri jokes that when he wa Scotland, that was the he talked.

"I willna' that," respon Judith. "Now awa' a thy wark, ma bonnie die!"

The private jokes of m an attached couple m sound quite ridiculous t outsider; but often the m ridiculous the jokes, stronger the marital b In fact that night Judith liberately stayed up till night, just to point ou her father-in-law, shoul reappear, how baseless his disagreeable innuend

He reappeared all ri again at the same witc hour, and again just as switched the television only this time he sat do

The wings of the big a chair (Robert's), sho quite clearly through leather shoulder-patches his jacket, as did the rim the seat through his sh owy knees; but he certai looked more . . . establish For one thing, he wa wearing his hat.

"I'm so glad you've loo in again," opened Judith once, and then momenta paused, struck by an a ward echo: the classic *so glad you asked that qu tion'* of a heckled ora The last thing she wis was to appear less than c pletely sure of herself. H ever the words were and she could only trust father-in-law hadn't cau that echo too. "Someth you said last night," cont ued Judith, "made me th you felt Robert and weren't quite happy toge er, which must of course be very tressing for you. But if that's w you've come back about, there's need. Robert and I—"

"I notice he still isn't here," obser old Arthur.

"And may be away quite a lit longer," said Judith. "But he 'phon me this morning—"

"As I always 'phoned his mothe chuckled old Arthur, "presumably fr Bath!"

If Judith hadn't been afraid of fe ing nothingness between her han she'd have shaken him. As it was, fore she could speak again, her fath



RECIPE INDEX
Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

APPETIZERS
Beef-Taco Appetizers, p. 110
Curried Apple Soup, p. 108
Tomato-Cheese-Log, p. 106
Vegetable-California Dip, p. 114

BEVERAGES
Orange Juice Drink, p. 111.
Sorbets, p. 74.

DESSERTS
Apple Charlotte Russe, p. 108.
Applesauce Crepes, p. 106.
Heathen Breeze, p. 106.
Orchard Pear Soup, p. 106.
Cold Orange Soufflé, p. 111.
Filbert Cookies, p. 48.
Fruits, Nuts Tomato Cake, p. 106.
Mallow-Crunch Tarts, p. 131.
Pastry Pears, p. 106.
Peanuts-Crunch Pie, p. 131.
Pound Cake, p. 105.
Sour Lemon Eggs, p. 48.
Spiced Carrot Custard, p. 102.
Teeny-Popper Parfaits, p. 131.

MAIN ENTREES
Braised Chicken in Cider, p. 111.
Brown Rice Croquettes, p. 108.
Cheese-Stuffed Drumsticks, p. 110.
Chicken Wings Bouillabaise, p. 110.
Fat Cat Omelet, p. 106.
Kikko Roni Cornish, p. 126.
Kikko Roni Burger, p. 126.
Mackerel Mousse, p. 102.
Mackerel Sandwich Deluxe, p. 102.
Meat Loaf en Croute, p. 110.
Mozzarella Roulade, p. 106.
Reuben Roll, p. 109.
Your Favorite Take-Out Chicken, p. 105.

MISCELLANEOUS
Confetti Pie, p. 109.
Curried Peaches, p. 111.
Curried Rice Ring, p. 109.

SALADS
Store Bought 3-Bean Salad, p. 105.
Your Potato Salad, p. 105.

VEGETABLE ENTREES
Carrot Patties, p. 102.
Tiered Crown Carrot Mold, p. 102.

law's hilarity subsided into mere stfulness.

'With me," he recalled, "it was just usherette or some such that led me m the straight and narrow; but no ubt my son flies higher . . ."

'Do you know you're being rather ulting?" said Judith.

'On the contrary," protested old thur. "Would *you* like the idea of usherette? Nor, I daresay, would bert either; unlike myself, who ıldn't afford it, *he* had education: at mbridge University, no less."

'On a scholarship," reminded Judith.

'And even there he flew high, even if quite so high as he realized," ısed old Arthur. "What was her me, that little actress? Now it's nething like Mona Lisa; *then*, while was still in repertory, it was more e Mary Lamb. But I've no doubt bert would remember her under ichever name . . ."

Judith paused again. In even the st successful marriages there are en sleeping dogs best let lie—in this e a bitch: so black-haired and black-d and cream-complexioned (like akespeare's Lady of the Sonnets), only Robert but half his contempo-ies registered a marked decline in olarship. Since then she'd swanned into such Hollywood stardom they ıld only gape after her progress like ateur astronomers following the tail a comet. Judith knew all about the le witch; Robert had told her, and h pleasantly in bed together agreed regard time past as time past in-d and never to be spoken of again. t happy wife, happy mother as she s, Judith would have preferred her sband not to be reminded of that rticular time past at all.

'When did you say he'd be back?" led old Arthur.

'I didn't," said Judith. "I'm not e."

'Aha!"

'He's on the track of a new weave," d Judith severely. "And anyway," added, more severely still, "what siness is it of yours?"

'I'm so glad you asked that ques-n," said old Arthur blandly. "Be-ıse the answer of course is none at I wouldn't like you to think I was e on *business;* it's a pure pleasure." With which he once again vanished, ving behind him this time a whiff of ensive French scent.

ood morning, ma hinnie," called bert. "All well?"

'All well, and good morning to you, laddie!" responded Judith brightly. There was a slight pause. They knew h other's every tone so accurately! 'Is anything worrying you?" asked bert.

'Goodness, no!" cried Judith. "Noth-on earth!"

t was only later that she realized appropriateness of the phrase. For course her late father-in-law wasn't earth—or not exactly. But he was re in the sitting room that midnight.

peaking of that little actress—"

This time Judith, who during the had given considerable thought to matter, was better prepared.

'Look," she said briskly, "I know bert's going to be delighted to see ı, but if you keep on about Mona a, or whatever her name is, you're simply going to bore him to death. Black eyes and black hair, even a complexion like cream, don't say a thing to Robert any more, now he's got a couple of freckled redheads for a son and daughter."

"Actually it was her bosoms they all fell for," recalled old Arthur. "Small and hard and round like little apples . . ."

After suckling two children, Judith's own breasts were more like pears.

"Offered practically on a platter," recalled old Arthur. "In Restoration comedy, y'know; propped up on stays. Of course she was only a serving wench in the play, which, in a way, gave her more scope. When Lord Popinjay twitched her kerchief aside, they damn' near had to call in the police . . ."

"Goodness, you talk as though you'd been there!" exclaimed Judith.

"Wasn't I?" said old Arthur vaguely, and indeed as his shooting jacket had previously dissolved into vicuña, so now it appeared half-covered by an undergraduate's gown. "Perhaps not, in actual flesh; but his poor old Dad was always much closer to him than Robert ever realized . . ."

Or more jealous of him? thought Judith.

"Anyway, now it all comes back just as clearly as though I *had* been," pursued old Arthur. "It's one of my greatest pleasures, remembering those

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bosoms. Only I'd like Robert and myself to remember them together; they'd have more substance, so to speak. I'll remind him as soon as I see him."

"I'm only surprised you haven't seen him already," said Judith hardily, "in Scotland."

"Now you're simply showing your ignorance, as usual," retorted old Arthur. "I was never in Scotland in my life. But I don't mind waiting; I've all the time out of the world. And perhaps I *have* a warning," he added gravely, "now that I've thought about it. In his thirties Robert's still a young man—"

"Actually forty-one his last birthday," supplied Judith, and then felt foolish: a man of forty-one (unlike a woman of forty-five) is of course young absolutely. It didn't surprise her that the correction was ignored.

"Much too young to settle down into final domesticity," pursued old Arthur musingly. "Only if he doesn't make a break now he never will. Before he looks round he'll find himself fifty; and then sixty, and then three score years and ten, when down comes the chopper to chop off his head. Do you know what *I'd* be doing, in Robert's shoes? I wouldn't be buying tweeds in Scotland, I'd be selling 'em, in America. Perhaps even in Hollywood," chuckled old Arthur, "for I dare say *she* remembers him too! I'll suggest it as soon as I see him."

And to absolutely no effect, thought Judith—happy wife, happy mother as she was. That Robert should one day visit America on business was of course entirely possible; but strictly on business . . .

Only she herself was halfway to fifty, and with breasts less like apples than pears.

"She was always sweet on him," added old Arthur, just before he disappeared, "and now with all the money in the world and three husbands behind her, why shouldn't she have her fancy? At least I can put the idea into Robert's mind."

Though still no more than angry (Judith told herself), and happy wife, happy mother as she was, she began to feel rather strongly that it would be well to get rid of her father-in-law before her husband returned: and the following day, Sunday, went, unusually, to church.

She didn't take the children. It was her aim to be last out and catch the Vicar in the vestibule alone, so that if in the course of their chat the word exorcism cropped up there would be no curious bystander. She was so kind-natured a woman, she hoped exorcism didn't hurt. Vague recollections of ghost stories in which the spook vanished with a heartrending screech suggested that it did; but needs must when the devil drives.

Her ploy so far succeeded that having lingered until the last organ notes died away, she was indeed the last whose hand the good Vicar clasped. Even though he didn't immediately recognize her, he clasped it nonetheless with the most encouraging pastoral warmth.

"I'm Mrs. Flower," said Judith. "I live at Old Cottage. I'm afraid you don't often see me here."

"Old Cottage?" interrupted the Vicar. "Then yours are those two delightful youngsters? (Evidently he carried a survey map of the parish in his head.) "Don't apologize; small children are always a tie! All's well with you, I hope?"

But however benevolent his tone, and charitable his excuse for her, he was naturally anxious to get his own Sunday dinner, and even as he spoke began to walk briskly down the path toward the churchyard gate. Judith, keeping pace, saw there was no time to lose.

"Oh, perfectly!" said she. "Except I've a rather troublesome ghost. . . ."

"Good gracious! For a moment I thought you said ghost!" exclaimed the Vicar, briefly pausing. "Though heaven knows guests can be troublesome enough; my wife's father has been with us for a year. The old Colonel, you know: accustomed to habits of command, also a good deal of attention, whereas we both have our hands full as it is. The Mothers' Union and Gi Guides," recapped the Vicar, stridin on again, "confirmation classes an weddings and christenings, visitatio of the sick, then of course funerals, le alone signatures to be witnessed with out end. . . . As a pale young curate confessed the Vicar wryly, "I vowed t set aside two clear days each week fe the composition of my Sunday sermo now I'm glad to get two clear hour My dear Mrs. Flower, if you aren't, a I'll admit, a model parish ioner, at least you make n extra calls on my time!"

Judith was silenced, nc only because she sympa thized with the overworke man, but also because th coincidence of two hellis fathers-in-law somehow ir troduced an element c farce.

"Of course if there's any thing special you want to cor sult me about—?" added th Vicar conscientiously, obv ously hoping there wasn'

"Nothing on earth!" sai Judith brightly.

The children were waitin for her, so impatient fc their walk she didn't eve go upstairs but dropped he hat and gloves and praye book in the sitting room c the coffee table and prepare to impersonate whatev role was demanded. As ha been said, these Sunda walks had always a speci character of make-believe the children exploring eithe to the source of the Nil (when Judith had to b crocodiles), or else in th Alps (where she was ava lanches). But today, the said, *she* was to be the in trepid alpinist, and the just mountain goats. The had her accoutrements lai out ready—a hockey stick fo an alpenstock, and sunglass es against snow blindness also a quantity of clothes line, while they themselve wore just bells round thei necks. It might have bee worse, thought Judith, loop ing the clothesline over on shoulder; they might hav chosen Egypt and produce her tennis shorts.

The leading role was sti wasted on her. As they plod ded up the appropriatel named Steep Hill Lane sh felt as incapable of pretend ing to fall into a crevasse a of pretending to break he leg on an icefield. Though the goat pranced gamely, it was with diminish ing enthusiasm. They all returne rather fagged out, and Sunday dinne passed quietly, even though the chicke casserole had mushrooms in it.

"We meant to cheer you up," sai the children, sadly untying their bells

So even the children were beginnin to notice something wrong, though Judith. In her remorse that evening she gave them their greatest treat o all: supper by candlelight in an out laws' den under the coffee table on th hearth rug, where they impersonate Bold Robin Hood and Billy the Ki

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Serve your guests a different kind of dip. Start with Lipton California Dip. Then add something else good to it. Lots of things are good with it. Like seafood. Or cheese. Or fresh vegetables, as in this recipe.



Vegetable California Dip
2 cups Lipton California Dip: Blend 1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix with 1 pint dairy sour cream.
1 small green pepper, chopped
1 medium tomato, chopped
¼ cup of chopped celery
2 teaspoons chili powder
In medium bowl, blend Lipton California Dip with green pepper, tomato, celery and chili powder. Chill. Makes about 3 cups dip.



Journal Shopping Center

TATUM: NEW SCENE STEALER

PAGE 84: SHUTTERBUG [illegible] available at Lord & Taylor All Stores, Bonwit Atlanta; D.H. Holmes New Orleans; Harzfeld's Kansas City, Missouri; Saks Fifth Avenue, Houston; Liberty House, California.

PAGE 85: J.C. PENNEY [illegible] available at selected J.C. Penney stores.

PAGE 86: LOVE BUG pantset available in September at Altman's, New York; [illegible] Hartford; Filene's, Boston; Halle's, Cleveland; Kathryn Lipe's, Oklahoma City, Norstrom, Seattle; Weinstock's, Sacramento; Macy's, San Francisco.
SEARS layered separates available in larger Sears Fashion Stores and Fall Catalog.

PAGE 87: WHITE STAG cable-knit cardigan and trousers available at Macy's, New York; Montgomery Ward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Rowland's, Bloomington, Illinois; Brandeis Stores, Omaha, Lincoln and Grand Island, Nebraska; Meier & Frank, Portland.

she became a captive held to ran-
n.
If Dad were here he could be held
ansom too," observed Billy the Kid
tfully. "When's he coming back?"
Quite soon now," promised Judith.
rhaps next week . . ."
Don't you *want* him back?" asked
d Robin.
low quick children were to inter-
t the tone of an adult voice! Yet
y the superficial tone; not having
experience to guess what underlay
The children were in a sense right;
y as Judith longed for her hus-
d's return, there was still the res-
ation: not until she'd got rid of her
ier-in-law.
We wouldn't like to have to bring
together again like kids do on those
ing old television films," pursued
d Robin.
You watch too much television al-
ther!" cried Judith.
Well, you're sitting up much later
ching it yourself," reproached Billy
Kid. "We know, because we can't
awake till you come up."
Now both of you brush your teeth
go straight to bed!" ordered Judith.
er they'd obeyed, she sat up again
l midnight; though still with no
of what possible measures she
ld take to get rid of her father-in-
before her husband returned. She
up partly because it had become a
it; and partly because she knew she
ldn't be able to sleep; and partly in
hope-against-hope that old Arthur
ldn't appear.

there on the stroke of midnight he
erialized. Again he was already
ed in Robert's chair; and this time
as evidently he who was prepared.
One thing I want you to be sure of,"
n old Arthur at once, "in case it's
troubling you: if Robert *should*
leave you—for of course it must
crossed your mind—you don't
to be afraid of being lonely, be-
se you'll have *me*. Always," prom-
old Arthur, pulling over his knees
folds of a shadowy dressing gown.
his jealousy went even as far as
, thought Judith. It was a double
ousy, not only of his son's past but
his present. Not only love was
nger than the grave, recognized
ith chillingly, so was jealousy. She
chilled to the marrow of her bones;
chilled to speak, too chilled to
e. For the first time she felt, be-
s irritated and angry, afraid.
lso defenseless. For what defense
there, against the perverse tenacity
ghost? Hadn't old Arthur, as he'd
nded her, all the time out of the
d? And if not immediately, then in
w years—Robert himself glimpsing
warning-light of fifty—mightn't a
t's black magic do its disruptive
?
must get rid of him here and now!
ght Judith, but helplessly.
don't expect thanks," continued
Arthur, "though perhaps they'll
e later. I'm speaking simply—"
nly suddenly he wasn't speaking
screeching.
Of all the dirty tricks!" screeched
Arthur. "Of all the lowdown, dirty
s!"
hereupon Judith, following his
aged glance, perceived left hap-
rd on top of the coffee table—bell,
, and candle.

The book was her prayer book. Bell and a candle—her hat and gloves—however secular, were so impregnated with happy family life that each seemed to exude a sanctity of its own.

Could any priest have done better? Apparently not. Already the dressing gown was fading, and even the color of the shooting jacket beneath; Judith could see not only the back of the chair through her father-in-law, but even the patch rubbed bare by Robert's head.

"The whole kit!" screeched old Arthur, or rather whimpered, his voice fading like the rest of him. By whatever accident, or perhaps because she herself suddenly stirred, the goat bell faintly tinkled. "You needn't think I'm going to wait for the words as well! You don't know the hellish torment it is—!"

"Then why not just go quietly?" suggested Judith and found herself addressing empty air.

"I can be wi' ye this verra nicht," telephoned Robert next morning. "How's that for a loving gudeman invited to dine wi' the Laird o' the Isles no less? Only that I might catch a train instead?"

"Then catch it!" cried Judith. **END**

Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing. —Ralph Waldo Emerson



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IKE & MAMIE

THEIR WHITE HOUSE LOVE STORY



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Wide World

Ike and Mamie shortly after their marriage on July 1, 1916—and posing for a 38th wedding anniversary picture on the White House lawn in 1954.

BY J.B. WEST WITH MARY LYNN KOTZ

The former Chief Usher at the White House—the man who ran the households of six First Families for more than a quarter of a century—tells the warm, human story of the 34th President of the United States, Dwight David Eisenhower, and his beloved lady. Read why their years in the Executive Mansion were the happiest of their lives. The first of two exclusive installments from a fascinating new book, "Upstairs at the White House."

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Under federal law, one individual is responsible for running the daily operations of the White House: the Chief Usher. He supervises the Executive Mansion's more than 100 employees—ushers, housekeeper, butlers, maids, chefs, cooks, doormen, florists, gardeners, electricians, plumbers, storekeepers, and engineers—and also serves as official receptionist at White House functions.

For 12 years, from 1957 to 1969, the Chief Usher was courtly, efficient J.B. West. (From 1941 to 1957, Mr. West served as Assistant to the Chief Usher.) Thus for 28 years he had the unparalleled opportunity of participating in the making of White House history.

During those 28 years, "West of the White House" worked for—and came to know and admire—six remarkable, very different First Ladies: Eleanor Roosevelt, Bess Truman, Mamie Eisenhower, Jacqueline Kennedy, Lady Bird Johnson, and—briefly—Pat Nixon (Mr. West retired shortly after President Nixon took office in 1969).

Since his retirement, many people—including some former First Ladies—have urged Mr. West to write about his experiences for the historical record. This he has done in a new book, "Upstairs at the White House"—"Upstairs" being the part of the White House where the First Families actually live.

Mary Geneva Doud Eisenhower made one thing perfectly clear her first morning in the White House—after she'd spent the night in the single bed Bess Truman had used in the little room known as the First Lady's dressing room: There'd be no separate bedrooms for the Eisenhowers.

That first morning, January 21, 1953, when Mrs. Eisenhower called for Chief Usher Howell G. Crim and me, we hotfooted it upstairs for our first conference. As we stepped off the elevator, Rose Woods, Mrs. Eisenhower's personal maid, stood beckoning to us from the First Lady's bedroom door.

Mr. Crim and I walked into the room and stopped in our tracks: Mrs. Eisenhower was still in bed!

Standing awkwardly at the foot of the narrow bed, we managed to say "Good morning" as Mamie Eisenhower pushed away her breakfast tray. She was wearing a dainty, pink-ruffled bed jacket, and had a pink satin bow in her hair.

"I'd like to make some changes right away," she said, lighting a cigarette and surveying her new quarters. "First of all, I'm not going to sleep in this little room. This is a dressing room, and I want it made into *my* dressing room. The big room,"—she indicated with a sweep of her arm the mauve and gray chamber next door (where Mrs. Truman used to listen to baseball games)—"will be *our* bedroom!"

"Prior to the Roosevelts, it had been used that way," Mr. Crim ventured.

"Good!" Mrs. Eisenhower went on. "We need a king-sized bed—with a mattress twice as wide as a single bed—and we'd like it as soon as possible, please." Taking a pencil from her bedside table, she quickly designed a double headboard for the bed, to be upholstered and tufted in the same pink fabric as the easy chair in the room Margaret Truman had used as a sitting room, and ordered a dust ruffle to match.

The new bed must have been an immediate success. The morning after it arrived, in a White House truck from New York, Mr. Crim and I appeared along with the butler bringing Mrs. Eisenhower's breakfast tray.

"Come in, come in," the First Lady sang out. She was nestled in the big bed, propped up against half a dozen pillows, deep in conversation on the white bedside telephone. Waving gaily at us to take a seat, she said, still talking to her friend: ". . . And I've just had the first good night's sleep I've had since we've been in the White House. Our new bed finally got here, and now I can reach over and pat Ike on his old bald head any time I want to!"

That was Mamie Eisenhower—gay, breezy, open. We all got to know her better than we did any other First Lady because she let us in on almost everything that went on in her life, and she took an interest in everything in ours. She was feminine, affectionate, and sentimental—a vivacious, fun-loving grandmother, an uninhibited belle who adored her Ike. Yet underneath that buoyant spirit was a spine of steel forged by years of military discipline.

For Mamie Doud Eisenhower, the White House was a snap. From her earliest childhood, when maids and butlers waited on her in her father John Sheldon Doud's home in Denver, she'd been accustomed to large houses with servants. More recently, she had run a New York mansion while Ike was President of Columbia University—and before that, the spacious Quarters Number One in Fort Myer, Va., when Ike was U.S. Army Chief of Staff. She'd also run the elegant estate at Marnes-la-Coquette outside Paris while her husband was the Supreme Commander of Allied Powers in Europe.

As the wife of a career Army officer, she understood the hierarchy of a large establishment, division of responsibilities, and how to direct a staff. She knew exactly what she wanted and how it should be done. She could give orders like a five-star general. And she established her White House command immediately she arrived.

President Eisenhower had scheduled a stag luncheon for 50 business associates his second week in office. Two days before the luncheon, Ann Whitman, the President's personal secretary, called the Usher's office. "The President wants to see the menu for the luncheon," she informed us. The maître'd, Alonzo Fields, sent it over immediately, and back it came marked "Approved, DDE."

The morning of the luncheon, when I went upstairs for Mrs. Eisenhower's bedside conference, she looked over the day's menus. "What's this?" she asked. "I didn't approve this menu!"

"The President did," I explained.

Mrs. Eisenhower frowned. "I run everything in my house," she said. "In the future, all menus are to be approved by *me* and not by anybody else!"

It was important to Mamie Eisenhower that she be set apart from the throngs. After she'd stood in her first receiving line at the White House, she asked for a platform "so everyone can see me."

Down in the carpenter's shop, we built a small platform, elevating her about a foot, so that the five-foot, four-inch First Lady could look her visitors in the eye as she shook hands. We covered the stand with an Oriental rug, and hauled it out for her second reception, for the D.A.R.

But it didn't work. "We almost lost me," she

After watching the ten-mile-long Inaugural Parade, President and Mrs. Eisenhower enter their new home, the White House. Supervising a large residence, with dozens of servants, was no novelty to Mamie—a general's wife.



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ingly told me the next day. "They nearly d me off the platform."

, at the next reception Mrs. Eisenhower on the landing of the grand staircase, over- ng the Green room; she waved to more 2,000 women as they passed by and this ngement seemed to work all right.

a hostess, Mamie Eisenhower was spectacu- In her diamonds and décolleté gowns, she y sparkled. She and the General applied spit-and-polish, more pomp and circum- e, to their lavish, formal entertaining than other First Lady in my White House ence.

e selected the flowers for every luncheon dinner we had. She chose the linens for State ers, and place mats for luncheons—even the cards and tiniest souvenirs.

e disapproved of the U-shaped banquet ngement in the State Dining Room, where ious Presidents had sat across the table their wives. "I don't think the First Lady ld have her back to so many of the guests," Eisenhower said, and she devised a new ng plan for State dinners: The President First Lady would sit side by side, in the ne-like mahogany chairs, at the *head* of an aped banquet table—just like royalty.

he Eisenhowers were hosts to 37 heads of , in addition to the usual ten-event "social on." But it was the Annual Military Recep- that General Eisenhower enjoyed most. ehow his shoes had a touch more mirror- e, his back was a little more erect when the sands of top brass in Washington came by White House to meet the Commander-in- f.

This is your reception isn't it, Mr. Presi- ?" he was asked.

You're darn right. This is the one I'm having at!" he replied. Mrs. Eisenhower, dressed in flowery designer gown, glowed with pride he welcomed her old military friends to the ious home of their commanding officer.

wasn't just her position as First Lady or elegance of her home that made Mamie nhower especially enjoy living in the White se. There was something else—and she told bout it one morning: "I've got *my* man right where I want him!" she said.

After the years of separation during World War II, and even the return to an official, though civilian, life at Columbia Univer- , Mrs. Eisenhower was delighted that her band's home and office were under one roof. s a couple, the Eisenhowers were openly ctionate, unlike the more reserved, though oted, Trumans, or the distant Roosevelts. sident Eisenhower always knew the right timental touch, the correct number of carna- s to send his wife, the significance of the rt-shaped silver box to present her as one of many gifts. It was perfectly natural for sident Eisenhower to reach over and put his around "Mrs. Ike," as he called her. Having red their home life with a staff for many of r married years, they didn't seem to mind if observed them holding hands, or exchanging od-bye kiss.

Anyway, all of the White House staff had rs of training in pretending not to see or to r the First Family, though it did seem to be velty to have a President and his wife sleep- together in the White House.

President Eisenhower awakened about six and ssed quickly, with the help of his valet, Ser- nt Moaney. (George Thompson, who filled in the Sergeant's days off, was astounded at duties. "I even had to hold his undershorts him to step into," Thompson told us.) After dressed, the President would take a few ngs with his golf iron to "limber up" before akfast, which he ate in his own dressing room ile reading the morning papers, or in the vate dining room downstairs with visiting ngressmen. Then, accompanied by military e Robert Schulz, he would walk over to his office in the West Wing of the White House.

Just as Mrs. Eisenhower quickly established the chain of command for her bailiwick in the White House, the new President established his own highly regimented command structure.

Unlike Mr. Truman, President Eisenhower confined his own work to regular working hours in his West Wing office. It wasn't that he devoted less of himself to the job, though. "I believe there is a point at which efficiency is best served," he told me. "After you spend a certain number of hours at work, you pass your peak of efficiency. I function best in my office when I relax in the evenings."

Painting was relaxation for President Eisenhower, as were golf, bridge, hunting, cooking, and escapist reading.

At 62, Dwight David Eisenhower was tall and trim. He laughed easily, flashing the truly remarkable grin that became his trademark, throwing back his head in the deep laughter of pure enjoyment. As quick to anger as he was to laugh, however, the President could turn the air blue when something displeased him. Accustomed to authority, his request was automatically a command—and was delivered as such.

But around the house, he liked to be totally "at ease." He dressed casually in sports clothes—bright, open-collared shirts and slacks—and he often swung a golf club as he walked through the halls. Though he observed every formality of White House entertaining, he hated getting dressed up. "I think white tie and tails makes for a very stiff evening," he complained to me.

At his Inaugural the new President had insisted upon the less formal day dress of striped trousers, shorter club coat rather than cutaway, dark overcoat, and dark Homburg hat. When the Congress complained that he was breaking tradition, he retorted: "If we were going back to tradition we would wear tri-cornered hats and knee britches."

The changing flavor of the government was also evident in other ways. Whereas Mr. Truman had played poker with old political cronies, General Eisenhower's game was bridge, and his playing partners generally were corporation executives. Around the President's bridge table in the Monroe Room, the bidding was as spirited and the competition as serious as a day on the stock exchange.

Also reflecting American business and finance were members of the new Cabinet: Wall Street lawyer John Foster Dulles; Midwest industrialist George Humphrey; former General Motors President Charles E. Wilson. Another important appointment was California Governor Earl Warren, named Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in 1953. Those were the faces we saw most frequently at the Eisenhower White House. Except on official or ceremonial occasions, however, the Vice-President, Richard M. Nixon, rarely came over to visit.

Mrs. Eisenhower was not an early riser. She would call for me any time between 8:30 and ten. Carrying my note pad and pencil, I appeared with the butler who served her breakfast in bed. She'd already been up to put on her makeup, and to tie the pink ribbon in her neatly curled hair. And every morning she asked for fresh flowers for her bedroom—two brandy snifters full of pink rosebuds and a tall vase of pink carnations, her favorites.

Three days a week, masseuse Helen Smith came into her bedroom in the early morning. "I've just had a six-mile 'walk,'" Mrs. Eisenhower laughed, after her massage. "This is the only exercise I need!"

It was soon evident that Mrs. Eisenhower wanted to be "in the pink" at all times. Taking her color cue from the giant custom-made headboard and dust ruffle we had outfitted for her bed, she brought over the floral curtains from Margaret Truman's sitting room, which had some pink in them, and we had a fitted king-size bedspread made to match the curtains. Also from Margaret's room, the President's wife moved in a couple of upholstered chairs in the same pink-and-green floral print, as well as the solid-color pink waffle-weave chairs that matched the new headboard and dust ruffle.

Then she decorated her dressing room and bathroom entirely in pink, too, except for the green rugs she placed on the floor.

She had brought her own bedside tables and cigarette tables (the rest of the Eisenhowers' furniture had been put in storage); a large collection of oil paintings (mostly landscapes by her husband); a trophy case containing all the General's military decorations, medals, and jeweled swords—and racks and racks of dresses.

Never before or since has a First Lady had quite so many clothes! We found that the new closets in the White House were nowhere near sufficient for Mrs. Eisenhower's vast collection. At first she was disturbed that there wasn't enough room for them in her dressing room. "I want my clothes with me," she said. Soon the third floor storage rooms were overflowing with dresses, in addition to those in the dressing room. "I've never been able to throw anything away," she laughed—and to prove her point, she showed me her wedding dress, neatly encased in plastic, as if it might be used tomorrow. Mamie Eisenhower liked to wear full-skirted Mollie Parnis dresses, imaginative little Sally Victor hats, and strapless evening gowns. (She was also fond of colorful costume jewelry, although the safe in her bedroom contained quite an inventory of expensive jewels.)

To take care of all those dresses, and of her, she installed Rose Woods on the third floor. Rose rinsed out the First Lady's stockings in the bathroom every night, and dressed her mistress in the late mornings.

Mrs. Eisenhower brought her mother, too, ensconcing Mrs. John S. Doud across the hall from her own bedroom, in what had been Margaret Truman's little bedroom. Gay, spritely, with a personality much like her daughter's, Mrs. Doud had been widowed in 1951. Although she retained her home in Denver, she actively lived with the Eisenhowers in the White House. But she stayed quietly in her room—as had Mrs. Truman's mother, Mrs. Wallace.

Like her daughter, Mrs. Doud stayed in bed until noon. And every morning, they chatted across the hall by telephone, each sitting in her own bed, resting against dozens of pillows. "This is a long-distance call from Mother," Mrs. Eisenhower joked one morning, gaily waving her ever-present cigarette in the direction of Mrs. Doud's bedroom.

Because the First Lady used her bed as her office—she had a little stand-up bed tray on which she signed letters, paid bills, and wrote notes to herself—she didn't need the small room where Mrs. Truman and Mrs. Roosevelt had worked, so that little office was now the President's painting room. In the late afternoon, or on weekends, Mr. Eisenhower stood by the hour at the tall easel, painting landscapes from memory—or portraits from photographs. There was a phone in the room, but it had been fixed so that it didn't ring. The President didn't like to be disturbed when he was relaxing.

"I have but one career, and its name is Ike," Mrs. Eisenhower once announced. But as far as we were concerned, she made a career of the President's house. On the wall opposite the elevator, she nailed a little plaque that read: "Bless this House." It had hung in her 28 previous homes. She never treated the Mansion as government property; it was *hers*. And she took such fastidious care of it that we almost believed it was indeed hers. She became truly alarmed if things went wrong.

One such problem rated a 7 A.M. phone call to the housekeeper, Miss Walker.

"Come up to my bedroom as soon as the President goes to his office!" Mrs. Eisenhower ordered. Miss Walker, alarmed, stopped by my office first. "Perhaps you'd better come up with me," she said. "It sounds like disaster."



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It was all smiles as Mrs. Eisenhower, escorted by Vice-President Nixon, welcomed the President back from meetings with European leaders in 1959. The First Lady did not accompany him on the trip because of her fear of flying.

It was the earliest we'd ever seen Mrs. Eisenhower. And she wasn't in bed.

But the bed was a mess. All over the sheets, covers, pink dust-ruffle, headboard, everything, were black dabs and blotches.

"What on earth can we do?" the First Lady wailed.

Miss Walker began jerking the sheets off the bed herself. "I'll take these down to the laundry room to soak, and one of the maids will bring up some spot-remover for the rest," she said.

Once the housekeeper had disappeared with the soiled linen, Mrs. Eisenhower began to explain.

"You see, my nose was all stopped up," she began, "and I had a jar of Vicks on my bedside table. So during the night, when I woke up, I reached over to put some in my nostrils. Well, it seemed to just get my nose drier, instead of moister," she went on, "so I kept applying more and more. I didn't want to wake up Ike, so I didn't turn on the light. Then this morning, I discovered that I was using *ink* to cure my cold."

She had begun the conversation very earnestly, but now she began to smile.

"But you should have seen me," she laughed. "Black and blue all over. . . . and the President, too."

I held down the chuckle that rose up in my throat. The President and the First Lady, in all their dignity, covered with ink.

"I don't think anything is permanently damaged," I assured her. "I'm sure it will all come out in the wash."

"Now don't you tell a soul," she admonished, still laughing.

"Certainly not," I promised, and beat a hasty retreat. Not since Harry and Bess Truman's four-poster bed broke down had I heard such a good bedtime story.

During her stay in the White House, Bess Truman had an eagle eye for housekeeping, but Mamie Eisenhower had a built-in microscope. Mrs. Truman's main concern had been the woodwork; Mrs. Eisenhower focused her attention on the rugs. Footprints, especially, bothered her. The carpets, all new and thick-piled, did show shoemarks when people walked on them. Before every party, with the housekeeper in tow, Mrs. Eisenhower made a thorough inspection of the State floors.

"Have this rug vacuumed one more time," she'd point out—until finally she hit upon the idea of brushes. "The last thing to be done, before the guests arrive, will be to brush the rugs," she directed. "Not one footprint must be showing when they walk into this room!"

She even ordered a separate brush for each color of rug. And at the last minute, as the butlers dimmed the lights for the evening, the Filipino housemen scurried around behind them, brushing away their footprints.

The biggest carpet culprit, however, was Heidi, the Eisenhowers' weimaraner. Heidi lived in a little doghouse outside the President's oval office, and gave Mr. Eisenhower a great deal of pleasure, bounding over the south lawn to retrieve a stick or toy—or golf ball. But Heidi was not always well behaved.

One Sunday I was relaxing at home when Mrs. Eisenhower called me, in great distress: "Mr. West, can you come down right away? We have a terrible problem in the Diplomatic Reception Room."

Mrs. Eisenhower was waiting in the Diplomatic Reception Room (so called because earlier Presidents stood there to receive credentials from foreign ambassadors). During the Truman years, the room had been outfitted with a brand-new, pale green oval rug. Now, two of the housemen were down on their knees, scrubbing at a big yellow spot near the door.

"Heidi!" Mrs. Eisenhower explained, as she wrung her hands in agitation. "I'm just sick about it."

"Let me see if I can rouse any cleaning experts," I offered, and I finally found a dry cleaner at home. He was pessimistic. "No solution known to man will completely remove that stain."

We summoned all the male strength in the House—butlers, doormen, housemen, and engineers—to move out the furniture, then we picked up the rug and tried to turn it so as to hide the stained spot. But there was no way to hide it. The next day, we sent the rug out to be dyed. The spot came back only slightly diminished in hue and still quite visible.

Shortly thereafter, Heidi went to live on the Eisenhower farm at Gettysburg, Pa., banished from the White House for her felony.

Later, when the National Society of Interior Decorators presented the White House a refurbished Diplomatic Reception Room, Mrs. Eisenhower was delighted with the new rug. At the ceremony where she graciously accepted the gift, she shot me a knowing glance. "You and I know how much we appreciate this," she whispered.

Mamie Eisenhower could think up infinite ways to cut corners—in handling her own budget and in making suggestions for ours. And the lengths to which she went soon became the talk of the Washington business community.

Every morning she perused the newspapers, looking for bargains in foods and household items. Shopping by telephone from those newspaper ads, she always called the head of the department store, who must certainly have been startled to take an order from the First Lady. "When you go into a store, go straight to the top," she advised all of us.

Time after time, she'd notice some "special" in a chain-store ad, and dispatch the storekeeper's truck to the local grocery, where a Secret Service man would purchase the desired item listed on sale.

Although the White House traditionally did its grocery shopping wholesale, sending an unmarked truck with a daily list to the old market area of Washington, where the security guard and a security-cleared employee of the establishment picked the food off the shelves, Mrs. Eisenhower was horrified at the cost.

The wholesalers provide us with the finest quality of meats and vegetables, we explained, and their prices were therefore apt to be higher than the weekly specials at the chain stores. But the thrifty Mrs. Eisenhower still insisted on shopping for bargains—for the White House as well as for her own personal use—so the truck sped all over Washington to seek savings.

And she kept careful track of the leftovers. She told Charles Ficklin, who'd taken over as maître'd when Alonzo Fields retired, "I don't want one morsel wasted around here." Every morning she asked for a list of food that hadn't been eaten the previous day. "Three people turned down second servings of Cornish hen last night," she'd remind Charles. "Please use it in chicken salad today." The cooks learned to turn out lots of casseroles and ground-meat dishes. And, fortunately, the Eisenhowers were fond of hash.

Although she had never learned to cook herself, she was an avid reader of advertising and wanted the cooks to try out everything new.

"Have you tried the new cake mixes?" she asked Charles. "They're infinitely more economical than doing it the old way," and promptly stocked her private pantry, as well as the official kitchen, with cake mixes.

Taking advantage of the new walk-in freezers in the renovated White House kitchen, she set up vegetable gardens at the Eisenhowers' Gettysburg farm. Soon fresh corn, beans, spinach, and squash came to us in truckloads each summer, to be frozen and served on the Eisenhowers' wintertime trays or at their private dinner parties. It had been many a year since a President grew his own food, but this economical family managed to cut corners in every possible way.

Although the Eisenhowers were comfortably well-to-do when they came to the White House, they did not have a limitless outside income. Mrs. Eisenhower soon realized that White House living can quickly eat into your resources, and she tailored her budget accordingly.

Their food bills were never over $100 a month, and this was mainly for staples. The meat they used came from a friend in Kansas City, the vegetables from their farm, and wild game for the President's stag luncheons from his hunting trips.

Although she squeezed pennies in her household, Mrs. Eisenhower was more than generous to her employees. And there was an intimate touch to her kindness. The personal lives of her domestic employees seemed to intrigue her. Drawing them into lengthy discussions about their activities, their families, their homes, their state of health, she seemed, for a First Lady, to bestow an unusual amount of concern upon

them. When anybody got sick, she always sent flowers from the bouquet room; even if she heard that one of our relatives was ill, she sent flowers to the hospital or their homes.

I've never seen anybody so happy as Mamie Eisenhower spending her first Christmas at the White House in 1953. She had selected something for everybody in the House—for all the domestic staff as well as the carpenters, plumbers, and electricians.

"Well, I've finally done it," she said, when the gaily wrapped boxes were at last all piled under the tree in the West Hall. "It's been my desire, all of my life, to be able to give a Christmas gift to *everybody* who works for me!"

On Christmas Eve she invited all the employees up to the second floor in small groups, to present us our gifts. She had even bought presents for my wife Zella and my two daughters.

One morning, she opened a small white box on her bedside table. "Isn't this pretty?" she said, showing me a pearl-and-rhinestone necklace, bracelet, and earrings set. "I want to give this to your wife for Christmas."

"That's very thoughtful of you," I began. But she hardly heard me. "Now you should go out and buy her a ring to match."

"I will," I nodded.

"Bring it back and show it to me!"

Realizing that I was in a bind, I hurried to a store on Connecticut Avenue and selected a gold ring with a cultured pearl for Zella. When I brought the ring back for Mrs. Eisenhower's inspection, she said, jangling her own bracelet with its "Ike" charms—helmet, tank, five stars, map of Africa—"That's perfect. I couldn't do better if I had shopped for it myself."

But on one occasion Mrs. Eisenhower's ideas about gifts contrasted rather sharply with my family's income and needs. She had ordered a mink stole for inspection, then decided it wasn't right for her. "Why don't you buy it instead and give it to your wife?" she suggested. I replied that my gift would have to be a new washing machine. Mrs. Eisenhower made a wry face. "Ike had better not give *me* any household appliance for a gift!" she said.

Over the years, she was extremely generous to me. One year she gave me a battery radio, another year, a Polaroid camera. Then a set of trays, a silver salad bowl, a silver silent butler, a set of eight silver julep cups (two each for four years) and a brass tray table; she also had the President present me an original oil painting signed "D.E."—all gifts that I could use, and which I still treasure.

Every Christmas, she sent each of my two daughters, Kathy and Sally, a United States Savings Bond. They thought Mrs. Eisenhower was their best friend.

One afternoon I came home to a wonderfully fragrant kitchen. "Daddy," Sally yelled happily, "we're making some cookies for Mrs. Eisenhower!"

The next day, I told the First Lady about her gift, which I'd forgotten to bring. She immediately wrote the girls a little thank-you note, telling them how much she looked forward to tasting their cookies.

But when I proudly brought the note home, the girls shrieked in horror.

"We ate them all up!" wailed Kathy.

But they cooked another batch, which Mrs. Eisenhower shared with us at the next morning's conference.

All our children were treated to presents from the "toy room"—a great storage closet on the ground floor filled with gifts provided by toy manufacturer Louis Marx. And at Christmas time, when Mrs. Eisenhower was overwhelmed by thousands of letters from poor families throughout the country, she directed Miss Walker and me to dip into the toy room to supply as many requests as we could fulfill.

To the maids, butlers, housemen—everyone with whom she was in daily contact—she sent a Christmas and birthday gift as well—one that she'd chosen from her bulging "gift closet" on the third floor, which was stocked from calls to department stores, from gifts she'd received herself, or from one of her out-of-town shopping expeditions. On those excursions to stores (she especially loved the five-and-dime), she was always accompanied by her Secret Service agents. "I've never seen anything to beat it," Agent Stewart Stout told me. "She always insists that I buy my wife a present. Every single time we stop at a store."

The new vogue for television dictated certain aspects of life in the Eisenhower White House. In the evenings, President and Mrs. Eisenhower, with Mrs. Doud, took dinner on their tray-tables in the West Hall, while watching the television news. Along with the rest of the country, they were that much caught up in the new TV mania. Watching the daytime serial *As the World Turns* was a daily ritual for Mrs. Eisenhower—as I found out early in the Administration. I'd been out to lunch and when I returned, there was a note: "See MDE upstairs." When I knocked on her bedroom door, the First Lady pointed me toward the pink overstuffed chair, never taking her eyes off the television set.

"Let's just wait till this is over," she said. And I watched while one tragic dialogue after another unfolded on the 12-inch screen. Not even during the commercials could I find out what she'd wanted from me.

Every afternoon, while the President napped in his dressing room, Mrs. Eisenhower avidly followed the adventures and perils of her soap-opera heroines. I learned to avoid the second floor at that time if I possibly could, for if I went up there I'd be trapped with *As the World Turns*. You just can't say, "I'm sorry, I have more important things to do," to a First Lady.

The Eisenhowers were great weekenders in the White House. In the mornings, President Eisenhower was up early, to tee off. Wearing a jaunty golf cap, he'd hit a drive from the garden just outside his office to the south grounds, where the faithful Sergeant Moaney retrieved the golf balls. We always had to turn off the fountains during those practice sessions.

In good weather, the President played golf at Burning Tree Country Club, where he often took his young grandson, David, and several old friends to make a foursome. Then back to the White House for a game of bridge.

After the game, President Eisenhower—dressed in an open-collared sport shirt—treated his guests to a cook-out on the White House roof, flipping hamburgers and Kansas City steaks on the charcoal broiler. In the wintertime, he boiled up a pot of stew in the third floor diet kitchen.

"Ike's stew," a recipe passed reverently around official Washington, was known unofficially at the White House as "Moaney's stew." The good-natured sergeant chopped up the meat and onions in the diet kitchen, assembled all the ingredients, and stood patiently beside the pot like a surgical nurse, handing the President parsley, paprika, and garlic, as Mr. Eisenhower asked for each of them in turn.

At first, the Eisenhowers spent almost all their weekends at the White House—because Mamie Eisenhower thought that the decor at Shangri-la, the Presidential retreat in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains, left a great deal to be desired. "It would be nice if only we had the money to redecorate it," Mrs. Eisenhower said wistfully to Mr. Crim.

"The Navy still operates the lodge," he explained, "and I don't see why they couldn't pay to have it redecorated." Mrs. Eisenhower's eyes sparkled at the idea.

"I think I'll just pass a hint along to the Commander-in-Chief," she said.

Soon came the order for the Navy to redecorate Shangri-la, with Mrs. Eisenhower as consultant, and the rustic lodge soon took on a "1950's Modern" look in greens, yellows, and beiges. When it was finished, the President re-named the retreat "Camp David," in honor of his little grandson, and there the Eisenhowers spent many weekends.

Whether at Camp David or at the White House, Mamie Eisenhower kept to one steadfast rule when entertaining her friends: no liquor was to be served before 6 P.M. And she always insisted the dinner be served promptly at seven.

Mrs. Eisenhower was a very moderate social drinker. Occasionally, she and the President would take one scotch and soda (his) and one bourbon old-fashioned (hers) in the evening, before their dinner trays were set up. Before State dinners, cocktails were never served in the Eisenhower White House. The butlers poured only American wines at the table, with dinner. Neither were drinks offered at large receptions; Mrs. Eisenhower followed the White House tradition of serving a "spiked" punch at one end of the State Dining Room table and a non-alcoholic fruit punch at the other end.

When her closest friends came to play cards in the afternoon, Mamie Eisenhower served only coffee, colas, and mixed nuts. The same group of women had been playing together for years, the game having been their main diversion while their husbands were overseas. At the White House, the card players usually took a break for tea at 5 P.M., and sometimes they'd stay for dinner. Afterwards, a frequent treat for the friends was a movie in the ground-floor theater—usually a light, romantic comedy. Mrs. Eisenhower confessed to enjoying a sentimental love story as well.

The President's taste in movies was more restricted. Providing Mr. Eisenhower with enough Westerns became a major task for the Usher's office, because he'd seen them all, perhaps three or four times. Every night the projectionist prepared a list of the films available from the motion picture distributor for White House screening.

"Can't you find a new Western?" President Eisenhower kept asking. So we constantly hunted through the amusement ads in the newspapers, the Library of Congress film collection, and even approached film producers themselves. Colonel Schulz, the military aide, had the same assignment to search for reading matter. After dinner, President Eisenhower liked to relax with Western novels, whodunits, and cookbooks. Mrs. Eisenhower concentrated on popular magazines and romantic novels.

The President's pride and joy was his putting green on the south lawn outside his office window.

Keeping the green in perfect condition became an obsession for President Eisenhower. He ordered the gardeners to flick off the dew on the green with fishing poles every morning. The squirrels infuriated the President because they buried acorns and walnuts in the putting green.

"The next time you see one of those squirrels go near my putting green, take a gun and shoot it!" he thundered to the faithful Sgt. Moaney.

But the Secret Service talked him out of that order. "If there's shooting out here, we'd have to first inform the police," they explained, "and it's not exactly as if the squirrels were facing a firing squad and we could schedule it in advance, so there'd be bound to be some fuss made. The press would get hold of it, and the Humane Societies would never let you forget it. Couldn't some traps be set instead?" The President agreed—and the gardeners caught most of the offending animals in nets. They were evicted, by White House van, to Rock Creek Park.

Although she seldom "played" with them, Mrs. Eisenhower took great delight in her four grandchildren—David, Barbara Anne, Susan, and Mary Jean—the children of their only son John and his wife, Barbara. (John's older brother Dwight Doud had died of scarlet fever at the age of three, a great tragedy in the Eisenhowers' life.)

"Every moment I spend with my grandchildren is the best moment in my life," Mrs. Eisenhower once said.

When the Eisenhowers first moved in, John,

then a major in the Army, was stationed in Korea, and his young family lived in Highland Falls, N.Y., near West Point. We first met the young Eisenhowers in 1953, when President Truman ordered John flown back to Washington for his father's Inauguration, and John and Barbara slept in the Queen's suite.

David was only 5 then, Anne, 3, and Susan, 1 (Mary Jean was born in 1955). Wide-eyed on his first visit, little David asked his grandmother, "Mimi, why do you live in such a big house?"

Thereafter, Barbara and the children came down frequently on weekends until 1955, when her husband was assigned to nearby Fort Belvoir, Va., and then to the White House as an aide. The youngsters came much more often to visit "Mimi," as they called their grandmother. The children always stayed in the third floor bedrooms. Since Mrs. Eisenhower insisted, after the first Inauguration, that only a Queen should sleep in the Queen's suite on the second floor, John and Barbara had to sleep elsewhere in the White House.

The Eisenhower children were exceptionally well behaved—their grandmother insisted upon good manners. Although they had no nurses or nannies to look after them, they caused no trouble for anybody. They swam in the big swimming pool, rode their tricycles up and down the ground-floor corridor, and their little battery-operated cars outside on the circular south driveway. Mrs. Eisenhower kept a good supply of their dolls, electric trains, and toys stashed away on the third floor.

President Eisenhower appeared to be especially fond of his wife's mother, Mrs. Doud. Teasing her unmercifully, he always called her "Min"—after a character in the old Andy Gump comic strip. Mrs. Doud played the harmonica in her room, and sometimes accompanied her daughter Mamie, who played a small electric organ.

Mrs. Eisenhower's sister Frances—Mrs. George Gordon Moore, whom everyone called, "Mike"—also lived in Washington. Mrs. Moore and her daughters, Mamie and Ellen, frequently dropped in on their famous relatives.

Although her family, mother, sister, son and daughter-in-law, and grandchildren were often around the House, Mrs. Eisenhower took great precautions so none of them would appear to be taking advantage of her position as First Lady. She stressed that if any White House services were needed by her family, *she'd* be the one to request them.

More than any other task I performed for the Eisenhowers, I liked working at their house in Gettysburg. The huge farm was the only permanent house the Eisenhowers had ever known. Although they'd purchased it when they came back from Europe in 1950, they began to remodel the farmhouse after they moved into the White House. In 1954 I began commuting back and forth from the Usher's office to Gettysburg.

The farmhouse was small, more than 200 years old, and in pretty bad shape. Over a period of three years, the Eisenhowers had it expanded and remodeled to a large, attractive, rambling two-story white brick and natural stone home with seven bedrooms.

'You're my general supervisor at Gettysburg," Mrs. Eisenhower laughingly told me, but added firmly, "I don't want anybody working up there—decorators, carpenters, anybody—unless either you or I are there."

My job at the farmhouse was to make certain that the contractor followed Mrs. Eisenhower's wishes. The Eisenhowers paid for every piece of material used in connection with the Gettysburg house, and kept careful records of their expenditures. As the house neared completion, I spent even more time at Gettysburg because Mrs. Eisenhower wanted to be sure that workmen didn't traipse over the rugs or tear the draperies.

Because the trip to Gettysburg took about an hour and a half each way, I often stayed there from Monday until Friday. Mrs. Eisenhower urged me to stay in the house, but I preferred a motel in town. One evening, after a long day at the farmhouse, I said goodnight to Mrs. Eisenhower, and put on my overcoat.

"I want you to call your wife and thank her for lending you to me," Mrs. Eisenhower called down from upstairs.

"I will," I answered laughing.

"No, you call her right now, where I can hear you," she insisted. So I picked up the living room phone, placed the call to my wife in Virginia, and relayed the message. "That's all right," Zella replied, "tell her she can lend me Ike for a day or two." Only then could I head for my motel.

After early 1955, when the house was comfortable enough for occupancy, the Eisenhowers spent almost every weekend there, as well as most summer vacations.

In July 1955, the President and Mrs. Eisenhower took off for Geneva for a five-day summit meeting with European leaders. When they returned, they both looked exhausted. As soon as the Congress adjourned in August, they left for Mrs. Doud's home in Denver. The President had set up a Summer White House office nearby, and spent his vacation hunting in the woods and fishing in Colorado streams. Mrs. Eisenhower telephoned the White House from Denver every day, checking on details.

On Friday, September 23, when she called, she mentioned that the President had been out to Byers Peak Ranch in the Rockies. "You should have heard what he cooked himself for breakfast," she laughed.

The next afternoon, I smiled when I read the little item in the evening paper about President Eisenhower's "digestive upset." But the headlines in Sunday's paper were far more serious. The "digestive upset" was now being described as a "moderate coronary thrombosis." The President had been taken to Fitzsimons General Hospital in Denver with a heart attack.

At ten o'clock, the Usher's office telephone rang. I was startled to hear Mrs. Eisenhower's voice on the line.

"I wanted to be sure you knew about the President," she told me. "I wanted to tell you myself."

Almost speechless, I tried to convey my wishes for his recovery.

"He is resting comfortably now," she said. "In fact, I'm right here with him, to keep him quiet. I've moved into the hospital," she added cheerfully. I was amazed at her even thinking to call us.

On November 11, the President and Mrs. Eisenhower returned from Denver. All the staff lined up outside the south entrance to greet him. As he stepped out of the car, he waved to everybody, breaking into a huge grin.

On November 14, Mrs. Eisenhower's birthday, they moved to the Gettysburg farm, to complete the President's period of recovery. When they returned to Washington, in January, 1956, Mrs. Eisenhower immediately cancelled the social season, and set about to enforce the President's afternoon naptime, his recreation and relaxation, taking care of him almost like a trained nurse. They didn't go to Denver again.

Throughout the country, the main concern among Republicans was whether Mr. Eisenhower would be able to run for President again. While he recuperated at Gettysburg, and during the weeks after his return to the White House, speculation was building up all over Washington.

Then Ann Whitman scheduled a top-secret dinner for "eight of the President's friends" on January 10, 1956, and Mrs. Eisenhower duly approved the menu. But somehow, word of the dinner leaked out and the President personally postponed it. "Make it for Friday the thirteenth. It's to be an absolutely confidential gathering," he insisted.

The dinner was so confidential that the President laid out the place cards himself. After dinner, everyone was polled by the President. He decided to run for reelection. On February 29, the President announced his decision.

We were more than a little stunned on June 9 when an ambulance pulled quietly up to the south entrance of the Mansion. Two uniformed medical attendants immediately rushed in with a stretcher.

The President's heart attack was so recent that we assumed he'd had another. His illness was announced just after he checked into Walter Reed Army Hospital. The President had had an attack of ileitis, an inflammation of the small intestine, requiring immediate surgery.

Once again, Mrs. Eisenhower moved into a hospital with her husband—into the special Presidential suite at Walter Reed, which consists of a big living room, a dining room, separate kitchen, two bedrooms, and two baths. The Secret Service set up shop across the hall.

During the weeks she stayed in the hospital, Mrs. Eisenhower called us every day to give us reports on the President's health and to check, as usual, on the operation of her house.

Despite two serious illnesses within a year, the President bounced back, and on July 1 reconfirmed his decision to run for reelection.

During the campaign, I got a chance to take a free ride. One day I read the President's schedule of his trip to Iowa to the National Plowing Contest.

"I wish I could go along to see my father," I said to Mr. Crim, never imagining there would be a chance to do so. But Mr. Crim evidently went right to Mrs. Eisenhower because the phone rang within minutes.

"The President and I would like you and Mrs. West to accompany us to Des Moines," she said. "We leave at two this afternoon."

I called my surprised wife. "Pack a bag and get a babysitter. We're going to Iowa."

Somehow Zella got herself together in the four hours that remained before our first ride on the Presidential plane, the "Columbine." On the trip, Mrs. Eisenhower invited Zella to join her in the First Lady's private cabin where they chatted.

"She asked a hundred questions about our family," Zella later reported. "Is she that interested in everybody?"

She was!

It was a mark of his immense popularity with the American people that, despite two major illnesses, he won the November election by 27 million votes.

The day after the election, Mr. Crim had some news that would affect my life.

"I have told President and Mrs. Eisenhower that I am in poor health and can't carry on the job of Chief Usher any longer," he said. "I told them I'm scheduled to retire next year, anyway, and they said all my work should be turned over to you. And when I do retire, you should take over the job."

Practically speaking, I had been in charge of household details since the Truman Administration, while Mr. Crim had concentrated on fiscal affairs of the White House. But, I thought, things really wouldn't be that much different if I accepted the full work load with the title.

I explained my position to Mr. Crim: "The arrangement you've outlined will not relieve you of any responsibility. As long as you have the title of Chief Usher, people will insist on going to you first. I cannot accept under those circumstances." I felt sorry to say this, because I knew how much he wanted to retire. His health had been failing for months.

The very formal, very correct Chief Usher went back to Mrs. Eisenhower with my answer. Mr. Crim was made a special assistant to the President until his retirement in 11 months, and I was promoted to Chief Usher immediately.

In January 1957, President Eisenhower was inaugurated—twice. Because Inauguration Day, January 20, fell on a Sunday, a small, private ceremony was held at the White House—with only the Eisenhowers, their relatives, Vice-

President Nixon, and his family present. Only 18 people gathered in the East Room of the White House to witness Chief Justice Warren administer the solemn Oath of Office. The ceremony was repeated the next day at the Capitol, followed by the traditional luncheon, the parade, and two gala Inaugural Balls.

The Eisenhowers entered his second term glowing. Their energy for entertaining was limited, though. The President was concerned about Mrs. Eisenhower's health, as well as his own. At 60, she began her husband's second term with her usual flourish, but he soon stopped her practice of shaking hands with the thousands of reception visitors. "She insists on talking to everyone," he complained. "It's a strain on her."

But Mrs. Eisenhower learned how to conserve her strength well. Although she had been quite ill with rheumatic fever as a child, and had contracted a heart murmur as a result, she had learned to discipline her time and energy so that, after a strenuous day as a hostess, or traveling, she always collected adequate rest for herself.

"I believe that every woman over fifty should stay in bed until noon," she said, quite seriously.

Rejuvenation—at Elizabeth Arden's Maine Chance farm in Arizona—was among her projects. She spurned physical exercise and hated to go outdoors. "I'm not an outdoor girl," she laughed. Instead, she depended on the masseuse who came to the White House three mornings a week to give her a good workout. Taking such good care of herself paid off. Mamie Eisenhower didn't have one wrinkle in her face. Most of our women visitors commented on her smooth, unlined complexion.

Our most glittering—and strenuous—occasion for 1957 came in October, when Queen Elizabeth of England and Prince Philip came with a party of 15 for a State visit. It was the first visit to the White House for the young Queen. (It was as *Princess* Elizabeth that she had stayed at Blair House during her last visit in 1951, when she had presented President Truman with an antique floral overmantel with mirror; it had been a gift from her father, the late King George VI. It now hangs in the State Dining Room.) This time she slept in the Queen's Bedroom, Prince Philip in the Lincoln Room, and their various ladies and men-in-waiting in the second-floor and third-floor guest rooms. The highlight of their visit was a State dinner, for which we'd brought out all our formal regalia.

Strictest protocol was to be followed: White House elegance was to be unsurpassed. This was very important to Mrs. Eisenhower, who had been entertained by the Queen's parents in Europe, and wished to return the honor in the grandest manner.

Timing was of the utmost concern. For us, the logistics of clearing the State Dining Room after dinner became a major matter.

There was to be a concert after dinner in the East Room, to which 200 additional guests had been invited. As soon as the President and Mrs. Eisenhower led their hundred dinner guests out of the State Dining Room, we were to close the doors, remove the elaborate dinner place settings, flowers, linens, and banquet chairs, dismantle the big banquet table, and take it, piece by piece, out onto the terrace.

Then, while the audience sat enthralled by the strains of Fred Waring's orchestra and chorus at the other end of the White House, we'd have to set up the dining room with a small table for a champagne reception that was to be given after the musicale.

It was quite an operation, one that required swift, delicate, and silent movement. We'd labored over it for days, rehearsing carpenters, butlers, and housemen for their part in the transformation.

The carpenters were to wait outside on the terrace, then enter the room through the terrace doors to dismantle the banquet table.

"Wait until *everybody* leaves the room and we've closed the doors to the main hall," I instructed them. "Be ready to *move*, and move fast, as soon as the room gets quiet. I'll signal you, but remember, the main thing is to move fast!!"

Up to a point the dinner went beautifully. After dessert, the President rose and proposed a warm, lengthy toast to the Queen, and the guests applauded.

Queen Elizabeth has a very soft voice, and when she spoke, returning President Eisenhower's toast, the room became breathlessly silent. I was standing discreetly in the corridor, looking in, when I heard the terrace door begin to rattle. My heart sank! I realized the carpenters had taken the silence to be their cue. They were trying to get into the room! Then, just before I had a heart attack myself, I remembered that I'd locked the door from the inside.

When the guests finally filed out, I ran to unlock the door.

"We thought you weren't coming!" exclaimed one of the carpenters. "We thought we'd have to bust in."

When I told him how perfect his timing nearly had been, his face turned as white as his overalls.

"You mean I nearly broke in on the Queen of England?" he said. "God save her!"

We found out the next morning that *our* First Lady sometimes required more in the way of service than did the Queen of England.

It had been, after all, a very late evening. But as usual, Rose Woods stayed up until her mistress retired, undressing the First Lady, taking her diamonds, carefully locking them in the bedroom safe, then rinsing out the little items of personal laundry.

By contrast, the White House maid who had been assigned to straighten the Queen's Room told me, "Queen Elizabeth sent *her* personal maids to bed early last night—she told them not to wait up for her because she'd be so late!" Then, in utter astonishment, the maid described the morning scene in the Queen's room: The fabulous diamond tiara, the heavy diamond necklace, the beribboned medals—all the precious jewels Elizabeth II had worn the night before—had been tossed casually on a dresser. Her gown and underthings were folded neatly on a chair. The Queen of England had undressed herself.

The President thoroughly enjoyed the visit of the young monarch and her husband, even though their rigorous four-day schedule left everyone else huffing and puffing. As the couple said their last good-bye at the door of the White House, before moving on to New York and a United Nations visit, the Eisenhowers waved to them until the limousine disappeared.

Inset photo: Grandson David hails the Chief with a ceremonious bow in 1953. Below, the Eisenhower family in 1959: the President and First Lady; their son John, his wife Barbara, and their children—David, 11, Mary Jean, 3, Susan, 7, and Barbara Anne, 10.



UPI

Still flashing his big grin, the President turned to me.

"If they'd stayed a day or two longer, we'd soon be calling them Liz and Phil!"

On the afternoon of November 25, 1957, we were busy preparing for a State Dinner that evening to honor the King of Morocco. At 3:15 I checked the State Dining Room, where the butlers were putting in finishing touches. Less than an hour later, we began to sense something was wrong.

At 4 P.M., the President, accompanied by his military aide, returned from his office. That was unusual in itself, because President Eisenhower was a man of habit, and walking slowly back to the White House in the middle of the afternoon was not part of his daily ritual.

Our second signal was General Snyder, President Eisenhower's physician, flying down the ground-floor corridor from his office to the elevator, heading for the second floor.

Moments later, Mrs. Eisenhower called me, her voice trembling. "Can you come up right away?" she asked.

It was serious, I knew immediately, because John Eisenhower, who now served as his father's aide, was at his mother's side in the West Sitting Hall. The President's dressing room door stood ajar, and I could see the President, in pajamas and a robe, seated on the edge of his bed, talking with his doctor.

"The President has taken sick," Mrs. Eisenhower explained gravely. "We must be prepared to cancel the dinner this evening."

The President, obviously in an argument with General Snyder, came to the door.

"The dinner will not be . . ." He couldn't seem to finish the sentence.

". . . cancelled?" Mrs. Eisenhower asked.

The President nodded vigorously.

"Sir, you *will* not be able to attend," General Snyder told his old friend.

President Eisenhower looked straight down at his wife, and with great difficulty—his tongue seemed to be thick—said, "The only way I won't is if Mrs. Eisenhower attends." Turning, he went back to his bed.

The First Lady looked at me, raising her hands in defeat. "Continue as planned," she said. "I'll call Vice-President Nixon to act as host."

Walking with me the few yards to the stairway, she said, rather formally, as if organizing herself, and as if I had not been witness to the previous scene, "The President has had a slight stroke, but he insists on going ahead with the dinner, so I will just act as hostess."

At 6:20 the President's press secretary, James Hagerty, made a terse announcement: President Eisenhower is suffering from a chill, and will not be able to attend the dinner tonight.

It was a ghostly white Mamie Eisenhower who descended the elevator with Vice-President and Mrs. Nixon that night. The First Lady sat in her throne-like chair at the head of the E-shaped banquet table, visibly nervous, obviously wishing to be at her husband's bedside. She went upstairs immediately after dinner, pausing to file an unusual complaint with me.

"The State Dining Room looked so dull tonight. Those red carnations were much too dark," indicating the flowers she'd chosen for the banquet table. It seemed to me that the room may have seemed dull because the light of her life lay ill upstairs.

She stayed with the President until midnight, and her son sat watch in his bedroom all night.

It was not until the next day that Press Secretary Hagerty made the announcement that the President had suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. The stock market dropped $4,000,000 in 20 minutes. But it quickly recovered, and so did the President.

On December 3, 1959, the President, his son John, and his daughter-in-law, Barbara took off on a "peace and goodwill" tour which took them 22,000 miles into 11 countries in 19 days.

When the party returned, Mrs. Eisenhower, with the Nixons, drove out to the airport to greet them. The White House glowed with all her Christmas decorations, but a bigger glow came from Lafayette Park, across Pennsylvania Avenue, where a midnight crowd had gathered to greet the President with thousands of glittering sparklers.

When the 1960 Presidential campaign got underway, Mr. Eisenhower hesitated to become involved. Then, in the fall, against his doctor's advice, he did go out campaigning for Vice-President Nixon. But the election was won by the Vice-President's opponent, John F. Kennedy.

Mrs. Eisenhower had planned a gala victory celebration for the Nixons. Instead, her fine talents as a hostess were extended to her own family—a grand debut for her two nieces in the East Room of the White House on November 25, 1960.

"I want it to be like the debuts I remember with old friends and their daughters," the First Lady said proudly as she and her sister "Mike" introduced Ellen Doud Moore, 19, and Mamie Eisenhower Moore, 18, to Washington society. And it *was* like a page from the past.

Dressed in a blue sequined afternoon gown, Mrs. Eisenhower stood with her sister and the two girls in the Green Room, greeting the 500 guests. There were two tea tables, in the State Dining Room, and Blue Room, for Mrs. Eisenhower's last big occasion in the White House.

"Wasn't it a wonderful thing for Aunt Mamie to do?" said Mamie Moore, as she watched her aunt spread her own particular charm throughout the crowd.

After the debut, Mrs. Eisenhower moved into Christmas. "I want it to be the most beautiful Christmas ever," she told me. "It's our last one in this wonderful house."

Her sentiment about the Mansion she had ruled so majestically for eight years was echoed in her choice of music for her farewell dinner for the President's Cabinet, staff, and close personal friends. As the Army chorus sang "Auld Lang Syne" and "Bless This House," the First Lady's eyes glistened with tears.

Moving out has been a sad occasion for all the First Ladies. But it was even sadder for Mamie Eisenhower. For eight years she had so thoroughly established herself as "Lady of the House,"—but, more important, for eight years she had had her beloved Ike by her side.

In next month's concluding installment of Upstairs at the White House, *former Chief Usher J.B. West tells of life with the last three First Ladies he served: Jacqueline Kennedy, Lady Bird Johnson, and Pat Nixon.*

The Eisenhowers walk into history after posing for 50th wedding anniversary picture at their Gettysburg farm in 1966. Inset photograph shows them on President's 73rd birthday in 1963. He died in 1969 at age 78, but Mamie lives on as one of the world's most admired women.



UPI

TV'S MOST ATTRACTIVE MEN

MICHAEL COLE OF "MOD SQUAD"



Michael Cole with wife Paula

V has spawned a whole new crop of leading men. They come in all shapes, es, ages, and races—but they have one thing in common: every week ey are welcomed into millions of homes. Here is a mini-portrait of one ch television actor who has become a household word. BY D.L. LYONS

ICHAEL COLE. The *Mod Squad* ar sounds like Steve McQueen nen he talks, and the thoughts he presses often sound as if they uld have come from the young arlon Brando. Among television's amatic heroes, Cole has the most peal to younger viewers: "I think ot of young people identify with and my co-stars, Peggy Lipton d Clarence Williams III because ey don't think of us as the police. s a matter of appearance and atti-de—we basically look like younger ople. Our show is more than 'law d order.' It shows the moral side the law rather than a literal inter-etation."

In private life, Cole is a noncon-mist right down to eating at odd urs. Society and organizations are little interest to him; he believes e individual is everything. He and s wife Paula have been married s than two years, but as he says: Ve've been together almost nine ars. I have a tendency to be loyal d so does my 'old lady.' She was ere during the lean years and the eet years."

When Cole was in acting school, e was hard: "I was trying to sur-ve wherever or however I could. metimes I qualified for unemploy-nt, sometimes not. Paula had a with a newspaper and brought me a little money. It's an old story verybody goes through something e that."

Cole feels that his *Mod Squad* co-rs are "more pulled together" an he is. "I'm not used to responsi-lity; I've always hated it. But I ven't avoided it. I don't think love a responsibility. I like taking care my 'old lady,' my mother, and my ter. That's not responsibility be-use it comes from the heart. But a r is a responsibility, taxes are a sponsibility, business and jobs are sponsibilities. I try to pay atten-n to what's in my heart and func-n with that."

A native of Madison, Wis., Michael is happiest at his beach house on an unfashionable stretch along the Pacific north of Malibu. "Back in Wisconsin we have rivers and lakes, and I thought the ocean couldn't be much different," Cole says laughing. "So I challenged the ocean. I walked out into it the first day and let the waves pound against my legs, then my hips, and then my back. 'Go on, ocean, show me something,' I told it. Then wham! A big wave hit me like I've never been hit before. It knocked me head over heels and I came up on the beach coughing up salt water and swearing at the ocean. Ever since I've respected it. Now I love its peace and quiet."

Cole's face is heavily scarred, the result of an auto accident that happened after the first year of *Mod Squad*. Makeup covers most of the red scar tissue so that it is not obvious on TV. But Michael talks about the accident openly and doesn't attempt to hide the scars when he's off camera. He doesn't put much effort into small talk or elaborate manners. He sometimes mumbles when he talks, and looks directly into your eyes when he speaks.

Michael says he and his co-stars are good friends, but seldom see each other off the set. "Actually, the 'old lady' and I don't go out much. We ride our motorcycles on the trails [or did until Paula became pregnant—she gave birth to a daughter, Jennifer Holly, last December 16] or see a few people once in a while. But none are in show business."

When asked about his plans for the future, now that *Mod Squad* is going off the air, Michael Cole says, "You can't go out looking for success and be creative. The things you find creep into your life. If it's inside and strong enough it's going to come out. I'm sure of myself only in the sense that I want to be left open. That's my kind of security." **END**

Photograph by Jerry Abramowitz



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Graffiti

Causes & Cures by David C. Berliner

No one knows what inspired that caveman to pick up a rock and scratch the world's first *graffito* on the ggy wall of his living quarters. atever the motivation, the prac- endured. Words and symbols of e, politics, sex, and religion have n drawn, scratched, and chiseled o surfaces ever since.

Today's *graffiti* artists don't write their living room walls, as Neanthal man once did. Instead they tch assorted public surfaces with neasle-like epidemic of modern- scribbling.

The word *graffiti* and its singular m, *graffito*, stem from the Italian rd for scratch, *graffio* (which, according to the *Random House Dictionary of the English Language*, ers to the scratch of a stylus). rrent graffitists, however—most them in their teens—wield aerosol ay cans or felt-tipped pens. Ig- ring the clever, often pointed style their ancestors, today's graffitists rely write names and addresses. n earlier times, an individual th inspiration and a piece of chalk ght have written: "I'd give my ht hand to be ambidextrous"; n elephant is a mouse drawn to vernment specifications"; "The d eagle wears a hairpiece"; lexander Graham Bell is alive and ll in New York City and still wait- for a dial tone" or maybe even, ickey Spillane reads *Ladies' me Journal*." But today's graffi- ts usually limit their sayings to ngs like "Joe T. 125," "Cool Cliff)," or "Wildcats 97."

"These names and address num- s are driving the real graffitists derground and giving them a bad me," says author Robert Reisner, o is considered the dean of cur- nt graffiti experts (Reisner teach- the nation's only college-level rvey course in the subject at New rk's New School for Social Re- arch). "What's happening now is re vandalism," he adds.

In Philadelphia and New York, here the cost of erasing the defac- nt has run into millions of dollars, tience has worn thin and legisla- n has been passed in efforts to halt e outbreak. More important, per- ps, judges have begun sentencing nvicted graffitists to "clean-up" tails. New York's Mayor Lindsay so named his chief-of-staff Steven Isenberg to head a task force that ll try to find out what causes peo- to indulge in graffiti and to devel- programs to halt the problem.

Based on a survey of psycholo- sts, sociologists, and behavioral ientists who have studied *graffiti* related aspects of human activity, e causes vary. A "breakdown of w and order" and "loss of respect r the so-called 'Establishment'" re the causes most generally cited. Dr. Howard M. Newburger, a pro- ssor at John Jay College of Crimi- l Justice in New York believes the rrent *graffiti* plague is another example of minority-group members saying: "To hell with your city; we can do what we want."

"And so they deface everything," Dr. Newburger says. "People feel small and they don't like it, so they put their names before the public via *graffiti*."

"Several years ago," recalls Dr. Leo Goldberger, director of the Research Center for Mental Health at New York University, "I was asked to comment on the switch from the use of letter telephone exchanges—such as Butterfield 8—to complete digital systems. It struck me then—as does today's *graffiti* situation—as further evidence of a general movement toward anonymity.

"This *graffiti* is a means for people to reinforce their sense of selves. By putting their names somewhere—sewing it on a jacket or blouse, for instance, or writing it on a wall or subway car—they are saying, 'I've got recognition even if I gave it to myself.' The only thing we have left these days is our name. Think about that!"

According to Dr. Hirsch Lazaar Silverman, a practicing clinical psychologist, "People want to express themselves; some shout and scream, some write *graffiti*."

Other experts, asked to describe the causes of *graffiti* gave related, less defined reasons—and one, Dr. Robert Krauss of the Department of Psychology at Columbia University, recommends caution in zeroing in on one single answer. "When one is given the explanation that society has taken away the individual's identity," says Dr. Krauss, who is currently in the midst of making a study of littering, "he has to ask some probing questions. It's a very good idea to beware of facile explanations. When we've interviewed people on why they litter, we've discovered dozens of reasons. The same goes for *graffiti*, I'm sure."

And the "cure"? Dr. Goldberger believes the problem is nothing more than the word "fad" implies: For a Day. "The *graffiti* fad has peaked and is on its way down," he insists. "Those who probably started it now want to clean it up."

The best solutions, Dr. Newberger feels, would be the input of more youth workers into creative city projects "to instill hope within these kids that they can attain what they want in life. Let them see that their future is tied up with the future of the city they live in."

Most experts believe graffitists think much like hardened criminals in one respect—they don't fear punishment as much as they do being caught.

"The current *graffiti* craze will pass," says author Reisner, who has written several books on graffiti. "I want to see us get back to good, clever, witty commentary once again. Let's put *graffiti* back where it really belongs—in public toilets and on construction fences." END

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YOU AND YOUR SLEEP

By Bob Gaines

NIGHT PRAYERS: A familiar family scene. The kids in their pajamas kneel beside their beds and say their evening prayers. The lights go out in the children's room. Three hours later, the parents retire. Briefly, the wife and husband say a night prayer.

It could be a ritual prayer spoken together in the dark room. It could be something quieter, a moment of meditation. Two people lie in bed, close their eyes and briefly say a silent prayer. Somehow this final grace note of the day has a soothing effect.

I've been interested in night prayers ever since Tony Randall, the TV star, told me he always says his prayers before going to sleep and it helps him rest. To learn more about the therapeutic value of an evening prayer, I spoke with Stephen Prichard, training director (and a Presbyterian minister) at the Institutes of Religion and Health in New York. The Institutes are affiliated with Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's Marble Collegiate Church.

"There's no question that a go prayer at the end of the day can do lot to assure you a good night's sleep Prichard told me. "A good prayer c help you clarify what is important you. It's a way of summing up yo day."

He told me that a good therapeu evening prayer should be one in whi you open yourself up to your da experiences and to God. "You say yourself, 'God, I don't have all t answers, but this is what I've expe enced today and this is what I fe about it. And God, with Your he this is what I hope for tomorrow.' "

He added that the worst kind prayer at night would be a manipul tive one. "You pray that God will g after your enemies or get you t points on the stock market. This essentially a neurotic prayer and n likely to quiet the spirit."

He said that many people are u easy about going to sleep because th want to stay in control of themselv "They're not willing to say, 'I close m eyes and place myself in God's hand They won't trust anything outsi themselves. I think this is the reas for so many of the complaints abo insomnia heard by doctors—a lack faith in God or the goodness of t world."

I asked Mr. Prichard if he wo comment on the familiar childre prayer. "Now I lay me down to sl . . ." and specifically the disturbi third and fourth lines, "If I should before I wake/I pray the Lord my s to take." I told him that I had frien who said that as children they we terrified by that prayer.

"A lot of people ask about that pra er," he replied. "The words come fr a period when people demanded a l of reassurance about dying and unco sciously there was a lot of confusi about sleeping and dying. I suspe the lines were put in more for adu than children.

"If I were teaching the prayer to child, I would just make sure he unde stands that the lines mean God watching over him and he has nothi to worry about."

He added, however, that with his ov children he prefers prayers that are le ritualized. "Kids can be so simple a beautiful and spontaneous. You shou let them use their own imaginati about bedtime prayers. You don't ha to teach them specific prayers. Just a them, 'What things happened to y today you want to thank the Lord f Who are the people who are imp tant to you? Who would you like t Lord to bless?'

"A child understands this approa and can come up with some wonderf sensitive prayers. This sort of pray helps intensify their understanding the day and what it has meant to alive. Emotionally, it's a very soothi way of ending the day for a child."

Mr. Prichard said that with his ov two children, Pamela and Laura, he h established a slightly different eveni ritual. Instead of evening prayers, and the two girls sing a song.

"We have our own special pray which we sing. But it could be any so with a spiritual message. The imp tant thing is that it sets the right to I like to think that every night the gi and I become a little better as peop Our evening prayer-song has the pow to do this for us."



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Binaca

ıtinued from page 90

ındation it clogs the pores badly.
ndy: When I started modeling, I glected my skin. I'd come home d would be too lazy to take off the ıkeup. Now that I'm getting older ı trying very hard not to look it, so o make an effort. (What I'm striving is nothing less than immortality.)
ances: Fortunately Candy did find t that you do have to take care. As a ıtter of fact she's the one who got me start having facials. It's ridiculous ıt I didn't have a facial until three ars ago.
ndy: I try to have a facial once a ɔnth. In between I have a regimen I low more or less daily. At night I an my face with a liquid moisturizer, d then I use a very mild cleansing ion. Then, if I'm not too sleepy, I put some moisturizer. In the morning ıse the cleansing lotion and moistur-r again. Maybe two or three times a ek I use a mild soap and water be-use I really like it when my skin ls squeaky.
ances: I really believe in facials. hen I first started I went on a crash ogram because I'd never had one be-re. Now I go for a treatment once a ɔnth. I can't urge women enough to ve themselves some kind of facial. It n be with a do-it-yourself product or me old-fashioned thing like oatmeal egg white.
ndy: I think exercise is important, o. It's important for my general sense well-being as well as for my skin.
ances: If I go two days without exer-se I start getting grouchy. When I'm ercising, my skin looks decidedly bet-r, too, because of improved circula-ɔn. Many women don't think enough ɔout circulation. Things have got to ove around.
ndy: I think that as far as skin care es diet is terribly important. I don't ıve enough will power, but I try to be ıite sensible most of the time. I don't ink coffee and I don't smoke. But hen I'm writing a story I feel that it such hard work I reward myself ery paragraph or so with a chocolate ıip cookie.
rances: Being the wife of an old fash-ned Swede, I believe that the kinds of ɔds you eat can't help but show.
andy: I think your emotional state fects your skin a lot, too. When I el myself going through something notionally difficult, I will suddenly e a rash appear around my mouth or y patches at the corners.
rances: When I was a singer, I would ɔmetimes get very uptight about an udience. The first place it showed, of ɔurse, was the voice and then the skin. would awaken the next morning and d have swollen eyes or some other eculiar thing. I think tension is one of woman's two worst enemies. The ther is the sun.
andy: I keep out of the sun more now. used to stay in the sun and cook. Now always wear a moisturizer, and if I'm t the beach I put on a hat.
rances: When I play tennis I wear a ɔundation and a sunblock on top of ıat. I've found that even if you only lay for an hour late in the afternoon, ıe sun's rays still get to your skin.
andy: When you inherit good skin, 's your responsibility to take care of . I feel very lucky to have good skin nd I don't want to lose it. **END**



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Kikko Roni Chicken

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Kikko Roni Kabobs

Bring to boil ¼ cup Kikkoman Soy Sauce, ½ cup wine vinegar, 2 Tbsp. oil, 2 tsp. instant onions, ¼ tsp. each dry mustard and pepper, 1 clove garlic, diced. Cool; marinate 1 lb. beef cubes and 12 mushrooms 1 hour. Prepare 1 pkg. Fried Rice-A-Roni, adding 1 Tbsp. marinade. Broil skewered meat and mushrooms. Serve Kabobs over Rice-A-Roni.





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MARILYN

continued from page 79

wonder if even the ambition is beginning to leave. How near she is to a burned-out case. She is living in her apartment in New York with Miller's goods and papers all gone. In his empty study he has left her portrait on the wall. It has been his favorite picture of her. Now in a couple of months they will get divorced. Carefully, she picks the day of Jack Kennedy's inauguration, January 20, 1961, and flies to Juarez. The date has been selected by Pat Newcomb, her new publicity woman and new intimate. Happily, Marilyn will receive less publicity on this day than any other.

But then she will hardly want to make headlines about the shattering of the Hourglass and the Egghead. Quietly, she sits in a cocktail lounge at the airport in Dallas for a two-hour layover on the way to Juarez and carefully follows on television the first of Jack Kennedy's thousand days. Pale witch of the lonely American wind, there in Dallas she watches. In Dallas! Where else? The most electric of the nations must naturally provide the boldest circuits of coincidence.

A poodle from Sinatra

After the divorce, she puts herself together long enough to go up for a visit to the Roxbury, Conn., farm, and collects her things from Miller, goes with her newfound half sister, Berneice Miracle, discovered to be living in Florida. Marilyn drives up with her to a "difficult meeting," by Miller's description "trying to put a face on things and make me believe she was happy, carefree, the way she wanted to be." She leaves with some books, sculpture, a set of bone china and cocktail glasses, leaves behind some washed-out jelly glasses for Miller to drink out of. (Does she also leave her investment in the property?) She certainly deserts Hugo the basset hound, but mourns him when back in the city. Soon Sinatra will give her a white poodle. Somewhere in this time she also apparently has a small and reasonably friendly affair with Sinatra, for an intimate tells of driving her to the Waldorf where he is staying while she keeps taking nips of vodka, which "doesn't help much." Next day there is huge curiosity, but she indicates there was something wrong with the way the twin beds had been put together, s crack between the mattresses which one or the other kept fal (There is a flaw in the service at Waldorf!)

Of course, she is back with Joe Maggio again, although in no reg form. Still, they have had a resu tion of romance. In late Decem about a month before her divorce f DiMaggio, there has been a pl call from Joe's friend Reno Bar chini. "Can," he inquires, "a cer person call?" Tell your friend I'm w ing, is Marilyn's reply.

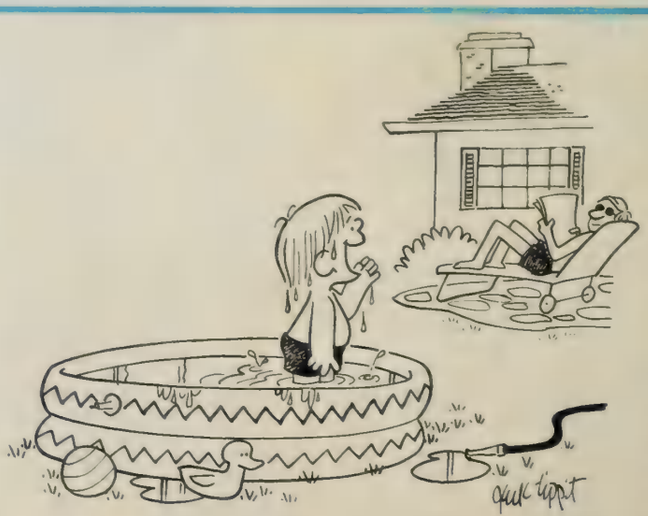
On Christmas Day DiMaggio arr at her apartment with the largest p settia she has ever seen. So they commence. Indeed, it may be knowledge that she is unfaithful to Maggio that makes her nervous Sinatra. In these days when she sp of Joe to her closest friends it i sentimental terms of the perfectio his body and unhappy accounts of guilt of his mind once love is done.

Of course, she is not nearly this to others. Her tongue is probably n so sharp as now. She delights fri with an account of Richard Bu and his advances: he has dared to gest his prowess. "You didn't do well," she tells him, "by Susan S berg!" Is it all too likely she is ma most of it up for the amusemer friends? Certainly she could tell story to spite Elizabeth Taylor.

It is all spice and sting, malice, new gaiety. Marilyn is conceiv trying out a few first readings future middle-aged role. Should settle for successor to Tallulah?

Pills and peanuts

She is sitting in the exhausted a a career, and her sleeping pills are far from cocktail party peanuts as opens a capsule to speed up the e and swallows it while speaking. draws up a will. It must be like turning on a midnight swim to p of old depression. She assigns mo to Berneice Miracle—the family co first!—no, it is the only way she pass on money to herself, and gives bequests to her secretary, Reis, and to a few friends. Her sonal belongings she leaves to [di ter] Strasberg—he is the true cur of her art. For whatever reason, does not mention Paula Strasberg course, she has already loaned much money and given her stocks,



"Hey, Daddy! I finally swam the full length of the pool!"

ovided studio jobs for her at $3,000 week. In January, just a little be- e Kennedy's inauguration, she has will read aloud, and lawyers ex- in her finances. She is not nearly so h as she hopes. In fact, she is living a share of profits from *Some Like Hot* and in the hopes of what *The isfits* will do. But that film is off to mudged start with mixed reviews.

In late winter, further depressed by r divorce and the lack of real excite- nt about *The Misfits*, she ks into depression so se- re her analyst is worried. rhaps she makes a suicide empt. We do not know. her publicity agency now ks not to advertise but thdraw her life from ex- ination. Still, she is ad- tted to Payne-Whitney, a spital for mental disor- rs. The press descend, and not get to see Marilyn. e has gone through one n door after another, and e doors close behind her. e has not been told any- ing about the hospital. What are you doing to e?" she cries out. "*What nd of a place is this?*"

She spends three days in room with barred windows d a glass door through ich doctors can peer in. here is no partition to the hn. Which nurse, intern, sident, visiting doctor, or spital attendant will fail take a good look? Soon ssip is blazing like brush e. She has whipped off her othes, goes the gossip, she s . . . one can fill in any scene gesture if one wants hear the gossip.

Later, Marilyn will indi- te to Pat Newcomb that e did offer a show. "If they ere going to treat her like nut," goes [her biographer red Lawrence] Guiles' de- ription, then "she would have like one."

Reverse habits

Of course, the desire to ke off clothes may even lieve the impulse that shes one through an open indow. She has always en working toward nudity. ertainly, she has not been model for nothing, nor wanted desperately to and up naked for God and veryone else to see," nor d her nude calendar, nor e nude sessions she will ill go through with a few notographers, nor exposing a breast *The Misfits*—not all for nothing. erhaps as one drifts toward a state ear-insane, there is some impulse to rn inside out, reverse habits, fling off othes, morals, and one's relation to me. Does psychosis, like death, move ck into the past?

Nonetheless, she is out of whatever ate she is in quick enough to know e wants to be out of Payne-Whitney. hey allow her one phone call. She akes it to DiMaggio, and he is up om Florida to New York by the vening plane and on the phone to oliticians and powers who would know how to open doors at this hospital. "Early the next morning, Marilyn emerged secretly from the Clinic clutching tenaciously to DiMaggio. . . . She went at once to a private room in the Neurological Institute of Columbia-Presbyterian."

She has three weeks of rest, withdrawal from pills, and a hospital discharge. With Pat Newcomb at her side, she runs a gauntlet of reporters racing through traffic to catch her attention for one more comment. Now she is back in her apartment, and as usual after such a bout, is restored for a little while. She makes plans to do *Rain* on television with Lee Strasberg directing her, and gets a letter from Somerset Maugham, who is delighted she will play the role. As Marilyn says to an interviewer about Sadie Thompson, "She was a girl who knew how to be gay even when she was sad. And that's important—you know?" Then *Rain* falls through. NBC will not do it with Strasberg because he has no TV experience. Nor will Marilyn do it with another director. Yet she is restless without work and nibbled at by the edge of financial concerns. The TV contract had been for more than $100,000, and that is now gone. She goes surf-fishing with DiMaggio in Florida and visits half sister Berneice. Then she gets "impatient" and flies back to New York.

She reaches her apartment in time to read in a newspaper column that Kay Gable believes Marilyn "had brought on Gable's fatal heart attack from tension and exhaustion." (If Gable never complained to Monroe—"when she's on the set," he had said to a reporter, "she's there to work!"—he had, however, told other reporters that in the old days of Harlow, "when stars were late, they were fired.")

Marilyn opens her living room window and prepares to jump. As she describes it to a friend the next day, she knows that she must leap quickly. If she goes on the ledge and waits and is discovered up there by people down on the street, and then fails to jump, the resulting publicity will have to be worse than death or going on with life. So she stands in the room, and leans toward the window, eyes closed. Perhaps she passes through some migration of the soul before she returns to her life in that room. When next day she confesses how close she had come to jumping, her friends are certain she must move to Hollywood, and get a rented ranch house. With but a single floor. She decides they are right.

So she goes West still one more time, and lives in analysis again, is it for the third or fourth time—who can keep record of these arranged marriages of the mind? In the late spring of 1961, she is on little but a routine of diet and rest. She is to have a gall bladder operation (whose scar will yet show in the famous nude studies Bert Stern will take) and responds well to the surgery—perhaps a knife in her belly pays part of the debt to Gable. She shuttles between New York and Los Angeles over the months to come.

Last sign of life

A woman named Marjorie Stengel (who had previously been secretary to Monty Clift) has come to work for her now in New York, and through her eyes we get a portrait of these months in Marilyn's life. During the interview in which Miss Stengel is given the job, the house phone rings, and Marilyn picks it up. Someone is asking for Miss Monroe. "She's not here," Marilyn says in a rough voice and hangs up. It is the last sign of life the new secretary will see. Days drift by.

Marilyn gets up late in the hot New York morning and wanders around in a blue baby-doll nightie. It is slightly soiled. After a while she chews on some lamb chops and eats cottage cheese, then takes a big glass of No-Cal black cherry drink. "That meal alone," says Marjorie Stengel, "might have been enough to kill you." Later in the day Marilyn talks on the phone for a very long time with her analyst in Los Angeles. No one else calls. Few letters arrive, yet when a particular piece of fan mail is obscene, she will take a look. On a bank application she carefully prints UNKNOWN in the space for her father's name.

But then the mood is not without its own blank space. In the kitchen, plaster is falling; the walls are a dirty New York kitchen-yellow. The bathroom has no glamour—no dressing table, no little lamps, no bright pattern for the shower curtains, just a bathroom. In the bedroom, her walls are a dark putty brown, and the furniture, French Provincial, is cheap, painted white. A satin quilt of putty color serves as a throw for the queen-sized bed. Overhead, on the ceiling, is a mirror. It is her major touch. The second bedroom is almost bare, a few pieces of odd carpet on the floor. *(continued)*



In the reception room Marjorie works among file cabinets. The best decoration is a Toulouse-Lautrec in a frame: print and frame together must cost fifty dollars. In the living room a contrast: all is white. The walls are white and the rug, the white piano is there and a white couch. Even the Cecil Beaton photo of Marilyn in a white gown is there. White transparent leaves are in a vase. They are artificial. Plants are brought in from time to time, but they die. Only the artificial white leaves remain.

On the white shag rug is the old stain of a dog. While Stengel works for her, there is talk of cleaning the rug. It is finally picked up by Denihan's, who "charge her more than the rug can cost." It comes back clean except for the yellow spot: now chemists come from Denihan's to make tests.

Doctors and pharmacists also appear, dressed in dapper dark clothes and in dark horn-rimmed glasses. They are waiting for Miss Monroe on the Spanish bench in her foyer with its black-and-white checked tiles, waiting to bring pills and prescriptions in Marilyn's name or in other names. Sometimes the pills will be ordered in Marjorie Stengel's name. On the end table, *The Nation* is sitting and *I. F. Stone's Weekly*. On the night table in the bedroom is *The Carpetbaggers* and a volume of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

In the dark den where Marilyn makes her calls, there is only a gray New York window on the court, yet here the plants stay alive. Perhaps it is because Marilyn sits there so often to share the understanding gloomy light. And in the closet of the spare bedroom evening dresses are lined up on wire hangers. There is no padding to the hangers. Nor garment bags. In other closets are minks, and a row of furs in white, also on wire hangers. A host of Ferragamo pumps are on the floor. In another closet, two dozen Jax slacks rest on wire hangers, with their price tags still attached. Yet when Marilyn goes out to shop she puts on no underwear. Salesladies gasp in their gossip over this. "She has a *smell*," they tell Marjorie Stengel over the phone. (Of course, they do not know that Marilyn, like many another artist, may not wish to wash if in the scent of the previous day some clue to experience can linger.)

One morning, going through the file, Marjorie encounters a diamond ring in the bottom of the drawer. How long it has been lying there, she does not know. Can it be a gift from DiMaggio? (Whom Marilyn now calls Mr. D.) One given morning Marjorie is told "a certain man" will call and she must do what he tells her. But when the phone rings, the voice is clear. "Marge, this is Joe DiMaggio"—he is obviously used to talking to people named *Stengel*—and he asks her to meet him at the Shelton where he will give her $5,000 to cover an overdraft in Marilyn's account at Irving Trust. Marjorie Stengel cannot comprehend Marilyn's secrecy.

Many a morning she will get a glimpse of DiMaggio as he slips out of the apartment not long after she has arrived for work. Yet Marilyn will never indicate he has been there. It is as if no one must know DiMaggio sleeps over.

Marilyn is coming to the end of her years in New York. Each month she spends more time on the coast. Now at her analyst's suggestion, she buys her house on Fifth Helena Drive in Brentwood. It is a house exactly like his! Somewhere in this period, she even phones New York in great excitement. She is having a gala evening out with Sinatra. Although she has bought two dresses at Magnin's, she needs a particular dress from New York. The maid, Lena Pepitone, flies out first class to bring the dress, but in the interim Marilyn has found another.

Now New York begins to dissolve. Marjorie Stengel is asked to move to Los Angeles and refuses, and will soon leave her employ. Marilyn takes a trip to Mexico and comes back to Helena Drive with Mexican tin masks and lighting fixtures. It is April of 1962. She has four months to live, and work is ready to start on a film she will do at Twentieth. It will be called *Something's Got to Give*.

A 20th Century special

The script for the film has been rewritten from a story that is twenty years old. It is a Twentieth Century special! If the director is George Cukor, that is no splendid omen, for he directed her in *Let's Make Love*, but at least she is fond of his good manners, and the co-star, Dean Martin, by way of Sinatra, is a friend. Peter Levathes, new head of the studio, is, however, furious at the waste Elizabeth Taylor has brought Twentieth on *Cleopatra*. He is not the best man to put up with Marilyn. She, on the other hand, can measure her salary of $100,000 against Elizabeth Taylor's $1,000,000. ("Get that dyke away from me!") She also lived in her own semi-retirement while Liz's photograph has been appearing on the covers of magazines. Naturally, Marilyn has also caught a virus. Since her time in Los Angeles usually consists of going from analyst to internist, it is as if the virus reflects some spiritual essence of doctors' offices. She runs a small fever, small and chronic. Her temperature is usually over 100 degrees, if under 101, but she has an agreement that she can leave the set if it goes above 103. After three weeks of shooting, she has managed to show up for a sum of six days. Since they expect that, they have been prepared to shoot around her. They all seek to cooperate with her: Levathes even keeps away. But the script! It can hardly collaborate. Illness is eventually equal everywhere to illness, and so every false line of dialogue inhabits the metaphysical center of her virus. It is death to work on that set.

And she is not dead. Something of interest has been happening in her personal life at last. She would prefer to be free and pursue a good time. Since Sinatra is friends with Peter Lawford, she has met the Kennedys. She has, in fact . . . but there is more than a little to say. Suffice it that on a Friday morning in the middle of May, she does not appear at the set but gets instead on a plane to New York. Jack Kennedy is being given a birthday party at Madison Square Garden, and Lawford has invited her to sing "Happy Birthday" to the President before twenty thousand guests. She is not about to fail to appear. They have even prepared her entrance. Three times her name will be announced, and a spotlight thrown on an empty stage. Then she will finally be introduced as "the *late* Marilyn Monroe." It has been Peter Lawford's idea. He delights to play on tricky heights. Sometimes he wins, sometimes not. The *late* Marilyn Monroe comes out in all the champagne thermal of her evening gown, and sings "Happy Birthday, dear President" as it has never been sung before. The twenty thousand guests listen to a sexual electric of magnets and velvets. Her voice is all of mischief. Even a dead ear in the house will stir. "She sounds like she knows him awful well!" Kennedy, with a fine grin, disengages himself from so supreme a throb of secret history by remarking in his speech, "I can now retire from politics after having 'Happy Birthday' sung to me by Miss Monroe."

In her good time, Miss Monroe, ready to retire from her present film, returns several days later to the movie set. Officials at Fox are on the edge of firing her, but she has a splurge of activity, as if the core of her delight is to shake male decision once it has firmed. She comes in on the day she has to do a swimming scene, and is in the pool for hours, virus and all, even pushes the premise further, as if some of the Kennedy family's competitiveness has gotten into her, and she will teach Elizabeth Taylor who the center of female world publicity might be. There, with three still photographers present from magazines, and all of the camera crew, she takes off the flesh-colored bathing suit she has been wearing to simulate nudity, and is naked as she jumps in and out of the pool many times, photographed front and back, for all the world. The look in her eye as we study the stills is triumphant. These are "the first absolute nude shots of Marilyn Monroe in fourteen years." She is all of a naked five-year-old having the time of her life and yet is also become a part of the Kennedys—there is hardly a picture she will take after this day in which she does not bear a resemblance to the brothers and sisters of America's most well-known Irish family. Wit, competition, and victory are the alchemic elements of the psyche for which she has searched so long. Never does she look more in command of herself than in the photograph by Larry Schiller that shows her with one leg hooked over the edge of the pool and the devil of the orphanage in her eye. She is about ready to come out of the water, but who can know what she will do next? The photographs of the swimming party are ready by Tuesday, a syndicated story by Joe Hyams carefully broken on Wednesday. Every picture magazine in the world now tries to reach Schiller, who (with Marilyn's approval) controls the picture rights. Before he is done negotiating, the photos will appear in three countries. Marilyn has asked in her most charming manner for no more recompense than a slide projector which to look at the color transparencies. She is, in effect, giving a gift of thousands of dollars to the photographers.

"Agonizing reappraisal"

On Friday, June 1, she is given a birthday party on the set—cake, sizzlers, candles, flashbulbs, and tea. She has a bottle of Dom Perignon with friends in her dressing room. But on Monday she does not come to work. She is under too much strain (as she easily convinces her doctors). On Tuesday she is not there either. That night the movie is suspended: Wednesday the producer is quoted as saying, "There has to be an agonizing reappraisal of the situation." (John Foster Dulles has not used his command language in vain.) On Thursday night she is fired from the film, and spends the next day locked in her room weeping, while Pat Newcomb sends a statement to *Variety*: "Miss Monroe is ready and eager to go to work on Monday." Later, on Friday, Levathes will announce that she is discharged for "willful violation of contract," and Fox is ready to file suit against her production company "for half a million dollars. We may have to increase the figure to a million."

She is triumphant and crushed. She is a female Napoleon, but only for one pride. The other soul, more timid than ever, is a virus-ridden orphan mouse. It is as if she has spent her life installing victories in all *(continued)*



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

the psychic furnishings of one personality, while assigning all defeats to the other. So we are at the seat of complexity in such a view of her person. For if she is living with the full equivalent of two people within her, it is equal to saying that she will undertake many an action that benefits one at the cost of the other, and in turn like a frustrated general must retire from the action while her *other* mends. It is why so much of her life consists of stops and starts, and why so many of her affections are replaced by hate.

The harshest irony

Few are the activities she can perform where both of her selves can participate: it is the harshest irony of her life that this collaboration works best every time she disrupts a movie set, for then everything in her of raw and buried force can enjoy the discomfiture of the company—she is forever marching through Hollywood—yet these massive disruptions, all to the tuneless flute of a lingering virus and a slight fever, are precisely able to employ that other part of herself which is sick, weak, wounded, miserable, stunned, and near to used up. At last such weakness and void is finally employable! It is a method that has worked for years. Now, however, she is in the psychological midnight of being unable to know if she really wished to end the filming, or simply miscalculated what stress the studio could bear. In the weeks ahead, one more of the loveless comedies of her life is played out as studio heads on their side react to the displeasure of stockholders in New York to her irreplaceable loss, while she, swallowing her detestations of the script, is brought by her lawyers to agree that she must go back to the picture in September, when Dean Martin's nightclub tour is over, "in order to reinstate herself as an insurable property for films." What an eternity to contemplate, but she does not have the finances nor the desire to go off into litigation.

Commiseration pours in, of course. She is welcomed back to New York by the Strasbergs. She says, "I've got to start thinking about the stage." Quickly they give her an opportunity to do Blanche Du Bois in *Streetcar* for Strasberg's class [at the Actor's Studio], and she turns in an electrifying piece of work, so nervous her body is trembling from the effort. When she is done, the seat of her dress is wet. She has urinated upon herself in some whole anguish of the part. It is an incredible and unforgettable performance, but her farewell to theater. How could she ever do this every night? No, she is not in New York for long before she must rush back to the coast, as if in panic for being away too long from her analyst, back to the walled-in hacienda and swimming pool with one acre on Helena Drive, back to her half-furnished house with its paucity of closets and piles of records sitting in the corners with bales of magazines, cartons of books, all the unshelved collection of a life sitting in the corners. She is back to her analyst, Dr. Greenson, approaching the last couple of weeks of her life, and yet it is as if the ambiguity of her presence will travel with her even into the last romances of her life, the debatable condition of her health, and the mystery of her death. For there were many who thought she was even getting better. She has told her masseur, Ralph Roberts, that she is finally taking nothing more than a little chloral hydrate. "They've got me back," she says proudly, "to World War I stuff." (Of course, chloral hydrate is just as powerful as any other sleeping pill.) Nonetheless, it is Roberts' impression that she is in better health this last summer than she has been in several years, and her muscle tone is no longer flabby.

The photographs taken by George Barris almost a month after she has been fired by Twentieth are hardly portraits to reveal an abyss. No suicide is contemplated in her eye. Just a sensitive and not unsturdy young woman sits in a sweater at the beach and looks wistful and tough. (See photograph on opening page of this story.)



No, she does not seem ready to kill herself. An underground of Hollywood gossip will wash over the end, and accounts of the witnesses to her last day will not agree. Just as the trail of Kennedy's assassination in Dallas may be lost forever in the tracks of a thousand terrified moves by people who crossed over that trail in fear others were implicated, so too will her death be confused by every current of rumor until it is not possible to decide if she was dead of a suicide by barbiturates (after all the ones that failed), or by the accident of taking, as she had on many another night, more barbiturates than she could carefully count—or whether she was even murdered, and if that is the wildest of suppositions with the feeblest of evidence to support it, there was motive nonetheless for murder and no weak motive.

So one could not dispense altogether with such a thought. Let us try to find our way into the final confusion of her death.

Her time, this last summer, is spent at home around a pool in which she will not swim, although characteristically she is offended if her friends won't go in. There is a guest cottage beyond that pool musty with dog smell. Old friends like Norman Rosten come and visit, and once she goes out with him to a gallery and buys a copy of a Rodin statue of a man and woman in embrace. The man is fierce and the woman compliant. It costs over a thousand dollars, which she cannot necessarily afford, but she buys it in half a minute, pays by check, and takes it with her. Of course that is less common than daily visits to her analyst or staying at home. It is close to an ordered existence. She has other old friends who visit, and takes a host of phone calls in this place. Often she speaks to DiMaggio, and often Pat Newcomb will spend the day with her.

As close as orphans

At night when she cannot sleep, Ralph Roberts comes over to give her a massage. Over the years they have become close, as close perhaps as orphans who have come to love one another. Roberts is from a large and poor family in North Carolina and was not able to speak until the age of eleven—how moving must such a detail be to Marilyn! Then an operation freed his tongue from his palate. That childhood infirmity could account for some of his size and physical strength and certainly for his sense of touch as a masseur. It could also account for his sensitivity to Marilyn's thoughts, as well as his earlier determination to be an actor. Yet for two-and-a-half years he has been submerging his own career in order to be on call—Marilyn has such need of him.

Often she will phone at 2 A.M. when the pills she is using have failed to work. "I feel terrible, Rafe," she will say, "I'm about to jump out of my skin." He will come therefore in the middle of the night and proceed directly to her bedroom, which is kept absolutely dark. The heavy drapes are always drawn since she cannot sleep with the faintest crack of light; indeed the drapes are even stapled to the frame. In the blackness of that room he will locate his bottle of rubbing oil, undo her brassiere (which she puts on every night in compensation for not wearing anything during the day!), and massages her until she is ready for

. Sometimes it will take an hour. n he hooks the brassiere and steals

ey have a psychic communion that viously not ordinary. Since her may have been the most delightful ad ever touched, with a rare under- beneath the skin, or so he would ribe it, suspicion of an affair nat- ly has to arise, and in a hurry, n a man as powerful in appearance oberts in a treatment so sensuous assage. While Miller had civilized in the separation of sex and ther- and was never overtly uneasy, Di- gio would prove jealous more than , as if, final physical connection or Roberts was still too close to his an, feeling too much of what might e off her body as love. DiMaggio an Italian sense of the whole when s said—if it is mine, it must be all e! I do not need another man to fix edges of my work.

y now, we should be able to suspect, ever, that Marilyn enjoyed looking with detachment while her body was nipulated by professionals. Perhaps was even at her best when her re- ons were not sexual. No woman ld be more charming than she will ve to be with Norman Rosten, and woman more honest than she is with berts, as over the years she tells him, she will tell few others, of what is pening in her life.

f we enter her relation to Ralph berts now, two-and-a-half years af- it is begun, it is because she asked one night out of a silence while he massaging her, "Have you heard rumors about Bobby and me?"

Heard them? Why, all Hollywood," berts told her, "is talking of nothing ."

Well, it's not true. I like him, but physically." Since she had begun to , she went on to say that she loved mind, yet did not find him as at- ctive as his brother.

Celibate as a priest

She could, of course, have been lying Roberts—there is many a rumor to im her affair with Bobby Kennedy an in the back seat of a car after y have both stolen out from a party. ll, one has reason to believe her ry. If the thousand days of Jack nnedy might yet be equally famous five hundred nights, the same can- be said of Bobby. He was devout, ll married, and prudent. If he was o a hard-working young man who ght wonder about sexual worlds he d never entered, such wonder was rdly going to weigh in balance ainst his ambition. His brother had naged miracles of indiscretion, but bby had a hard enough attorney's ad to recognize that he was vulner- le to scandal. Those who would not re to attack the presidency could fix on the younger brother. Besides, his lation to his family seems to be as ep as any public figure's of our time. may be more comfortable then to sume that merry he might be—and wistful about Marilyn as a high hool boy with forty cents for a fifty- nt sundae split, cherries and banana! ut finally his hard Irish nose for the al was going to keep him as celibate the happiest priest of the county lding hands with five pretty widows. Still, what a flirtation! He would call r when he came to stay at Peter Law- rd's house. She would come to see



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COOKING WITH Kellogg's

MALLOW-CRUNCH TARTS

In 2-quart saucepan, melt 2 tablespoons regular margarine, or butter, and 20 regular marshmallows (fresh) over low heat, stirring constantly until mixture is smooth and syrupy. Remove from heat. Stir in 2½ cups KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES cereal, mixing until well coated.

Portion mixture into 8 buttered 6-ounce custard cups or 3-inch muffin-pan cups. With buttered spatula form into tart shells. Let stand until firm.

Whip ½ cup whipping cream and 2 tablespoons sugar until soft peaks form; fold in well-drained, 10-ounce package thawed frozen raspberries.* Just before serving, remove tart shells from cups; fill with whipped cream mixture. Garnish with additional fruit.

YIELD: 8 servings

*Other sweetened fruits, fresh, frozen or canned, may be used in place of raspberries.

PEANUTTY-CRUNCH PIE

In bowl, mix ⅓ cup peanut butter and ⅓ cup corn syrup until thoroughly combined. Add 2 cups KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES cereal; mix until well coated. Press mixture evenly and firmly around sides and in bottom of buttered 9-inch pie pan. Chill until firm.

Spread 1 quart slightly softened vanilla ice cream evenly in pie shell. Freeze until firm. Cut into wedges to serve; top with peach slices or other fresh fruit.

YIELD: 8 servings

TEENY-POPPER PARFAITS

1 cup KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES cereal, 1 pint French vanilla ice cream, slightly softened.

Starting with Rice Krispies, alternate layers of Rice Krispies and ice cream in parfait glasses. Top each parfait with sweetened whipped topping and a cherry. Serve immediately.

YIELD: 4 Teeny-Popper Parfaits

All Seasons Women

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him. Given the species of house arrest in which she lived, how superb to see him, how absolutely indispensable to her need for a fantasy in which she could begin to believe. Now, here at last was a fantasy where the company was sensational. Bobby had a mind she may even have seen as similar to her own mind—no matter his education, he had, like herself, learned on the job. By getting the biggest jobs.

Of course, she was not only living in the future, but in what she could retain of the past. Guiles, who believes she did have an affair with Bobby, and therefore favors him with an alias, has this interesting passage:

"In late July, when word reached DiMaggio of her interest in the Eastern, they had a bad row. . . . Possibly afraid of permanently losing DiMaggio as her most valued friend, she sat down and wrote him that if she could only succeed in making him happy, she would have succeeded in the biggest and most difficult thing she could ever imagine—that of making *one person completely happy*. She concluded by informing him that his happiness meant her happiness."

The letter, however, was never sent. Discovered in her desk, it was unsigned. The impulse that brought her this close to DiMaggio consumed itself in its own literary expression.

But, then, her life is so *(continued)*

quiet at this point. In comparison to the past, it is quiet.

"During the final summer, Marilyn confided to a friend that Dr. Greenson was attempting to make her more independent and less insecure in her opinions. She volunteered this information when asked why she was cutting herself off from several old and trusted friends. Clearly Dr. Greenson was concerned by her reliance upon the judgment of her hirelings. During that summer, the regulars who had been in her employ, along with a few others, found themselves outside Marilyn's inner circle. . . . Ralph Roberts was to feel Mrs. Murray's role in this very keenly, for when he came in the evening to give Marilyn her massage, he found after his services were over that his presence was no longer appreciated. Once, as he was lingering by Marilyn's bedroom door exchanging a word or two as in the old days, Mrs. Murray gave him a look that clearly implied, 'I thought we'd gotten rid of them.' "

The lady is not an insignificant presence: "Mrs. Murray was a family friend of the Greensons, had retired from part-time interior decorating work, and though she had never been a housekeeper before, she was available. Mrs. Murray, who spoke in careful accents, was to keep in constant touch with Dr. Greenson. Marilyn knew this, but she was so deeply involved with her attempt at emotional recovery she did not protest."

Scientifically intolerable

If we feel uneasy before this whole and jealous appropriation of her life, still we are dealing not even with essential logic of psychoanalysis: she is so changeable that she is scientifically intolerable. No doctor can follow the results of his prescription. Not with her. So there is a natural tendency to circumscribe her life to that point where fewer people are able to affect the incommensurately sensitive needle of her inner deflection. Fair hope! She may as well be quartered by horses. Her strongest emotions become her most isolated

That she has love for DiMaggio we can hardly doubt by now. Finally, he is the man who wants the least from her—he is without calculation about her talent! He only wants the rest of her. She will do well to discover the rest of her! Perhaps she has never been so divided. Her strength has crumbled. Her ambition to make films—that ambition which has beat like an infernal heart beneath every weakness since she first came to Fox sixteen years ago—is an ambition now cautioned by a council of lawyers. Collapsed upon an analyst's couch, she has been reduced to the smallest pieces of her person, and

yet may be on the edge of the most important affair of her life. It is as if the ambition which is dying on one stage has sprung to life on another. In some part of herself she has to be calculating a new life that will be grander than she has known. Where that might offer hope, it will also accelerate her terror. She will be further away from any comfortable sense of a modest identity on which to attach a few self-protecting habits. No, that modest identity, that sense of a comfortable middle in her own body, can only come now from the bitter taste of barbiturate. The recognition of defeat in the bite of the capsule becomes her middle.

If the law of passion is that we cannot continue to love until we find a love greater than the last, the law of narcissism must be that we cannot adore ourselves unless our display is more extraordinary than before. So, even as she slides in DiMaggio on one flank, she is dreaming of historical eminence on the other. Yet she is still interested in adventures up the center. A clue to the unfinished state of everything about her is that even on the last day of her life she discusses the *Playboy* contract she is supposed to sign when Larry Schiller comes by to visit. It has been arranged for her to do a camera session with Schiller to provide the necessary pictures. She will appear on the front cover of *Playboy*, respectably dressed in a white fur stole. On the back cover, however, will be seen a shot taken at the same instant from the rear. With the exception of the fur stole (which only passes around the nape of her neck), she will have, from this second angle, nothing on.

She will finally show that famous set of cheeks which, as [photographer] Philippe Halsman once remarked, "seemed to wink at the onlooker." Of course he had also said, "to capture this wink with a [still] camera . . . is not so easy." Perhaps she has had similar thoughts: perhaps Dr. Greenson has dissuaded her (if we are to assume she has told him). In any case, Pat Newcomb has already phoned Hugh Hefner to cancel the sitting, but since Schiller has not yet heard, Marilyn does not bring herself to confess this public dream has been filed, and inste squanders a good amount of her mo ing's energy being animated. It is ty cal of one more minor episode in h day that will cost her as much as major transaction, but otherwise it like many another noon in that qu almost humdrum, summer (if not the occasional evening at Lawford in the weeks after *Something's Got Give*.

The shock is that she v be dead in hardly more th twelve hours. Or will it be less? The autopsy will pr casual, and never det mines the hour of her dea It could be as early as n o'clock that night or as l as three in the morning, a the bottle from which takes her final pills is ne found, since the specific dr is never analyzed in her a topsy. Still, enough barbi rates will be discovered her system to kill her s eral times over if she t the pills on an empty sto ach. On the other hand, she ate that night, the d could not be fatal until digested the food, for the topsy showed her stoma was completely empty. T hour of her death is the fore not insignificant. If was no longer alive by m night, every account wh has her going to dinner a lie. She could not have gested the remains of h meal so quickly, even if s had regurgitated the me

Conflicting stories

Besides, there are seve versions of her dinner. O given by a reporter w would not allow his name be used, offers a quiet pa at Marilyn's house which attended by Peter Lawfo Bobby, Pat Newcomb, a Mrs. Murray. After dinn the others want to go to Lawford's place on t beach, but Marilyn wish to stay where she is, a then wants Bobby to st with her. He refuses a leaves. A little later Mari begins to call, and ke phoning him.

Another version pla Natalie Wood and Warr Beatty in a party at La ford's house in Mali which Marilyn proceeds leave. What is common both stories is that nothi remarkable is happening. If she h been alive in the morning, there wou be little interest in the night. One w or another, she seems to have had so disagreement with Kennedy. Whatev was the dimension of her quarrel, was apparently sufficient to start taki pills. If she then calls Lawford's hou several times, we do not begin to gue what abuse or importunings took pla It is after all just as likely she ma every effort to be gay, at least until t last call.

In its turn, Guiles' version, whi may be no more than a compendium the lies he was told, has Marilyn alo



night, and agitated by a phone from Malibu, where she is invited join Lawford, Kennedy, and, by ilyn's description, "a couple of ers." Much offended, she goes ear- her bedroom, where Mrs. Murray rts her resting for a period and g to sleep while a stack of Sinatra rds are played. Then comes a time n she must have felt a warning she taken too many pills. She begins ake calls. It is almost certain she to reach Ralph Roberts, his answering service ld later report that a call e in "from a woman who nded fuzzy-voiced and bled." Guiles has it that did get through to" the terner or his friend, "and told one of the men that had just taken the last of Nembutals and she was ut to slip over the line. of them attempted to ne Mickey Rudin, Mari- s attorney, but he was for the evening. Why n indirect means of sum- ning help were chosen never be known."

A moronic urgency

f course, the means is not ndirect. Mickey Rudin, is also Sinatra's lawyer, r. Greenson's brother-in- as well, and it is possible y are looking to discover enson's number. What ns to agree in all ac- nts is that they are far n complacent at this t. If they have been ghing at Marilyn earlier he evening, or been made asy by a hint of despera- n or threat in her manner, last phone call has been say good-bye. Whoever on the phone with her now heard the unmis- able entropy of a sleeping stupor, that thickening stle of death around each h of the voice, that mo- ic, halting urgency which hocking to whoever will r it.

What the two men did in ponse (since it is almost tainly too late) may be s interesting than what y were to do in the next days. It is not the East- er's most shining hour. will next appear in San ncisco with his family, er a Marine helicopter s down at the pad next to host's house on Sunday rning, but indeed what er high government official would have done precisely the same? hat we can expect from all the stories that if efforts were being made to tect Bobby Kennedy, none of the sions can afford to be accurate. me were obviously shaped in isola- n from others. It is unlikely Dr. eenson and Pat Newcomb, for ex- ple, had an opportunity to exchange tes, since each places himself alone h Marilyn in the early evening. t is probably such discrepancies t would later feed rumors of mur- r. For example, Mrs. Murray re- rted that when Marilyn's door was found locked at three in the morning (although Marilyn's door was always locked), she went outside to the garden after hearing no reply to her knocks and peered through the drapes of Marilyn's bedroom window. From there she claimed to have seen Marilyn lying across the bed in a "peculiar" position, and proceeded to call Dr. Greenson to come over.

One wonders why a psychiatric assistant did not proceed to break the window herself, but instead was content to wait for the doctor. Then there is the discrepancy whether Dr. Greenson arrived first, or whether it was Dr. Engelberg, the internist, who had at Marilyn's request changed her prescription from chloral hydrate to Nembutal just the day before. Mrs. Murray reports Dr. Greenson. The police report has Dr. Engelberg using a fireplace poker on the window to "gain admittance."

Finally, we are asked to suppose Marilyn's drapes were sufficiently open for Mrs. Murray to look in, when they were stapled down ever since Marilyn occupied the house. An assumption has to arise that Mrs. Murray discovered the death in some other fashion. Since Marilyn was found in the nude and yet without a brassiere, it is also not impossible she was in bed with a lover when she died, a most unhappy thought. Equally, she could have gone into some final coma while trying to get dressed to go out, and later have been undressed by others on the assumption it would look more natural. Nor are the suspicions reduced by the fact that Mrs. Murray will go off on a six-month tour of Europe in the next few days, and Pat Newcomb, who is naturally hysterical in the aftermath, will be flown to Hyannisport.

Then the FBI—we are face to face once again with a story whose author does not choose to give his name—is reported to go into the Santa Monica phone company's office the next day and remove the paper tape that lists Marilyn's toll calls for the night. Perhaps that is why for many a year rumor will have Marilyn dialing the White House on her last night. Brood long enough on the terror of such an end in vertigo and frustration, and one can believe she left with a curse and lives with us still—First Lady of American ghosts. Why then not also see her in these endlessly facile connections of the occult as giving a witch's turn to the wheel at Chappaquiddick?

Yes, it is easy in the echo of her poor death across that bed in the cement-brick room of a Brentwood hacienda to see the beginning of many a vow and many a career. For if it is true of Bobby Kennedy that his presence developed with every year, and he was not without greatness by his last night, why not also assume that part of so fine and mysterious a process was not only commenced in the hour of his brother's death but in the reckoning he took of himself on the escape from Los Angeles in the dead morning hours after Marilyn was gone.

CIA, FBI, or Mafia

Yet if we are to grant her this much effect upon the development of one American hero, why not assume even more and see her death as the seed of assassinations to follow. For who is the first to be certain it was of no interest to the CIA, or to the FBI, or to the Mafia, and half the secret police of the world, that the brother of the President was reputed to be having an affair with a movie star who had once been married to a playwright denied a passport for "supporting Communist movements." While even the FBI would hardly be so imaginative as to cast Marilyn in the mold from which Mata Hari is made, they did not need to keep a tight surveillance upon her for any better reason than to keep surveillance upon the Kennedys.

The question to propose, if we are ready to think the FBI did remove the Santa Monica telephone company's tape, is, *which* wing of the FBI? Are they protecting the reputation of the Kennedys, or amassing evidence against them? And is there some fear in the summits of the CIA that the President himself—it is not long after the Bay of Pigs—is the willing or unwitting leader of a movement from the left that will wash at the roots of America? If such a suspicion is much too grand, one can still suppose that the head of the FBI was interested in obtaining a few more pieces of information to trade against the time he might be asked to reduce his power. Do we have to decide it is altogether impossible that in years to come Bobby Kennedy might feel his power to criticize the official investigations of his brother's death would have to wait until he was in the White House? If Marilyn was the spirit of mischief—"Happy Birthday, dear President"—that spirit may have reached into the machines of history. By the end, political stakes *(continued)*

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were riding on her life, and even more on her death. If she could be murdered in such a way as to appear a suicide in despair at the turn of her love, what a point of pressure could be maintained afterward against the Kennedys. So one may be entitled to speak of a motive for murder. Of course, it is another matter to find that evidence exists.

There seems next to nothing of such evidence, and we have all the counterproof of Marilyn's instability. To press further upon the small likelihood of murder is to stand in danger of a worse loss. In all this discussion of the details of her dying, we have lost the pain of her death. Marilyn is gone. She has slipped away from us over the edge of the horizon of the last pill. No force from outside, nor any pain, has finally proved stronger than her power to weigh down upon herself. If she has possibly been strangled once, then suffocated again in the life of the orphanage, and lived to be stifled by the studio and choked by the rages of marriage, she has kept in reaction a total control over her life, which is perhaps to say that she chooses to be in control of her death, and out there somewhere in the attractions of that eternity she has heard ringing in her ears from childhood, she takes the leap to leave the pain of one deadened soul for the hope of life in another; she says good-bye to that world she conquered and could not use. We will never know if that is how she went. She could as easily have blundered past the last border, blubbering in the last corner of her heart, and no voice she knew to reply. She came to us in all her mother's doubt, and leaves in mystery.

The police will soon arrive. One of the cops knows [Marilyn's first husband] Jim Dougherty and phones to give the news. Dougherty looks at his wife—it is four in the morning, they have been married for sixteen years, and Marilyn as a subject of conversation is completely taboo. Now Dougherty says, "Say a prayer for Norma Jean. She's dead."

Across Los Angeles, Ralph Roberts wakes up at 3 A.M. with the unendurable impression that Marilyn is gone. A girl is sleeping beside him. Roberts has attempted to speak to Marilyn that afternoon, and Greenson has answered the phone. Trying to quiet himself out of the intolerable sense of displacement Greenson has given to his relation with Marilyn, Roberts ha gone out drinking that night, ha picked up the girl, taken her home, an finally gone to sleep beside her. No he is in the unendurable condition c being obsessed by the presence of on woman while lying next to another, an the pain of this hour may be engrave forever on his psyche since there i almost never a night that passes in th next ten years when he does no awaken again at three in the morning

DiMaggio will take care of the fu neral, and invites no Sinatras, no Law fords, no Kennedys. Lee Strasberg wil give the eulogy:

"Others were as physically beautifu as she was, but there was obviously something more in her, something tha people saw and recognized in her per formances and with which they identi fied. She had a luminous quality—. combination of wistfulness, radiance yearning—that set her apart and ye made everyone wish to be part of it to share in the childish naïveté whic was at once so shy and yet so vibrant.

Arthur Miller will not come. He wil give his eulogy in his play *After th Fall*. It will prove one more misery t Miller, for he will be accused of cheap ening her image. A playwright, how ever, is at the mercy of a productio and Miller's only crime is to have faile to have forseen that no production ca offer the presence of Marilyn. If sh had been alive, it might have been he greatest role and Miller's greatest play

Now she is dead, and how do we sa good-bye?

Once, across the years, she sent he friend Norman Rosten a postcard wit a color photograph of an America Airlines jet in the sky, and on the bac she put down, "Guess where I am Love, Marilyn."

Rosten wrote: "I have my own ide but am keeping quiet about it."

Let us not hope for heaven so quick ly. Let her be rather in one place an not scattered in pieces across the firma ment; let us hope her mighty soul an the mouse of her little one are bot recovering their proportions in som fair and gracious home, and she wil soon return to us from retirement. I is the devil of her humor and the curs of our land that she will come bac speaking Chinese. Goodbye, Norm Jean. *Au revoir*. Marilyn. When yo happen on Bobby and Jack, give th wink. And if there's a wish, pay you visit to Mr. Dickens. For he, like man another literary man, is bound to ador you, fatherless child. END

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This calendar has the virtue of being useful after the year has passed. Just cut off the pretty daisy-embroidered top and reframe. The overall size with calendar is 16 x 24½ inches. Green and gold wood frame is also available.

August heralds the annual church fair. Usually there is a boutique stall where the decorative and useful items shown here would bring happy results for the purchaser and revenue for the church fund. The small mirror has a gaily embroidered panel of wool yarns on linen, a la "Trumeau" style. Unusually attractive matching pillow linen hand towels are to be embroidered with handsome washable embroidery thread included in kit. The two little pillow tops have Bargello bankpunchings to speed up the needlework. The Hibiscus is about 9½ by [illegible] inches and the Butterfly is about 10 by 11 inches. A Ladybug needlepoint belt sports a handsome gold finished metal buckle (included in kit).

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Photographs by [illegible]

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RISCILLA PRESLEY

ntinued from page 82

aptain Beaulieu—was transferred to ustin, Tex. Four years later, Captain eaulieu took his family to his new ost in Wiesbaden, Germany, not far om Bad Nauheim, where draftee El- s Presley was serving in the United tates Army's 3rd Armored Division. was there that Sgt. Presley, 25, met riscilla, 14. The rest is history.

Today, Priscilla Beaulieu Presley oks forward to a new life of her own. o find out more about her—who she is, here she has been, and where she is oing—the *Journal* talked with her at r penthouse apartment, where the ame on the bell reads: Beaulieu.

OURTSHIP. The apartment decor is neer and soft: billowy organdy cur- ains, calico sofas. There is a conspic- ous lack of anything masculine. uriously, too, there's not a photograph r a memento in view to suggest that he apartment's occupant had been the ife of Elvis Presley. A Raggedy Ann oll resting on a chair tells us a child ves here—but there is no child in the partment now.

The smell of jasmine wafts into the ving room as Priscilla enters from the itchen carrying a tea tray complete ith small sandwiches, wafers, and m. She is five feet, two inches tall, 110 ounds, and stylishly dressed in a olashy, purple print blouse and pants.

More impressive than who she is or hat she's wearing is her aristocratic earing. Everything about her suggests race and poise; she is beautiful. Indeed ne could say that Priscilla is the most eautifully kept secret in Hollywood, or outside the inner circle of Presley als, few people knew what Elvis' wife *eally* looked like.

Because this is her first interview, I ad thought she might be nervous, but he handles herself with ease and con- dence. As she pours tea, she says that he is reluctant to talk about her life ith Elvis. Her desire to protect her wn privacy is as strong as her impulse o shelter him. It is not a new role for riscilla. She has guarded her life with resley since she first met him.

Even before she got to Germany, riscilla had thought about what it ould be like to meet Elvis. "I didn't ave great fantasies about meeting im," she recalls laughingly, "but I do emember that when my father told us e was being sent to Wiesbaden Air ase, I mentioned jokingly that Elvis as stationed nearby and maybe we ould get a chance to meet him. My nother said, 'I wouldn't let you walk cross the street to see Elvis Presley,' hich seems funny now, doesn't it?

"Then, a week and a half after I got o Germany, I was eating in a little lace where most of the military kids vent, and a guy asked if I wanted to neet Elvis Presley. I said, 'Fine,' think- ng it was all a joke. For my so-called late with Elvis, I didn't dress up; I ust wore a little sailor dress, because still didn't believe it. And the next hing I knew I was on my way to Elvis' ouse, which he shared with his father, Vernon Presley.

"Three or four of Elvis' friends were here with their dates, and a couple of ther girls dropped by. It was a very asual evening—a family atmosphere. Elvis was sitting in a chair when I ar- ived, and he got up and shook my hand. Then reality hit me, and I thought, 'What am I doing here?' "

Priscilla recalls that her parents were waiting up when she got home. "They asked me how it was, and I told them exactly what had happened: that Elvis was very nice and warm and cordial, but that I never thought I'd see him again. Then he called.

"At first, my parents said that I shouldn't date Elvis, that I was too young, which was true. My mother felt that it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity; and besides, it was not harming me. Finally she prevailed upon Dad to consent. But he set up a 12 o'clock curfew.

"Each date with Elvis was the same. Usually he'd have his father pick me up in a car. Elvis' mother [Gladys Presley] had died in1958. In Germany, Vernon was dating a pretty blonde divorcée named Davada 'Dee' Elliott. Sometimes they would join us and some friends for a movie or something.

"No," she says thoughtfully, "I was never impressed with dating Elvis. Perhaps I thought that it was all a dream. Or maybe it was because Elvis was very down to earth. He made me comfortable. Elvis fit in with everybody, too."

Obviously, Elvis measured up to Priscilla's expectations, but she is reluctant to go into detail. Yet she admits that their romance blossomed steadily. "Elvis was not aggressive with me, he never pushed. He was very gentle."

One of Priscilla's outstanding qualities is her sensitivity to Elvis. During the whole time she dated him she never breathed a word to anyone. When I ask why, she looks at me and says, "Oh, there were many possible reasons. I felt that he was publicized so much already; it was my own life, my own business. Or maybe it was because Elvis is so self-protective. He's his own man, a very understanding, compassionate person, and he accepts people fully. But as far as his personal life is concerned, he's very secretive."

Her intuitive sense about Presley may be why the relationship survived after he left Germany. "When Elvis was discharged from the Army, I was still in Wiesbaden. I had no idea that I'd ever see him again. I was dumbfounded when he asked me to spend Christmas in Memphis—and then he asked if I could remain there." She hesitates. "Of course, my Mom and Dad said definitely, no. But Elvis called and talked to them, and I finished my senior year at the Immaculate Conception High School in Memphis."

During her stay in Memphis, Priscilla lived with Vernon and Dee (who had since married) and Dee's three young sons, in the east wing of Presley's famed estate, Graceland. Vernon and Dee looked after her and helped her to adjust to the kind of fishbowl life she would be leading.

Although at that time Elvis and Priscilla never talked of marriage. Priscilla —or Cilla, as Elvis calls her—never felt awkward about the situation. "First of all, Elvis would not have asked me to come if there wasn't a reason. I believed that he cared for me, and that he wouldn't have taken the responsibility of pulling me out of one school and putting me into another if he wasn't making some commitment. Anyway, he's not the kind of person to take advantage of anybody. So I felt very secure. As I said, I had no idea that we

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were going to be married, but I had faith that things would handle themselves. I did not think that at any time I would be deserted or neglected, because Elvis had assured my parents that no harm would come to me."

During her four-year stay, Priscilla led a Cinderella existence. Her every dream became a reality. When he was home, Elvis tried to make up for the time he'd been away; he gave her little presents. "It was difficult for Elvis to buy for me, and a lot of times he would just tell me to get what I wanted, which I liked. He gave me all of the cars that I have had. We started out with a little red Corvair, then a Chevrolet, a Toronado, an Eldorado, and then the Mercedes, a white one, which I drive now." When she was not driving her own car, Presley chauffeured her in a Lincoln Continental equipped with a little TV and a bar. "It only served soft drinks, because Elvis doesn't drink or smoke." She looks puzzled. "Well, recently I think he has begun to smoke a pipe." Priscilla was waited upon. "We had a day cook and a night cook, who prepared simple American food."

Wooed in style

She was wooed with elegance and style. "Elvis would rent an entire theater, invite friends, and we would talk loudly to each other without worrying that the manager would throw us out." The memory of those halcyon days lingers. "Elvis loved good, action-packed movies, some Westerns. And he loved *A Shot in the Dark* with Peter Sellers. No, Elvis never showed his own movies." She stops abruptly, not wanting to betray a trust. "He just preferred not to see them. Maybe he didn't say a line right or he thought that his hair didn't look good, or that he appeared fat. He just didn't want to see himself. He's very self-critical."

Occasionally Priscilla would visit Elvis in Hollywood, but she was careful to stay away from the set when he was shooting. "I didn't think that he could do his best if I was around. I felt that was his job, his business, and it was not my place to be there. Most of the time I stayed in Memphis and occupied my time at the dance studio, or went to dinner with a girl friend. I was perfectly happy the way it was."

She took a self-improvement course at the Patricia Stevens Finishing School, and although she stresses that it wasn't to compete with Elvis' starlet friends, she confides that it made her feel better to learn how to apply makeup. Yet when she thinks back on it, she is amused. "When I went to Patricia Stevens I overdid it with makeup, because at that time I was going through the Cleopatra stage. But it was fun. I still love to fool around with cosmetics, but not as much as when I was younger. I think every girl goes through that stage. How attractive I thought I looked at the time! Now I see those old pictures of me with all that makeup and I think, 'Oh, how blind I was!'

"I wish that Elvis had said something, but he must have liked it because he never commented. I do think that men in show business like to have women in makeup because they are used to seeing women looking the best that they possibly can. Yet I don't think it has changed Elvis' impression of me—I was always a little girl to him."

Today Priscilla's makeup is as flawless as a model's. A light base and natural highlights complement her fragile, fawnlike beauty. Her new natural look involves more than a makeup change. "The change is from being the person that you think you are to accepting the person that you are. I know who I am, where I stand, and I feel as if I have an identity; I don't have to be or to please anybody other than myself."

MARRIAGE. For years Elvis and Priscilla seemed content not to marry. Then, in what seemed a totally overnight decision, they were married on May 1, 1967, in a double-ring ceremony at the Las Vegas Aladdin Hotel. Priscilla wore a gown of white organza trimmed in seed pearls with lace sleeves and a full train. A three-quarter length tulle veil was held by a crown of rhinestones. Her wedding-engagement ring was a three-carat diamond surrounded by 20 smaller diamonds. Fourteen guests attended the wedding, including Dee and Vernon and the Beaulieus. "As a wedding present, Elvis flew in my mom and dad from his new post at Fort Ord, Calif. I remember how overwhelmed they were, how happy, too. Of course, they thought it was time. We had been dating for years!

"Although many people thought our wedding was sudden, Elvis and I had been talking about it in stages. She recalls that his proposal was unceremonious. "One day he showed me the ring and simply asked me to marry him." Sensitive to some confusion on my part, she stresses sweetly, "Even though we were perfectly content the way we were, at that time it wasn't nice for people to live together."

After a two-month honeymoon in Palm Springs, Calif., the couple returned to Elvis's $400,000 mansion in the Trousdale Estates. Presley had just finished the movie *Double Trouble* and was to start another film on location. Consequently, the first days of their marriage were marked by a hit-and-run lifestyle that was to become their way of life. Even in retrospect Priscilla doesn't complain about it. "For Elvis to come home from a trip and leave again was routine. At first I wanted to go along and it was difficult for me to understand why I couldn't. Sure I was disappointed, but I got over it. The times that Elvis couldn't make an anniversary became a way of life. I may have been hurt, but it's an adjustment that you make as a wife."

She continues, "I kept thinking, 'It's going to work itself out—We'll make it somehow!' I had to, because if you think 'I'm always going to be alone' you'll go crazy. You have to live one day at a time, and hope that things aren't always going to be like that.

"It was an adjustment, but I kept busy. I began to study karate. I won my green belt and was ready to test for my brown belt when I decided to drop out. I felt karate wasn't very feminine. So I decided to go back into ballet.

What Doctors Prescribe Most For Pain-Stiff Joints When Arthritis Acts Up

A medically tested way to relieve minor pain and reduce the inflammation that causes stiffness.

A twinge of pain flashes through your elbow as you reach around to pull on a belt. Your fingers are all thumbs handling a zipper. Little things suddenly become a difficult chore for anyone with arthritis.

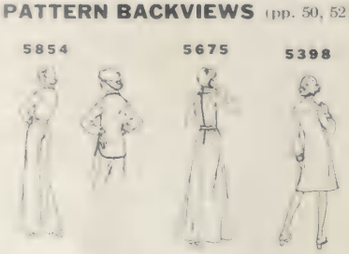
Doctors who specialize in arthritis know that treatment must do more than relieve pain. It must also reduce inflammation of the joints and surrounding tissues. So, as you would expect, the pain medication doctors prescribe most for arthritis also has a most effective anti-inflammatory action.

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FOR PERSONS WOMEN

PATTERN BACKVIEWS (pp. 50, 52)



SIMPLICITY #5854 Shirt and pants, 10–16. $1.00. Shirt requires 2½ yds. 40" fabric without nap, plus 1 yd. for bias bow. As seen with pants, requires 2⅜ yds. 40" fabric. Pants require 2½ yds. 36" fabric.
SIMPLICITY #5675 Dress, 10–18; $1.00. Requires 4¾ yds. of 40" fabric without nap.
SIMPLICITY #5398 Dress, 10–20; $1.00. Requires 3⅛ yds. of 40" fabric with nap.
PLEATED SKIRT requires 3 lengths of 40" wool challis, allowing for 2½" hem and waistband. Allow extra ¼ yd. for matching. Place fabric on smooth surface for pleating. Our fabric called for a 2" deep pleat to make the plaid match perfectly. Start at hem and fold pleat in place and baste. Continue pleating entire piece. Proper size is determined by your hip measurement. Waistline will be too big and you can ease in this extra fullness to the waistband if fabric is soft enough—or you can make adjustments on each pleat at waistline, graduating down to 7" to exact fit. Stitching pleats in place after adjusting is optional. Put in zipper and add waistband. For bias plaid scarf, add yd. of fabric.

SWEATER INSTRUCTIONS
To obtain instructions for sweater shown on pp. 50 & 52, send 25c in coin and a stamped, self-addressed business-size envelope to:
Emile Bernat & Son
Dept. LHJ-100
Uxbridge, Mass. 01569

"I had studied ballet years before ith a woman named Maylee Kaplan. enrolled again in her dance company; stayed for about three-and-a-half ears. I danced and worked out every ay and did a couple of recitals with nem. Elvis didn't mind, so long as I as happy."

The birth of Lisa Marie Presley on ebruary 1, 1968, in Memphis, was a lessing. Not only did it provide the resleys with a much-wanted child, ut the baby gave Priscilla a new outlet or her energies, a love with whom she ould spend her days.

"Elvis and I were ecstatic over the irth of our daughter. If the baby had een a boy, we were going to name him ohn Barron. I liked the name Barron. t has a very strong feeling to it. But hen it was a girl, we decided on Lisa Marie—for no special reason, only beause it is a very feminine name." Lisa s a combination of both her parents. She definitely has her father's eyes," ays Priscilla, "but she has my features nd petiteness." She adds jokingly, You know, the movie magazines have ad me having about five miscarriages; have *never* had a miscarriage.

"When the baby got a little older—he's five now—I started going out more ith the other women whose husbands ere in Elvis' group; we'd go to the ark, go shopping, or go out for lunch. f Elvis got time off, we'd take a trip, ut we were seldom by ourselves. For nstance, our stay in Hawaii was supposed to be a cozy family vacation. Elis had finished filming *Blue Hawaii*, nd he wanted to show me the islands. o we rented a bungalow with a private each. But with an entourage of twelve eople (each guy with his wife), how ntimate can you become? I accepted t, but occasionally if I became resentful, Elvis would tease me out of it."

No superstar

There were many times when being Mrs. Elvis Presley filled Priscilla with ride. "I felt very flattered when peole would stare at me in public, at a estaurant or on an opening night. I uess I'd be less than honest if I didn't ay I liked the attention. Yet I never nvited it by going to posh places where eople go to be seen. That wasn't what wanted. Maybe Elvis had a lot to do vith that because he never associated vith movie people. He had always had is own friends from his hometown."

Another thrill was watching her husand perform. "I was very happy to see hat he was entertaining those people. But I was also worried about someone etting hurt or Elvis getting sued and hings like that."

"How can you be so objective?" I asked.

"Because I know what it is," she replies. "I know exactly why Elvis is up here on that stage, and it goes beyond seeing him as a superstar. He's a human being, and I can sense when he's nervous or if he's not doing the song as well as he did it the time before. I don't see Elvis as a superstar: I see him as my husband."

When the Presleys moved into a $550,000 mansion in Holmby Hills (where Presley now lives alone), Elvis was on the road, so Priscilla decorated the house herself. Her favorite room is his den. "I did it the way he wanted it: antiques, very manly. For the fireplace, I searched everywhere for wrought-iron andirons with eagle heads, and I bought antiques from all over Beverly Hills. I got old books and beautiful antique bar stools, and a desk that was furnished with a telephone and intercom. Elvis liked the room; he spent a lot of time there. The sofa was done in suede—brown suede," she says, and pauses to recall the decor of the other rooms. "The game room was done all in suede, with pinball machines and a pool table." Did she feel comfortable amid such masculine decor? She hastily explains, "After all, you've got to do what a man likes. He's got to live in it, and he's not going to be happy with anything feminine, that's for sure. The kitchen was very country and the breakfast nook was pleated and wicker, which didn't bother Elvis."

Involvement with the house and the joys of raising Lisa Marie still didn't fill the gap of days and weeks when Elvis was away and Priscilla was by herself. "Someone once said in jest that I should see other men, simply as friends, and that it would take my mind off being alone. But when you're married, you just don't date other men."

Although a career of her own might have saved the marriage, Elvis did not encourage Priscilla to work. "It's untrue that we argued about it, or about my becoming an actress. It's funny how rumors get started. The dance studio also had drama classes, and I attended *one* class. Someone *(continued)*

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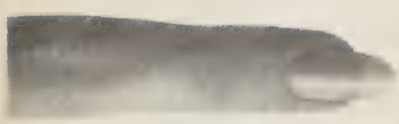
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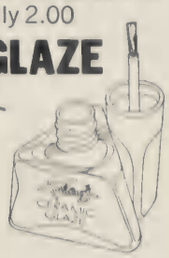
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started the rumor that I wanted be an actress, which actually never entered my mind. I did get offers to be in motion pictures, and Elvis left that up to me. But it could never be, especially with a little daughter. Besides, I could never live that life. I saw how Elvis had to be. I mean, so publicized. I could live my life and do what I wanted, but it was not possible for Elvis to do this. It was a shame."

BREAKUP. More time with Elvis was a continual hope for Priscilla, but it was never to be. "In mid-1972 I finally realized that things were not going to change—and that we had separate lives completely." Priscilla states simply that she had to face the fact that Elvis is as Elvis is, and she is as she is. Would she continue to put up with it? Her answer was no.

On January 8, 1972, Elvis filed for divorce. The previous August they had separated, and Priscilla had moved out of their Holmby Hills mansion. There are no recriminations, no hard feelings on either side. Elvis knows that Priscilla's there if he needs her—if he's sick or in trouble. Priscilla admits that she worries about Lisa Marie. Tenaciously she shields the child from publicity. This afternoon, for instance, she has taken Lisa Marie to visit a neighbor.

"Lisa Marie is so sensitive that a harsh word crushes her, but, happily, she seems to have adjusted to the separation of her father and myself." Priscilla enfolds Lisa's Raggedy Ann doll in her arms. "She thinks Daddy is on a business trip so it works out. And Elvis is no absentee father," Priscilla stresses. "When he's on tour, he often calls her, and when he's in town, he sees her a lot. She spent last weekend with him, and I took her to watch him perform in Las Vegas for her birthday."

Priscilla takes pride in saying that she has enrolled her daughter in "a very exclusive academy where they're teaching her to speak French—and she's only five! I've also been thinking about giving Lisa some religious background, and have been considering the Religion of Science. Have you heard anything about it? I really don't know that much about the Church, but I plan look into it. I want to see for myself I like it." She pauses. "I want L to have a religious foundation, a I feel that I need it, too. I was raised a Catholic, but I don't really beli that that is the way for me. I think t everybody needs some kind of supp though, and I would like to get i something different—a more realis kind of religion."

Despite the five large rooms, P cilla runs her household single-hand "It's nice not having to cook and se yourself," she muses, "but sometime can be uncomfortable, because y don't feel like being waited on. I used to doing things myself. I do have any servants here.

"As a matter of fact, I've put in a quest for a larger apartment in t building, one with a third bedroom Lisa's friends can stay over—and, wh my parents visit, I'd rather have th stay here than go to a hotel. Fortuna ly, a three-bedroom apartment will available in time for when Mot comes this summer." [Priscilla's p ents live in New Jersey with their f other children: Donald, 22, Jeffrey, twins Tim and Tom, 10, and Miche 18.] The Beaulieus still like Elvis v much and respect him. "There are hostilities whatsoever," Priscilla sa "They feel, I think, that Elvis and I grown, mature people and that we kn exactly what we are doing. As long a am happy, they don't worry. The sa with Vernon and Dee. They have b absolutely wonderful and very unc standing."

Probably the most positive th about the breakup is Priscilla's new reer. Sample dress sketches cover t coffee table. Priscilla gathers them in a burst of enthusiasm. "They from a new boutique I've just oper on Robertson Boulevard in Los A geles," she says, and her excitem is contagious. "It's called Bis & Be for Olivia Bis and Priscilla Beauli It's only been open for a few we now, and I'm amazed that we're doi so well. Olivia used to make my clot when I was with Elvis. She also desig for Suzanne Pleshette, Barbara P kins, and Zsa Zsa Gabor. I discover her a few years ago. She had the swe

(continued on page 14



"Don't forget your vitamin E; it's a—ha, ha—sex stimulant."

The JOURNAL STORE

LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



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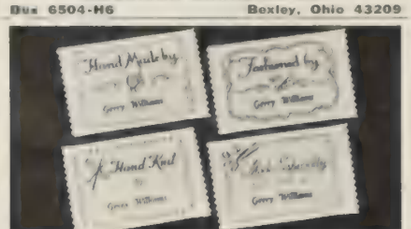
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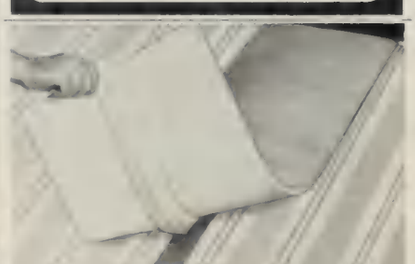


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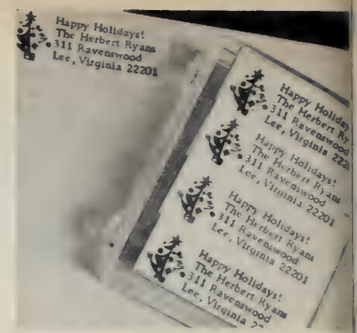
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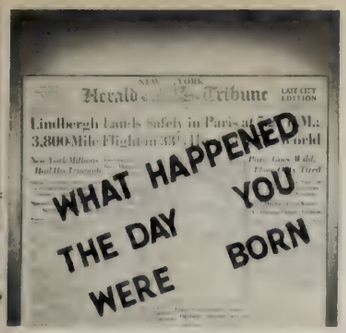
Healthy outlook

Starlite beauty aid ensemble help firm and tighten skin, clean and tight en pores, aid in circulation to assis a healthy, younger look. All have a avocado-oil base and are lemon scented. Basic set: Avocado Mois turizer Lotion; Deep Body and Facia Cleanser; Special Formula. 4 months supply, $18.75. Other cosmetic available. Starlite International, LH-8 Box 4432, Shreveport, LA 71104.



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One for the books

The gentleman pictured is the heaviest human on record—a breathtaking 1,069 pounds. Just one of 3,000 amazing and fascinating records found in *Guinness Book of World Records* on nature, sports, science, entertainment, human achievements, and little known fantastic facts. Over 350 photos in 600-page hard cover volume. $5.95 plus 60¢ hdlg. Book of World Records, Dept. E-21, 1966 Broadway, New York, NY 10023.



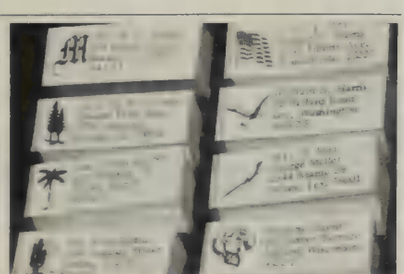
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This big, backyard beauty can be seen easily from inside your house. 18 inches in diameter, you can place it way out on your lawn. Large black numerals, white face, and red pointer are encased in weather-resistant aluminum. Hot or cold, this outdoor thermometer is a unique gift. $12.50 plus $1.25 hdlg. Gift catalog, 25¢. House of Minnel, 683E Deerpath Rd., Batavia, IL 60510.



Princess sleep cap

Every sleeping beauty will appreciate this cool, lightweight cap to keep her hairdo "beauty shop" fresh. Preshaped bonnet keeps any hairstyle in place. Of non-crushable mesh, cap is washable. Just press ends together to keep it secure. Comfortable, it won't slip or slide off. One size fits all. $2.49 plus 30¢ hdlg. Holly House, Dept. LH8, 9924 Edgecove, Dallas, TX 75238.



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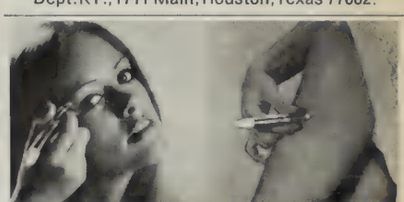
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PRISCILLA PRESLEY

continued from page 140

est mother-and-daughter outfit in the window—a white piqué and paisley print ensemble, which I bought for one of Elvis' Las Vegas openings.

"After that, Olivia and I worked together on all of my outfits; I'd think up some kooky creation, and she'd fit it to a pattern. After the separation, I had to make up my mind about what I wanted to do, and since I had worked with Olivia for such a long time on my own clothes, I decided to try it professionally. We both do the designing for the shop, and have people who sew for us. The dresses are priced from $65 up, and they are all original and handmade.

"We have specialty gift things too," she emphasizes "like these watchbands." She shows me an array of brightly colored swiss-embroidered gingham, plaid, and seersucker watchbands from the drawer of the dining room hutch. "They're called Mikibeau, a name I made up—it means nothing special, but sounded cute, I thought—and are part of today's costume look."

In her spare time, Priscilla thinks a lot about life, men, and marriage. "When you've lived kind of a sheltered life, you're a little hesitant about being out in the world with other men. It's an adjustment. I went through stages where I didn't want to go out. But I'm dating someone steadily now, which is very good because I have a secure feeling. His name is Mike Stone, and he's Hawaiian-born. He's a black belt karate champion," she says proudly.

Priscilla refuses to compare Mike to Elvis although she concedes that Mike is the kind of male to whom she is attracted. "He's very much of a man to me, and treats me like a woman. I would never go with a guy who wasn't boss. I mean, the man would definitely have to be the more dominant person." She admits that her life with Mike is much freer. "His schedule is flexible, so we can do things together. We both enjoy riding, and have horses, which we keep at the stables in Huntington Beach. Mike had his horse here and I brought Domino, a gift from Elvis, up from Memphis."

Priscilla insists that there's no possibility of a reconciliation with Presley, but says she has no notion of marrying Stone. "I really can't say for the future—I only know about today and how I feel—but I don't have any plans for marriage. I think that there can be a very good relationship between two people that marriage can ruin.

"In marriage, you can easily take each other for granted. You begin to feel obligated. I see it happening to my friends—every one is divorced—and I saw it happen to me. It's a slow, gradual change." She pauses. "Whatever it is that marriage does, it changes you. It may be the obligation; it may be the responsibility. People become less sensitive to each other's needs. They do something because they have to, not because they want to. So I would rather be the girlfriend than the wife.

"For some reason 'wife' is a bad word to me. So much is expected of you. It's a role, and if something doesn't turn out, it's your fault. But I don't feel resentful or regretful. It was an experience. Today, I feel I am a better person than I was ten years ago because I know a lot more, I've learned a lot.

"Life just kind of does things, you know. I can't change, and Elvis had his work and the things he had to do, and he can't change. One day you realize that it's going to be this way forever. So you have to make adjustments. And when you know where you stand, you no longer have to please anybody but yourself. Then you can begin to live and have an identity without depending on somebody else—no matter who that someone else may be." END

BEAUTIFUL STRANGER

continued from page 93

sexual generosity. And I don't mean pregnancy or VD. Or even a left-over sense of guilt from Sunday school days.

I mean being wounded or rejected, the hurt of which is usually proportionate to the intimacy. I mean the accentuation of loneliness at the end of a precipitate affair—especially when the couple is young and inexperienced. I mean the unnecessary escalation of a delicate relationship that perhaps was just meant to dance on the peaks of what we used to call courtship—the intimate, suspenseful game-playing, the time-taking tensions and countertensions, the fun and the zest and the mystery.

What nourishes a woman through life is not how many times she has experienced "the big O," but what her relationships have left her with in terms of self-esteem and good feelings. And the continuity, which is what marriage is about. And the children, which is what families are about.

That is a beautiful body you saw in your mirror. But part of its beauty today lies in its innocence. And if I had the courage and the skill, and if I did not want to compromise my respect for your developing self, I would ask—no, beg—that you not relinquish this precious innocence too cheaply. For whether you realize it or not, you will consider your first total union an important step.

"What's the big deal, Mom?" you once said. "Virginity doesn't really matter."

Well, virginity may not matter to you. Although I don't think you really are an authority, since you've never been a non-virgin. But honesty should. And so, before you go out into the dunes tomorrow night I pose some honest questions.

Do you really want to sleep with Randy? Are you ready for this act of ultimate intimacy? Will it be, for you, a consummation of curiosity, of social conformity, or experimentation? Might it possibly also be a rite to assure you of his attentions for the rest of the summer—and thus a form of blackmail? Or are you on the hilltop of love from which the only vista is the need for physical and spiritual blending?

If your answer is the last one, and I think (I hope) it will be, then perhaps all the efforts your father and I have put into surrounding you with warmth and loyalty and understanding may have some influence on you to wait a bit, to test, to assure the rightness of what you do.

But I could be wrong. For you are now a beautiful stranger, and to a certain degree, beyond my reach. Even if you choose a way that is not mine, you must certainly know we will not cast you out.

There will be a strain, of course, and some judgmental resentment on our part. But we also believe in unconditional, lasting commitment. That is why we care so deeply. And that is why now, as I close this strange soliloquy, I ponder whether or not to slip it under your door tonight.

Will I take the easy way out and hide these reflections away in my desk, another mother who is tongue-tied by today's changing values?

Or will I expose myself to your disapproval, your rebellious disagreement—or worst of all, your tolerant amusement—by letting you share my inmost thoughts (happily without confrontation)?

You may be partly stranger to me. But I am not totally unknown to you. And so, my beautiful, wise, and perceptive child with a woman's body, you must surely know which course I will choose.

Square that I am, I wish I could say the same about you.

Your loving Mother

HOW DO YOU RATE AS A 1973 WOMAN?

It used to be a man's world. But you've changed it. How much? Check a box for every yes. In the past year:

☐ Have you taken an active part in an election campaign, bond issue, school budget, zoning question?

☐ Have you expressed your opinion in areas where you used to just smile and nod agreement?

☐ If you manage a home and family, does it upset you when someone says you're "just a housewife"?

☐ Do you have — or want—a job in what was once considered a man's domain?

☐ Do you pay more attention to news, comments, editorials?

The more "Yes" answers you have, the more involved, concerned and active you are. But now that you're tough enough to dish it out, you should be tough enough to take it. Frankly, you sweat. That's why you need an anti-perspirant that's tough enough to take it . . . Hour after Hour.®

It fights odor and all 3 kinds of wetness. From heat, tension and exercise. That's powerful protection. Yet it has a new fragrance that tells you you're still utterly feminine. Hour after Hour. Protects against 3 kinds of wetness. So you dish it out.

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THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

SEPTEMBER 1973

JOURNAL

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If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Angie Dickinson won't brush with anything else?

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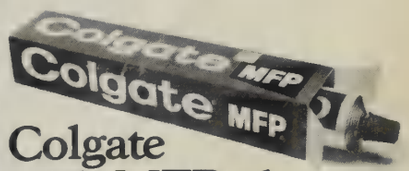


For some actresses, life is only real when a director calls, "Action." For Angie Dickinson, blessed with family and rich with friends, life is truly meaningful when she's with the people she cares most about.

Caring about people comes naturally to Angie. That's one reason she brushes with Colgate. Clinical test results show Colgate freshens breath as long as a leading mouthwash. And the taste is brisk and clean.

Only your dentist can give teeth a better fluoride treatment than Colgate with MFP. But a great cavity fighter can be a powerful breath freshener, too.

Ask Angie Dickinson. She wouldn't think of brushing with anything else.



Colgate with MFP...the breath-freshening cavity fighter.

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Last night you wowed them wi
What do you do for an encore?



Sara Lee Banana Cake. Baked with real, fresh bananas. Hand peeled.

Hand peeling bananas is extra trouble, but powdered bananas or artificial flavoring just don't taste as good.

Sara Lee doesn't use them.

Fresh eggs, and all-butter batter are only part of an honest cake story. The most important part is right on the label.

"Fresh Banana Cake."

Made from fresh bananas.

Sara Lee Caramel Pecan Rolls. In a Vienne pastry shop, these are called "schnecken."

Just say "schnecken" a few times and yo get an idea of what they taste like.

Real Danish dough, 72 layers of dough a butter, is cut into strips. Then the strips are rolled into spirals and placed in a baking pan top of a rich, candy-like caramel. Which, in turn, is filled with pecans. Delicious.

Warm them in your oven and pop them o a serving plate, sticky side up.

Honest Caramel Pecan Rolls.

You have to lick your fingers when you eat them.

ara Lee Cream Cheese Cake.



Sara Lee Deep-In-Fruit Pie.
e lowered the bottom of e pie so it could hold a full ¼ pounds of cherries.

Sara Lee pies are actually deeper than st pies you can buy.

And they don't collapse.

They're filled to the brim with a good nest portion of real fruit, a pound and a arter of Montmorency red cherries.

And the fruit in a Sara Lee pie is firm and cy. Even after baking.

No artificial flavors. No preservatives.

They even have a real flaky crust on the tom as well as the top.

Good, honest pies.

Sara Lee French Crumb Cake. Simultaneously delicate and crunchy.

The secret of an honest French Crumb Cake is contrast. Delicate cake. Crunchy topping.

And that's how Sara Lee makes them.

The topping is crunchy butter streusel. The cake is delicate, moist and buttery.

And the two textures collide delightfully in each and every bite. A delicious sensation.

Delicacy and crunch. That's what makes an honest French Crumb Cake.

Sara Lee

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Chicken Dolores starts with San Francisco's Rice-A-Roni

Brown 1 cut-up frying chicken in 4 Tbsp. oil. Cook slowly until tender, about 45 min. Set aside. Brown 1 pkg. Spanish Rice-A-Roni. Stir in 2 cups hot water, contents of Spanish Seasoning envelope, 1 (1 lb.) can tomatoes, 1 (3¼ oz.) can sliced ripe olives, drained, and a dash Tabasco. Arrange chicken on top. Cover and simmer 15 min.



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FOOD

94 Trader Vic's Book of Mexican Cooking
96 The Do-It-Yourself Gourmet Shelf *Arlene Wanderman*
98 The Journal Food Sampler

PATTERNS

42 Four New Easy-to-Make Handbags for Day and Evening
84 Class of '77: The New Trend-Setters *Nora O'Leary*

FASHION

80 Cristina Ford Has Many Moods—And So Does Fall Fashion! *Trudy Owett*

BEAUTY

66 Beauty Journal
88 The New Blond—It's a Natural *Sally Obre*

DECORATING

90 Wall Power *Nathan Mandelbaum*


PAGE 50


PAGE 79



PAGE 84


PAGE 88


PAGE 98

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

BY GENE SHALIT

s, Reviews, and Purviews of the e screen scene: Hollywood is ng some big mistakes, and one ke it's making is *not* making gh good movies for kids. So kids ot going to movies as often as d like to go. Check this item the *Honolulu Star Bulletin:* ittle nippers came dashing out nool for the summer vacation, here were the movies for them? sure weren't in Honolulu! es are still magic to kids and exhibitors ought to wake up. y's kids are tomorrow's adult nce. When the new movie *Battle for the Planet of the* opened, kids were there in s for the first matinees, with y for tickets—and for goodies concession counter, too.

ha! . . . or however you say tell 'em, Mac!" in Hawaiian. the movie ads in your news- . What pictures do you want kids to see? What's been around ummer? There was a bland new Disney movie called *Charley he Angel.* There's *Tom Sawyer,* s *Paper Moon,* which was made dults, but I think youngsters welve would like it very much e's a tiny bit of sex in it, and a ty word here and there, but eroine is 9 years old and the vill empathize with her. A mov- the under-twelve crowd is such ity that I wish Hollywood wake up and begin turning ows for kids. I say *shows,* and *another* thing: What we need w business is a little more show little more business. Maybe would be more movie business aters showed more movies. The nd short of it is that there is ong but no more shorts. No shorts like Bugs Bunny, no horts like Pete Smith or Lou Tickets cost more but you see All you get is a feature. Walk t down. Get up. Let the next n. How about giving the folks w instead of just a feature? happened to the day of the eel, a couple of previews of g attractions, a color cartoon, urette like Robert Benchley or Errol, a travelogue, a serial on day and then . . . ?

hen . . . a look at the feature. artoons. When is the last time saw Bugs Bunny? Warner ers, which is now celebrating h anniversary must have hun- of reels of him in its vault. are the Looney Tunes and Panther? Where are the Disney ns? Sure, I know many are on television on Saturday morning, but the adults, who would love to see them in the movie theater, don't watch television on Saturday morning, which is exactly why they *have* television on Saturday morning—so adults don't have to watch it. My slogan is "Bring Back Bugs." It's time that moviemakers checked their shortcomings and kept those shorts coming.

Did you ever wonder about the *names* of movies? Instead of watching them, I read about movies, just for a change. And hardly anything else is as changeable as a movie's name. I remember a movie that started out as *His, Hers, and Theirs* and ended as *Yours, Mine, and Ours.* Many movies are based on books, but the relationship between the book title and the movie title is often nonexistent. This year's hit, *Paper Moon,* is based on the book called *Addie Pray.* Don't ask. It's been this way all through movie history. How about a book called *I, James Lewis* . . . which became a movie called *This Woman Is Mine?* Anatole France's novel *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard* became *Chasing Yesterday.* But maybe that's justified because Anatole France changed *his,* too: his real name was Jacques Anatole Thibault. *The Traveling Lady* became *Baby, the Rain Must Fall.* There was a book called *The Brixby Girls,* so MGM changed that to *All the Fine Young Cannibals.* You figure it out. And a book called *Broken Dishes* was made into a 1936 movie called *Love Begins at Twenty,* and when it was remade in 1961 it was changed to *Too Young to Marry.* Sometimes it's just a change of emphasis. The Alexandre Dumas novel, *Memoirs of a Physician,* became *Black Magic* (did the AMA protest?). A book called *Applesauce* was pared into a script called *Brides Are Like That.* The most head-scratching change in my collection is Vicky Baum's famous novel, *Berlin Hotel* which checked into theaters as *Hotel Berlin.*

In the case of a big best seller it would be crazy to change the name because the title is already presold. Still, I wonder how it happened that *Airport* wasn't turned into *Hangar* or *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* into *The Pretty Girl and the Funny Little Men.* The most feverishly awaited novel-into-movie is coming this fall: *The Exorcist.* And the movie will be called *The Exorcist.* So you see, there *is* hope.

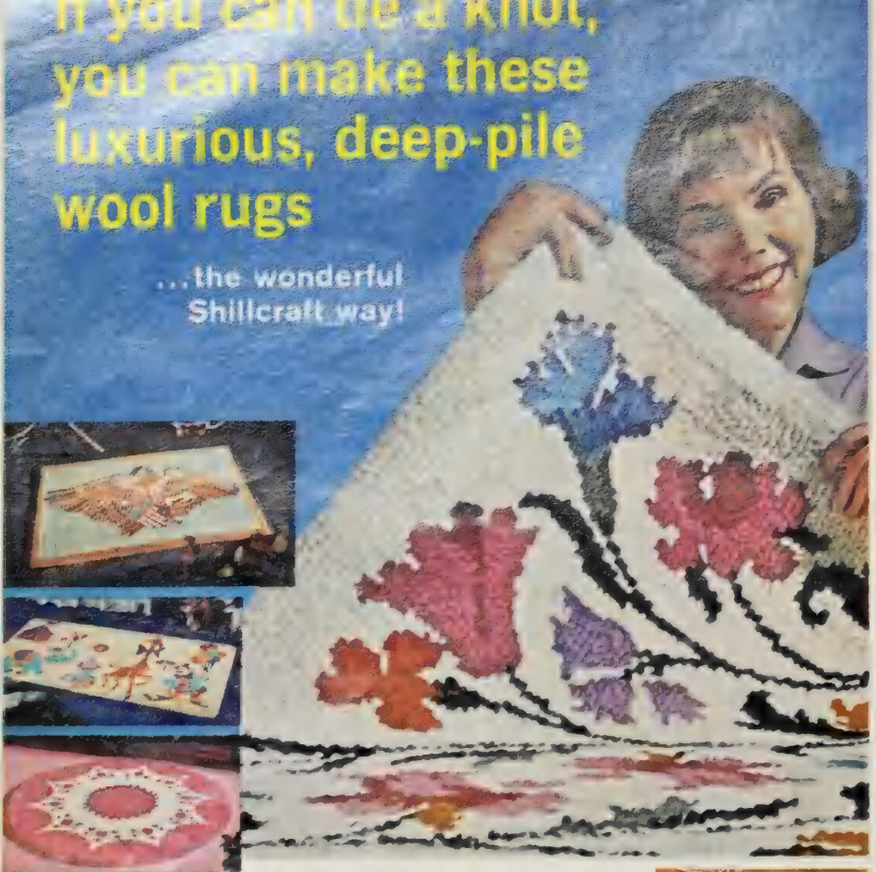
(Continued on page 127)





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CRISTINA FORD

continued from page 80

they also have homes in Switzerland and Sardinia. Cristina's global travels entitle her to a jet set charter membership—she's been hopping around from Paris to London to Rome to Israel to Moscow to the Philippines.

CRISTINA FORD ANSWERS OUR QUESTIONS

What do you think is the major problem of women today?
The whole question of competing with men. A feminine woman *collaborates* with her man, tries to help him and be comfortable with him, to relax him and to do all the things that a man needs.
Are you religious?
Yes. I believe in one God for everybody.
When you are happy, what do you do?
I walk in the country with my dogs and commune with nature. I have 30 dogs! Dogs are sensitive to moods. I don't even have to talk to them and they know what I am thinking about.
Do you feel that American women are as affectionate to their men as they should be?
I think not. Maybe that's the way they have been brought up: not very affectionate; not physically affectionate. Maybe they don't like to show it in public. I don't like to show off, either. Beware when somebody hugs and kisses all the time in front of everybody. It means when they get home they fight. But when I am with my man, I like to be affectionate. Cuddly! I have been brought up with a mother who was very affectionate, so we give so much. Some people don't do it because they don't know how. Maybe that's why they drink or take drugs.
What can a woman do to make her husband relax when he comes home?
Don't bother him with all the problems of the day. He has so much. I understand the feelings of the poor woman who has three or four children and does all kinds of work; she needs attention, too. To work at home with the children is very difficult, but when you have to "make the bread," that is even more difficult. My husband goes to work at 8 A.M. and comes home at 7 or 8 in the evening. I think it not necessary for him to work that hard, but I think he likes it. He has so much responsibility. Everybody asks him to do this and to do that. And he does it.
Do you dress up when he comes home?
No. He likes me informal.
Do you have furs?
I have one sable. I got it nine years ago. I have a small mink jacket also.
Do you like jewels?
I like emeralds. I like rubies. I don't like the white stones—diamonds—except for the heart that Henry gave me 13 years ago. It is a small diamond heart on a platinum chain.
Do you think marriage improves as it goes along?
To me, yes. Because you become a team. You work together, you don't need to talk. You know what he is like and he knows what you are like. Communication. Everything is marvelous. You are yourself all the time.
Which of your moods does Mr. Ford enjoy the most?
When I am at home and I am in a mood to relax. He likes that.
You are very much of a casual, outdoor woman. Do you bicycle?
Every day. I think I have six bic
Do you ski?
I haven't recently. But that i
número uno sport. Henry coul
pretty well, but he gave it up
doesn't want to break a leg. I fall
a lot, but I never break anything.
Do you play golf?
No. It's boring to roll around a
ball all the time.
How do you keep slim?
It must be my nature. I eat al
time. I eat bread and everything.
Do you eat more when you are h
or when you are sad?
When I am sad.
How much sleep do you get each n
I am a very bad sleeper. I try t
seven or eight hours.
What do you do to fall asleep?
I read. I pray sometimes, too.
What's your worst fault?
I am too . . . what do you call it
diversified.
If you were going to stick to one a
ity, which would you choose?
I always wanted to be a ballet da
I could easily have done it if I had
centrated on it. Now it is too late.
Do you worry about growing olde
Sometimes. But an older woman
blessings, too. Wisdom, be
strength. I think older women are
more fun to be with, more unders
ing. They have much more to gi
What is your feeling about all th
plicit movies, books, and magaz
It's not sexy. Takes away the ple
of it. Nudity is too obvious. You
a little mystery. What makes you
things is your mind. Your imagina
What is your best asset?
I think it is that I am flexible. I li
change the mood.
What is your zodiac sign?
Sagittarius.
Does that mean you have many m
We are children forever. My husb
is Virgo. Very much so.
Do you believe in astrology?
A little bit. I have met people
have a lot in common with me. I w
say Frank Sinatra is a Sagittarius
I don't know. (*Editor's note:* He is
Do you think Sinatra is attractive
Yes. When he wants to be he ca
the most charming man in the w
And Henry Kissinger—is he as cut
everyone says he is?
I don't think he is cute but very
téressant. He loves beautiful wor
That is something I like about him
can be very serious and do his wor
fantastic, and at the same time
beautiful women around.
Do you think a woman should flirt
if she is married?
Why not, if the flirting is harml
You feel feminine and pretty, and
women can flirt until we die.
Providing the husband doesn't car
If a husband is so silly it is not wort
to be with him.
Do you mind if your husband look
pretty girls?
No. He always looks at pretty girls
party, I am sure. But that is all ri
He loves me and I love him.
After eight-and-a-half years, you
he is a man you would marry ag
Yes. When I met him he was lik
lion—full of enthusiasm. He still i
Do you have any artistic hobbies?
I sculpt. I did my husband's head
also a few friends'. Maybe in my
age I do more.
Does your husband paint?
No, he barely has time to shave.



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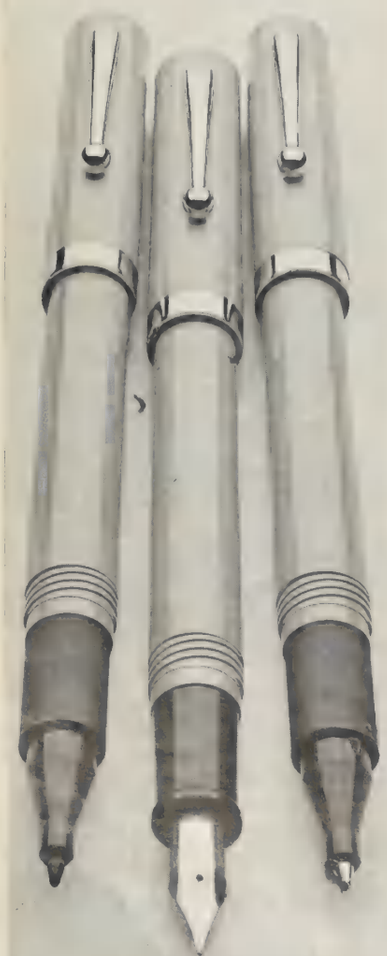
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

Ben married Nancy out of love—for her son. Now that son was dead, and an adopted daughter was the only thing keeping them together. By Betty Hannah Hoffman.

One couple feels that, "Our marriage would be all right if we only had a baby." Another couple thinks that, "Since our child came, everything seems to have gone wrong." It's a fair guess that the trouble is with each couple and not with the presence or absence of a child. Recently I have been going over reports on what high schools and colleges are doing to prepare young men and women for successful marriages. It's a sad story of indifference, evasion, or failure on the part of too many educators. This story of Nancy and Ben should provide readers with a few sensible ideas, if parents and teachers have not already done so. Help is desperately needed because so many couples are driven into marriage by an undesired pregnancy. Husband and wife often say, "It just seems as if we haven't anything in common." Why not find something? We often ask each partner to think of something they would really like to do together. If each makes a list of 20 possibilities, it will be surprising if at least one item does not appear on both lists. Start with one common interest and, when you get going well, add another! And try to make it a point to associate with people who are happy.—The counselor in this case was Dr. Samuel McDill.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.,
Founder and Chairman of the Board of Trustees The American Institute of Family Relations

Nancy talks first

"My husband is breaking my heart," said twice-married Nancy, a slender, 35-year-old blonde. "He hugs and kisses Becky, our two-year-old daughter, but all I get is indifference. Oh, we have a good sex life, but it's just physical release on his part. He makes love without a sign of tenderness from start to finish.

"He judges my worth by how clean I keep the house, which I find degrading. After all, I am as educated as he is. I've never kept our child in a playpen because I feel she should be free to explore. This means there are always toys on the floor and finger-paints and clay on the kitchen table. When Ben comes home at night, he usually greets me with, 'God, this place is a mess!'

"The next thing he does is to switch the classical music I have on the stereo to rock. Then he goes into the television room to watch some old war movie or sports events until dinner is ready. He watches golf, basketball, baseball, tennis, and football. He has no interest in religion, so on Sundays I go to church alone. I've found a Unitarian church with dozens of liberal young couples I enjoy. But Ben is a rock-ribbed conservative like his father and mine. I wanted to go to Washington, D.C., to march in one of the peace walks, but Ben refused to give me the money to go. I did sign up as a volunteer at a suicide prevention center. Once a month I sit up all night answering the telephone at headquarters. It's fascinating work.

"Promptly at ten o'clock, Ben's in the sack. He's an income tax specialist and says he needs a sharp mind to deal with all those figures. I sit up until one or two A.M., sometimes listening to Beethoven or Bach, often just enjoying the peace and silence as I work at my loom. I think about Ben's selfishness, and next morning at breakfast I generally unload on him. He just shrugs and says, 'If things are that bad, you can split.'

"Then Becky sidles up for a big hug and kiss and he notices she's barefoot. 'Why isn't she wearing her slippers?' he'll say. 'She'll catch cold!' I don't think children should be forced to do anything so I'll answer, 'You know how much she loves to go barefoot!' He ignores me and carries her into the bedroom to search for her slippers among a mountain of toys. Of course he can't find them, and I get a lecture on my poor housekeeping.

"Ben considers his mother the perfect homemaker. She's all over him when we visit, and he thinks she's adorable. My husband is 31 years old, and she's still telling him what to eat. Of course, she doesn't approve of me, mainly because Ben and I lived together for a year before we were married. That makes me a loose woman while her son, of course, is a saint. She makes it that I'm unacceptable as a daug in-law by not letting me bring food to the family dinners or b letting me help her prepare it I'm allowed to do is dry the di

"She never comes to our h Instead, she expects us over Sunday and holiday. I hate family get-togethers. Ben's f drinks too much and gets mushy and sentimental. I drink myself. Christmas, E and Thanksgiving are all-da fairs, which I despise. Ben 'Oh, I have such a warm, loving ily. It wouldn't seem like Chris without them.' I feel Becky are his family, and we should our own celebration.

"It's true that Ben got a lot fection from his parents and does. My parents are pleasant undemonstrative. When my and I were growing up, my m was very active in the Girl S but she never had time for us went shopping and to the th with her mother, not with her d ters. We never discussed any When my sister once asked sex, she was told simply, 'Tw gans meet.' We puzzled over th years!

"My father is a stockbroke rigid ideas. He disapproves liberal leanings. One night I arguing politics with him afte ner and we continued until t the morning. I phoned him th morning to continue the argu

"My mother has never c dicted my father as long a known her. Once, when I was six years old, I refused to ea spinach. My father kept me dinner table until I did. I was ing, sobbing, and gagging. F he carried me and the plate bed and forced every last bit my throat. All this time, my m was humming and doing the d

"Perhaps it isn't surprisin both my sister and I became nant before we were married. I tell Mother. I had a big we and reception, and six months produced a bouncing eight-p baby boy. Even then, Mothe tended the child was prematur

"I only married my first hu because I thought I had to. was a physics student. He h idea how to handle childre happiest hours were spent in th oratory. I remember celeb Dickie's first birthday alone one-bedroom apartment. I had a cake, bought candles, pape and presents. But my husband bothered to show up.

"I had been divorced about when I met Ben through r friends. He talked about be lawyer. I thought he was abso great. He didn't particularly li but he was crazy about little D Ben began spending some with me and then gradually in. We never disagreed in those I was deeply in love and very h Then, about six months afte had moved in, Dickie began bling and had difficulty cli stairs. When his (cont.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counse research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories here are drawn fom counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal ic

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coordination didn't seem to improve, we took him to a pediatrician. We found out that Dickie had spinal muscular atrophy. We knew the disease was fatal, but somehow Ben and I clung to the hope that Dickie would be saved.

"I quit my job, and for the next four years devoted myself, day and night, to Dickie. The paralysis spread gradually to his legs and arms. Still, Ben insisted on taking him on the ferris wheel and holding him in a swimming pool, trying to treat him like a normal boy. When Dickie became confined to his bed, Ben moved out for several months. Then he moved back and, on my twenty-ninth birthday, he gave me a card with a ring attached. The note said, 'We've shared a lot together. I know I can't go on without you. Will you be my wife?" By this time, Ben had finished college and had a job with a public accounting firm.

"Things began to go wrong soon after the wedding. Our social life was a problem since I found his business associates boring and he thought my friends were crackpots. I wanted to go camping; he wanted to play golf. But he was sweet and gentle with Dickie, even though he complained about the high medical bills.

"Dickie was getting steadily worse. He had trouble swallowing and breathing, and then he caught pneumonia, and we took him to the hospital. Mother was with him when she phoned me to come at once—I had gone home for a few hours' sleep. When I arrived, Dickie was lying very pale and still, with his eyes closed. 'Mommy's here, hang on, darling,' I told him. He didn't open his eyes but he made a small movement, so I knew he heard me.

"Suddenly I panicked and ran into the corridor. Ben found me there when he arrived a few minutes later. He ran to Dickie's side, but the child was dead. Ben has never forgiven me for leaving him, but it was something I couldn't control. When Ben came out and told me the news, he broke down and sobbed.

"For ten months, I was a basket case. Ben didn't seem to need me, and Dickie was gone. I wanted another child desperately, but since spinal muscular atrophy is a genetic disease which I could pass on, I didn't dare become pregnant. So I pestered Ben to adopt a child. He resisted for a long time, but finally gave in. Becky was six days old when we brought her home; and by the time she was seven days old he was wild about her. Now we're a family again.

"Everything I missed as a child I'm making sure that Becky gets. We lie on the ground and play with bugs. My mother would never get her hands dirty. I was always being told, 'Don't touch!' Heavens, a child *needs* to touch! I just put my fragile things away. We have puppet shows together. I can't wait to hear what she's going to say next. Children's talk is so revealing, and Becky is able to put her feelings into words. Becky will say to me, 'Bad old mother! You make me mad when you do that!'—and then we talk. She's dear and so able to cope. The best part of me is what I see in my child.

"Now I want to adopt another child, but Ben says no. He feels trapped and wants to leave. He's a wonderful father, and I love him—although he's unfeeling toward me and is supremely selfish. I've tried to change him for his own sake. He goes through life only half alive. Please help me!"

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1. Louisiana 2. Venetia 3. American Colonial 4. Paul Revere 5. Raphael 6. Rembrandt

Ben's turn to talk

lancy has this idyllic picture of marge in her mind," said Ben, a well-essed man of 31. "Two people are pposed to go through life hand in nd, sharing every interest. She in-ts that I become involved in every-ng that involves her, while she takes interest in what I like. She's de-nding, possessive, and argumenta-e. There's nothing she enjoys more an a head-on confrontation.

"I respect Nancy, but I married her because of Dick, the child who died. I felt he needed me. Nancy was too disorganized and emotional to cope with his illness by herself.

"When I first met Nancy, I was a college student. She's four years older than I am. I wanted to be a lawyer, but I felt it was unfair to ask my parents to put me through law school since I had a younger brother just starting college.

"Everything I've ever done has been for my parents—I want them to be proud of me. I was student body president in college, president of my fraternity, and was on the honor roll. I also played football. On top of this, I dated and partied a lot. After I gave up the idea of law school, I decided to become a CPA. I felt this would give me a secure income. I now earn $20,000 a year—which, incidentally, I keep a secret from my wife. I let her handle the . she ran up a department store I give her $100 a mo. thing except food. She . spent by the second w. month. She even hires clea. which I think is ridiculous. ng house is part of her job, but she hates housework. I'm sure my asthma attacks are brought on by the dust lying around the house.

"Nancy didn't get much affection from her parents, but I certainly can't supply all she needs. She demands constant attention, and at the same time, she's always criticizing me and trying to change me. I can't take much more, even though I'm wild about our adopted daughter. And I must admit, Nancy is a wonderful mother.

"I originally moved in with Nancy because she had a place close to campus. Soon after graduation, I foolishly bought a new car and had to pay $105 a month in car payments out of a $425 monthly paycheck. It was cheaper to share expenses with Nancy than to find a place of my own. I was also nuts about her little boy.

"When Dick's trouble was diagnosed as spinal muscular atrophy, a disease that resembles polio, Nancy went to pieces. I'd been planning to move, but it was obvious she needed *(continued)*

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This deep-carved design is no common occurrence in stainless. Why? ecause stainless steel is a much harder etal than sterling silver.

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Edging and finishing that look and feel smooth don't come from short s. What is adequate buffing and pol-ing for some is only the beginning for eida. We do it over, and over.

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Another factor that makes a big difference is the quality of the metal re buffing and polishing. At Oneida, use only the very finest grade of solid inless, plus just the right amount of kel for that bright silver-like ap-rance.

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Not just the outside edges, they're relatively easy, but the inside edge of each tine also has to be smoothed and rounded and buffed to perfection. And that takes a lot of doing...and Oneida does it all.

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The silver cube. Our silversmiths' mark of excellence.

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Journal Shopping Center

CRISTINA FORD

PAGE 80: RALPH LAUREN shawl-collared wool cardigan with tie belt ($100) and panel-pleated wool gabardine skirt ($80) available in assorted colors at Bloomingdale's, New York and branches; Filene's, Boston; Lazarus, Columbus; Stix, Baer Fuller, St. Louis and Kansas City; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Neusteters, Colorado; I. Magnin, all stores. **Accessories:** Gucci walking shoes. LeRoi knee socks.

PAGE 81: SCOTT BARRIE FOR BARRIE SPORT, LTD. Angora and polyester dress ($160) available at Bloomingdale's, New York and branches; Filene's, Boston; Lazarus, Columbus; Stix, Baer Fuller, St. Louis and Kansas City; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Neusteters, Colorado; I. Magnin, all stores. **Accessories:** Silver hoop earrings from M & J Savitt. Open-toed shoes from Herbert Levine. Hanes hosiery.

PAGE 82: DONALD BROOKS lynx-trimmed pale plaid suit and cashmere sweater ($1000) available at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Jonn Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Hudson's, Detroit; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Nieman Marcus, All Stores; John Doyle Bishop, Seattle. **Accessories:** Celia Sebiri silver chain and pendant. Charles Jourdan pumps. Hanes hosiery.

PAGE 83: BILL BLASS matte jersey gown with sable cuffs ($975) available at Saks Fifth Avenue, All Stores; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. *Accessories:* Guttery chains by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. *All prices approximate.*

WALL POWER

Shown in all five settings: an oak, hock-leg console table, style #36, made to order (in any size, shape or finish). ■ small, one-of-a-kind cigarette table, both pieces from Interior Enterprises*, 904 Third Ave., N.Y.C., and a French mirror glass column lamp with foil shade, #C6259/320, about $60, by Nathan Hagin, 230 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Fabrics stretched on the floors were coated with clear gloss polyurethane for durability. (Fabrics can be laminated profesionally, but there is ■ limit to the length and width that can be handled, and patterns cannot be prematched, and are usually cut into tiles and laid with a strip between.)

PAGE 90: Green patent vinyl wallcovering pattern #1251, by J. Josephson, is used directly on the walls; stretched over it (on a frame made of 1" x 2" clear pine, so that the fabric is 1" away from the wall), Iceland Fret white lace, #98127-1, ■ 118" wide Teklan casement, from Scalamandre*, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C. Wing chair slipcover is of Trilby pattern cotton, #65344, 48" wide, from Brunschwig & Fils*, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C.

PAGE 91: Collins & Aikman cotton corduroy, 54" wide, stretched on walls, is pattern #6673, from Erbun Fabrics*, 225 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. Ribbons, stretched across the corduroy to create ■ tartan effect, are pattern 178, color 6 (stripe), flanked by pattern 1043 in color 18 (moss) and color 80 (lt. royal), all 1½" wide grosgrains by Grayblock Ribbon Co., Inc., 64 W. 36th St., N.Y.C. Wing chair slipcover is of pattern #12885/31 cotton, 36" wide, and stretched on the floor is pattern #61010/46 cotton, 51" wide, both from Boussac of France* 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C.

PAGE 92: Shirred on rods at the top and bottom of walls, pattern #12885/9, and on the floor, the reverse colorway, pattern #12885/29, both 39" wide cottons; Drapery, pillow covers and chair slipcover of pattern #61019/41, 51" wide cotton, and pillow covers of pattern #11562/7 (green), 39" wide cotton, all from Boussac of France*, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C.

PAGE 92: On the walls, brown craft paper, which was wet, crushed, allowed to dry and then stretched. Chair slipcover of #55049/1, 51" wide leopard pattern cotton; floor covered in pattern #85018/2 paisley pattern, 58" wide fabric, and pillows covered in pattern #11562/3, pattern #12885/8, both 39" wide and pattern #54042/56, 50" wide, all cottons from Boussac of France*, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C. Mottled bamboo blinds, made to order, from Midtown Shade Co., 935 Second Ave., N.Y.C.

PAGE 93: Dutch wax batik in three different patterns—stretched on walls, floor, and made into ■ slipcover for the wing chair—are all 48" wide cottons from Far Eastern Fabrics, Inc.*, 171 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. The trellis is made of 1½" wide white grosgrain ribbon, pattern 1043, color 1 (stretched across ■ frame of wood made to fit the wall area), are by Grayblock Ribbon Co., Inc., 64 W. 36th St., N.Y.C.

*through decorators only.



Unretouched photo. Model has varicose veins.

New Bauer & Black Elastic Hosiery gives you extra compression for real relief

Don't let the sleek good looks of Bauer & Black Elastic Hosiery and Panty Hose fool you.

They give you up to twice the compression you get from support hosiery or panty hose. Your doctor can tell you how important this is in relieving the pain and discomfort of varicose veins.

It took the development of nylon yarns that can be twisted under high heat to give you the style you want with the compression your varicose veins need.

Bauer & Black has found a way to combine these yarns with Spandex Elastomer in a design that gives you *graduated compression*. It's firmest at the ankles where most leg troubles start, lighter at the calf and still lighter above the knees. You get better circulation and a trimmer fit.

More doctors prescribe Bauer & Black Elastic Hosiery than all other brands combined. Leading drug stores have the new Bauer & Black Elastic Hosiery and Panty Hose in your size along with Bauer & Black's famous surgical weight for women with more severe leg problems.

FREE: Write Bauer & Black Division, Dept. L-11, The Kendall Company, Box 5007, Chicago, Illinois 60606 for free illustrated booklet, "Therapy for Varicose Veins."

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me, and so did Dick. But listening to a child cry in pain really gets to you after a while. I moved out, but Nancy kept after me. I wouldn't have married her if Dick hadn't been seriously ill.

"My parents have never really approved of Nancy; I guess they think I could have done better. It's true that my father drinks too much, but he just gets mushy. My mother is very dear, although a bit opinionated. I love my family. They mean well, but Nancy is insanely jealous because she feels left out.

"Recently, she wrote my parents a ten-page letter stating everything she disliked about them. 'You think you're always right' she told my mother, and 'You're an alcoholic' she told my father. Mother phoned me right away. I stood up for my wife, but at the same time, I felt it was a childish and unnecessary thing to do.

"In many ways, Nancy is a wonderful and generous person. Our sex life has always been good. It's the other areas of marriage that give us trouble. After Dick died, I wanted out. Instead, Nancy wheedled me into adopting Becky, and immediately I was hooked again. But I feel trapped. Our attitudes are totally different. Nancy doesn't fit into my life, and I don't fit into hers. I want a divorce."

The counselor's turn

"This marriage took place because of a child," said the counselor. "Nancy needed Ben's emotional and financial support when faced with Dickie's fatal illness. Ben empathized with the child because of his own strong needs.

"After the child died, there was no basis for the marriage beside a physical one, and Nancy plunged into deep depression. Fortunately, both Nancy and Ben were reasonable, intelligent people, and neither was in love with anyone else. A lasting basis for a marriage could be created, I felt, once each developed understanding and tolerance. They had to stop trying to manipulate each other.

"Nancy is an effervescent, giving person. She is also undisciplined and disorganized. Ben, on the other hand, bottles up his feelings and is highly disciplined and organized. Nancy often comes across as too candid and aggressive. Although she yearns for love and affection, she hasn't learned how to elicit these feelings from others, and her tactlessness often has the opposite results. She needed to be less forceful and subtler in her approach to Ben.

"Ben is a passive, dependent person. He moves slowly and takes a long time to come to decisions. Nancy is quick-moving and has usually made four decisions while he is still ruminating about the first one. This volatile and impulsive woman demands a high degree of emotional support, which Ben cannot provide. While she is making decisions, he is sitting on the sidelines analyzing the situation and resenting her. When she makes the wrong decision, he brings the roof down on her. Nine times out of ten he is right, but then she feels mortally wounded, since she cannot tolerate disapproval.

"There's no reason why Ben has to be passive around the house—he isn't that way on his job. Nancy was encouraged to let him make decisions, even though this took patience on her part. Gradually Ben developed an active interest in his home.

"Nancy is right in saying that Ben is an unfeeling person. He is sentimental about children because he himself is so dependent. In effect he's saying, I can understand a child's helplessness because that's the way I feel most of the time. He still cries when he speaks of Dick. This is a form of self-pity, because he identified so closely with him. The broad spectrum of human feelings—rage, joy, and passion—are denied Ben because he is emotionally blocked. He even finds a mild argument threatening.

"Nancy was told to let Ben loose, to let him go at any time. He was to develop his own life style, and so was she. She was not to criticize his TV-watching or his lethargy at home. She was free to attend meetings, study ballet, or go out with her friends.

"Most importantly, once a week, they hired a baby-sitter and went out to dinner and the movies. At first, Ben objected to this new expense, but was soon persuaded that it was extremely worthwhile. Nancy began to take a new interest in her appearance and in Ben; he rediscovered the charming companion he had known years ago. Nancy's critical, nagging remarks were really based on a lack of self-esteem. When Ben began to indicate that he found her intelligent and worthwhile, she mellowed.

"Nancy was cautioned to listen to Ben and to try and get in touch with his feelings, however difficult this was. When he fumed over Becky's refusal to put on slippers and said, 'I'm not going to be dominated by you two women!' Nancy learned to ask calmly, 'Is that how you feel?' He would usually reply, 'Yes, I do,' but with far less irritation. By acknowledging his anger, Nancy defused it.

"After a while, Ben volunteered to reduce his television watching, and he agreed to accompany Nancy to church. Their social life soon expanded. Before long, Ben was on the church budget committee, and was playing golf with the rector. As her part of the bargain, Nancy learned something about sports.

"Nancy needed help in dealing with her mother-in-law. I pointed out to Nancy that this mother sees her son as perfect. From her point of view Nancy is the woman who stole her son, and now doesn't seem to appreciate him. The mother-in-law is thus setting up powerful positive pulls while Nancy appears negative and demanding. Ben is in the middle.

"When Nancy realized this, she stopped attacking her in-laws, a tactic which forced Ben to defend them. Instead, she was advised to be both gracious and honest, but not controlled by them.

"After many weeks of therapy, Ben and Nancy each said the other's attitudes had altered remarkably, but neither of them would admit changing themselves!

"'We're very good for each other,' Ben said recently. 'I could find a woman who is easier to live with than Nancy, but she probably wouldn't be as unpredictable or interesting. I don't want to leave now.'" EN

Dorothy Cameron Disney is on vacation. She will resume writing "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" soon.

My neighbor and I didn't talk much. Until the day we went blonde, together.



Pam and I were the kind of neighbors that had fascinating conversations—like "Nice weather, isn't it?"

But last Thursday, while we were both working on our patios, I complimented her on her new hair cut. And I guess, if there's anything that two women can talk about, it's their hair.

In fact, it broke the ice so much, Pam invited me in for coffee. And I found out that she had the same dream of going blonde that I did. Only in a different shade.

Pam wanted to be a cool ash blonde. (She was beginning to gray, and she thought it would be a softer way to hide it than going darker.)

While, I wanted to light up my drab complexion. And I could close my eyes and see myself with hair like golden honey.

But as I told Pam, I'm just not the do-it-yourself type. Even putting on nail polish is a big challenge. So I've always been afraid I'd goof up the shade.

Well, Pam had heard about a technique they use in the finest salons. Because she'd talked to a friend who's a professional hair colorist, and he'd told her about Ultra Blue® Lady Clairol® Hair Lightener.

He said that Ultra Blue is the first step to every beautiful shade of blonde. Because it lifts the darkness out of your hair. Then, all you have to do is apply any Clairol toner and the shade you picked will come true.

I had to admit it sounded good. But Pam had an idea that sounded even better. "We don't have to do it by ourselves," she said, "Let's go blonde together."

And the next day we did.

First Pam gave me a hand in applying the Lady Clairol lightener and I did the same for her. Helping each other, it was easy. And we had so much fun talking, before we knew it—it was time to put on the toner.

That's all there was to it. And, you can see from the snapshot Pam's husband took how we turned out. He loved her as a blonde right from the start. But my husband is more conservative. When he first saw me, he was floored.

Now he says he won't talk to me if I ever go back.



Lady Clairol: You do it for her. She'll do it for you.

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THIS MARRIAGE

So-so.



1. Meatballs, your favorite recipe.

2. Packaged hamburger dinner.

3. Meat loaf, any basic recipe.

4. Hamburger patties.

Not so so-so.



1. Meatballs, your favorite recipe. Make 'em like you usually do. Then arrange on a bed of rice. Top with canned brown gravy. Sprinkle with 2 Tb. coarse grated lemon peel, 2 Tb. chopped parsley and 1 clove garlic, crushed. The lemon parsley topping is a knock-out.

2. Packaged hamburger dinner. Make it in your skillet according to directions, adding ½ t. grated lemon peel and 1½ Tb. fresh lemon juice. Lemon freshens, improves the flavor.

3. Meat loaf, any basic recipe. Try glazing it: take an 8 oz. jar apricot preserves, blend in 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Brush on meat loaf while it's cooking. 10 minutes before it's done, decorate with lemon slices. Brush with glaze. Finish baking.

Hamburger patties.
re's how to give 'em a
w, fresh taste. To
b. hamburger,
l 1 t. coarsely
ted lemon
el, 2 Tb.
sh
non
ce, 1 t.
soned
, and pepper
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Hair & Beauty · By Joan Clair

French women have a word for this time of year: La Rentrée. Means the return—time to plan your whole fall look, from top to toe. Well, the toe part is easy enough. Anyone can buy herself a pair of sassy new shoes. And here are five ways to give your old hair a brand new look.

Color: the super morale-booster. Maybe you didn't know that nearly 4 out of 10 women color their hair. So even if you've never had the courage to try, you can now. One easy way to cover the gray is *Loving Care* Color Lotion from Clairol. It pours on right from the bottle, so there's nothing for you to mix or add. Or you might try "beginner's haircolor." *Loving Care* Color Foam—a spectacularly easy new way to foam away gray. You just spritz it on, sit like a lady for 15 minutes, and rinse. What could be simpler?

To do some quick curling . . . the nicest thing to happen since electric rollers is *Kindness* Heat-Activated Conditioner. It's a conditioning mist you spray onto each lock of hair before you roll it up on your electric rollers. Not only does it add body, it helps your set last longer. *Kindness* Heat-Activated Conditioner is ideal for styling your wigs and falls, too.

And to do some un-curling . . . do try Clairol's *U.N.C.U.R.L.* Whether you have naturally curly hair, or almost-straight hair that isn't quite smooth enough, you can relax the curls with *U.N.C.U.R.L.* It isn't hard to use if you follow the directions. And it comes with a bottle of conditioner, a styling comb, two giant-colossal-enormous rollers—and even a little booklet of styling tips, showing you how to set your new, smooth and bouncy hair!

Styling, si—setting, no! Ever dream of drying your hair without having to set it? Well, you can do just that with the *Clairol* Air Brush. It's a powerful little hand-held dryer with a brush attachment that lets you style your hair while you blow it dry. It has two speeds—one for drying, one for styling. And here's the bonus: Air Brush is one of the fastest of all leading hair dryers. To say nothing of the setting-time you save.

To blonde, or not to blonde? For most women, this is the big beauty question. A few pointers that may help you decide: 1) The first step in blonding is to lift out the dark color with a lightener—such as Clairol's *Naturally Blonde* quick lightener kit. The kit's complete with everything you need for faster, gentle, super-pale blonding. 2) Second step: you can tone your prelightened hair to natural, lasting blondeness, with *Naturally Blonde* Shampoo-in Toner. 3) Step three—have fun! Anything a natural blonde can do, a *Naturally Blonde* can do.

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POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

I know it's not supposed to be good to put all your eggs in one basket, but suppose you've only *got* one basket?

I'm glad fall's nearly here so I can settle down inside and get my summer reading done.

When I fly across country, I never get over marveling at the fact that some people made the trip in covered wagons . . . and without stewardesses!

There are as many previews of coming attractions that turn me off as on.

If you think before you speak you'll never have the nerve to say what you believe.

I've tried having just one meal a day, and I've tried having four or five . . . and frankly, I think whoever decided we should have three is right.

Everybody wants to talk more than anybody wants to listen.

Stamp machines never seem to offer the right combination for mailing what I want to mail—I always end up with at least a one-cent stamp left over.

Whatever happened to "unimpeachable sources?"

The good thing about feeling depressed is that it makes it easier to decide to go to a movie instead of doing whatever work you ought to do.

If beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so is ugly.

I used to like doing odd jobs . . . but now I'm beginning to wonder because it seems to me as though *all* the jobs I do are odd.

Once you've seen one nonconformist, you've seen them all.

How come, if I sit in the front of the airplane, they start serving in the rear . . . but if I sit in the rear, they begin up front?

There are some days I'm so busy don't get *anything* done.

If banks are so interested in havin us as customers, they ought to sto making us wait in line at their plac and start coming to *our* window.

The faster you make a mistake, th less apt anyone is to notice it.

If I have any territorial right they're probably to never-nev land.

It's not what you don't know tha matters, it's whether or not you tr to find it out that counts.

It's funny how you can like som people but not like being with them isn't it?

One good thing about moving is tha it makes you throw things out. mean nobody's rich enough to wan to pay for packing and moving thos stacks of old newspapers!

I'm optimistic about the future . . it's the *past* I'm pessimistic abou

I get a kick out of listening to pe fectly proper people intellectualiz about pornographic movies.

Sometimes the success of a meal yo throw together depends on who catching it.

Flirting seems like an idea whos time has passed.

An ounce of prevention is wort about $15 if you get it in the for of a prescription from your famil physician.

I've been trying the subconsciou learning trick of studying somethin just before I fall asleep, but it give me the guilty feeling that I'm lettin my body goof off while my brain i still at work.

I've given up collecting *things*—I' be happy now if I could just colle myself!

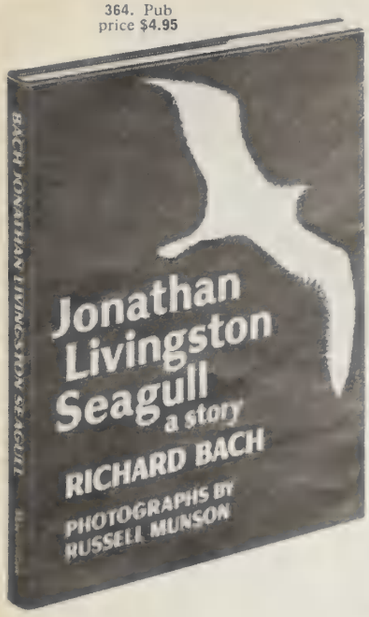
What makes a woman feel it's worth $3.00 to wear Hanes Ultra Sheer pantyhose?



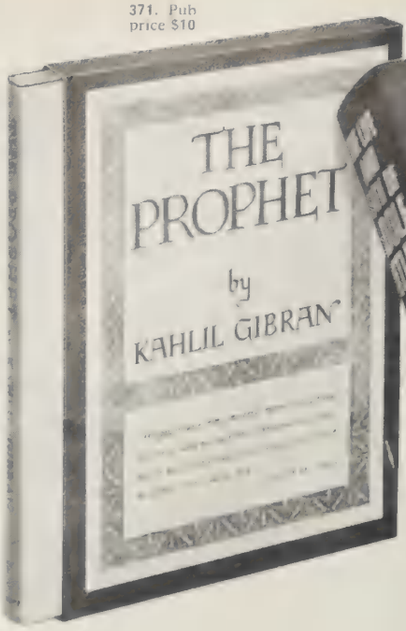
Gentlemen prefer Hanes.

Available at finer department and apparel stores. ($3.00 suggested retail price.)

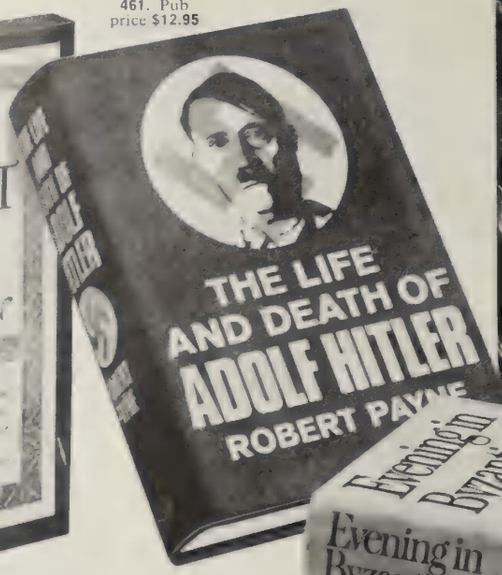
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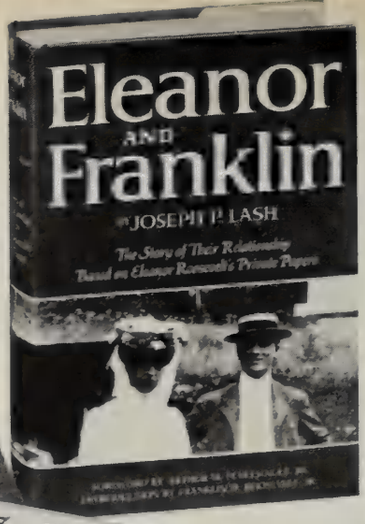
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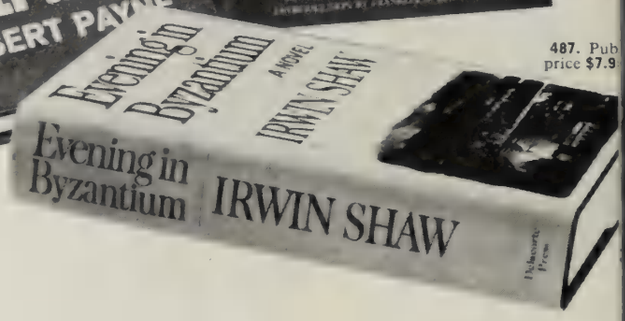


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177. Pub price $12.50





487. Pub price $7.9

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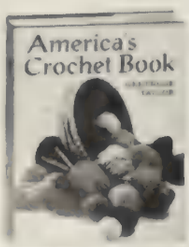


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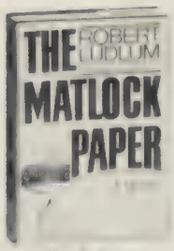
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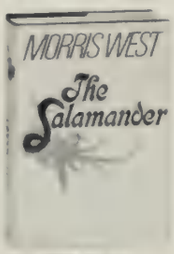


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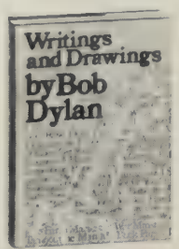
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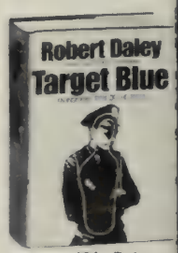
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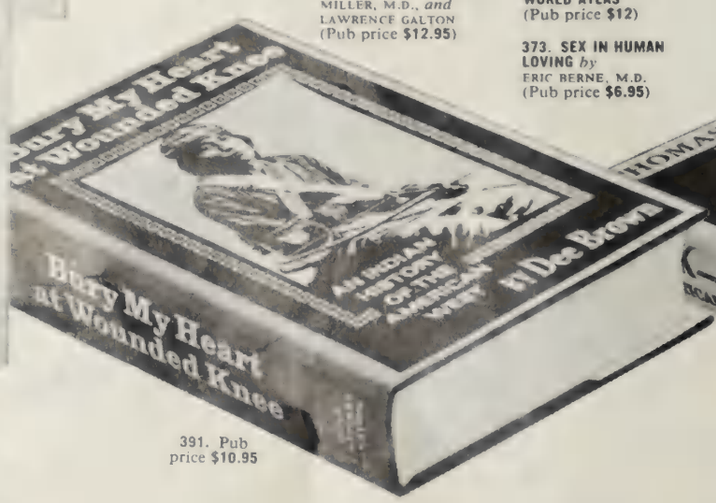
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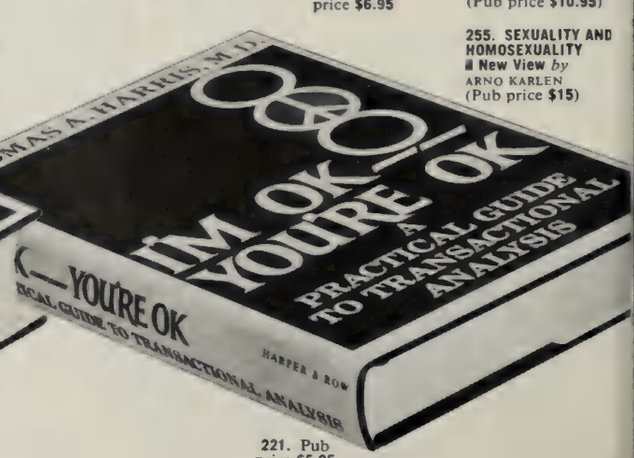
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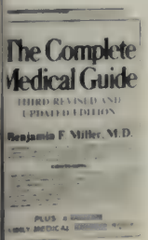
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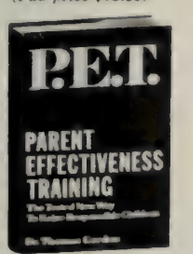
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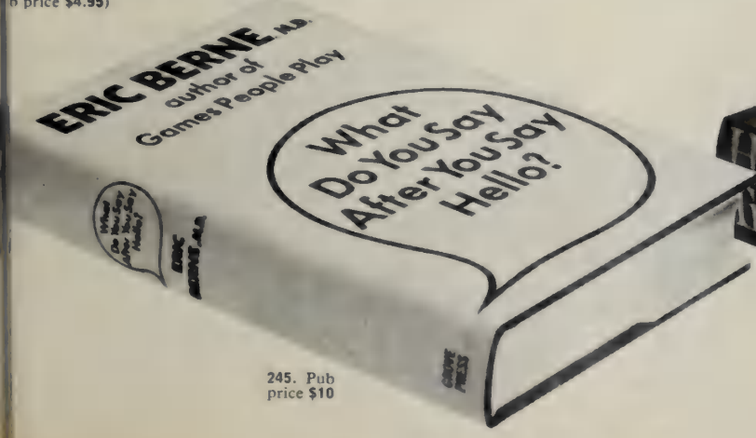
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WHAT WOMEN DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT MEN

BY THEODORE I. RUBIN, M.D.

Before you conclude that you know all there is to know about the masculine mystique, test yourself with this noted psychiatrist's 25-point checklist.

Women often understand men better than men understand women—and better than men understand themselves. This is because most women are basically more open than men, more in touch with deep feelings, and more accepting of human limitations. Women tend to be less prideful than men, so it is easier for them to ask for help when they need it. Women seem to enjoy life more than men do because they do not feel threatened by as many of the things that life has to offer, nor do they feel that they have to continually prove that they belong to the superior sex. "Women's lib" seeks equality, but men, unfortunately, seek superiority. Women usually mature earlier in life than men do, and many remain more mature throughout life.

Despite their differences, men and women together have more in common than they have apart. So-called male-female differences are largely illusions fostered by our culture, illusions that pressure men to sustain these differences and to maintain an apartness from women.

There are a number of factors or attributes common to most men in our society. These characteristics are not completely understood by women—nor, in many cases, by men themselves. Most misunderstandings exist in the area of sex, an especially important area because it deeply affects marriage and family.

Here, then, are those male factors that I think it is important for women to understand if they want better male-female relations.

1. I've said it before but it is worth repeating: throughout life, men retain more of the "little boy" in themselves than women do the "little girl." Men may transfer their interests from marbles to money, but they never rid themselves of the "little-boy" qualities of poor tolerance for frustration, inner conflict, responsibility, and anxiety.

2. Unlike women, men do not like to admit they are dependent. However, men *are* dependent on fixed and predictable routines, on admiration from others—and on their wives.

3. Many men do not like women. They need and use women, but they do not trust them and are fearful, jealous, and contemptuous of them. The degree to which a man feels this way depends on how his mother related to him and to his father. Overprotective mothers often prejudice sons against "other women."

4. Many men fear homosexuality, and consequently draw a rigid line between what they consider weak (feminine) and strong (masculine). They will not admit to soft, warm feelings, which they consider feminine. This lack of emotional display can have an adverse effect in their relationship to their families.

5. Fear of homosexuality also prevents some men from having good relationships with other men. Men feel they must be strong (meaning stubborn, competitive, etc.). These characteristics, which men erroneously label masculine, often put masculine friendships on a childlike competitive basis.

6. Men often have trouble relating to children because they are children themselves. They see their own children as competitors for their wives' affection, time, and energy. In a sense, men often transfer competition with their own sisters and brothers to their own children.

7. Men are much more prone to self-hate than are women. Men have built up such great illusions about the "masculine ideals" (courage, strength, independence) that it is almost impossible for any human being to fulfill them. Failure to reach these masculine ideals produces self-hate and depression, which are then magnified because men consider failure to be feminine.

8. Consciously, many men view their wives as sex partners, but unconsciously they regard them as mothers. This combination causes conflict and confusion and can result in the man's having problems relating to his wife—or other women.

9. Men see their wives and children as extensions of themselves rather than as separate human beings. As a result, some men demand absolute authority and loyalty. When his family does not meet these demands the man will become enraged and depressed because he feels that his family is disloyal!

10. Men cling to childhood values and fantasies. Two examples are: putting undue importance on a son's athletic prowess; and viewing war experiences as the highlight of life.

11. Men won't admit it but they crave affection and, in times of stress, want to be fussed over, coddled, and presented with gifts.

12. Men are as vulnerable to the youth cult (looking young) as women are. They also have as much vanity and are as concerned with being sexually appealing.

13. Men fear impotence. The degree of this fear is related to a man's fear of inadequacy or lack of self-esteem in other areas. Because men in our society measure self-esteem in terms of money and power, —or "net worth"—a business setback can cause temporary impotence. The importance of a man's "net worth" can lead him to be stingy (in order to increase his bank account) or to spend money lavishly (to convince others that he does have a bank account). Whichever game of "net worth" the man plays, it can sometimes have sexual repercussions.

14. Men fear loneliness even more than women. They are afraid of not "being with the boys," afraid of leisure time, and of vacations. Most men do very poorly when they retire, since their energies and feelings of self-esteem have been invested in and derived from work. As a result, many men are psychologically unprepared for retirement and suffer severe emotional depression, and even heart attacks, because they no longer feel useful.

15. Men are as intelligent, altruistic, naïve, sophisticated, foolish, and as capable or incapable as women. They are also as possessive, envious, jealous, gossipy, and vindictive as women.

16. Men are terrified by the possibility of rejection by women. They equate such a rejection with lack of masculinity, which in turn leads to self-hate and depression.

17. Most men fear that their sex organs are too small. A woman's reassurance seldom helps to allay these fears, but business success sometimes helps. By the same token, business reverses can lead to renewed concern about the size of their genitalia. Fathers will often be overly concerned about the size of their son's sex organs and masculinity. Men view any of their son's inadequacies as their own, even though a son's condition may have a much different, more complex basis.

18. Sexual rejection by a wife is, for most men, the most total rejection he can receive. Such rejection is almost always followed by rage, which may be suppressed or expressed. Sexually, men have a much lower threshold of frustration than women do.

19. Men are concerned about the adequacy of their sexual performance and have exaggerated ideas about other men's ability to sustain erection without ejaculation. Many men measure their sexual ability in terms of a wife's orgasms. Husbands feel that a wife's failure to achieve orgasm signifies an inadequacy on his part. It is difficult for most men to understand that a wife may, at times, prefer intercourse or love-making without orgasm. Wives also feel that their husbands only care about orgasms—to the exclusion of showing affection. I have received letters from wives stating that they would regard embracing and ting without male orgasm as a of affection. However, some men come excited rapidly, and affec quickly leads to orgasm. Such tion is no indication of lack of fection, but usually the resul combined affection and phys need. (Premature ejaculation something else entirely—and can also be helped.)

20. A man's sexual respons usually simpler than that of r women. For both men and wom desire is linked to romance and ings of affection, but most men more easily excited than women are ready for sex with min stimulation. These stimuli inc sight, sound, smell, or suggest The sight of an attractive woma often sufficient to initiate sexual ing in a man. Men can be excited women they don't know, or have feelings for. These actions in no indicate that the man does not his wife. Women who equate with exclusiveness of attraction unrealistic. Many men choose have sex only with their wives, all are stimulated by other wome

21. Men love to experiment sex, yet they have inhibitions need their wives' help to br through to free sexual attitudes.

22. Though men like their w to initiate sex some of the t they can also feel threatened b wife's assertiveness. It may be h ful for husbands and wives to dis their feelings about initiating se

23. Sexual attraction is the gest force in starting a man-wom relationship. This is based larg on how a woman looks. Few m will initiate a relationship, howe unless the woman indicates that will not reject his approach.

24. Men do have their own fo of menopause. It is a very pain sometimes devastating middle- crisis. While a wife's understa ing and warmth can help a husba through male menopause, some m must seek professional help as w

25. Women tend to idealize m Idealization does not leave room human limitations, and when man turns out to have human fau disappointment follows.

Any misunderstanding—rega less of what it is—can be helped an open, honest discussion. A cussion means listening as well talking. And talking means o communication and mutual resp for the other person's needs and pirations as well as compassion problems. This applies to all hum beings, regardless of sex. E

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin swers questions on your person marriage, family, and emotio problems. The doctor is a w known psychoanalyst who practi in New York and is the author Lisa and David *and* The Thin Bo by a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist. *new book is* Emergency Ro Diary. *If you have questions for Rubin to answer in his colu please address them to him in c of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 L ington Ave., New York, N.Y. 100 We regret that only letters selec for use in the column can answered.*



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MEDICINE TODAY

BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

Low-cholesterol lamb chops. The most amazing organ transplant yet! Smoking and pregnancy. More on the "copper IUD" and news of another drug abuse problem.

New infertility treatment. A wholly new cause of infertility appears to have been identified, and in some cases successfully treated, by doctors at Uppsala University in Sweden. While studying 52 couples with long-standing, inexplicable infertility, the scientists found that most partners harbored in their reproductive tracts tiny organisms called T-mycoplasmas—organisms that were far less common in fertile men and women. Drs. Håkan Gnarpe and Jan Friberg report that after they treated the infertile couples with an antibiotic drug, doxycycline, most of the T-mycoplasmas disappeared—and 15 of the 52 women became pregnant. Studies are in progress to confirm their findings.

Low-cholesterol lamb chops. Lamb is rich in the polysaturated fats that heart experts say raise cholesterol levels and increase the possibility of heart attack and stroke. Now Irish food scientists say they have found a way to make lamb safer.

They feed suckling lambs a poly-*un*saturated milk substitute. Chops taken from lambs fed this way contain up to ten times more poly*un*saturates—which are safer—than normal lamb chops, but taste the same. "Such lambs [are] commercially feasible," say Dr. J. F. Connolly and his colleagues, "so that it should now be possible to formulate special diets aimed at lowering the blood lipid [fat] levels in man."

Transplanted vagina. A young Greek bride now enjoys sexual intercourse with the help—incredibly—of her mother's vagina. The mother's entire vagina was transplanted into the daughter's body when, soon after she married, it became evident that she had been born without a sex organ. Fortunately, says her gynecologist, the bride's 48-year-old mother, a widow, was willing to donate her vagina to save her daughter's marriage.

Meanwhile in Buenos Aires, Argentina, a pioneer attempt to give a child to a barren, non-ovulating woman by ovarian transplant succeeded briefly, then failed. It succeeded when the woman became pregnant. It failed when she miscarried after four months. The borrowed ovary still functions, however, and her doctor hopes she eventu will deliver the first baby ever ceived by artificial ovulation.

Smoking mothers. What effect cigarette smoking during pregn have on the fetus? Several m studies have been done, with flicting results. Nevertheless, U.S. Public Health Service feels there is evidence that a n er's smoking increases the risk her baby will be born underwe or that the child will die b birth or just after it.

In its 1973 report on smo the PHS calculates that each 4,600 U.S. babies are stillborn cause of their mothers' smo habits—more than die from an the well-publicized diseases.

What should pregnant smo do? Pediatrician Dr. Janet H of the Johns Hopkins Medical I tution in Baltimore says: "T is some preliminary evidence women who stop smoking when become pregnant bear babies are as large, or even larger, normal."

New drug to abuse. As quickl one abused drug is identified restricted, up pops another.

The newest such drug is n aqualone, a sleeping pill sold u several trade names, including alude, Optimil, Sopor. Kids c the "love drug" because it may sexual inhibitions—although also said to diminish sexual formance. Methaqualone conti to be produced and sold desp recent A.M.A. decision that it i dictive, dangerous, and has n vantage over other sedatives.

Copper bonus? Government proval for an unusually effe intrauterine contraceptive d (IUD) that includes a tiny pie copper wire, has been delaye have reported, because of co that the copper may harm the en in which it is implanted. M while, scientists at Mount Medical School in New York have found that the copper abs from the IUD into the body wi the organism that causes gono They hope that the copper IU it proves safe, may prevent nancy *and* gonorrhea.

First you have to please yourself.

You're proud of your body. You don't go screaming it from the tops of tall buildings or anything ("There she is, screaming about her body again... two o'clock sharp every day").

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½ cup barbecue sauce
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1 cup (4 oz.) Shredded Cracker Barrel® Cheddar Cheese

Preheat oven to 375°. In large frying pan, brown ground beef and onion; drain. Stir in barbecue sauce and TABASCO sauce; simmer while preparing crust. Separate dough into 10 biscuits. Place in ungreased 12" x 9-inch pan; press together [illegible] Bake at 375° for 20 minutes or until crust is golden brown. Heat any leftovers. Makes 5 to 6 servings.



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SYLVIA PORTER

SPENDING YOUR MONEY

Family Planning

As a high school guidance counselor in a very poor neighborhood, I'm frequently called upon to counsel the youngsters on family planning, but I'm not sure I have all the information I should have. What these girls want to know most is where they can get *free* help or the most inexpensive help available. What should I tell them?

This is consumer economics in capital letters! Here is a basic guide:

Your best source of clinic care is Planned Parenthood, which, in 1973, had 191 local affiliates operating more than 700 medically supervised clinics in 43 states plus the District of Columbia. Fees vary around the country, and often are based on your income. However, *no one is ever turned away because of inability to pay.*

In San Francisco, 1973 fees range from $29 down to zero for a year's services relating to contraception, including follow-up visits for any complications. A month's supply of pills costs $1.65, while other contraceptives cost much less than their usual retail prices. In New York City, Planned Parenthood's current fee for a pregnancy test is $2, plus a pelvic examination that is billed on a sliding scale basis. However, the fees are never more than the patient can afford.

For the location of the PP affiliate nearest you, check your telephone directory or contact the organization's national headquarters at 810 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019. (Telephone (212) 541-7800). The telephone directory's Yellow Pages sometimes show referral or service listing under "Birth Control." And your county medical society will usually be able to give you the names of doctors offering birth-control services in your area.

If your income is limited, you should be able to get free a low-cost service from government-subsidized family planning clinics run by PP, county health departments, county hospitals, and neighborhood health centers. Medicaid recipients are eligible to receive free family-planning services and supplies in most states.

Some private hospitals also run family planning clinics and so do many community clinics and group practice plans. Inquire at facilities of this type or ask your regular physician for assistance.

Important Note: An increasing number of private physicians and clinics (including Planned Parenthood) will provide minors with birth control services on a confidential basis should they request it. Such physicians and clinics may offer treatment and services without charge. Some do still require parental consent, however.

Husbands and Food Shopping

My husband insists on "helping" me do the weekly food shopping; unfortunately he's an incurable impulse buyer, which is absolute murder on my food budget. When I try to discourage him from joining me he takes the attitude that food shopping should be a joint husband-wife effort, since both eat the food. What do you think of this form of togetherness—from a financial point of view?

Study after study has implicated the husband as an inflationary force on food bills. You might point out to him the high cost of his presence and maybe even suggest that if going along is that important to him, you both should recalculate your food budget.

Another point you might mention to your husband is that, according to a "Customer Profile Study" by *Supermarket News*, only one in three husbands accompanies his wife on major food shopping trips.

Life Insurance Premiums

My husband is an engineer in an atomic energy research facility. He has never taken out any life insurance, but now that we are expecting a child he thinks we should have at least some coverage. How much is his occupation likely to increase the cost of his life insurance policy?

Probably not a cent. Insurance companies recognize that most jobs related to atomic energy are not hazardous. The insurance company your husband chooses will investigate his particular job and, *if* it is one of the few with unusual risk, it may charge a higher premium.

Expensive Treatment

My husband and I have finally convinced our daughter to enter a therapeutic center for drug addicts and we have high hopes for a complete recovery. But the expenses are killing us. Could I possibly comfort my husband by telling him that we can at least deduct these expenses from our income tax and offset the that way?

Yes. The money you pay to tain your dependent child i therapeutic center for drug a *is* a deductible medical ex What's more, a 1972 Treasur ing says that this includes th of your child's meals and lodg the center, which are furnish a necessary part of her treat

Student Loans

I'm planning to get a guara student loan to help me financ lege when I start in January much can I borrow?

Up to $2,500 a year—for educ al purposes only—although states have set a lower ceiling total amount of your loan ov period during which you school is a maximum of $7,5 undergraduates and vocationa dents and $10,000 for gradua dents.

Camper-Trailer Insurance

A friend of ours had a bran camper-trailer stolen right out own driveway—while she an husband were out for dinner you get theft insurance on thi of rig? We're thinking about s $2,500-$3,000 in a camper, in pation of a trip out West.

Yes, you can buy coverage f type of vehicle. A $50 ded collision insurance policy o camper you're considering b plus full comprehensive cov would cost around $86 a year.

In addition to the types of prehensive coverages you get car, it's possible to buy prot for such camper-oriented pro as:

- Injuries to guests. A li policy that protects against v types of legal liability is the a
- Theft of possessions from in the camper. A personal a floater will provide theft cover any possession that is not p nently attached to the vehicle as clothing, jewelry, and ca
- A runaway detached t You could be parked on a sli cline with the camper-trail tached from the car when the er's brakes failed and sent it ing into someone else's pro Special vacation liability co is available in some states fo trailer when it is detached fr car.

Benefits for the Retarded

We are among the many wh a severely retarded child (a 3 old daughter) living at hom us. My husband would like tire when he reaches age 65 couple of years, but we are te worried as to how we can s our daughter as well as oursel today's relatively low Social rity retirement benefits. Wh other families in this situati They do what you *(conti*

Miss Porter welcomes que from readers. Those of general est will be answered in this c as space permits.

Happy Mother's Day.

A day like today can be Mother's Day.
And the best gift you can give is a gift
of yourself. Dial Long Distance.
It's the next best thing to being there.





do—apply for benefits for your daughter as well as for yourselves.

If your daughter is so severely retarded that she cannot do any substantial gainful work, *she will immediately become eligible* for monthly Social Security benefits *when your husband retires*. It does not matter how old she is at that time—so long as you can show that she was "disabled" before she reached 22 and that she has been disabled ever since. Her benefit will be based on your husband's earnings before retirement.

Many parents of seriously retarded children worry, as you do, about how they can support the son or daughter when they retire—or if the family breadwinner should die or become disabled. In recognition of this need, the Social Security program provides benefits for disabled children 18 or over—whose parents are retired, have died, or are themselves so disabled that they are receiving Social Security disability benefits. About 290,000 such children, with mental and physical disabilities, are now receiving these payments.

I strongly urge you to check with your nearest Social Security office for all details on the benefits to which you and your daughter will be entitled. These are your *rights* under the law.

Cost of Drugs

Our family practically "owns" the neighborhood drugstore, since both our parents suffer from chronic illnesses. I keep hearing that "generic" drugs are less expensive than brand name ones. Is this true? How do you get them?

Yes, it generally *is* true. A group of college students who studied this very subject last year in both New York and Washington found that an individual who bought drugs with generic labels saved "substantially." Nevertheless, the students found that the vast majority of those questioned had *failed* to ask their physicians to prescribe drugs by their generic names. Ask your family physician or have your parents ask him or her to prescribe the drugs you buy by their generic names and tell you where to get them.

Protein Bargains

What is the least expensive form you know in which to buy protein? We have an ongoing contest in our family on this subject, since we're living on a rock-bottom graduate fellowship budget and are forced to cut every possible corner on that most expensive food item, meat.

I'm sure you are well aware that among the very big "protein bargains" are hamburger, cheese, eggs, and dried beans. Peanut butter is another major way to save on protein. If you can buy peanut butter at 69¢ a lb., the cost of one day's protein is only 33¢.

For the sake of your contest, here's another tip: you can further cut costs by making your own bargain. You do this simply by throwing a batch of shelled roasted peanuts into a blender, along with a few tablespoons of peanut oil. If you pay 39¢ per pound for roasted peanuts in the shell, your peanut butter will cost about 3¢ an ounce; if you pay 49¢ a pound, the cost will be around 4¢ an ounce.

Now *that's* a protein bargain. END



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BRINGING UP CHILDREN

BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

Every parent wants her children to succeed—but there is a crucial difference between encouraging a child and pressuring her.

The mother of two girls, ages five and three, was worried about her oldest daughter, Betsy. Betsy becomes terribly frustrated at the smallest provocation—if she can't do something exactly right the first time, Betsy cries and becomes practically hysterical. Then she won't try that thing again for a long time. These two little girls are quite different in this respect. Every week the mother takes them to a gym to exercise, because they like it and because she feels it is good for them. The younger daughter does things and has a good time. But Betsy won't try anything if she thinks someone is watching. When the coast is clear, she'll attempt a somersault or something similar; but if she is dissatisfied with her performance, she feels devastated. She'll retreat into a corner, put her head down, and weep; nothing can console her. Betsy's mother doesn't know what to do. Should she wait for the child to snap out of it on her own, or pick her up and bring her back to the activity? Should she encourage her or ignore her?

This mother had already concluded that Betsy is trying to tell her something with such behavior, but she hasn't been able to figure out what. Just that morning there was another typical episode: Betsy was trying to teach herself to play "Mary Had a Little Lamb" on the piano. She hit a wrong note, and then—predictably—cried and went into a tantrum. So her mother said, "Why does it make you so upset? You know, when you're learning something, you have to practice. Go on and try again." But Betsy just continued to cry; then she put her thumb in her mouth and refused to participate any further.

I asked the mother to imagine that she herself were upset about something to the point of tears. What would comfort her? She thought it would help if someone told her to try again, that things would go better next time. But this was what she had told her daughter, to no avail. I asked this mother if she really thought that was such a comforting thing to say? "Well, encouragement can be a very nice thing," replied the mother. It is true that encouragement can be helpful—provided you are certain that the encouragement is not accompanied by covert pressure to re-attempt something that has already defeated the person. Most mothers in the group, like Betsy's mother, thought that telling Betsy to try again represented encouragement. But if we try to understand the situation in terms of how it would feel for Betsy, perhaps we can see that telling her to try again can be understood as a demand, not an encouragement.

One mother then reminded me that in a prior discussion I had recommended that parents should *not* offer the child a choice about something if a parent cares very mu about the matter. A choice can c fuse a child, who might suffer fr parental resentment if his cho ran counter to their strong wish If Betsy's mother cared about B sy's learning to play a song, w shouldn't she tell her to try aga

This argument would be pers sive if the issue *were* very import to Betsy's mother. In that case could not give the child a cho because psychologically she co not offer her daughter the freed to choose, however she might phr her remarks. But I assume t Betsy's mother was not that ea for her child to learn to play "M Had a Little Lamb." The issue h was not that Betsy couldn't pla song her mother thought the ch should be able to play, but t Betsy got inordinately upset ab even tiny failures. Maybe if mother said, "Why worry? For about the song," then Betsy mi explain why playing it is so imp tant to her.

The mother *did* ask Betsy w she was upset, but before Be could answer, the mother proceed

Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, one of world's most distinguished ch psychologists, recently retired a 30 years as Professor of Psychol and Psychiatry at the Universit Chicago and Director of the Sc Shankman Orthogenic School chronically disturbed children. has written many books about c dren—their psychological devel ment and problems.









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tell her the right course of action
r her to follow—to practice some
ore. Given time to answer, Betsy
ght have said that she cries and
els so bad because she fears her moth-
will be ashamed that she can't do
y better in front of others. This is
ggested by the mother's observation
at Betsy won't try anything when
meone is watching.

If, on the other hand, Betsy had said
e is so upset because she herself, out
her own desire, wants to be able to
ay the song, then there would have
en nothing wrong with telling her to
again. In that case, the mother
uld know that only Betsy's own de-
e, and not the mother's pressure, was
aking the child upset about her
lure. If the "try again" comes before
e parent's examination of all the is-
es involved, it more or less estab-
hes the parent's overriding wish for
e child to go on with the project she
s found so frustrating. Why, I asked
tsy's mother, had she told Betsy to
on practicing?

"Because I want her to be a success,"
s the mother's prompt reply. Here
see the cause of her daughter's
astration. Betsy was understandably
jected about her failure because she
ew that she had disappointed her
other. The deeper cause of Betsy's
sets, then, was her mother's demand
at she be a success.

This analysis seemed to clarify the
uation, but, surprisingly, Betsy's
other went on: "It's worse than that.
ot only do I demand that she be a
ccess, I also want to keep her in a
rt of baby-like stage, because then I
n't have to cope with what I'm going
do with my life when I don't have
bies any longer!" This statement
ened up new aspects of the situation.
e younger daughter posed no threat
the mother, since she still needed her
other all day long. But Betsy showed
ns of independence, which the moth-
both encouraged and dreaded. She
nts Betsy to be a success, but she
o feels lonely and bypassed when
tsy happily goes off to nursery
hool. Then the mother is left to won-
r what she will do with herself when
r children are too old to need her.

Betsy's mother had raised one of the
ajor difficulties facing many intelli-
nt and well-educated modern women.
is not that these women are *pre-
nted* from finding their self-fulfill-
ent or self-realization by having to
tend to their children. Far from pre-
nting a woman from being what she
nts to be, children often serve as an
cuse which permits her to avoid ac-
owledging that she does not know
at she wants to be. (There are many
others who are entirely satisfied with
ing homemakers; they ought to have
problem in this regard, although
ey encounter criticisms from the
ore militant women's libbers. I trust
at sooner or later we'll all come to
alize that a liberated woman can be
civil engineer or a housewife, *as she
ooses.*) But for this mother, as long
the children are very dependent, the
oice can be avoided—because small
ildren obviously need to be taken
re of all day long.

It is often just to avoid facing this
ue that some mothers keep "work-
g" on their children in one way or
nother—interfering with their aca-
mic or social lives, or by "infantiliz-
g" them, as this mother has been
doing, to fill out their own lives. But children were never intended to do that; giving meaning to a mother's life is too overwhelming a task for any child. Eventually the child will either revolt against it or be defeated by it.

Nevertheless, the problem of Betsy's inability to succeed still seemed unresolved. This mother clearly stated that she wants Betsy to succeed, despite her own anxiety about how she will fill out her life once her children no longer need her so much. The mother then continued, "Maybe the reason I want Betsy to be successful is because I myself have never felt that I was." She said that she had never felt that she had succeeded at anything, despite the fact that she was interested in things. Her great unrequited love was music—she would have liked to play the piano!

With this realization, we identified another factor that is frequently encountered when parents push their children to succeed. Parents do not want their children to suffer from the failures that have brought unhappiness to the parent. It's a perfectly understandable feeling, but acting on this desire often causes even greater unhappiness in the child's life. The parent was disappointed only by his own failure; the child has to contend with both his own failure and the disappointment of his *(continued on page 127)*



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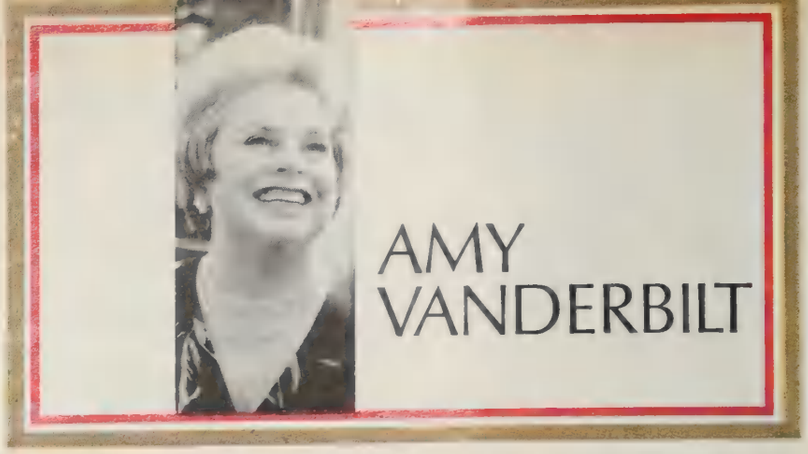
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Iced Tea Spoons
When place mats are used and there is no coaster under the glass, where does one put a used iced tea spoon—on the plate or on the mat? What if a tablecloth is used?

Even when there is a coaster under the glass, there usually is no room for a spoon to rest on the coaster. Unless there is a large enough plate under the glass to hold a spoon, the proper procedure is to leave the iced tea spoon in the glass. To drink out of the glass, you hook your index finger around the spoon to hold it in place. You don't put the wet spoon on the tablecloth, on your place mat, on your dinner plate, or even on your butter plate. People are shocked every time I give this rule, but I assure you that this is the right way to do it.

Aunt Alice
My sister insists that my two-year-old nephew call me Aunt Alice. Couldn't I ask her to let him just call me Alice? I am only 16.

Alice is certainly more appropriate.

Single and Pregnant
What do you think of this shocker? The new girl in the office—she's single—turns up pregnant. Then somebody gives her a shower. Now they want to give her a second shower before she takes her maternity leave. We haven't even received a thank-you card for the first presents.

I think that girl is going to need all the showers people want to give her. She probably felt that thanking you in person was enough. However, I am sure that she is not going through this experience lightheartedly, and it may never have occurred to her that perhaps she should have written at least one note of thanks to be placed on the office bulletin board.

Gift Giving
Many of my relatives insist that I tell them what I want for gifts. I think that the joy in receiving a gift comes from knowing that the donor has chosen it. How can I handle this problem?

Just say, "I like to be surprised." Some people, however, really *do* like to be asked what they want—especially brides.

Too Young to Date
My mother always said that I could date when I was 13. Now I am almost 14 and she still won't let me. When I go somewhere with my boyfriend, who is 16, he brings me home in his car. My mother tells me how trustworthy I am, and this is the only thing I've ever lied to her about. What can I do?

It seems to me that the best thing to do—and perhaps the easiest—is to talk to your mother about your boyfriend. Remind her that she did say you could date at 13, that you two have been dating, and that your boyfriend has been bringing you home. Say that you do feel very uncomfortable about it and that you now want her permission. When she sees that you have nothing else to be ashamed of, she may be completely understanding. Telling your mother the truth will make you feel better, too.

Casserole Cover
What does one do with the cover of a silver casserole—hold it while guests serve themselves, or take it to the kitchen?

When I am using such a casserole at the table, I place a heat-proof mat next to the dish to hold the cover while I am serving from the dish. When I have finished serving, I put the cover back to keep the food hot. I do the same thing if I am serving from the buffet.

Office Gift
Would it be in good taste to give our doctor a gift for his new office, such as a small desk clock (about $6) that folds into a case?

It seems to me that he would want a more substantial clock for his desk, and probably has one. A subscription to a magazine that his patients would enjoy, or some easy-to-care-for plant, might be more suitable—and in the same price range.

Letter to a Family
Isn't it gauche to address a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Family when the family in question consists of three adults?

It is gauche. I never like to see the phrase "and family" included in an address. A letter or an invitation may be addressed to Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, and then mention made in the body of the letter to others in the family. For example, "We look forward to seeing Mary

printed invitation is sent, each sin gle adult should receive a separat invitation. Brothers, however, ma be addressed as Messrs. (or Th Messrs.) Carpenter, and sisters ca be addressed as The Misses Jones or even The Misses Mary and Lil lian Jones. The address of "Messrs." is never used for a father and son however.

Bath Towels
When in a hotel or on a ship wher towels are changed daily, wha should be done with used towels?

When a container is provided fo used towels, it should be used. If n container is available, some peopl hang the damp towels over th shower rail. I prefer to fold ther neatly and lay them over the tub o basin.

Table Manners
How should one eat melon?

A half of a small, round cantaloup or similar melon must be eaten wit a spoon. A slice of honeydew, cant loupe, or watermelon may be eate with knife and fork or with for alone. Separate the fruit from th rind with a knife and cut a ma ageable portion. Take one bite at time, using the fork.

Opening Gifts
What are the rules about openin gifts at a christening party, engage ment party, or bridal shower? Is true the gifts are not opened unt after the party?

At all of these parties gifts *ar* opened while the guests are presen That is part of the fun.

Cup-and-Saucer Collection
I have been collecting old Englis china cups and saucers. May I us the different patterns to serve guest or should I use a complete set o matching china?

I see no reason why you can't us your collector's pieces. I am sur your guests would enjoy hearin you discuss them.

Restaurant Party
Is it proper to give an anniversar party for one's parents at a restau rant and expect the guests to pa for their own meals as well as brin gifts?

I think this is an imposition on th guests. Rather than do this the chi dren of the anniversary coupl should give any kind of party tha they can manage themselves, f nancially. EN

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes question from readers and answers them i this column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL *reader Miss Vanderbilt's new bookle "Large Parties" (open houses, ann versaries, house warmings, showers Also "Letter Writing," "Engagemer and Wedding Etiquette," and "Tabl Manners." Send 75¢ in coin for eac booklet to Miss Amy Vanderbil Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*



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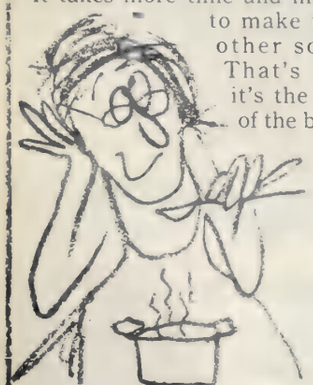


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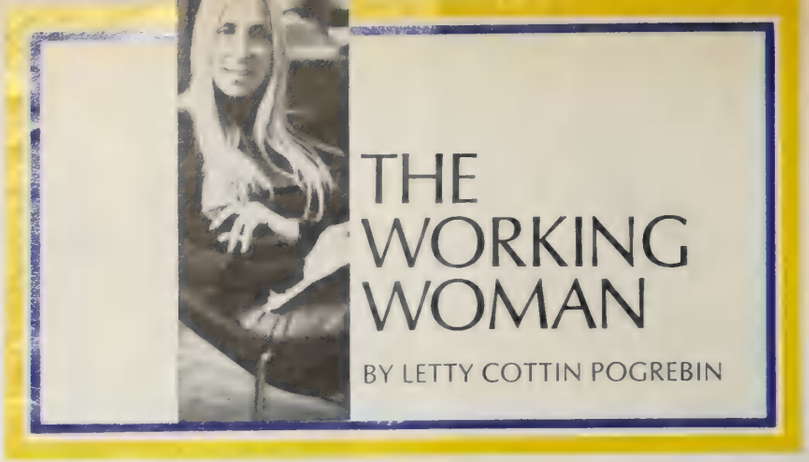
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THE WORKING WOMAN

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

The FBI and police want you—to do the kind of law enforcement work that, for the most part, women have never been allowed to do. Here's an up-to-date look at this fast-opening job market.

Once upon a time there was something called a "man-sized job." This awesome category might include heavy work such as ditch-digging, dangerous work such as firefighting, or intellectual work such as nuclear research. In addition, "man-sized jobs" were often defined in odd and mysterious ways. They were jobs that were too important to be "left to the ladies"—like policy making. Or jobs that the "fair sex" was supposedly unsuited to by virtue of their "emotional and physical limitations"—like surgery or piloting or theatrical directing.

Now we understand that these ways are not so mysterious after all: most of the "man-sized jobs" happen to command "man-sized" wages. With the help of legislation, litigation, and our own assertiveness, women are entering the all-male occupations and finding that "man-sized" jobs are a perfect fit for us and our bank accounts.

This month's column launches an occasional feature on *new* careers for women, to help you think the unthinkable—and perhaps find a place for yourself in a nontraditional occupation. In the future we'll look at engineering, aviation, and construction—but for openers, consider the fast-growing field of law enforcement.

Local Police Forces. The first policewoman in the United States was Lola Baldwin, who in 1905 was recruited to protect young women at the Lewis & Clark Exposition in Portland, Oregon. Los Angeles appointed women to its police force in 1911, but again their role was limited to protecting women, finding runaway girls, or preventing the sale of liquor to minors. In the ensuing years policewomen's duties were always narrowly defined: they were matrons for women prisoners, worked with juvenile offenders, or performed clerical jobs.

Research on sex discrimination conducted by Catherine H. Milton, assistant director of The Police Foundation, shows that women have generally been restricted to specialized duty, denied the opportunity to take promotional qualifying exams, barred from training courses which would make them more qualified, and required to have more formal education than their male counterparts. Ms. Milton also found that while many police departments have had trouble recruiting male personnel, they have turned away qualified women.

This has never made sense. But now, in response to laws that prohibit sex discrimination, there are finally signs of change. Five years ago, two policewomen in Indianapolis were assigned to Car 47 for limited patrol duty. In 1971 Peoria, Ill., put women on *regular* patrol on the same basis as men. In May 1972, 15 of New York City's 322 policewomen joined their fellow officers as "equal in every sense of the word on radio motor patrol."

Lt. Lucy Acerra, who is in command of New York's Policewoman's Section, describes this experiment as "an unqualified success." The women were assigned to two medium and one high crime area. "Whether because of its shock value or cultural factors, the public has responded beautifully," says Lt. Acerra. "The women seem to defuse violence by their presence, and people with problems seem to bypass males and go to females with their complaints. The public expects more understanding from policewomen on patrol."

New York's policewomen ride in coed squad car teams or as two-women partners. The coed teams have proven more effective in family disputes (which account for a large percentage of violence) because men and women seem to respond to same-sex allies in a tense situation.

New York has changed its promotion policies, too. In March, 1972, Sgt. Margaret Powers became the first woman desk sergeant. (She had made over 300 arrests during her nine years as a plainclothes-woman, and once dressed in a nun's habit to catch an extortionist.) Two women hold the rank of captain or above—and in the lower ranks the number of women has increased considerably. This year, nearly half of the city's new recruits were women; starting salary: $11,200. Said Police Commissioner Donald F. Cawley to the 105 women recruits of 1973: "Never before have so many women been into police work at one time is a moment in history."

Other cities are also expa both the complement of wom their police forces and the r the policewoman. In Washi D.C., a woman is on the Hos Squad; Miami has two wom investigation; Indianapolis as two women to narcotics inve tion; and Philadelphia uses v in its Civil Disobedience Many departments have foun plainclotheswomen can better with a crowd or be overlooke criminal because a woman off so unexpected.

One of The Police Founda most fascinating projects wa $300,000 study evaluating th perience of 100 women on pa Washington, D.C. Among things, it was learned that v didn't take as many sick da men, didn't issue as many violations (though New York that women can be trained t a tougher approach), had driving accidents (though didn't do as well on the actua ing test), and used force sl less often in troublesome dents." While Washington women tended to be slightl competent at handling disc males, Lt. Acerra said that New York experiment women aged to subdue a violent mal chotic with little difficulty.

The attitudes of male offic both Washington and New have been somewhat negative expressed resistance on the gr that it's not "appropriate" wo a woman, or they feared that en would now get promotion voritism, or they believed tha wives would object to coed car teams. Adjustments have made, the men and women a commodating themselves, and important, the communities been quite receptive. In Wa ton, as a result of good expe on this project, the departme decided to hire women on a pletely equal basis with men.

State Police. Eighteen m ago the Pennsylvania State began recruiting women. In 1972, 12 women were sworn perform patrol work and inves drug abuse and prostitution State Police Commissioner, James Barger, says: "We've h dropouts from that first class they've all done outstanding This July we brought in th more women troopers, among a black woman. And they all w go the same training as men have to clean the stables, too

Lt. Doris M. Hughes is th woman who has ever held ra the Connecticut State *(conti*

☐ *Letty Cottin Pogrebin, 34, thor, wife, and mother of During her 13-year business c she rose from file clerk to vice ident—and she wrote a best-s book:* How to Make It in a World. *Although Ms. Pogrebin all reader letters, she regrets time does not permit her to re personally.*

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Does Your Mirror Say It's Time For A Serious Night Cream?

When you reach a certain age (we'll never tell what it is, but you'll know when the time comes), you need a very special kind of night cream. At that moment of truth, discover the secret benefits of enriched Olay Vitalizing Night Cream, a secret shared by fortunate women in many parts of the world who never seem to show their true age.

Olay Vitalizing Night Cream is especially beneficial for the problems of older skin. To make wrinkles less noticeable by softening away dryness. To provide a wealth of moisture, emollients and soothing unguents to smooth and cherish skin. Age signs on your face and throat soon become far less obvious as your complexion grows clearer, softer and younger-looking.

Olay Vitalizing Night Cream is thick, rich and concentrated. This is no fluffy, lightweight cream to slick on casually. It is a serious cream, particularly appropriate for the very real dry-complexion problems of older skin. It is meant to be massaged on, faithfully every night, with firm but gentle upward strokes, to soothe in the moisturizing ingredients that combat aging dryness of your face and throat.

Leave a light film of Olay Vitalizing Night Cream on the surface of your skin. If you have used a great deal, you may want to tissue off some of the excess. But be sure a little remains as a protective barrier that helps retain nature's own moisture, so essential for excessively dry and wrinkling skin.

For a most beneficial result, knowledgeable women apply Olay Vitalizing Night Cream just before bedtime to let it work its wonders as they sleep. The quiet nocturnal hours are a most propitious time for skin enrichment. But any time, day or night, is an effective time to pamper and smooth your face and throat with this enriching cream.

Beauty Hints

Faithful nightly massage helps maintain muscle tone and firmness. Olay Vitalizing Night Cream makes this ritual simpler and more satisfying. Hold your fingers flat together and circle the cream gently onto the skin, starting at the base of the throat and working upward to the chinline. The cream's precious moisturizing ingredients alleviate wrinkle-accenting dryness in this needful area.

* * *

Aging signs show early around the eyes. During the day, pat a little Olay® Vitalizing Night Cream into this crucial area to ease away the dryness that can make little tell-tale lines far too noticeable. Be sure to use delicate, featherlight strokes of your fingertips.

4 Seasons Woman

Police and the first to command male subordinates. Lt. Hughes was a registered nurse before spending 17 years in police work. Until last spring, Connecticut law limited to 12 the number of women State Police. "Now the barriers have been removed," says Lt. Hughes. "Age, height, and educational requirements were changed so that we can now hire our authorized complement of 825 *persons* without caring about sex."

Agility tests are now given out in advance, so that applicants can practice getting into shape to do 15 push-ups, 15 sit-ups, a 6'2" long jump, run a mile in under nine minutes, jump over a 2'6" bar, and lift a 125-pound dummy body. "Women are holding their own in these tests," reports Lt. Hughes with a hint of pride. Connecticut State Police trainees earn $8,970 a year; officers make up to $11,136; detectives up to $12,239; and sergeants up to $13,472.

Federal Bureau of Investigation. In July 1972 the first two women "graduated" from the 14-week FBI training course and were sworn in as agents. (Starting salary: $12,775; with overtime, $15,978.) Jack Herington, Inspector in charge of Press Services, reports that there are now 15 female FBI agents in the field, nine more in training, and two more scheduled to begin the course. He stresses that similar requirements apply to both sexes: U.S. citizenship, a college degree, a legal education or accounting major, good knowledge of foreign languages, and three years experience in an administrative or complicated investigative position. There are age, height, and other physical requirements, and you must be willing to travel. Though the FBI is a brand-new career area for women, Mr. Herington says the Bureau is entirely pleased with the women's work records, and that "there are absolutely no restrictions on where or how women agents operate."

The U.S. Secret Service. Of 1,220 Special Agents, only seven are women. While this may not be an impressive figure, (and while no additional hiring is being done now), Jack Warner, assistant to the Director of the Secret Service, points out that "seven is a long way from zero, which is how many women we had only two years ago." (And they had zero women for 106 years before that.)

A Special Agent's training is the same regardless of sex. First, there's the Treasury Department's Law Enforcement Officer's course in constitutional law, use of firearms, collecting evidence, fingerprinting, photography, laws of arrest, etc. In the second phase, the Agent goes through Secret Service Training School to learn the Bureau's specialties: protection of the President, Vice President, widows of former Presidents, and visiting heads of states; and investigative work in the areas of counterfeiting and forgery. Each course takes six weeks. A Secret Service Special Agent can go from $7,700 annual salary to $16,600 in four years.

The Executive Protective Service. This uniformed security force—made up of foot and car patrols and stationary posts—guards the White House, the First Family, executive office buildings, and foreign diplomatic missions in Washington, D.C. After 48 years, this agency has finally started employ women.

Private security companies. Pink ton, the nation's oldest (1850) largest (105 offices, 36,000 employe $162 million in revenue), counts ab 4,000 women among its guards and tectives. Private security compar furnish guards to banks, stores, businesses. Since airport security tightened, personnel are needed to personal searches—and nearly half them must be women. Salaries guard work range between $2 and per hour. Detectives, who need hig skills and more education, receive aries between $3—$5.

Using the law to get a law enfor ment job. In some cases, complaint litigation has been the only route equality. Seven women have filed because they were not allowed to t the qualifying test for the Califor Highway Patrol. In another case, Civil Service Commission ruled t the U.S. Park Police must give its n job to a woman who was turned do because she didn't meet the minim height and weight standards. The C mission found that being 5'8" and pounds had absolutely nothing to with making traffic arrests on Am can park roads.

The outlook. The Bureau of La Statistics expects about 17,000 op ings every year in local police dep ments and 2,900 annual vacancies State Police officers through 1980. estimates are available for private federal police needs, but for women terested in law enforcement all closed doors are beginning to op And for each of us, the fuller utili tion of female resources will eventu bring about the better protection of citizens.

The Out Basket

- "Careers for women should not any different from careers for me This statement sets the tone of a port entitled *Careers for Women in Seventies*, recently released by Women's Bureau. The guide to choices urges women to follow their terests and aptitudes, even if this le them into nontraditional occupatio Single copies free from Women's reau, U.S. Department of La Washington, D.C. 20210.
- To break the cycle of sex-ty jobs, expose your daughters to all possibilities. The following books a good start: For young readers: *Fire* by Gibson Rich ($1.95 plus postage mail from The Feminist Press, 334, Old Westbury, N.Y. 11568). *G Can Be Anything* by Norma Kl ($4.50, E.P. Dutton & Co.). *What She Be? A Veterinarian* and *What She Be? A Lawyer* both by Gloria Esther Goldreich ($3.95 each, Lothr Lee & Shepard Co.). For age 10 up: *Saturday's Child: 36 Women T About Their Jobs* by Suzanne S ($4.95 paperback, J. Philip O'Ha Inc.). *Young and Female* by Pat R ($3.95, Random House).
- The report *Women In Policing* n be ordered from The Police Foun tion, 1015 18th St. N.W., Washingt D.C. 20036. ($3.00).
- For information about job portunities in your *local or state po departments* check your telephone rectory. For details about becoming FBI Special Agent, write FBI, Wa ington, D.C. 20535.



n 1911, during a picnic in the park, Mrs. Rita Einsweiler defied her husband and lit up a cigarette. Mr. Einsweiler put it out.



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RALPH NADER REPORTS

America's most uncompromising (and uncompromised) investigator analyzes the lessons of Watergate—and outlines what each citizen can do to see that it never happens again.

> And all the people gathered themselves together as one man into the street that was before the water gate; and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses. . . . And Ezra the priest brought the law before the assembly both of men and women and all that could hear with understanding.
>
> —Nehemiah 8:1-3

How could the Watergate conspiracy and related crimes have happened? Our founding fathers tried to build a constitutional system of government with institutional safeguards against the frailties of men in positions of political power. Having expelled King George III, they were in no mood to replace a foreign monarchy with a domestic one. That is why they provided Congress with the pre-eminent authorities in government—the power to tax, to spend, and to make war. That is why they provided for an independent court system and freedom of the press under the First Amendment. And that is why they accorded citizens the Bill of Rights as protection from the tyranny of the state and as tools to advance justice.

But in recent decades—spurred by wars, expanded government duties, weak Congressional leadership and the use of mass communications—the power of the Presidency has grown and the arrogance of Presidents has swollen accordingly.

As Presidents are given and take more power, and as they become less accountable, it is not surprising that they become more royal in their thinking and behavior. It was Louis XIV of France who said *"L'état c'est moi"* (I am the state). Increasingly, until Watergate, too many people looked upon the White House and the Presidency with reverence instead of earned respect, with faith instead of reason. This drift toward royalty has been cultivated by inhabitants of the White House, who do not hesitate to issue policies as edicts, to shield activity from scrutiny, and to wave the flag vigorously to keep down the reaction when troubles and tragedies ensue.

Both the Congress and the press have been cowed by these Presidential techniques, which only further emboldens the White House to occupy more remote pedestals. Such a state of affairs was clearly not what Thomas Jefferson or Benjamin Franklin had in mind. Nor should we.

The belief that neither the Congress nor the courts could reach into the White House set the stage for the Watergate conspiracy. Two more ingredients were needed, however. One was money, and the Nixon supporters had no difficulty raising many millions of dollars from business sources who wanted something from the government or wanted the government to be lenient. The other was a cadre of political operatives who could pass orders from one to another in a context of blind loyalty to the President and his aides. As Herbert Porter, one of the lower-level operatives, said to the Senate Committee when asked why he did not protest his superior's suggestion that he perjure himself: "I had been guilty of a deep sense of loyalty to the President of the United States." To which Republican Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee replied that loyalty can never excuse the abdication of one's conscience. Such loyalty to men rather than to the laws and the Constitution was apparent all the way up the ladder to the President and his chief aides. These aides have considerable power but escape Senatorial confirmation and Congressional interrogation through their White House status as part of the President's official family.

The public exposure of the Watergate conspiracy began when the conditions that nourished this conspiracy began to crumble. First, ironically enough for a law-and-order administration, the police caught the burglars at the Watergate; they were then brought before a tough judge and convicted. The press, most notably the *Washington Post*, never gave up probing deeper into this sordid episode at a time in late 1972 and early 1973 when the coverup almost seemed to succeed. That sleeping giant of democracy

---

Ralph Nader is America's foremost consumer defender. He is credited with the passage of at least six major laws that imposed new Federal safety standards on cars, meat and poultry products, coal mining, gas pipelines, and radiation from electronic devices. In 1970 Nader founded the Public Interest Research Group, which investigates and researches consumer issues.

ngress, began to exercise its consti-
ional duties and investigate the sub-
sion of the national elections. The
ht web of slavish loyalty began to
ravel when a few of the culprits put
ir interests above that of the "Nixon
m's," and began to tell the truth as
law held them more personally re-
nsible for their behavior. They
ld no longer get along by going
ng. Citizen groups, such as Common
use, began to flush out incriminating
ts through court suits. Public opin-
forced the appointment of a special
eral prosecutor to bring the Water-
e criminals to justice.

Welcome as these democratic initi-
ves are for law enforcement pur-
ses, they come too late to prevent the
rm done to last year's Presidential
ction. The Watergate activities and
erup strove to deny Americans, in
lter Cronkite's words, the "right to
ose their President fair and square."
this, the coverup succeeded. The
portance of keeping the White
use's Watergate involvement secret
s unquestioned. As coverup partici-
nt Jeb Magruder told the Senate
aring in June: "I honestly think his
resident Nixon's] election probably
uld have been negated."

Looking backward is constructive if
helps us to look forward. Like exer-
for a human muscle, Watergate
be the political exercise for our
iety to deepen its understanding of
constitutional freedoms and re-
nsibilities—but only if we put them
o practice. As voters and citizens, we
ve tolerated for too long over the
st generation government lawless-
ss, influence peddling by economic
erests, the huge role of money in
ctions, and the nonenforcement of
vs that tame the excesses of power-
groups. Against this background,
tergate is a symptom of a malaise
derlying the failure of government
stand up adequately for the interests
the people: consumers, taxpayers,
rkers, women, and minorities. In
h the short and long run, the quality
democracy depends on the quality
citizenship. And whether it is to
id off another Watergate or actively
foster good government, we must
p make the following changes:

. Citizens should not be cynical to-
rd officials holding public office.
rticularly high public office. If peo-
expect politicians to behave badly
reflected in the phrase "that's
itics"), then it is more likely that
h behavior will continue. Rather,
olic office holders should be held to
h standards of expectation, so that
ir activities can be measured ac-
dingly. There is little more destruc-
than a public attitude that the
tergate scandal was "just politics."
ndermines public support for thor-
h law enforcement against political
mes—support that would deter any
uld-be violators in the future.

. We must insist on an open gov-
ment that provides accurate and
ely information to the public about
activities. Presently, secrecy en-
ops government (far beyond any
ds of national security) in order to
vent the people from knowing about

(continued on page 59)

Short words are best and the old words when short are best of all.
—Winston Churchill



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Photographs by Ben Swedowsky

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How America Lives

A collection of special features from our readers edited by Evan Frances

Family of the Month



Many people have given up on the urban crisis, but not the Richard Reagans of Brooklyn, New York. Their commitment to raising a family in the inner city may be our best hope for the future.

In February of 1969, when many of their contemporaries were fleeing the cities for the suburbs, the Richard Reagans, a white middle-class family, decided to stay put in the heart of New York City. Their commitment took the very concrete form of buying a brownstone house in a predominantly black neighborhood of Brooklyn.

Why? To combat segregation? To put their faith in integration to a pragmatic test? Not at all. They would consider such reasoning "phony do-gooding at best; discrimination in reverse at worst." Sheila Reagan, 32, explains the move this way: "Dick and I were married in September of 1961. Eight years and three kids later, we really had to find something larger than our crowded two-bedroom apartment."

"Neither Sheila nor I wanted to move to the suburbs," said Dick Reagan, 35, a writer and editor for the broadcasting and film division of the Catholic Church and free-lance movie reviewer for NBC—work that brings in between $15 and $20,000 a year. "We both grew up in Briarcliff, not far from New York, and we'd had enough. We loved the city and wanted to stay."

"Finding something we could afford was the problem," Sheila said, "until a friend put us onto the search for a brownstone in Brooklyn where, allegedly, there were bargains galore. There were, and we found one—in Prospect Heights. Within a week, we bid on the first of two houses we had seen—then well under $30,000."

The Reagan house is a four-story white limestone on a quiet block, with an 18 x 75 foot backyard, "just the right size to enjoy without having to chase after as Dick says." It has a total of 12 rooms, three baths, and a finished cellar. They rented out the two top floors for two years to help carry the cost of necessary renovation, but for the past almost-three years, they have had the run of the whole house.

With a "five-year-plan more in our heads than on paper," says Sheila, "we stripped down miles of woodwork to beautiful golden oak and tulip-wood, plastered and painted acres of walls and repaired or replaced tons of plumbing." (The only contracting they did was for $1,500 worth of beefed-up electrical work.)

The neighborhood, traditionally solid middle class, stable, and churchgoing, had changed from mostly-white to mostly-black in the mid-to-late 1950's, with many of the new owners West Indians. It is presently enjoying an energetic revival, with generally young, affluent families, both black and white, buying and restoring the houses to their original state.

Sheila recalls the days that followed the day they moved in: "We dove right in. People here get along as well as people in any middle-class neighborhood—they like or dislike on a strictly individual basis. Some are friends, but all are good neighbors who are as friendly as you want them to be. No matter who you are, people mind their own business and not yours. We know most of the families who live on our street, and find that most homeowners—long established or new—have great pride in their homes and neighborhood." Sheila, too, has reaped unexpected advantages by enlarging her already versatile recipe files with such exotica as coconut bread, black pepper cookies, arrozo con pollo, Jamaican peas and rice, soul food, lemon wine custard, and sandbakkles.

Dick Reagan says: "It's probably all pretty conventional, but it's a nice way to live, for us and the children, who, we think, are probably tougher and more aware of themselves and others than they would [illegible] they were living the way Sheila and I were brought up, in an all-white upper-middle-class enclave."

John, 10; Corey, 9; and Michael, 7, all go to public school because their parents *believe* in public education. The school is racially mixed and not without its serious problems, but overall it is well run, with good teachers and an active parent association. Corey and Michael are in an innovative open classroom program; John's in an I.G.C. (intellectually gifted children) class. What lies ahead when the children reach junior high age is uncertain, but as Sheila says, "With neighbors who share this problem, we'll find the answer. That's how it is here. Meantime, the kids have made their own friends and reached their own levels at school in a natural way."

Not everything is ideal. Sheila admits, "Parking is a pain, shopping for food is less than grand, and the summer nights are hot, noisy and gritty at times. But we're near beautiful Prospect Park with its lakes (Sara, our Labrador retriever swims there) and country-like acres. But most important, we feel safe here. No one's obsessed about looking over his shoulder. High intensity lights have cut down on what used to be an occasional mugging or store theft and we have a fine neighborhood police team, black and white, with whom we all have an excellent relationship."

There are still other advantages for the Reagans. Taxes in Brooklyn are lower than in the suburbs and they have lots more room than they could have bought in a suburban house. And their home has, Sheila notes, "brought out some unusual skills and interests and hobbies." For example, Sheila has become an expert refinisher, upholsterer, and space planner. And now she's deeply involved in a neighborhood learning center for pre-school child[ren]. She has also developed a pas[sion] for handcrafts, including nee[dle]point. She and Dick, with 15 o[ther] families, are about to open a c[om]munity crafts store, in which [she] will sell her work and Dick will [show] some of the results of his ho[bby] leaded stained glass.

Sheila sums up, "If we had more money, we might have d[one] things differently. As it turns [out] the slow-but-sure-and-poor me[thod] has worked nicely and we think [our] house has evolved comfortably [to] fulfill our family needs."

To which Dick adds: "When [we] think back now on some of [the] things we wanted to do, we're [glad] we couldn't afford them. To us [our] house represents an ideal alter[native] to apartment and suburban liv[ing]. We have all the cultural advant[ages] of city living but relatively fe[w] the high costs connected [with] either. We have the equity buil[t] in our own house, which has zoo[med] in market value as an investm[ent]. And we've had the immense s[atis]faction (most of it on hindsight) [of] working hard to restore an [old] house that has lots of character [and] charm, though I'm glad mos[t] that's behind me."

"Make that 'us,'" says Sh[eila] only half in jest. "But it's all b[een] more than worth it, to end up [with] something we really treasure. It [also] bears out the conviction we had [in] those years ago when we made [our] commitment to stay right in [the] city, in the midst of an exciting [but] casionally frightening, but m[ore] often exhilarating social, econo[mic] and cultural environment. The[re's] just nowhere for us that can be [bet]ter than right where we are."

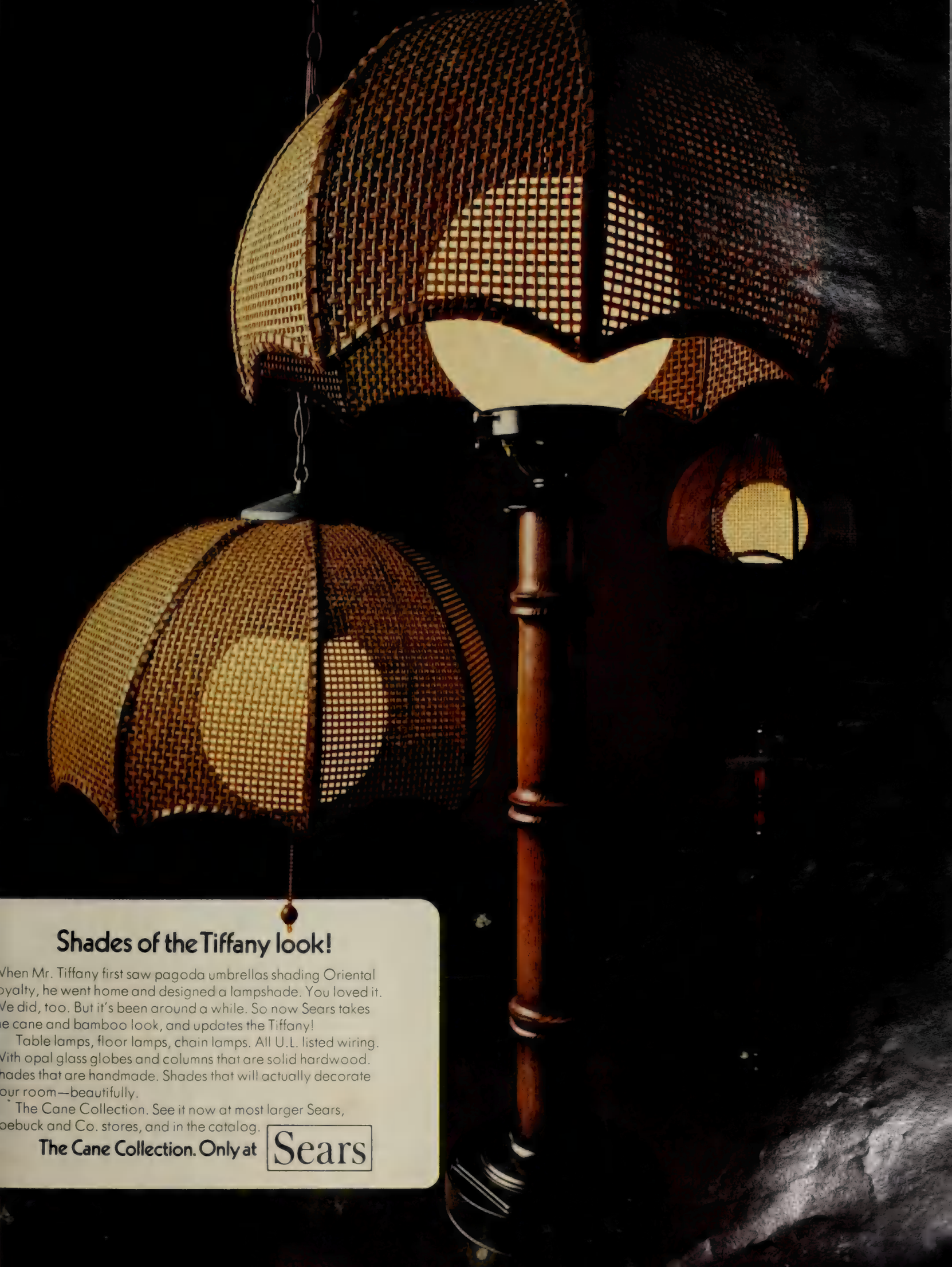
With conviction like that, the [fu]ture of cities seems more secure, [and] along with it the strength of fa[mily] life in America.

Baby of the Month

Jason came up fifth most popular in our survey of boys' names. Here is Jason Charles Gless of Orange, Calif., our "Baby of the Month" for September. Youngest of Janet and John Gless's four children, brown-eyed, Jason has been a motorcycle buff since brother John, 14, took him for a ride to celebrate his first birthday. Ever since, Jason dons an outsized helmet and gloves and sits astride his own motorless cycle. Sister Betsy, 11, chose the name Jason and her parents agreed because "obviously, we couldn't name *him* Sally or Heather as planned and Jason alliterates nicely with his brothers' John, and Jeff, 9. We'd known but one Jason before ours, but now it seems that every other baby we meet is a Jason."



Jason Gless of Orange, Calif.



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How America Lives

WHY CAN'T THEY?

With meat, fish, and even poultry skyrocketing in price, how are we supposed to give our children the protein they need? And second, why can't the government distribute a protein supplement or make it mandatory for producers of all breads and cereals to include protein in their products?" asked Mrs. Sonja Whitt, Woodland Hills, Calif.

For a reply, we turned to Dr. Elizabeth D. Munves, Ph.D., Professor of Medicine and Chief Nutritionist at Martland Medical Center, Newark, N.J.; "Everyone, not just children, needs protein for growth and repair of tissue. However, they do not have to eat meat to get protein, since there are two kinds of protein: plant and animal. Sources of plant protein are peas, beans, lentils, nuts, peanut butter, soybeans, pigeon peas, and garbanzos. Enriched breads and cereals provide small amounts of protein also. Inexpensive sources of animal protein are found in eggs, cheese, and milk products, such as yogurt. By combining both proteins—plant and animal (and they *need* to be combined), the average person can get the necessary amount of protein in his diet without eating meat and without the need for an artificial protein supplement.

"The nutritionists at Martland Medical Center have worked out some simple, healthful menus for people who want to cut or eliminate meat intake. Write to us for these, if you like.

Women of the Month



Dr. O. Haring's system at Northwestern's Medical School is a first. The U.S. Dept. of H.E.W. has funded a three-year grant.

Mrs. Arlene Shattil of Wilmette, Ill., writes "to nominate my personal physician, friend, and neighbor, Dr. Olga Haring of Evanston. Her achievements are legion but her newest—and it's a first of its kind—is her design for computer-based record summar system to improve patient care."

We interviewed Dr. Haring Northwestern University's Medic School, where she is associate pr fessor of medicine and director its Cardiac-Pulmonary-Renal Cli ics. There, we were shown ju how this automated system enhanc personal attention. A pilot study 50 patients on the summary-she system and 50 with normal medic files disclosed that the patients wi the summary sheets received bett medical care and enjoyed signi cantly improved health.

So impressed was the U.S. D partment of Health, Education an Welfare with the study that it h funded a more complete, three-ye evaluation by a $431,505 gran Queried on costs, Dr. Haring ave it currently costs about $5 to enter patient's history into the compute and each update costs only a fe cents.

Born in Rumania and educated Hungary, Austria, Paris, and t U.S., the glamorous scientist is al a homemaker with high desig sense, mother of a recently wed c reer-girl daughter, amateur sculpto fine gardener, superb cook—and fl ent in seven languages.

Mrs. MeraLee Goldman, w lost a child to cancer t years ago, and her frien Mrs. Brenda Stone, both of Bever Hills, Calif., put their talents work raising funds for cancer ca for afflicted children. The two wor en, both wives of lawyers and mot ers of two, designed and coordinat plans for "The Rainbow," a Bever Hills boutique that sells everythi from toys to furniture for childr of all ages. More than 250 women the area contributed $100 each fund Rainbow and today some 7 women volunteers run the shop. 18 months the shop's net profit w $150,000. All profits are deposit in The Amie Karen Cancer Fund, memorial to MeraLee Goldman daughter, and are earmarked for t treatment center within the Pe atric Department of the new Cedar Sinai Medical Center in Los Ang les, scheduled for opening by yea end. Rainbow's goal is to dona $100,000 a year to the hospital ce ter.

"For us," MeraLee added, "e erytime an item is bought to ma some child happy, the money go to make another child health That's why we chose the nam Rainbow—it symbolizes promise a ter a storm."



Robert Stone

MeraLee Goldman and Brenda Stone of L.A. (right and left).

Party of the Month

As the price of gold soars in world markets and as old gold mines are reopened to hopeful prospectors, what could be more appropriate than the gold-prospecting party Mrs. Davey Lee Yoffee of Miami, Fla. gave her son Wade, and 11 boys and girls? She says: "The idea for the party evolved from a spray can of gold paint I used to spark up some picture frames. I worked in our driveway so I wouldn't stain anything in the house in case I missed. Obviously I was sloppy, because when the kids came home from school they went wild picking up 'gold nuggets' in the driveway. Planning ahead for Wade's seventh birthday celebration, I began saving the aluminum pans from frozen pies—they looked so like those used for panning gold in the old westerns on TV. I bought each guest a sturdy sand shovel and sewed up a dozen drawstring bags. On one side of the bags I inked a dollar sign and on the other the child's initials. The day of the party we took the children to a section of nearby beach, which I had planted with gold-painted pebbles. I explained how to dig and pan for gold. Then we lined up the children, who were carrying their shovels, pans, and gold-loot bags, and shouted: one, two, three, go! The kids ran all over the beach, shrieking with joy when they panned a large nugget. Later we played in the sand and swam in the surf until lunchtime. Everything on the menu was gold color: fried chicken, cheese puffs, carrot sticks, orangeade, even a birthday cake with gold candles.

Spare-time Moneymaker



Ever wonder about your family tree? Anita Cheek Milner of La Mesa, California, helps students research theirs.

When Mrs. Anita Cheek Milner of La Mesa, Calif. couldn't find a part-time teaching job, she created one so she could teach her favorite subject—genealogy. She explained, "Rumor had it that adult education schools in San Diego County are always open to new ideas, but I worried—*genealogy?*

Two things gave me the courage to try: my husband's good-natured heckling about the subject and my own passion for it. The bravest thing I ever did was to make appointments to talk with principals at three adult schools—the second bravest was to show up for the interviews. After two turned me down, I went into near-shock when Ron Schlei, principal of San Diego Adult High, agreed to offer my course on an experimental basis, provided I help recruit students. I was thrilled and more than a little terrified. Several weeks before school opened I mailed a batch of printed flyers to every library in the area along with a note, 'Please display in a conspicuous spot.' My plan worked so well that I still use this technique, enrolling half my students this way."

Mrs. Milner remembers the first time when she had to face 22 would-be genealogists. There was no standard text for her to follow or recommend so she was on her own—and pretty serious about it. But the first eight weeks' course went well, and after several other schools accepted it she felt more secure. To date she has completed over a dozen such courses, and has even turned down some offers because of time conflicts. "Besides," she offers, "I never teach more than 12½ hours a week because my husband, Bud, a Chevron station owner, and our two girls (Anita Lee, 17; and April, 5) need me at home." Anita Milner prefers teaching adults—"All my students are in class because they *want* to be, not because they *have* to be. They're from different ethnic and economic backgrounds—and aged from 18 to 75! They all share one thing—love of genealogy. And as any true genealogist knows, it's not just a hobby, it's almost a drug and no hooked genealogist kicks the habit."

Anita earns over $8.50 an hour teaching . . . "I still feel guilty taking money for something I enjoy so much." Her first year's earnings were a little over a thousand dollars.

Our "How America Lives" pages are based entirely on letters from our readers. We welcome any and all suggestions you have. Address letters to the appropriate section: Family of the Month, Party of the Month, Spare-time Moneymaker, Women of the Month, Why Can't They?, and Baby of the Month. For the last, send us pictures of your baby, up to two years old, but please keep a duplicate since we cannot return pictures. We'll send an enlargement of all pictures we choose. Send letters to *Ladies' Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.



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UPSTAIRS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

How did Jackie Kennedy, Lady Bird Johnson, and Pat Nixon keep house? An intimate look by the man who ran the White House for all three. From a fascinating new book by former Chief Usher J.B. West with Mary Lynn Kotz.

"People used to ask me, 'Who is the most powerful man in Washington, after the President?' I would answer, 'Mr. West, because no President could function without him.'"
—Jacqueline Kennedy, speaking of Chief Usher J.B. West, who for 28 years served six Presidents and their families.

Mrs. Eisenhower called me one day several weeks after the 1960 election. "I've invited Mrs. Kennedy for a tour of the House," she said. "Please have the rooms in order."

"Mrs. Kennedy's Secret Service agent phoned from the hospital this morning," I told the outgoing First Lady. "She asked that we have a wheelchair for her when she arrives." At that moment, Mrs. Kennedy was still recovering from her Caesarean surgery of November 25, when John F. Kennedy, Jr., was born.

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Eisenhower frowned. "I wanted to take her around alone. I'll tell you what," she said. "Get a wheelchair, but put it behind a door somewhere. It will be available *if she asks for it.*"

Just before noon on December 9, Mrs. Kennedy arrived. I was struck by how young she appeared. She was as tall as I, thin and pale.

"I'm Mr. West, the Chief Usher," I said.

"I'm Jacqueline Kennedy," she whispered.

"Mrs. Eisenhower is waiting upstairs," I said.

As the elevator door opened to the second floor, Jacqueline Kennedy took a deep, audible breath. Mrs. Eisenhower stood in the hall.

"Mrs. Kennedy," I announced.

"Hello, Mrs. Kennedy." Mrs. Eisenhower extended her hand. "I do hope you are feeling much better now. And how is the baby?"

I left them, and waited in my office for a call for the wheelchair, a call that never came.

Two months later, after Mr. Kennedy had become President, Mrs. Kennedy turned to me one day. "Mr. West, did you know that my doctor ordered a wheelchair the day I first went around the White House?" she asked.

"Yes, I did," I answered.

She looked bewildered. "Then why didn't you have it for me? I was so exhausted after marching around this house that I had to go back to bed for two whole weeks!"

"Well," I answered carefully, *(continued)*



Mrs. Kennedy's bedroom: white walls, blue curtains and chair covers. Over chest, a drawing of Caroline.



Mrs. Johnson redid Mrs. Kennedy's bedroom with green velvet, yellow silk, rose and green curtains.







Far left: Pearl Buck and Robert Frost at Kennedy gala.

Center: Caroline, 3, helps Mrs. Kennedy with baby John.

Left: LBJ and his Lady Bird.

Right: Mrs. Johnson and J.B. West brief Pat Nixon.



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"it was certainly there, waiting for you. Right behind the closet door. We were waiting for you to request it."

To my surprise, she giggled. "I was too scared of Mrs. Eisenhower to ask," she whispered.

From that moment until November 23, 1963, I never saw Jacqueline Kennedy uncertain again.

The new First Lady turned the White House inside out, and she imprinted her own rarefied life-style upon the mansion. Her own strong personality was as complicated as it was fascinating. In public, she was elegant, aloof, dignified, and regal. In private, she was casual, impish, and irreverent. She had a will of iron, yet she was so soft-spoken, so subtle, that she could impose that will upon people without their ever knowing it. The trick was to read her correctly, to accomplish everything she wanted, and not to oppose her on anything.

A week before the Inauguration Jacqueline Kennedy had told me: "Please put me in the Queen's Room, and my husband will stay in the Lincoln Bedroom. . . ."

For Queens only

The morning of January 20, Mrs. Eisenhower read in the newspaper that Jacqueline Kennedy would sleep in the Queen's Room. At our breakfast meeting, Mrs. Eisenhower confronted me: "Who suggested that sleeping arrangement? . . . *You*, I suppose!"

Mrs. Eisenhower kept the Queen's Room as a special guest room; you had to be a *Queen* to sleep there.

When Mrs. Kennedy returned from the Inaugural Parade, I accompanied her up the stairs. She smiled as she stepped into the Queen's Room. "We've got a lot of work ahead, Mr. West. I want to make this into a grand house!"

To begin that work, Mrs. Henry Parish II arrived the very next day, with swatches of material, paint chips, closet designs. During the previous month, the New York interior designer and Mrs. Kennedy had pored over the color photographs I had sent via the Secret Service to Palm Beach. By the time she moved in, Mrs. Kennedy knew every inch of room space, every piece of furniture she would bring with her, every detail of where her family would live in the White House—and every penny of money in the federal budget that would be available to take care of the transformation.

At every step, Mrs. Kennedy roamed the mansion, discovering "treasures" and removing "horrors." Within the next two weeks, the "Mamie pink" disappeared from upstairs. A new, sophisticated blue dominated the President's living quarters. The hotel-suite decor of Truman-renovation guest rooms made way for Caroline Kennedy's pink rosebuds, white canopied bed, and rocking horses. A wine-floral guest room became John-John's nursery. Between their bedrooms, we changed a dressing room-closet into a room for the children's nurse, Maud Shaw.

After a disastrous first-night dinner, at which the Kennedys learned that the State Floor could not lend itself to the intimacy of their private entertaining, Mrs. Kennedy determined to install a dining room on the second floor. "We'll need a kitchen up here," she mused. "Do you think that could possibly be done?"

René Verdon, the new French chef, Mrs. Parish, and I designed a stainless steel-and-white kitchen with commercial-size ovens and refrigerators. Within two days it replaced the dusty-rose bedroom where President Eisenhower's mother-in-law had slept.

The President's bedroom lost the murky green of the Eisenhower years and acquired the canopied four-poster bed from the guest room. Mrs. Kennedy ordered a special, extra-firm mattress to ease the President's back. She also ordered an identical horsehair mattress for the President to take on trips, and another for one side of the queen-sized bed in her own bedroom.

Her room was French in style, decorated in light blue chintz, with leopard skin throws and contemporary art—a boudoir fit to entertain a President.

By the end of two weeks, we had used our entire $50,000 appropriation just to redecorate the family living quarters. "I know we're out of money, Mr. West," Mrs. Kennedy said, "but we're going to find some way to get real antiques into this house."

Mrs. Kennedy quickly learned to put everything in writing, and kept on her desk a yellow legal-size pad with my name on it. Any time she thought of something—from picture frames for Caroline's drawings to sleeping arrangements for kings and queens—she would jot it down. Her attention to detail was incredible.

Mrs. Kennedy never kept regular hours. She usually did what she pleased, whenever she wanted. She breakfast in bed whenever she up: sometimes at eight; sometimes after a long evening of partying noon. The President was usually u eight, however, and Miss Shaw bro the children in to visit him while ate breakfast. Caroline walked over to his West Wing office e morning, then walked back to kitchen where she picked up her pa bag school lunch.

After greeting her dren, Mrs. Kennedy dre in pants and a sweate shirt (I can't remember ever wearing a dress u she had company) and a brisk hour's walk ar the 16 acres of White H grounds. Then she'd re to the West Hall, where worked at her desk. Tha nate, French Empire was her most prized po sion. It had belonged to late father, stockbroker Vernou Bouvier, whom had adored and spok quite frequently.

If she had no app ments, she joined the dren for lunch, then ordered a grilled c sandwich served to h bed before her nap.

After lunch, the Ken children were bedded d the maids and house scuttled away, and si reigned upstairs at White House. That when the President c home from the office.

Nobody upstairs

When President Ken left the office at 1:30 e afternoon, he stopped b pool, shed his clothes, s nude for half an h wrapped himself in a to robe, and padded thr the ground-floor corrid an elevator which took upstairs. Here he shed robe, climbed into bed, ate lunch (usually a h burger or ■ diet drink) closed the door firmly.

Mrs. Kennedy dro everything to join her band during those hours telephone calls were lowed, no interrup from the staff. Nobody upstairs for any reason.

At about three, the P dent showered and wa back to his office.

On his way back from office, the President through the same ritual again—s ming nude, walking over in his b robe, then changing clothes for din President Kennedy wore three s rate suits of clothes every day.

While he swam, Mrs. Ken dressed for dinner, then joined husband for cocktails upstairs. Ra than the White House tradition of ner on-the-dot at 7:30, the Kenne dinner hour was different from da day. The butlers might serve tw twenty; the menu might feature ch sandwiches, or pheasant under gla

Mrs. Kennedy was thoroughly pared for one aspect of White H



–running a large mansion. She had
wn up in a privileged, sophisticated
ironment. All her life she had been
rounded by servants. She knew what
xpect from them, how to evaluate
n, and how to get a polished per-
nance from them. But the Pres-
it kept stressing economy. One day
s, Kennedy asked, "How much
ur total operating budget?"
$500,000 a year," I replied. "But
does not include your personal
enditures."
Well, just remember this. I want
to run this place just like you'd
it for the *chinchiest* President who
got elected!" she stated. Then her
e dropped to its near-whisper. "We
't have nearly as much money as
read in the papers!"
ne of Mrs. Kennedy's early staff
sions was to hire a French chef,
é Verdon. When he arrrived, René
ught an assistant, Julius Spessot.
they prattled away in French,
h to the annoyance of the three
noted cooks.

Too many cooks

s soon as the second-floor kitchen
completed, Pearl, the Kennedys'
rgetown cook, was assigned to pre-
the family meals. Mrs. Kennedy,
ever, soon realized that too many
s might spoil the *pot-au-feu*.
ne morning, Mrs. Kennedy said to
"I'm going to have to fire Pearl,
use we just don't need her with
é here. Wish me luck."
everal days later, the President's
knocked on my office door. "Help,"
whispered, dropping into a chair.
. West, would you please fire Pearl
ne? I've tried to do it three or four
s, but she just talks me down."
Yes, ma'am. I'll speak to her."
called Pearl up to my private office.
You know, Pearl, with the new
ch chef here, your talents are just
g to waste," I began.
But the President *likes* my cook-
" Pearl protested.
Let's work it out this way," I told
gently. "I'm going to turn all the
ing over to René. But you will *live*
, as a guest of the White House,
two weeks while you look for an-
r job."
earl was on top of the world for
weeks. The maids made her bed.
chef prepared her meals. She rode
nd in White House cars.
rs. Kennedy ran into me during
rl's first "week in residence." "I
saw Pearl!" the First Lady ex-
ned. "Did you give up, too?"
Not at all." I said, and explained
delicate maneuver.
That's splendid," she said. She
ned impishly. "Now can you ease
Julius, too? What we need is a
ry chef, not an assistant for René."
o I eased Julius out.
he morning I assigned Julius to his
t room, I met the President at the
ator. "Mr. President, I have re-
ed Julius Spessot," I said. "Could
give him an autographed picture?"
Sure, I'd be glad to," the President
vered. Then he frowned. "But
n't you afraid he might want to
e something?"
No, he hasn't seen enough to write."
plied.
everal days later, Mrs. Kennedy
d me to the second floor. "Mr.
t, do you think it's all right for the
loyees to sign a pledge that they won't write anything about their experiences in the White House?"

I was taken back a bit. "I'll certainly check on it." I telephoned her attorney. The pledge was purely psychological, he explained. "Legally, it really has no force." He had also warned Mrs. Kennedy that "if publicly disclosed," the agreement may be construed as a further advance in the area of executive privilege (of non-disclosures).

As the lawyer warned, the pledge did come under attack. Pierre Salinger, the President's press secretary, let it slip out at a press conference, and newspapers across the country protested that the White House was muzzling its employees.

The President called me from the West Wing. "Mr. West, may I come to see you in your office?"

"Certainly, Mr. President," I answered, startled.

President Kennedy strode in. "I want you to help me, Mr. West," he began. "This 'pledge' business is causing a lot of trouble. Would you take the blame for it?"

"I did ask the staff to sign it, Mr. President," I answered.

"Good. We'll put out a statement saying it was your idea. It will look less of a personal thing coming from you."

Jacqueline Kennedy devoted considerable time to her *continued*

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–George Montgomery, Actor and Furniture Maker



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children, yet you could hardly call her the typical American mother. Even when she pleaded for a "simple, normal life" for the children, it would mean the simple, normal life of a very wealthy family. There were always nannies, and chauffeurs, and a butler who served hamburgers on a silver tray.

Caroline and John were never a problem for the staff, as nurses were in attendance at all times. When they did appear, the staff was delighted, for they were well-behaved if irrepressible youngsters. "I don't want them to think they are 'official' children," Mrs. Kennedy told me. "Please ask the doorman not to hover around for them."

Mrs. Kennedy designed a play-yard, hidden underneath the trees near the President's West Wing office. We soon had a tree house, a rabbit hutch, a barrel tunnel, a leather swing, and a slide.

"Do you think you could manage a big hole in the ground on the South lawn?" Mrs. Kennedy asked me.

"I'm certain we could," I said.

"Good! Let's put in a trampoline right there." She pointed to a spot alongside the tennis court. "They're too little for a high one, so could you place it at ground level? And hide it somehow, *please*." Out came the gardeners with shovels, and out came the Park Service with holly trees, because Mrs. Kennedy wanted a natural "screen" around the trampoline.

"Oh, this will be perfect!" she whispered as the trees went into the ground. "Now, when I jump on the trampoline all they'll see is my head sailing up above the treetops!"

Mrs. Kennedy designed a play-school room for Caroline in the third-floor solarium, and we built it, complete with sandbox, rabbit cages, guinea pigs, goldfish, and plants. It soon became a full-fledged nursery school—a co-op, with ten pupils whose parents shared the teacher's salary with the Kennedys.

"Somebody's been up here making the biggest mess!" the teacher complained one morning. "Something is going on in this school at night!"

Determined to solve the mystery, she summoned Wilma, the maid.

"It's just Mrs. Kennedy and Caroline," she reassured me. "They come up here at night and play in the sand."

Few words for wives

Mrs. Kennedy didn't seek out the companionship of other women. She had no female confidantes except, perhaps, her sister Lee Radziwill, with whom she spoke frequently by trans-Atlantic telephone. The Kennedy "clan" never stopped by for lunch, nor did the women who came with their husbands to the private evenings-with-friends. Mrs. Kennedy seemed to enjoy the company of men far more than she enjoyed women, and often invited men usually older men who were involved in the arts, to tea in the Mansion. When she was hostess at large functions, she held long, animated conversations with male guests and had few words for their wives.

Mrs. Auchincloss, the First Lady's mother, was always available to help her daughter—standing in for her at functions when the First Lady couldn't attend, or taking the children for a weekend. Nevertheless, Mrs. Kennedy seemed to me to be rather formal with her mother.

The First Lady's relationship with Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy was not particular close, either. The President's mother came to the White House more often when her daughter-in-law was away than when she was in residence.

The Kennedys' most frequent guest was Lemoyne Billings, the President's old roommate at Choate School. When the Kennedys first moved into the White House, Lem, a bachelor, came down every weekend. One Friday, I mentioned to Mrs. Kennedy that Lem Billings had arrived.

"Oh, Mr. West," she whispered in mock despair. "He's been a house guest of mine every weekend since I've been married."

In public and even in front of the staff, John F. Kennedy and his wife were rather formal and "correct" with each other. Yet the discreet White House staff was attuned to the intimacy that existed between the young couple. The Kennedys' early afternoons, while the children were napping, were spent in absolute privacy. Quite often music was heard floating out into the hall. And many a morning, when George Thomas, whose job it was to wake Mr. Kennedy, would find him absent from his bedroom, the valet would tiptoe into the room next door and gently shake the President—so as not to awaken the President's wife.

Is there a reason why you should douche?

If you wonder about douching (or even if you re a doucher already)...here are some of the facts bout why women douche.

To help wash away normal vaginal secretions. These secretions begin at puberty, and are odorless, olorless and non-irritating. But congestion, tension, and minor irritations can ncrease these secretions so that they uild up and cause discomfort or odor.

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All Reasons Women

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s commander-in-chief of the White use restoration, Jacqueline Ken- ly was an efficient, ingenious execu- . She was a delicate diplomat—be- se she was single-minded in her ire to bring true antiques and his- ic works of art to the White House. She named a Fine Arts Committee, l appointed as its chairman the dis- guished American furnishings au- rity, Henry Francis duPont. The nmittee's purpose was to locate au- ntic furnishings reflecting the his- / of the Presidency of the United tes. Each person was expected to around the country, search out an- ues, and persuade people to donate m to the White House. Mr. duPont to be the authority on historic fur- nings. M. Stephane Boudin, of the sen decorating firm in Paris, was to he decorator.

s the restoration progressed, Mrs. nnedy realized that the problem of ney would not be solved entirely by s. One day she hit upon an idea. ney don't even have a brochure for the tourists who go through here," reported back to me. "But if we ld *sell* one, we could finance the oration!"

he knew exactly what kind of book wanted—"educational" rather than tical, and of a high print quality. is should be a guidebook which can from administration to administra- with a minimum of change." She editor in every sense of the word. l a shrewd businesswoman, it turned The book entirely financed the oration.

uring the Eisenhower administra- , I had prepared a detailed sched- for every State function, showing was to stand where and when. sident Kennedy felt such detail was necessary.

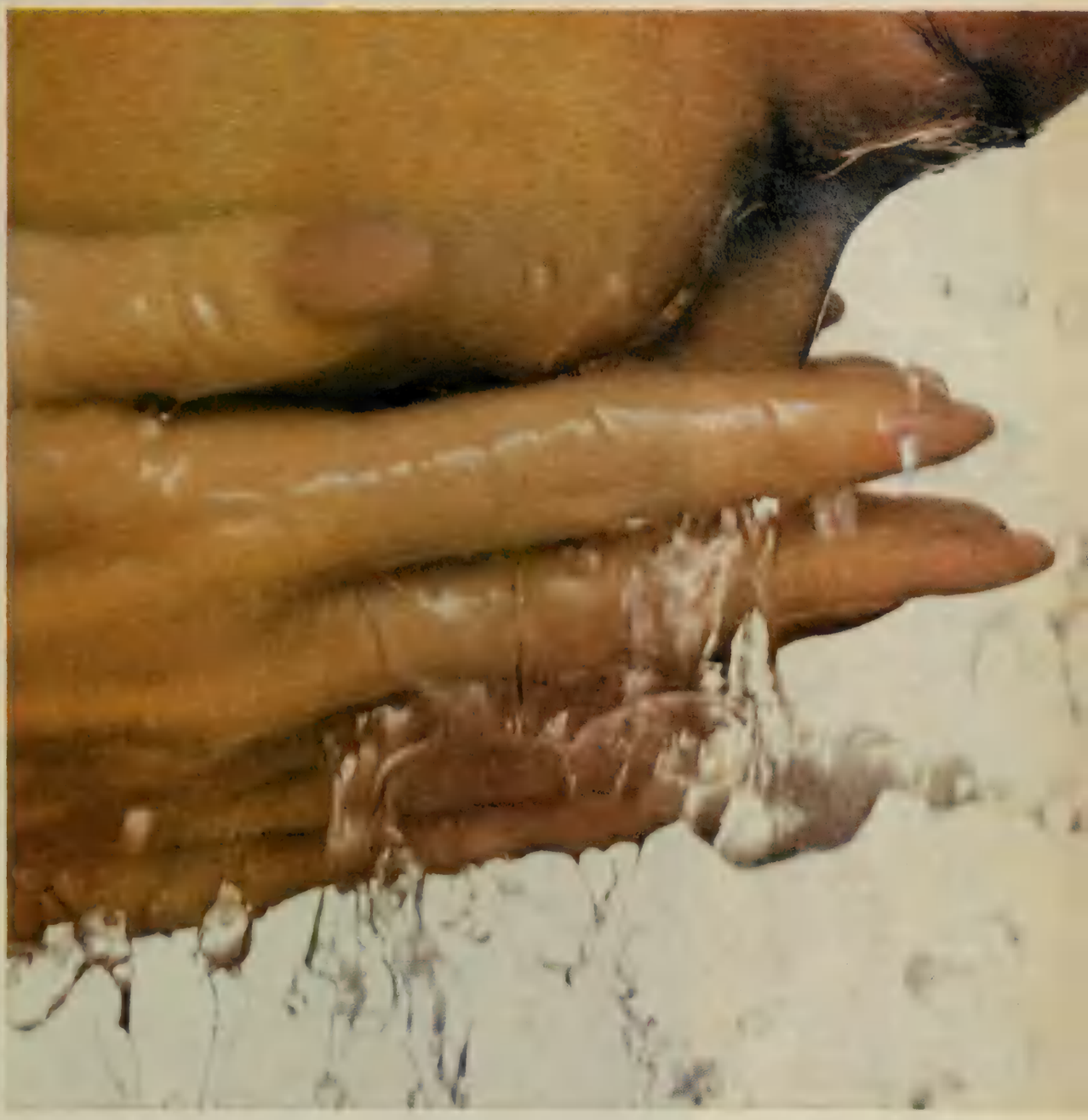
t his first State Luncheon, Presi- Kennedy entertained the Prime ister of Denmark. The President received his guests of honor up- rs in the Oval Room. They were to together from the elevator direct- o the Blue Room, where the other sts were assembled.

Into the pantry!

he President and his guests of or came down on the elevator. In- d of stepping into the Blue Room, ever, John F. Kennedy marched guests directly into the pantry! h his usual aplomb, the President hed and backed out again. "Oh, this nother room I wanted to show you." r that, we had to station an aide he elevator to lead the President whatever room he was to appear. rs. Kennedy made her own rules protocol—mostly thoughtful ones. r a dinner for the Prime Minister ustralia, she sent me a memo:

> Mr. West—
> Will you tell whomever it is—After this, at *every* occasion where they play Hail to the Chief & just announce Pres—to please also say the V.P. of U.S. and Mrs. Johnson. It is so embarrassing to have them not announced. & just disappear like maids.

he tone of Kennedy entertaining lighter, gayer: black tie rather white tie; for the *(continued)*



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all seasons woman



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first time, cocktails before dinner; and smoking was allowed. (And despite denials to the press, our staff had worked out complicated instructions for detecting and removing overindulgent guests.)

After each function, the young First Lady would issue a critical appraisal of each dinner. Following a dinner party in January, 1963, she complimented housekeeper Anne Lincoln—"the food was fantastic" and "service was in record time." Having said that, however, she noted: there was a 10- to 15-minute wait for the first course, and a consequent lull in the spirit of the party; the wine wasn't served until people had finished their fish; the cheese—a brie—"was like hard rubber" and should have been left out of the refrigerator all day to get soft. Finally, the name of the dessert had been misspelled on the menu. "It is Surprise, not Suprise," she wrote. "If this is your spelling, take note. If it was Sandy Fox [the calligrapher], tell him nicely."

After two and a half years, the entertaining had been spectacular, the White House restoration project was almost completed, and the President's wife was expecting a baby in the fall of 1963. "I just want to sit back and enjoy myself for the next few years," Mrs. Kennedy told me.

In May, before she left for Hyannisport, she wrote me a long, detailed note—planning weekends, matching colors in adjoining rooms, and decorating the President's office. She concluded with plans for the baby she was expecting:

> *. . . All I want for the nursery (present children's dining room) is a pair of curtains like Johns room (which Lucinda is doing) & white glass curtains you can see through—like Johns - & a white rug not wall to wall - I don't think the one in the childrens & my room is too practical - I'd just have Ann buy a rather shaggy inexpensive one at Sloane's which we can throw in washing machine - & a rubber pad beneath it.*
>
> Thank you—JBK

The day after Mrs. Kennedy left for Cape Cod, we went to work on the nursery. By June 15, we had turned out a blue-and-white baby's room, with John's white crib, crisp white curtains, and a soft white (washable) rug.

We received word from the Secret Service of Patrick Bouvier Kennedy's premature birth on August 7 at Otis Air Force Base in Massachusetts—and of his death of hyaline membrane disease on August 9.

Immediately, I called the carpenter's shop. "Get the rug up, the crib back in storage, the curtains off the windows," I ordered. "Bring back the refrigerator and the table and chairs. It should look just like it did before." Quietly, within two days, we set the children's dining room in order.

When Mrs. Kennedy returned on September 23, nothing was said about the nursery. Tired, worn, and sad, she came back to the White House to meet Haile Selassie, the Emperor of Ethiopia, at Union Station. As guests arrived for the stag dinner in his honor, she left on a plane for Greece. She spent six weeks recovering there, and sailed with her sister on Aristotle Onassis' magnificent yacht.

When Mrs. Kennedy came back from Greece, suntanned but exhausted, she took her family to the country for the weekend.

On Monday morning, she called me into her bedroom. Her dark hair was tousled, her light robe very feminine against the soft blue of her bed.

"Oh, Mr. West," she whispered. "I've gotten myself into something. Can you help me get out of it? I've invited someone to stay here. But now *we've* changed our minds." She cast a glance in the direction of the President's bedroom. "Could you help us cook up something so we can get out of it?"

Without waiting for a reply, she rushed on, her request becoming a command in mid-breath. "Would y fix up the Queen's Room and the Li coln Room so that it looks as if we still decorating, and I'll show her th our guest rooms are not available." H eyes twinkled, imagining the elabora deception.

I called the carpenter's shop. "Bri drop cloths up to the Queen's Roo and the Lincoln Room. Roll up the ru and cover the draperies and chand liers and all the furniture," I instru



Oh, yes, and bring a stepladder."
alled the paint shop. "I need six
t buckets each for the Queen's
n and the Lincoln Room. Two of
buckets in each room should be
y—off-white, and I need four or
dirty brushes."
net the crews on the second floor.
w make these two rooms look as if
're being redecorated," I directed.
'ou mean you don't want us to
t?" said the painters.

"No," I said. "Just make it look as if you are."

The crew had a good time, even though they didn't know what it was all about. As I brought in the finishing touches, ashtrays filled with cigarette butts, one of the carpenters shook his head. "Mr. West, all I can say is that this place has finally got to you," he said.

That evening, the President and Mrs. Kennedy entertained a Princess. Before dinner, President Kennedy strolled down to the East Hall with his wife's guest. He pointed out the bedraped Queen's Room. "And you see, this is where you would have spent the night if Jackie hadn't been redecorating," he told the unsuspecting lady.

The next morning, Mrs. Kennedy phoned me. "Mr. West, you out-did yourself," she exclaimed. "The President almost broke up when he saw those ashtrays."

Four days later, Mrs. Kennedy out-did *her*self. Her caper began when Barbara Keehn called me from the East Wing office, to ask if we could have a surprise birthday party for Mrs. Kennedy's Social Secretary, Nancy Tuckerman. "Sure," I said, and I set up the arrangements with the Head Butler and René. At three, the telephone rang. "Would you please come up to my dressing room?" the First Lady asked.

She was seated in a straightback chair in front of her dressing table with hairdresser Jean-Paul behind her, applying huge blue rollers to her dripping hair. Her hands were extended to a manicurist. As if on cue, Wilma, the second-floor maid, came in. "Wilma, please bring me one of Miss Shaw's uniforms," Mrs. Kennedy said.

When Wilma appeared with the large, starched white dress that belonged to Caroline's nurse, the First Lady said, "Now, Wilma, get me one of my wigs." Wilma brought out a dark, bouffant head of hair.

Mrs. Kennedy said, "Mr. West, you're going to wear these to the party and be Miss Ward, our housemother from Miss Porter's School. And I want you to put a sign around your neck saying, 'Miss Ward,' so people will know who you are."

"I'm not going to do it," I said.

"Oh, yes, you are, Mr. West," she sang. "And I want you to get Betsey Boyd to teach everybody the school song."

About half an hour before the party, I put on Miss Shaw's uniform and Mrs. Kennedy's wig, locking all the doors so nobody could see me. Everybody rehearsed the song in the movie theater. Mrs. Kennedy, now coiffed and manicured, came down at the last minute and directed the skit. At 4:15, everybody stood in a circle, holding hands, Mrs. Kennedy in the ring. I stood in the center, as Miss Ward, when the unsuspecting Nancy walked in.

"Farmington, we sing to thee and to thy dear name . . ." they sang, and then broke into "Happy Birthday." Nancy couldn't believe her eyes.

After we ate the birthday cake, I turned to the group. "And now for the entertainment," I announced.

A First Lady mimic

Nancy Hough, from the Curator's office, had perfected an imitation of Mrs. Kennedy's voice. She had been known to send people scurrying all over the White House with her whispered instructions on the phone. So she proceeded to mimic the First Lady with Mrs. Kennedy right in the audience.

Mrs. Kennedy howled. "Oh, I want you to come up and do it for the President some time," she told Nancy.

All we had to prepare for was the Judiciary Reception on November 20. I was not working the party because my wife, Zella, and I had been invited as guests. It was Zella's first time to meet the President.

"I can't get over how young he looks," Zella remarked. He did seem youthful and in good spirits, as did Mrs. Kennedy, who was making her first public appearance since her baby died. They left for Dallas the next morning before I came to work.

I don't know why she decided to go to Dallas. Politicking was certainly not something she enjoyed. But then I remembered how closely *(continued)*



she and the President stuck together since her return from Greece.

"To think that I very nearly didn't go!" she told me later. "Oh, Mr. West, what if I'd been here—out riding at Wexford or somewhere. . . . Thank God I went with him!"

I was at home on November 22, when the bulletin was broadcast. The President had been shot. Within minutes, I was back in the office. By the time I arrived he had died.

I summoned everybody, had the butlers prepare for serving coffee, had the maids prepare all the guest rooms—little, meaningless gestures, but a signal that our work must go on until the assassination was confirmed.

I tried to remember what had been needed for President Roosevelt's funeral, but I was numb. Then the President's friend Bill Walton called. "Mrs. Kennedy has asked me to take charge of the arrangements," he said. Mrs. Kennedy, even in her shock, knew what to do. "She'd like the House to be just like it was when Lincoln lay in state."

We ran down to the Curator's office for a reference book, and worked from there. The President's brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, came in and helped make a list of what we needed. First of all, we had no black cloth.

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I called Mr. Arata, who was doi some upholstery work for us at t time, to ask what kind of material should use. He suggested webbing—t dark, thin material used undernea chairs to keep the springs from sho ing. So we phoned upholsterers un we found one who had enough materi The owner gave us every bit of we bing in the shop.

Mr. Arata and his wife draped t webbing over the East Room chand liers and windows. They worked night. Bill found the Lincoln ca falque at the Capitol and set it up the East Room.

The priest was waiting in the E Room when they arrived with the bo at about 4:30 in the morning. Nan Tuckerman and I stood in the Bl Room, watching the military gua bring in the flag-draped coffin. M Kennedy and Attorney General Rob F. Kennedy walked behind it.

Robert Kennedy took the First La upstairs. He slept in the Lincoln Ro that night, and Mr. and Mrs. Auch close slept in the room adjoining M Kennedy's.

After the 10 o'clock Mass the n morning, Mrs. Kennedy came out the elevator to go upstairs. I was sta ing in the doorway of my office. S put her arms around me and sa "*Poor* Mr. West." I couldn't speak just held her for a moment.

"I want you to take me over to l at the President's office," she said.

"I'll come up for you whene you're ready," I said.

"Oh no, I'll stop by your office," s whispered.

About twenty minutes later, s came down alone, and we walked o to the West Wing. President Kenned office was being dismantled. Mov were carting away books, packing model ships, carrying out the rocki chair.

"I think we're probably in the wa Mrs. Kennedy murmured. We went to the Cabinet Room and sat down the long mahogany table.

"My children," she said. 'They good children, aren't they, Mr. Wes

"They certainly are," I said.

"They're not spoiled?"

"No, indeed."

She stared into my face. "Mr. We will you be my friend for life?"

I could not make a sound. I o nodded.

The proper veil

Sunday morning, the day the Pr dent's body was transferred to Capitol, Mrs. Kennedy called do "Mr. West, could you find me a mou ing veil?"

"I thought one had been found you," I replied. I knew that "veil" h been checked off my list.

"What was brought was a black l mantilla, which is all right for tod But for the funeral tomorrow, I wan regular mourning veil."

I called every funeral parlor in to "Very few people call for them a more," said one director in his apo getic, funereal voice.

Finally, we had the maid Lucin Morman make a black veil. It was, course, correct.

On Monday, November 25, after t ceremony at Arlington, Mrs. Kenne returned to the White House. Th she went upstairs to the Yellow O Room to *(continued on page t*

ADER

ntinued from page 41

d evaluating their public servants. formation is the currency of democ-cy. Its denial must always be sus-ct and the burden of proof to explain y such denial must always rest on vernment. Without information, the ess cannot begin to do its job, voters l not know what they are voting for, d manipulative techniques and emo-nal slogans will continue to be on e White House's political menu.

3. The reform and strengthening of ngress should be a top priority for nericans of all political persuasions. a continually elected body, a peo-e-oriented Congress, willing to use its imable constitutional powers to pervise the Executive branch, can do re to clean up government than any ier institution. High on its reform enda should be changing the existing retive way of financing political npaigns by special interests, as well improving the Congress's own pro-dures and facilities so that it can et its responsibilities promptly in public interest. It is the Congress's toric duty to stop the steady usurpa-n of its powers by the Presidency, to right the system of checks and ances, and to open itself to the par-ipation of citizens in its delibera-ns. While it may take some time to prove the accountability of the 00,000-strong federal bureaucracy, need not take long at all for voters improve the ability of Congress to en up the bureaucracy to efficient d accountable performance. The atergate jolt can be a strong assist this direction. (For information out how to obtain material describ-the Congress and members of Con-ss that will assist citizen involve-nt, write to Grossman Publishers, x 19281, Washington, D.C. 20036.)

4. Citizens should be able to enforce law against public office holders d civil servants who do not observe law. Unless illegal activity (either sitive illegality such as Watergate or stematic refusal to enforce the laws d administer programs) is reachable those Americans who are harmed or frauded (as taxpayers), there will t be a responsive, just government. e technical barriers that now in-ate the government from the people ve no justification other than to keep vernment derelictions above the law. e should keep in mind: "Who guards e guards?" In a democracy, the an-er is: the people. This means that om the President on down, the law ust be supreme if public officials are t to be a law unto themselves. The izens should be able to invoke these ws more speedily if standards of oper government behavior are to be served more promptly.

5. Finally, the bedrock of an embrac-democracy is a growing number of tive and skilled citizens. In our coun-, we have more problems than we serve—and more solutions than we e. What is so necessary is to develop engines that put these solutions to rk. Citizen action is the fuel for ose engines—the *only* fuel. We can longer abdicate nor delegate our citizen obligations unless we wish to perpetuate the same governmental and business sickness that gave rise to Watergate and many other public injustices in the consumer, environmental, housing, tax, and other areas.

As a democracy, this nation is both vulnerable and resilient. Watergate brought out both traits in a very dramatic and detailed way. But if Americans are to find motivation for more citizen involvement because of their resolution at Watergate-type scandals—and they often occur on a smaller scale at the state and local levels—each individual has to spend time and energy on the causes or problems of her or his choice. A new way of life—the citizen way—is badly needed as an antidote to that helpless feeling so many people harbor against the injustices that fester but can be prevented.

It is my belief that citizen action can be both important and fun. It can overcome the feelings of loneliness, alienation, or boredom that plague so many people—while at the same time constructively help people to harness their potential power to do good. And like other areas of human endeavor, practice makes perfect.

For a collection of community problems that citizens can work to diminish *A Public Citizen's Action Manual* by Donald Ross (1973) at your library or bookstore. **END**

The man with a new idea is a crank until the idea succeeds.
—Mark Twain

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4 Seasons Woman

receive, one at a time, President de Gaulle of France, Prince Philip of England, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, and Ireland's President Eamon de Valera. Afterwards, she stood in the Red Room and received all the other Heads of State. Then, exhausted, she turned to me with one question. "Mr. West, did you see whether President Johnson walked or not?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said, "I saw both the President and Mrs. Johnson."

"The Secret Service didn't want them to," she smiled wanly.

Robert Kennedy still stayed at the White House, as did I. Every night until she moved out, Mrs. Kennedy and the Attorney General went to the President's graveside to pray.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Kennedy and the children flew to Hyannis for Thanksgiving, and I went home for the first time in six days.

We subsequently moved Mrs. Kennedy into Averell Harriman's house in Georgetown (the Harrimans moved into a hotel), where she stayed until she bought the house across the street. The next week, she invited Nancy and me for dinner at the Harrimans.

She met us at the door, and I kissed her. "Oh, Mr. West, you never kissed me when I lived at the White House," she whispered. I started to laugh, and she stepped back, narrowing her eyes wickedly. "Did you ever kiss Mamie?"

"All the time," I answered.

It was November 26, the day after President Kennedy's funeral, when Mrs. Johnson telephoned me. "Can you come out to The Elms to discuss our moving into the White House?" she asked politely.

Mr. Johnson and his wife had bought Perle Mesta's old house. For some reason, I was surprised at the tasteful elegance of their home. The Johnsons were so identified with Texas that I fell into the trap of looking for a stereotype. Instead, I found myself in familiar French territory—Jacqueline Kennedy would have been right at home.

Mrs. Johnson, dressed in black, came in to greet me. She was accompanied by Bess Abell, her social secretary, and Liz Carpenter, her press secretary.

Mrs. Johnson's questions were brief. When she discovered that Mrs. Kennedy was taking only her own bedroom furniture and that of the children, she said, "That's all we'll bring, then. My bedroom and my girls'."

Nothing tentative

There was nothing tentative about Claudia Alta Taylor Johnson. During those difficult days of transition, she had quickly organized her staff, her way of living, her family responsibilities. She was no stranger to the White House. But as the Vice-President's wife, she had always seemed to stay quietly in the background.

In the years to come, I discovered that she was gentle, feminine in manner, earnest, and studious. Always she seemed to have a cellophane shield around her, through which she appeared highly visible, dignified, yet somehow *protected*.

"Mrs. Johnson, you may move in at any time," I informed the First Lady. "Mrs. Kennedy has moved out."

"Thank you," she said. "I think we'll probably wait until after Pearl Harbor be coming earlier, so I stayed at White House that evening.

At about eight o'clock, the th buzzers indicating the arrival of President sounded off. I quickly dered every light in the house turn on so they could find their way arou Then I watched the elevator go up their new second-floor home. Af about half an hour, I went upstairs.

"Who pays for these lights?"

As I stepped off the elevator, I he President Johnson's voice boomi "Where's Mr. West??!!" I hurr down the hall, where I found him ting on the edge of President K nedy's king-sized, four-poster bed. jumped up and, waving his long ar around the room, asked, "Who pays all these lights?"

"The government does," I answer "How much does it come to month?"

"Approximately $3,000," I said.

As he walked out of the bedroom, President switched off the light. Rat emphatically, I thought.

I walked down the corridor w Mrs. Johnson. "We'll be moving in morrow after all," she said.

The moving van arrived early next morning. Shortly after noon white convertible zoomed into South driveway, and out jumped M Lucy Baines Johnson (who bec Luci shortly thereafter), with frisky beagles on a leash. Immedia following was Mrs. Johnson, with F and Liz.

I was waiting at the Diploma Room door. "Welcome to the Wh House," I said to my fifth First La

I saw Luci to her new bedroom. T bouncy 16-year-old's eyes took in new room—spying first her beds telephone.

"Does this extension go anywh else?" she asked. I explained that e White House phone had a direct line the switchboard, and to no other pho on the floor.

"Oh, good!" she said. "In our hou all our extensions were connected, a Daddy was always listening in!"

On Monday, December 9, the Pre dent's valet phoned me. "The Pre dent wants the Usher to please m him at the ground-floor elevator la ing."

The President stepped off the e vator. "Mr. West, if you can't get t shower of mine fixed, I'm going to h to move back to The Elms." He dic sound as if he were joking. "It does have enough pressure," he complain "It's a terrible shower, that's wha is. Now my shower at The Elms . He went on to describe the spec multi-nozzled fixture that could dir spray up, down, sideways; be wi narrow, and powerful.

A few minutes later, I saw M Johnson.

"I guess you've been told about shower," she said.

"Yes, ma'am." I smiled.

She smiled back. "Anything tha done here, or needs to be done, reme ber my husband comes first, the g second, and I will be satisfied w what's left."

Out to The Elms we went to stu the fixture. It was an unusual one, we felt sure that it could be du cated. Not so. The replacement j didn't work the same. Out it ca Before the second *(continue*



Sofa shown: Trident-5. Cover fabric: 9326 Sand, 100% Cotton, Ribbed Velvet. About $729. From the Custom Line Collection. Most fabrics protected by



Wiss shears help Donald Brooks turn design into dynamite.



installation, we invited engineers to look at The Elms bathroom, to provide an *exact* duplicate. But shower number three wouldn't do, either. Nor number four, nor number five. We kept tearing out, installing, and fooling with that shower until Lyndon Johnson moved out of the White House.

President Johnson was all over the house. With his ever-present Secret Service agents, he roamed up and down the halls, poking his head in doors, finding out what people were up to. He had phones installed in every room—in the bathrooms, under the dining room table—and he kept the lines hot.

It was clear from the beginning that President Johnson was concerned about the lights. One night, Isaac Avery, a White House carpenter, was working down in the carpenter's shop when suddenly the room was plunged into pitch darkness.

"Goddamit, who turned off that light?" Avery stormed.

"*I* did," a deep voice boomed back.

The irate carpenter flipped on the light switch and there, flanked by two agents, stood President Johnson.

Mrs. Johnson worried about the President's erratic dinner hours. One morning, after a particularly late dinner the night before, when the butlers had gone home at midnight, Mrs. Johnson called me up to her dressing room. "I am so distressed about the servants having to stay so late," she told me. "Can't we just have our cook Zephyr fix something that can be kept warm—or I'll go in and warm it up for him—or if I'm asleep, he can easily serve himself? Then we can just send the butlers home at eight o'clock."

I passed her suggestions along to the head butler Charles Ficklin, who went straight through the roof. "The President of the United States having to serve himself dinner? Never!!!"

I went back to Mrs. Johnson. "They insist upon serving the President, no matter what time."

"I've never seen such a house," Mrs. Johnson laughed in amazement.

As First Lady, Mrs. Johnson expanded her role into that of a public partner of the President. The exigencies of time—her frequent trips, his nonstop working habits—kept them from spending a great deal of time together. But there was a bond between them, a bond of mutual respect and understanding.

Yet the President was dominant, and at times, I felt, almost abusive, shouting at his wife as he shouted at everybody else. Mrs. Johnson's daughters also seemed to dominate her, at least in the beginning.

Tuning out

Mrs. Johnson's feathers always seemed unruffled, however. When the air grew heavy with pejoratives, a faraway, almost beatific look would spread across her expressive face. She'd simply tuned it all out.

She hummed a little tune—sometimes a show tune, sometimes a hymn. Many are the times I'd see Mrs. Johnson, when she obviously had something to worry about, wandering down the halls, whistling to herself.

Though a bit remote, the First Lady was kind to everyone, with soft compliments for a job well done, and no criticism if it weren't. The person who didn't fit into her scheme of things didn't measure up, might eventually displaced, but without having to und go rebukes or feel humiliation fi Mrs. Johnson or others on the staf

Mrs. Johnson studied hard as felt her way into her role of First La She was anxious that the restoratio the White House not be left in lim that the Fine Arts Committee not dissolved. Over the next four years, wanted to be thoroughly briefed each particular piece, each item. On her greatest sources of information Mrs. John F. Kennedy. The lines communication between the two w always open, always gracious.

The President was always mak his presence felt. Everything about h was oversized—his gestures, his vo his friendliness, his temper, his w habits—and, at nearly six foot fo himself. He made the greatest dema of his staff of any President I worl for, yet he drew the greatest loya and devotion from them.

President Johnson was up at into the newspapers, and on the phe before breakfast every morning. 7:30 or eight, the Johnsons had bre fast together in the big four-poster b which was still outfitted with Presid Kennedy's special horsehair mattre After breakfast, Mrs. Johnson w back to her bedroom to dress, and President conferred with his top sistants. Picking up the Secret Serv at the elevator, he was down to Oval Office well before nine. We dic see him again until he came home lunch, usually at about three.

Mrs. Johnson also went straight her "office," which happened to be h own off-white bedroom. She work there all morning, in the comforta chair in front of the fire, or propp up in bed with papers and date boo spread around her.

White House sunbaths

Unless she had to attend one of t frequent luncheons on the State Flo Mrs. Johnson had lunch alone in h room, dieting on salads and clear sou If she were surrounded by staff at th time, she'd order a tray for them well. The First Lady was always di ing. She kept herself petite and tr and much more attractive than any her photographs indicate. (She a tried to keep the President on a lo cholesterol diet.) She often bowled the Executive Building with her fav ite bowling partner, her daugh Lynda Bird. She occasionally took s baths on the White House roof, a relaxed by playing bridge. In the afte noons, she made her public appea ances, and received her advisors on t many projects she had embarked upo

Her one confessed television addi tion was *Gunsmoke*. If she happened be away for one weekly installmer the Army Signal Corps came to h rescue, videotaping the program, whi she could watch later on the televisio set in her bedroom. Marshal Dillon u doubtedly reminded her of the your Lyndon Johnson. She longed to me the hero, played by James Arness, unt she discovered that he was a Repu lican. "How could he?" she aske crestfallen.

Like the President, she crowde many appointments into one day; bu she had usually moved her meetin away from the second floor whe he came home for lunch, *(continued*

HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN



Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, er mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's ce that she doesn't understand why her mother n't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of alnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes e strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stom-ch, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death om malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *very day.*

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food day per person, then throw away enough to feed a mily of six in India.

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion eople who are forever hungry, your next meal might e a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish ie size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—aybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phe-omenal birth rate, the Indian government is val-ntly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, be-ause she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only $12 month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret nd help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

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often bringing eight or ten people along. After lunch, President Johnson went across to his bedroom for a nap, on the strict orders of Dr. Buckley. When he awakened, he went straight back to his office, where he worked until all hours of the night.

Sometimes the President swam after his nap. The walls of the Johnson White House pool were lined with swimming trunks—huge ones, small ones—for every size and shape of visitor. Lyndon Johnson used the swimming pool to politick—just as he politicked no matter where else he happened to be.

The President's almost superhuman efforts to achieve his goals extended into the kitchen, using White House entertaining in a more personal way than any other President I worked for. The principal target was Congress.

"Water the drinks"

Instead of the traditional Congressional reception every winter, the Johnsons held "working parties"—two for the senators and their wives, and ten separate gatherings for the members of the House of Representatives and their spouses. We set up the East Room as a meeting room for the men. Meanwhile, Mrs. Johnson took the ladies to the theater, where they viewed movies on the history of the White House, or on its arts, and then took a tour of the family quarters. Butlers served cocktails to the wives upstairs as well as to their husbands downstairs. Our only problem arose when the briefings went on too long and some of the ladies, who weren't used to such long cocktail hours, began to bob and weave down the halls. Mrs. Johnson soon passed the word to the Head Butler: "John, the next time, please water the drinks!"

President Johnson never felt the isolation that surrounds the Presidency so strongly as he did with his friends in the Senate. "It's so different now," he told an aide after a late night session. "There's a wall around me that nobody gets through. I'm now 'Mr. President' to my oldest friends!"

Because of this isolation, presidents tend to draw closer to their families. Lyndon Johnson doted on his daughters. For her graduation from National Cathedral School, he presented Luci with a Corvette Sting Ray in which she buzzed around town with a Secret Service agent in the bucket seat. Lynda had sold her car, preferring to use the White House chauffeurs.

In January, when Lynda transferred from the University of Texas to George Washington University, the second floor of the White House took on the character of a girls' dormitory. Luci's gang of friends had already been in and out; now Lynda and her Texas roommate, Warrie Lynn Smith, moved in next door.

One day Mrs. Johnson called me. "Luci wants to do Caroline's school room over as a hideaway for her and Lynda." So Luci and I got together. We put in a new cork parquet floor and new gold loose-weave curtains. Then we built a "Coke bar," and Luci sent me out to look for "cheap" barstools. I found some for about $10 each and had them re-covered in the shop downstairs. Luci was delighted. She brought up two record players, from her room and Lynda's. We installed a huge television set, a couple of sofas, and some chairs; and, presto!—a teenage hideaway.

Luci had one more request. "Mr. West, can we have the glass-paned door changed to a plain wooden one? I don't want everybody looking in here to see what's going on." I had an idea whom she meant by "everybody."

Luci delighted in sneaking in and out of the White House in disguises. Once, in a blonde wig, she spent a weekend at Marquette University, where she met Patrick Nugent, who then began to frequent her inner sanctum on the third floor—one place the Secret Service wasn't allowed.

Lynda went through something of a metamorphosis in the White House. Her "movie star" phase, when she was dating actor George Hamilton, brought her to a Hollywood makeup artist, and she changed from a tomboylike college student to a glamorous young woman. But all the time it seemed that Lynda had her eye on the Color Guard, whose towering young Marine Captain, Charles Robb, was one of the great social assets to a White House evening.

Zephyr Wright was Queen of the Kitchen on the second floor, and René Verdon supposedly was limited to official entertaining. With the Johnsons, however, the line between official and personal was hard to draw. Most of the time Zephyr cooked upstairs, turning out meals for four to 14 the way she'd done for years. She knew the family so well that she rarely even asked Mrs. Johnson what to cook.

One day I stopped by the kitc "René, how are you getting alon asked quietly.

"I don't know." He paused a moment. "What do *you* think?"

"I don't know, either." It was turn to pause. "Are you happy he

"No," he said.

"What would you think of maki change," I said. It was not a ques He agreed, and it was all handled very calm basis. He left.

One day, housekee Mary Kaltman called alarmed. "We're missi ham down in the serva kitchen," she stated. bought a whole ham to the help, and now it's g Somebody stole it!"

Rats in the White Ho

About a month later U who cooked for the dor tics, called. "There's an ful stink in the help's di room. It's like someth dead. I think it's in walls." Shades of Edgar lan Poe, I thought, callin the engineers and plumb

"Here it is!" cried "Re Arrington, as he pried a a section of wall underne the sink. The offending i was a well-chewed hamb

"Your mystery is solv I explained to Mary. " rats dragged the ham off counter."

"Rats!" the housekee screamed in horror. "Rat the White House?"

Actually, rats were old story. Once, during Truman Administration, watched, fascinated, whil large brown rat walked the steps, across the So Portico and down the st on the other side, befor called the gardener to ch it away. Later the unw come animals became m of a problem. We found t they came from underne Lafayette Park across t street, where they'd bu acres and acres of ca combs. We called in an terminator, but every n and then the rats came b —at least once during ea administration.

Like everything else in t White House, it soon becar apparent that the entertai ment would be served up a grand scale. From Shak speare to musical comedy ballet to American Indi dancers, Bess Abell put on really big show after dinner.

During State dinners, Bess and would sit in the private dining roo which was set up as a pantry, eati the same food, having the same servi as the other guests. At one State lu cheon, the butler who served Presid Johnson (the President always served first) came running in.

"The President says not to serve a more meat. He says it's rotten!" Be and I ran to the door to hear M Johnson say to his table, "Don't an body eat it. It's spoiled!" and he call for Marvin Watson, his trusted fir assistant. *(continued on page 130*



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Seasons Woman

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BEAUTY JOURNAL

HELP!



BY SALLY OBRE, BEAUTY EDITOR

I'm a 19-year-old black girl who had a beautiful baby girl recently. Is there any way to be rid of stretch marks caused by pregnancy? S. P., New York City.

So far, science hasn't come up with anything (short of plastic surgery) to make these marks disappear. As a rule, they lessen in time; a minimum weight gain during pregnancy makes the problem less acute.

Is there some way to disguise or remove the dark hairs on my upper lip?—C. L., Houston.

Yes, there are several things you can do. If you do it at home (as against having it done in a salon), be careful, for this is a delicate and highly visible area.

1. Home bleaching: easy if you color your own hair. If not, experiment with hair on your leg to test skin reaction.
2. Waxing: effective if temperature and consistency of wax is just right. Again, try process on your leg first.
3. Depilatories effectively remove hair at the surface: it's *essential* to read and follow directions faithfully.
4. Electrolysis: the most drastic and potentially most troublesome route. It is also expensive. Be certain you have a first-hand recommendation from friends or from a doctor.

OVER THE COUNTER



History records that Cleopatra scented the sails on her barge with perfume when she went to meet Mark Antony. While notation of the particular variety of fragrance used doesn't appear to have made it through the mists of history, Cleopatra's impact on the gentleman has been recorded in enough detail to pass for historical fact, providing the basic purpose of perfume—gentle persuasion. But perfume has, or has had, other uses: the ancients used it to soften the blow of human sacrifice; Egyptians anointed mummies with it. The Queen of Sheba was probably the first to see the commercial value of a good perfume when she went on a 2,000 mile journey laden with spices and scents to begin her successful negotiations with Solomon. By Elizabethan times, when regular bathing had fallen into disrepute, the lavish use of fragrance was more a matter of necessity than coquetry. In the late Victorian period, ladies scented their handkerchiefs with lavender or lily of the valley, two scents considered 'proper' at the time. But change was in the wind: François Coty was about to display early marketing genius by housing a pleasant rose fragrance in a glorious crystal bottle and offering it for sale in a large department store.

Floral blends continued to carry the day until after World War I. Then a flurry of Oriental "vamp" perfumes incited a number of women to emulate the 'lady of mystery' quality personified in Theda Bara. Although it set no trend for romantic names, the world's best-selling fragrance was introduced in 1923, as Chanel #5, a favorite number of Mlle. Chanel, and the 5th of 10 sample scents brought for her judgment. Through the 1930's, floral scents returned, starring that most expensive scent, Joy. About this time American fragrances began to make a real name, though they still didn't rival the splendor of the French, who could speak loftily of 50,000 pounds of rose petals needed to extract a quart of essence. Gradually, however, ingenuity and the new technology, which permits production of chemical scents and fixatives, has placed our native perfumers right at the top.

The magic word in fragrances at the moment is green. A light, fresh, natural scent is implied by the term, and the image is young and outdoorsy. Three new American scents that illustrate this trend: Golden Autumn from Prince Matchabelli; Anne Klein's perfume from American Essences; and Charlie from Revlon.

HERE'S HOW

Curling Irons, Updated



Guess what we've found in the shops of several of New York's super chic, avant-garde hairdressers? Good old-fashioned curling irons, of all things! They are up to all kinds of really wonderful new tricks, of course, and are great, we've discovered, with today's new shorter, shaped haircuts. Sunbeam has a new model called the Mist Stick. You can create an entire head of curls, or coax a straight, sleek cut into shape in a matter of minutes. The technique is easy. For firm, bouncy curl, section off a small amount of hair at a time and roll up for about 30 seconds. For looser curl, roll more hair for slightly less time.

1. For a head of wispy curls roll hair in small sections. Don't brush until curls cool. 2. For a sculptured look, hold iron at an angle, curve ends upward and forward toward face. 3. To smooth a blunt cut, hold iron horizontally and roll under. Shape front ends toward cheeks. 4. For a short, casual cut, roll ends loosely, brush under.

THE SKIN GAME



Is the good life worth it? Air conditioning and steam heat dry the complexion. Dirty air clogs the pores. Outdoor activities in sun and wind age the skin. But the cosmetic industry is fighting back. One weapon in the arsenal is the facial masque, an old concept updated in a new and uncomplicated form, the peel-off masque. Like all masques, the peel-off is designed to rid the outer layer of skin (or epidermis) of dead skin cells and dirt, and to stimulate circulation, giving a fresher, smoother-appearing texture. Masques (or masks, if you prefer the all-American spelling) are designed for specific skin types, so ask a sales person for help, if, like most of us, you're uncertain of your category. Most masques work the same way: spread on, let dry, peel off, often in a single piece. The whole treatment takes anywhere from 20 minutes to an hour, but can be incorporated into some other beauty routine, such as a manicure or pedicure. It is sticky while drying, so hair should be kept out of the way. Some of the newer masques we've tried recently:

- Helena Rubinstein's masque for oily skin, joining those for dry and normal skins.
- Dry skin is treated in Germaine Monteil's Acti-Vita masque. Two-step operation beginning with cream, followed by a masque.
- Frances Denney's moisturizing mask for sensitive skins, another two-step operation, begins with a lemon-scented moisturizer, followed by the masque.
- Marcella Borgese joins the trend to fruit-flavored cosmetics with a strawberry masque, followed by a moisturizing cream.

Most masques range in price from $4 to $18, and a container contains anywhere from 8 to 12 applications, depending on the enthusiasm with which you slather it on.

Illustrations by Marie Michel



's 10 days for me. And the color's practically
e same as the day I did it.



days since I colored it. Love the shine.
nd the way it wears! It's really new!



Even after 3 weeks, when I catch myself
in the mirror, I like what I see.

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An Accident of Love

By Mary Ellin Barrett

Susan Rose was beautiful and brainy. Michael Browne was a pillar of wealth and social position. Their glorious, gilded, embattled love was destined to end, but nobody would have predicted exactly how. A tender, romantic novel of life in the fabulous Forties (the Stork Club, Long Island estates, etc.). Reminiscent of both F. Scott Fitzgerald and *Love Story*, this book will stand on its own as a heart-tugger, a mood-maker, and a portrait of passion.

Story begins on next page.

Illustration by Alan Magee


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way for a girl to meet the boy she is going to marry except this was not quite an ordinary wedding, nor ordinary the presence there of a girl named Susan Rose, nor ordinary by any stretch of the imagination her effect on the boy, Michael Richards Browne, Jr. Certainly everyone understood why he wanted to take her out afterwards and dance with her and make love to her and buy her diamonds, because in her own way she was quite an object. As his Uncle James, the family joker, said to him over cigars and coffee one night, "I wish I'd had a swell number like that tuh cut muh teeth on!" But *marry* her! People even questioned that she'd been at the wedding at all, preferring the columnists' version that the prince had picked up Cinderella on the Stork Club dance floor.

But there she was, mainly because the bride, Kitty St. John, the most beautiful girl in New York, wanted to teach the groom, Red Jones, the recently returned Navy hero, a lesson. He needed a few lessons: John Edgar Livingston Jones was full of spunk, full of himself. And full of little tricks to make a girl squirm like a fish on a hook and moan with frustration.

Kitty and Susan had made friends during the autumn of 1945, in the offices of the fashion magazine where they both worked, because Kitty was furious at Red and needed someone to talk to and Susan happened to be passing by.

Ordinarily their paths would not have crossed. Kitty St. John was an assistant to Elena Worden, the fashion editor, a lady noted for hiring as apprentices pretty debutantes rather than ambitious and brainy college graduates. Susan Rose was the assistant literary editor, clearly brainy, plainly ambitious, most definitely not a debutante. "Loud" was the adjective most frequently applied to Susan Rose, though a few called her lovely.

Susan Rose had wavy blue-black hair that glistened like dragonfly wings and cascaded over her shoulders. She had coffee ice cream skin and cheeks so unusually pink for that kind of olive complexion that everyone thought she wore rouge, and she stared at you with big hazel eyes; her lashes were so heavy everyone thought they were false. Her mouth was curious—attractively so—with a full lower lip and a thin upper. Her nose was slightly beaked and her figure was the sort that elicited whistles from all manner of men, and merciless comments from other women. Men and women alike spoke of her appearance as Spanish, Italian, Egyptian, Mexican, Latin, everything except Jewish, which in fact she looked and was. Mrs. Worden pronounced judgment on Susan: "Overblown, overpainted, and overperfumed. Like the last rose of summer."

Known around the office respectively as The Last Word and The Last Rose, Elena and Susan detested each other. On that particular day Susan happened by the fashion department in search of a stray piece of copy, and came upon a glorious blonde, Miss Kitty St. John, sitting at her desk sobbing. Susan felt sorry for the latest bit of fluff reduced to tears by her boss's notoriously sharp tongue and spoke to the girl.

"It's not *her*," Kitty said. "I've got her number. It's this stupid boy. I don't *like* him, but I'm *crazy* about him. You know what he did . . . ?"

Susan found herself listening. Before too long she had laughed the girl out of it, saying that all men were perfect bastards and what could you do? Later that week they had lunch, where they told each other rather personal things—as new acquaintances sometimes do in a certain mood—and became friends, sharing a mocking way of looking at life and a passionate concern with men. They would never get truly close, the debutante and the writer, the fashionable East Sider and the bright Jewish girl from Riverside Drive, but they liked each other. They were each other's special, interesting friend.

So what else should Kitty have done, when Red Jones said to her, after meeting Susan Rose one Friday evening at the Stork Club, "Where'd you dig that one up, princess?" What else but

say, "That is my friend Susan Rose, Kiddo! That is one of my bridesmaids!" There wasn't a blessed thing Red or his mother, Mrs. Stuyvesant Jones, the super-dreadnought of New York society, or Kitty's mother, Mrs. Purvis St. John, could do except deplore this new age in which a well-brought-up girl like Kitty St. John could take up at work with a *person* like Susan Rose.

The Stork Club had been jammed, the columnists on the prowl. In the Cub Room, the inner sanctum, movie stars and theater people sat around gossiping, while out front college boys and debutantes and out-of-town suckers danced to the clattering South American band. Among the dancers was Susan Rose, there, as she often was that winter, with Bill Wolfe, a clever young *Time* writer with lank black hair and circles under his eyes who wanted to marry her.

They had come out of the Cub Room where they always sat and were moving expertly around the floor, knowing they danced better than anyone else there. She smiled at Bill. A smile with a mysterious green light in it. *Go.*

Then she saw the others come in.

She saw a whole group of them in evening clothes, those glittering girls just grown up and those brassy boys just back from the war that Elena Worden was forever photographing and writing about. "The Squad," the fashion arbiter called them. Long before they became the jet set or the Browne set or the Beautiful People. They were dazzling and young, always the first at a new place, first with the new fad. They had

The witty Susan first spotted the wealthy Michael as he stood there holding someone else's wedding ring.

pedigreed names and unlimited money and spent conspicuously without regard to taste or appearances. They were partygoers and brawlers whose stupendous good looks and monumental bad behavior dazzled and terrified everyone. Laughing, waving, stopping to say hello, they moved conspicuously to the special tables that had just been set up for them on the dance floor.

At their center, flame to the lunar moths, moved Kitty St. John, with floating yellow hair and turquoise eyes and a ruby-lipped smile. Holding Kitty's arm was a tall boy with short-cropped red hair, a captivating jack-o'-lantern grin, a strut like a gob dancer in a wartime musical: her fiancé, the devastating Mr. Jones.

Susan Rose hated them all, scorned and mocked them in her heart. Yet, watching them, she suddenly and ignobly wished she were part of them, because they seemed to be having so much fun, because they seemed to know a secret or own a key to the pleasures of the earth. From the dance floor Susan waved to Kitty.

Presently the two girls and their captive men stood at the edge of the floor, an awkward foursome making awkward conversation. Susan told Kitty a scrap of gossip she knew would amuse her, but Red Jones didn't laugh. "Come join us," Kitty said. "I want you to meet everyone."

"You know Lily and Luis and the Taylors are coming, too," Red said glumly to Kitty. "It's going to be sardines."

"Pooh." Kitty made a little moue.

"Some other time," said Susan.

They returned to the Cub Room, which now seemed to Susan dull and middle-aged. "Will you *stop that*," she said suddenly, loudly, to Bill Wolfe who was chewing on a wooden match.

"Don't take it out on me, kid," he said.

A few days later, Kitty told Susan she was

going to be married in May and asked her to
a bridesmaid. Knowing the nature of her frien
remembering the look on her fiancé's face, Sus
sensed the origin of the invitation and cou
imagine the exchange between the lovers
clearly as if she had heard it. But it didn't ma
ter. She was suddenly tired of nervous jou
nalists like Bill Wolfe who thought they own
her; of herself, Susan Rose, born Susanna
Rosoff, scholarship girl, clever editor, writer
precocious stories for *Mademoiselle* and *Bazaa*
She wanted a look at Kitty's world, even if t
groom did seem like a jerk.

As it turned out there were no bridesmaids
the St. John-Jones wedding, which made a stra
ger's presence even more conspicuous. The we
ding was small and simple, taking place, bot
ceremony and reception, at the St. John hou
on Ninetieth Street. Just forty people in
bricked-in city garden blooming with magnoli
and tulips, the immediate families and t
bride and groom's closest friends.

All the elaborate plans had been canceled sinc
six weeks earlier Purvis St. John had bee
killed, tragically, in a riding accident. Glori
St. John was in mourning and so there was n
question, under the circumstances, of a big we
ding.

"So very pleased to meet you," Gloria said t
Susan Rose, greeting her at the door. "Kitty
often spoken about you." Gloria switched on
smile of approximately 40 watts. She led Susa
toward a group of guests in the garden.

Susan saw Mike Browne first standing besi
Red Jones, holding the ring. Much later he to
her that he had first caught a flash of her stan
ing among the other guests as he walked wit
the groom to the far end of the garden whe
the minister stood.

During the service, he said, he had wanted t
turn and take a good look, but he stood stiff
at attention, eyes forward. After four years i
the army he had been away too long from suc
occasions and was afraid that if he moved h
would do something wrong, drop the ring o
sneeze or laugh. No such thing happened. Joh
Edgar Livingston Jones and Katherine Alic
St. John duly became man and wife.

Then they were kissing and hugging every
one: Mrs. St. John; Kitty's cousin Jay Law
rence, Red's parents, a Myrna Loy mother,
Thomas Dewey father; Red's little sister Nata
lie, a pudgy seven-year-old with straw hair an
glasses. Everyone was joking, teasing, kissing
blowing smoke, waving glasses of champagne
and somewhere in that kissing and waving, Mik
Browne bumped into Susan Rose and spilled his
champagne down the front of her dress.

"Hey," he said, "you should look where you're
going."

"*I* should look where *I'm* going?"

"Yeah, well, it's hard to see where you're
going some days."

"I beg your pardon," she said, deciding he was
crazy but grateful to be spoken to by anyone

"You looked the way I feel. As if you wanted
out of here."

"It's just that I don't know anyone."

"Oh Lord, I *am* sorry, really."

"That's all right," she said. "It'll dry."

"How about some salt?" he said.

"That's for red wine."

"Well, sugar? Sugar would help all the way
around."

"*Honestly.* Listen, what's your name?"

"Mike Browne." The eyes were amused, un-
embarrassed, and they were, despite being
bloodshot, the bluest eyes she'd ever seen.

"I'm Susan Rose."

"Whose friend are you?" he asked.

"The bride's," Kitty said, coming up to them.
"This is *Susan Rose,*" which didn't mean a thing
to Mike Browne.

Except for those half-buried hungover eyes,
he was without question the best-looking young
man Susan had ever seen—spectacularly hand-
some in an old-fashioned way. He had thick dark
brown hair with one lock flopping over his fore-

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Which Bacardi for what?



BACARDI® rum. The mixable one.

head. He had a chiseled nose that fell straight from his smooth brow, a sullen sensuous mouth, a cleft chin, and eyebrows like dark wings: an altogether lordly looking specimen, old world, aristocratic, romantic.

"You realize I've ruined you." He was staring at the drying stain which had left a large and conspicuous ring covering the bosom of her dress. "Here," he said, reaching over to Gloria St. John's prize magnolia tree, plucking off a blossom, sticking the stem through a buttonhole. Where his fingers touched, it was as if she'd been singed by a hot iron. "There, that hides it a bit." Where his eyes rested, it was as if she'd been hit by a ray of sun through a magnifying glass.

"Look at Kitty. Look at how beautiful she is."

"Girls always are on their wedding day. So will you be. Or were you?"

"I'm not married."

"Girls are always what on their wedding day?" Pete Plainfield stopped to speak to Mike Browne. With Plainfield was a bony, windblown redhead, whom Susan recognized as Diana Weatherby, leader of the fashionable young marrieds.

"Smashed," said Diana, "and can you blame us? Think what we're signing away." They talked on a bit, as if Susan weren't there, till Mike made the introductions.

"Where's Lily?" Diana Weatherby asked Mike Browne.

"How should I know where Lily is?"

"I thought you knew her every move."

"Me and all New York."

"Yay, there she is," Diana said, waving. "Hey Lil, where have you been?"

The girl came out of the house and waved back. Lily was a dish, poured into a tight, gaudy silk print, a dress that on anyone else would have been dismissed as cheap. On Susan Rose, say, such a dress would *not do*.

Mike Browne made a small gesture in response to her wave, as if they needed no big hellos, but he made no move to leave Susan Rose.

"Who are *they*?" Susan asked.

"Lily Welles and Di Weatherby. The ones we're all crazy about. The great girls."

"Hmmph . . ." Susan Rose made a small exact noise.

Immediately after the cake-cutting and the singing and the toasts, when dancing had begun in the next room, Mike Browne disappeared and Susan was sure he had left. He was the sort, she sensed, who'd cut out fast. Still she wondered why he hadn't at least said good-bye and felt so let down that she began to wonder when she could politely leave. The music seemed flat, so she went into the garden, where she found Mike playing catch with Natalie Jones, Red's little sister. Susan watched them until the child noticed her and ran back into the house. "I didn't mean to scare her away," she said. "I thought you'd gone." She sat down beside him on the bench and they talked for a while. As they talked, she had the curious sensation of having always known him, which of course was not at all curious; it was the first and most ordinary symptom of falling in love.

"Susan," he said, "is a lousy name for you."

"My real name is Susannah."

"That's more like it. That goes with you."

"I always hated that name. It sounds so old-fashioned."

"Susannah makes me think of the one with the elders. Some gorgeous biblical broad with black hair and olive eyes. I'm going to christen you Susannah," he said, flicking champagne on her hair. "Tell me some more about yourself. Where do you come from? What do you do? I want to know everything about you."

"Some other time."

"I won't beg you. You'll tell me sooner or later more than I want to hear. Girls always do."

"I'd rather hear about you," she said. "Where were you in the war? What are your plans? What do you want now?"

The last question seemed to annoy him. "To raise hell. Have the greatest time anybody ever had. How do I know what I'm going to do?"

"Is your girl giving you a bad time?"

"What girl?"

"The sexy blonde. She *has* to be your girl."

"She's everybody's property. I don't have a girl. You've still got a chance, Susannah."

"Do I? Wonderful! I can see you're a real bargain."

"Oh, but I am," he said. "Did you know I am very rich? Did you know I'm a catch?"

"No," she said, "I didn't know it." At that moment it clicked. The Brownes-with-an-e. Browne Center, Browne Pavilion, the Browne wing of the Metropolitan Museum. Browne Lake in the Adirondacks. Camp Browne, the famous family compound. But not till that moment. That was the truth.

"Don't you want to dance?" she asked, since he obviously wasn't going to ask her.

"I'm terrible."

"I'm not."

"You will be with me. But let's give it a try."

The music had slowed to a waltz, the one they always play at weddings. Red and Kitty came onto the floor for a last dance before it was time for her to change her dress. Kitty's brother Jay was with little Natalie Jones, push-

Susan said, "What is love?" Mike answered, "You'll never know until you've lost it." They were prophetic words.

ing her around the floor like a vacuum cleaner. Gus Gladstone was with Carol Plainfield, his eyes happily closed; Peter Plainfield was with the seductive Lily, eyes only half closed, not talking, holding her close.

All of these things Susan Rose, writer and reporter, observed. Then she stopped watching and was aware that Mike Browne could dance quite well when he chose. She was no longer a professional observer. She was a woman and a lean man's body was next to hers, pressing, making its presence felt, and she responded, like cellophane on fire. "I know you, Susannah," he said. "I know you from somewhere."

"That's what I've been thinking about you, Captain. Were you really a captain?"

"Yeah, I was a captain. If you'll have dinner with me tonight I'll take you home and show you my ribbons."

"Gosh, I can't. I have a date."

"Break it."

"I don't do that. It's not nice."

"Learn not to be nice. Nice people lose out on life. I have a date, too. It's just a couple of phone calls."

After the last waltz they took the picture. The photographer lined up the young people. Two rows of smiling faces, like figures in a shooting gallery.

"Good Lord, I think we're thirteen," said the groom, looking directly at Susan Rose.

"No, we're not," said Susan, who, unlike Red Jones, could count. "Fourteen. Twice seven. The luckiest number."

"Zat so," said the groom. "Well, whadya know?"

"Susan always knows," said the bride.

Everyone said it was *the* great wedding picture of all time, a classic. If they had been thirteen, would that have given the future a shape? Would that have explained what followed?

The sunny day turned into a rosy evening and a velvet night and through the evening and the night and the next blazing yellow morning Mike Browne and Susan Rose fell in love. "Love!" said Mike's cousin Tom. "She saw dollar signs; he saw a gorgeous pair. What's lov got to do with it?" Well, what does love have t do with anything, Susan said. What *is* love. When she asked Mike, he answered, "You' never know till you've lost it."

A Gibson," he said presently to the waiter i a cavernous hotel cocktail lounge whe they eventually sat down. "Very dr You?"

"A ginger ale. I try not to drink too much.

"Tell me something," he said. "How old ar you?"

"Why?"

"Just wondered."

"Old."

"Like how old?" he persisted. "I'm crazy abou older women."

"Like old." She hesitated. But the lie wouldn come. "Like twenty-eight. Almost twenty-nin Almost thirty."

"You don't look twenty-eight. You could lie.

"I often do. Don't you give me away." Sh drew her breath, took the plunge. "How old ar you, Mike?"

"Not very."

"Like how much not very?"

It was his turn to hesitate. "Like twenty three."

"My *God*, how could you be that young? Hov come you were a captain at twenty-three? Yo must have done something terrific . . . no kid ding . . ."

"Hey," he said, taking her hand. "Hey, Mis Rose. Does it matter?"

"No. I'm crazy about younger men." Sh smiled. The sweet half-moon smile. *Go.*

"Tell me before I make a fool of myself," Mik Browne said, "is there a guy? Am I wasting m time?"

"No," she answered, because at the moment instantly and forever more, there was no one ex cept him.

Memory. Horrible memory. Cruel exact pre cise memory. Two people beginning. What els in the world can match it?

"I don't want another drink," she said. " want dinner. I'm starved." None of the regular places seemed to suit her.

"God, you're difficult," he said. "All right where do you want to go? The Colony?"

"That's not a bad idea. I think that's a grea idea."

He laughed. She liked his laugh.

"What's the matter, aren't I dressy enough Am I that wrong?"

"Oh, yes," he answered to all questions.

Later they would go to out-of-the-way places hide from the world. That night in the white and gold gleam of the Colony, sanctuary of the rich and famous, with waiters hovering and peopl from other tables nodding and waving to Mik Browne and staring at Susan Rose, they courte as frankly and swiftly as those birds who dance and ruffle feathers. So in conversation they danced before each other, telling light tales o their lives.

You asked me this afternoon what I wanted," he said. "Twenty-four hours ago I didn't have a clue. Now I know. I want you. Can I have you?" She looked at him and saw how young he was, how spoiled. Sitting in this particular restaurant she thought about all the things peo ple later accused her of thinking about, of money and soft living and open doors and power. She saw a game she might win, felt her heart leap like a salmon.

"Maybe," she said.

"You going to give me a nightcap?" he asked, standing in her doorway as she fished for her key, flashing his sweet wise-guy grin.

"You know something, Michael Richards Browne?" she said, "you've got a real mick smile. Good *night*, Mick."

He took the key from her and kissed her very gently. Shy little kisses, like a sixteen-year-old who hasn't known a lot of girls, shaking his head, rubbing his nose against hers, and her



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heart pounded stupidly. She couldn't believe the way it pounded for such silly kisses. "I like you," he said. "I like you a lot." "I like you," she said. Then he really began kissing her, not gently at all, and she saw he was no novice but a veteran of many campaigns, an expert who was used to getting his way with women.

"Hey, Mick, take it easy," she said. Instantly, just kissing, she wanted him, just as instantly, dancing, she'd wanted him. For a minute she couldn't remember why she shouldn't have him right now. Then she remembered. "Really, good night." It seemed silly, but there was a specific and inflexible timing to these affairs, rules to be followed if she was going to play this game to win.

"Oh, damnation with all that," he said, reading her mind. "To hell with schedules."

"O.K.," she said.

"You all right?"

"Mmmm."

"Can I turn on the light?"

"No."

"Hey, Susannah, where are you going?"

"To get some milk."

"Milk! I guess you don't have a beer?"

"Sure I have a beer. What do you think I wash my hair in?"

"Look at me. I think we've started something."

"I think we've started something, too."

"You *are* so beautiful. So . . . slick. How many years can you keep a figure like this, Slick?"

"What a funny question, Mick. I don't know. Why?"

"Just wondered, Slick."

(All lovers have nicknames, silly private bedroom names. Theirs were Mick and Slick.)

"Who's that?" he asked, looking at the photograph by her bed.

"My mother." Don't make a crack, she thought, don't say the wrong thing, please. "She must have been lovely," he said. "Is she here in New York?"

"She's dead."

"I'm sorry. Long ago?"

"The summer I graduated from college. She lived long enough to see her scruffy little kid in a cap and gown, summa cum, Barnard college. She was a history teacher. I was her prize pupil."

"What about your father?"

"I never knew him. He disappeared when I was four years old. He was some kind of failed musician. One winter morning he took off for the West Coast to look for greener fields and never came back. My mother finally established that he died somewhere in California."

"That's rough," he said. "Really rough." Then he grinned. "But you're the answer to a young man's prayer. An orphan."

It was awful, but she knew what he meant.

"Go to sleep, Orphan," he said, switching off the light.

"I'll try. Goodnight, Mick." First of how many goodnights, how many thousands of nights, good and bad?

The smell of coffee woke her. Sun filtered in from every direction through the blinds. "Mike," she called, "hey, Mike . . ."

She went into the living room where she found him dressed, drinking coffee, a stack of Sunday papers beside him. "Hello, darling," he said, standing up, smiling at her. What a great way to wake up, to be smiled at by Mike Browne and have him open his arms to you.

"You look sleepy," he said.

"And you're so *awake*. What time is it?"

"Late. Ten-thirty, darling." She liked that "darling." A meaningless word in most men's mouths; in his a resonance, a gift.

"Ten-thirty! It's Sunday. Let's go back to bed."

"Can't. Gotta get going."

"*Why?*"

"Because it's Sunday and at noon I have to be out on Long Island for lunch with the family."

The sun was gone, the day was gone, the monumental hangover had arrived.

"I thought . . ."

"You thought what?"

"Nothing."

"Did you want me to spend the day with you?"

"No. Of course I didn't. I just didn't think you'd have to rush like this . . . *yes*, of course I wanted to spend the day with you. I *hate* comings and goings. Deadlines. Curfews."

"Want to come with me?"

"You're not serious."

"Of course I am. You want to come? I'd love you to come. I don't want to leave you, either. It's just another one of those phone calls."

She was a city rat. The country made her nervous, and the part of Long Island that he headed for that Sunday made her the most nervous of all. Just driving through it with Bill Wolfe on the way to Westhampton where they sometimes went for weekends (beach didn't count as country), she felt uneasy. Once in search of a restaurant they had explored a bit off the main highway. Beyond country lanes stretched an impenetrable leafy countryside, presenting no vistas or open spaces, only threatening allées of trees, high walls, ten-foot iron fences, and gates guarded by crenellated stone houses, miniatures of the castles and châteaus and palaces and manors that were hidden deep within.

The gravel road rose steeply and wound through woods for several minutes. Then the road came out of the woods, into air, light, lawn, straightening itself, cutting across green velvet

"You asked me this afternoon what I wanted," he said. "Twenty-four hours ago, I didn't know. Now I know. I want you."

grass to a straight, wide brick house painted white with sky-blue shutters; a hilltop house that seemed to float on the grass, the Browne's famous "Cherryhill."

Entering the great house that day was terrifying and Susan wanted to bolt, to go back where she belonged. Cherryhill smelled of old money, old power, held on to for generations.

"Hey, darling," Mike said, as the maid took her coat and the butler their orders for drinks, "they won't bite. I'm crazy about you, darling," he said. "I woke up this morning and looked at you and decided I was crazy about you. So you'd better get used to this place. Come on."

"We're out here," a voice called.

Brilliant sun flooded a mossy brick terrace crowded with people and ironwork furniture, a place treacherous as quicksand for an outsider. A woman in soft gray tweed with gray hair detached herself and came toward the latecomers. The face of the woman was not soft. Her skin was weathered, her features knife sharp, her eyes an intense blue: the mother, unmistakably, of the son.

"Darling," she said to him, "always the last, but never mind, time for one drink."

"My mother, Susannah Rose," he said.

Susan didn't contradict him. She allowed him right then to take over her name, her person, put her future in his hands.

"So glad you could come, Miss Rose," said Violet Browne. "Michael Dick never gives anyone much notice or I would have telephoned you."

They were almost all Brownes. The clan, Violet said, and how nice to have someone break it up. There were his Uncle Eustis and his Aunt Laura, his Uncle James and his Aunt Grace King, his older sister Priscilla, known as Puss, and Puss's husband, George Chase, and Puss's best friend, Diana Weatherby, whose husband Jack was playing in a golf tournament.

"Well, Brownie," said Diana in her husk Bankhead voice, "you must really like that su You must *sleep* in that suit."

Violet Browne made it easy at first, makin small jokes about her son, telling stories on hi commenting on the day, the view, the flowerin foliage. Then, putting the stranger beside h on the terrace ledge, she began the process know as "placing," which was not quite so easy.

"You aren't related to the Baltimore Rose are you?"

"No. I'm from New York."

The voice puzzled Violet, you could see tha Susannah spoke in her softest, breathiest accen the one she had copied from certain women o the magazine staff, but through the pastel was broke the cement hardness of her real accen rockbound, fighting New York alley cat.

"Or those Hudson River Roses?"

"No. My Rose is made up. When I sold my firs story someone convinced me that Susan Rose wa a good pen name."

"Well, that's fascinating," Violet said. "You'r Kitty St. John's friend from the magazin Imagine my idiot son bringing home a brillian girl. Yes, I *have* heard about you. Ah, I see Had ley. . . ." The butler was at the door. "Lunch ev erybody, come on. We'll talk more later. I'm *fas cinated*," Violet said. "Really, Michael Dick, yo might have given me a clue."

From the dining room you could see enchante trees, tender green lawn, and, beyond, rollin pastureland flanked by woods, and a spot of blu water. Susannah thought it the prettiest, mos peaceful view she had ever seen.

Even the conversation was something to b enjoyed, once she caught the rhythm. Placed be tween Mike and his Uncle James, she fell imme diately into easy talk with that old boy, who ha manners and a twinkle.

"I can talk to you," Jimmy Browne said, a many men would say to her subsequently.

She basked in his admiration, in the enjoy ment of making a conquest, preening herself a bit, aware that Mike was looking sideways at her His looks mixed approval with surprise.

Toward the end of the meal Jimmy said t Mike, "You must bring this charmin young lady to see us. We've been havin' th best time. You goin' to be around, boy?"

Shrug. Con man grin. "I'm going to Camp Browne for a while. Then to California. Then South. How about joining me?"

"I'm grounded. The old ticker's been actin' up," said Jimmy Browne. "Maybe when you get the wanderlust out of your system you'll come see me downtown. We could use some young blood."

Afterward they went back to the terrace. They talked about books. "My son reads only for information," Violet said. "Well, you know my son." She hesitated. "Perhaps you'll have an influence on him. You seem a very directed girl. He is somewhat without direction at the moment, which is not unusual among these boys just home from the war, but with him it seems to go deeper."

She was easy, confiding, almost cozy that day. But then she knew her son, or thought she did. Her son liked to surprise her, and she liked to surprise her son. "I've enjoyed talking to Susannah so much," she said, walking them to the car. "I hope you bring her again."

"Well, darling, I'd say you made a big hit," he said.

"Well, darling," she replied, "I'd say your mother took the wind out of *your* sails." She was suddenly and unaccountably angry, now that she'd gone through the wickets, passed a few tests. "You were playing a little game, weren't you, bringing me out here today?"

"She enjoys a good fight. No one enjoys a fight better than my mother. But then again, sometimes she likes to turn the other cheek."

"Is that a crack?"

"No, just an observation. Speaking of cracks, what do you mean, I was playing a little game?"

"Bringing a girl you picked up at a wedding and spent the night with to *(continued)*



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your mother's Sunday lunch. That's the kind of thing that appeals to you?"

"Sure it does. Doesn't it appeal to you?" He was offering her a gift—a better gift than love—the knowledge that life is a game, but not a little one—a great big one—and he would teach her how to play.

"Yes."

"Then don't get edgy with me, *you*," he said, pulling up to the gate. "I've picked up a lot of girls, but I never bring them home to Sunday lunch. Take the wheel a minute while I get the gate. And watch the brake."

"I don't drive. What do I do?"

"Don't drive? You *are* a guttersnipe. Get the gate then."

It was big and heavy with three intricately tangled golden initials at the center of each side and golden finials on the vertical bars. She stood aside as he drove through.

"I'll have to teach you to drive," he said. "You ski? Play tennis? Ever climbed a mountain?"

"No," beginning to laugh.

"I'll have to teach you all those things, beach bum. You are a beach bum, aren't you?"

"You've *got* it! And what will I teach you?"

He frowned. It hadn't occurred to him, that she might teach him something. "To be kind," he said.

"The girls I like have always been forbidden," he went on. "In the summer I always liked a town girl, never the ones I was supposed to like."

"Listen, Mick, what are you trying to say?"

"I'm trying to say that after years of messing around with one girl after another, there you were, a guest at my friend's wedding, all those other girls wrapped into one, but not forbidden. A classy dame. A friend of the bride's. It was like a damn miracle."

"I couldn't be more forbidden. And you *know* it."

"I know it. And I love it. You going to be my girl?"

"I guess so."

"No one else's?"

"No."

"I'm very jealous."

"So am I."

At Del Pezzo's, the lusty old Italian restaurant, Susan was having lunch with Bill Wolfe, who was still under the impression she was his colleague and sometime property. Anesthetized by half a bottle of Soave Bolla, she performed the operation.

"Bill?"

"You aren't eating a thing."

"I'm not hungry."

"Have I told you what a pretty girl you are?"

"Bill, I can't see you any more."

"I know. You're feeling guilty again. Don't. You've been absolutely fair. You've told me you don't love me. When I want to move on, I will. Believe me. Meantime . . ."

"Bill!"

"You're *not* ruining my life, kid."

"Bill, damn it, you make it hard. See, I've met someone."

"As of when? A week ago you hadn't met someone."

"A week ago was a week ago."

"What did you do—lose your head at that fancy wedding?"

"Don't talk like that. This is different."

"We're all different, Susan. So tell me about this one. Does he have a name?"

"Mike Browne, with an e."

"*Mike Browne*. That sure is a big jump up from Bill Wolfe. I interviewed some Browne, the one who collects all the Impressionists."

"His Uncle Eustis."

"You've met the family already!"

"As a matter of fact, I have."

"You haven't wasted any time. But then, as I remember you didn't waste much time with me, either. My dear mother and my dear aunt in Forest Hills often ask why I don't bring you out any more. And who was it you ditched for me? Oh yes, that photographer. I know his brother. His brother still talks about you a lot. I guess Bill Wolfe, the war correspondent, was a step up from him, but who's going to be a step up from Mike Browne? Those people own half of New York."

"Stop it. You don't understand one thing about me. I like him. Really *like* him."

"Brother! Give me my violin."

"I liked him from the first minute I laid eyes on him. I didn't even know who he was. It's never happened to me like this before."

"You're full of baloney, Susan. And you have a *very* short memory! Besides, he'll never marry you."

"Who's talking about marriage? We've just met. He's just out of the army. He's *younger* than I am."

"Still, that must be what you have in mind, because you're a smart girl, but I tell you he'll never do it. Every now and then one of them will marry a show girl or a movie star, or even a gorgeous cigarette girl. Someone who makes people's heads turn when he walks into a room. But Susan Rose, a bright, glib Riverside Drive kid on the make? Forget it."

"I can make people's heads turn."

"Minor league, baby. You are very minor league as a head turner."

For three weeks Mike and Susannah had fought and loved and chased each other and invaded each other's territory. They had been on a great spree and the whole town was talking about them. When they walked into a restaurant people stared and whispered and Brownes everywhere had fits.

But one Saturday morning the pace had caught up with her. "Why go anywhere?" she asked, yawning, feeling the laziness that sets in with summer; also feeling pressured, since he had said that in another two weeks he'd be gone, and what would she have as a souvenir? No simple ten-carat solitaire to prove she was his, to hold the option, so to speak, for his return.

"Mick, do you know I adore you?"

"What's your problem?" he said. "What makes you so nice this morning? Come on, get up! I thought we'd get married today. I thought we'd drive to Elkton, Maryland and get married."

"*Married?*" The prize, the jackpot, the gold ring, so easily achieved, without all the desperate games and tricks she'd planned.

"Yeah, why not? Wouldn't you like me to make an honest woman of you?"

"I *am* an honest woman."

"You know what I mean."

"Yes, I'd like to marry you, I'd like that very much." She was too moved for a minute to look at him, afraid if he saw the awful needfulness of her he'd take the offer back, because he didn't like her weak or needful.

"Only," she said, when she could speak steadily, "I don't want to go to Elkton, Maryland."

"No? What did you have in mind?"

"I want to be married properly."

"And how would that be? You want to give yourself a wedding, Orphan, give yourself away?"

"I have someone to give me away. My uncle in Miami."

"You want to be married in *Miami?*"

"No, stupid. I just mean I have someone to hand me over to you. I want to be married at Cherryhill. In your mother's garden."

"You *have* to be joking."

"I'm not joking."

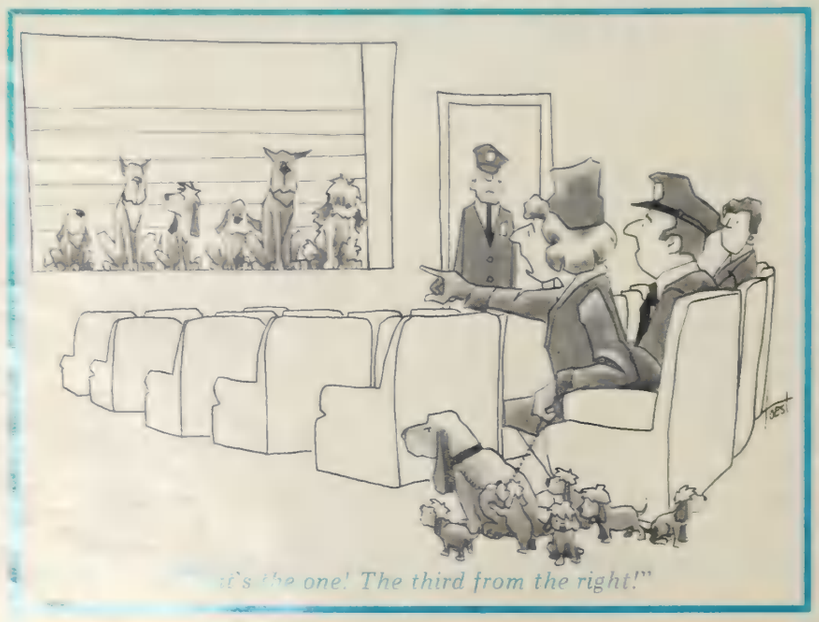
"I don't think you quite get the picture of my mother, Susannah. I recently spent a day in her august presence, summoned no less, so she could tell me some things. Let's say she does *not* approve of you and me."

"That's to be expected. But you can charm your mother into doing anything you want."

"I'm not *interested* in charming difficult women."

"What can she do? Can she do anything about your money?"

"She can't *do* anything. She can make me feel guilty. I don't like to be



"...t's the one! The third from the right!"

turned down. I'd rather not ask first place."

"Don't ask her. Tell her. Say I my, I'm going to marry Susa Since Susannah has no home, I' to be married quietly in my You're the man, remember?"

"Look here, it's *my* mother. you don't have a mother, which a often said is one of your major a tions, lay off, Susannah."

"O.K., wise guy. But please ca Susan—my name."

"Come *on*, darling," he said gently, "don't spoil things. Let' And then, what's done is done, an lieve me she is great about the complished fact. She'll sell you t whole world."

"Gee! Wonderful!"

"You know that I . . ."

"I'm beginning to know exactly you mean. I don't think I war marry you. But if I did, if I was crazy, I'd want to do it right. Elo is a fake."

She told him how she felt about riage. She told him how she felt a herself. He saw she expected t taken seriously in a way he wa capable of taking her. He saw wanted to be esteemed in a way he incapable of esteeming her, of este ing anyone different from himself saw she considered herself his e

Angry and confused, Mike b quoting to her the things that being said, by his mother, his un his friends, things concerning her ligion, her appearance, her origins, age, her speaking voice, her manne dress; things concerning their unh children, concerning her behavior morals.

And presently she told him to out. Leave.

After the door had slammed she'd watched him walk down street and disappear around the ner, for the first time she pou herself a drink at ten in the morni Then she called her friend, K Bellow, the *Life* photographer, arranged to leave town within an ho She caught the early afternoon fe for Fire Island. And for the first ti she skipped work for three days, pl ing sick, keeping her hand off the te phone, gambling on the fact that M Browne would be trying to find her.

Deeply tanned, flushed, sligh frantic herself, she walked into her ing room and found him lying on sofa, reading an old news magazi On a table stood an enormous vase American beauty roses, four dozen least. She glanced at the card: " Susan Rose from Mick Browne: y never know till you've lost it."

"Lost what," she said, "your lunch

"What took you so long?"

"You are a bastard," she said soft

"I know," he said, also softly. "Y like that. If I was any other way you be bored." His arms opened. She didn go into them. Just stood, looking dow at him solemnly.

"I suppose you want me to say I sorry," he said.

"Something like that."

"Will you forgive me for those ro ten things I said?"

"Yes," she said.

Then he stood up and took her int his arms and her give-away hea hammered wildly. She was almos

(continued on page 112)

Motorcycles are a thing with Karen and Carl. He does a great quiche lorraine. She's into Yoga. He makes their jewelry.

She made these clothes.

Whatever Karen and Carl do, you can be sure they're expressing themselves. Together and singly. Take their clothes. It's Karen's very own form of self-expression, but they were created by her with their individual personalities in mind. Nice to know our threads, zippers and tapes had something to do with it. Look for them at notion counters and fine stores everywhere.

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Chances are, his kids use a fluoride toothpaste like Crest. It makes sense... Crest has fluoride. And over 20 clinical studies have proven that Crest reduces cavities an average of 29% better than the same toothpaste without fluoride.

Dentists also know the fluoride in Crest combines with the tooth enamel to make it more resistant to decay.

Needless to say, your dentist's kids get regular dental checkups. And they're probably pretty careful about the treats they eat. So, don't your kids' teeth deserve Crest? After all, fighting cavities is the whole idea behind Crest.

"Crest has been shown to be an effective clinical preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care." Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Assoc.

WATERGATE WIFE



Frances Liddy with her five children. From left: sons Raymond, 9, Tom, 11, and James, 12; daughters Grace, 13, and Sandy, 14. The family lives in a suburb of Washington (where Liddy is incarcerated in the District of Columbia jail). Mrs. Liddy is a schoolteacher. Ken Regan—Camera 5

BY MRS. G. GORDON LIDDY with Maxine Cheshire

Imprisoned former White House aide G. Gordon Liddy is the mystery man of the 1972 Watergate affair. Thus far, he has remained tantalizingly silent, refusing to explain or justify his actions—or to save himself by implicating others. Now, however, in this Journal *exclusive, his wife Frances breaks her silence to tell what living with the scandal has been like for her and her family.*

Early this summer, after the Senate's Watergate hearings began on television, I went into a shoe-repair shop and realized for the first time that my husband's name had become a household word. The clerk took the pair of shoes I handed across the counter and asked what name he should put on the claim check.

"Liddy," I replied.

"That's *some* name to have these days, lady," he said.

"Yes, I know," I told him politely. "And those are *his* shoes you're repairing."

I thought a lot about G. Gordon Liddy's shoes in the days following that incident.

Gordon is a lawyer. So was my father, who died of cancer the spring I was 18. I did not realize that my father was dying until he came home one day from shopping, wearing a very cheap pair of new shoes. He believed in quality, but he had been ill a long time. He never said a word about his condition worsening, but I knew from looking at those shoes that he did not expect to live long enough to get any real wear out of them.

That is the kind of father I had—and that is the kind of man I chose to marry.

To me, and to our five children, Gordon is a hero. As badly as we want him home with us, we would have felt he was a coward if he had acted any less resolutely than he has.

I don't know if he ever intends to try to explain himself, even when he gets out of prison. But I do know that he feels he is serving his country by sitting in jail and saying nothing. He has compared himself to a captured soldier who gives only his name, rank, and serial number.

As the Watergate probe has widened over the past year and a half, I have become conscious of the fact that I know so few of the people involved.

E. Howard Hunt and his late wife were the only ones we ever saw socially. We would go there for dinner and the men would sit around talking for hours. Hunt, a former CIA agent who had written some 40 adventure novels, seemed to find Gordon fascinating. I wonder now if Hunt, consciously or unconsciously, was intending to make Gordon a character in a future book.

I remember one story that amused Hunt. Gordon had led a narcotics raid on Dr. Timothy Leary's house. The air was so full of marijuana smoke that the family's dog was out cold. When Gordon burst into the living room, the pooch was lying on his back, all four paws rigid in the air.

Gordon has a marvelous sense of humor. Once, when anti-war protesters were marching on the Washington Monument grounds with lighted candles, he waded into their midst, took out a cigar, and used one of their candles to light it. They were too startled to take offense, and he strode off, puffing away, with a satisfied grin on his face.

I don't understand the whole Watergate mess any more than other people do. I still haven't separated the good guys from the bad guys. I only know that my husband is a man of great integrity and personal honesty. Until he came to Washington in 1969 as a Nixon Administration appointee, his whole career had been in law enforcement. Then he found himself convicted of committing a crime.

I can't see why people have a hard time understanding what motivates a man like Gordon to take all he has and keep quiet. He is simply following his own code. I don't sit in judgment on the other men who took a different course of action and chose to talk, in desperate attempts to stay out of jail themselves. Few men have the kind of strength my husband has, and, unlike so many who have appeared on television at the Watergate hearings, Gordon is at peace with himself.

A lot of people remain convinced that Gordon is being paid not to talk. Sometimes the figure mentioned is as high as $1 million. Recently, when I visited Gordon in the District of Columbia jail, he told me that some of his guards had circulated a rumor that he has $100,000 buried in a shoe box in Virginia. That's really funny when you consider that I keep buying tickets for Maryland's legalized lottery, hoping to win because I need the money so badly.

To understand why, you have to know Gordon. To him, life is what you can do. He has always been indifferent about money. As a result, money seems always to have been a problem for us.

Gordon was in the middle of his FBI training when we were married in 1957. For five years he had a rewarding career and a rapid rise, with numerous commendations from the late director, J. Edgar Hoover. But the pay was so low for a family as large as ours that even Gordon finally realized that something had to give.

(continued on page 132)



UPI

Lawyer Liddy, 42, is serving a 20-year sentence for masterminding the Watergate break-in while he was counsel for the Nixon re-election [illegible]. He has offered his wife a divorce, but she doesn't want one.



CRISTINA FORD HAS MANY MOODS & SO DOES FALL FASHION!

Cristina Vettore Ford, Italian-born wife of auto industrialist Henry Ford II is a slim, feminine dynamo of many worlds, many moods. Because she reflects the excitement of '73 fall fashion, we asked her to model designer examples of new trends. Cristina's elegance and movie star glamour underline the fall fashion message. The poor-waif look is out; the sophisticated woman of the world is in. (Happily, variations of these elegant and exciting styles are also available to fit junior-exec paychecks.) By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.

CRISTINA FORD TALKS ABOUT HERSELF TO THE JOURNAL

"I am a woman who has a mood for every day, every hour, every moment," says the unpretentious individualist who has been married to one of the world's richest and most important men for eight years. Home base for the mobile Fords is a big Georgian house outside Detroit, Mich., or a New York penthouse, but *(continued on page 8)*

"I love to be active, to commune with nature."

Cristina (above) wears a designer version of this year's important sweater look: an oatmeal cable-knit cardigan teamed with a panel-pleated wool gabardine skirt, plus plaid cotton shirt. All by Ralph Lauren; typical of fall's sporty separates.

"A woman should be soft and feminine."

Cozy dresses in soft, soft fabrics make gentle fashion news. Right: Cristina's is angora, with new gathered bodice, dirndl skirt and full artist's sleeves. By Scott Barrie. Photograph taken in the apartment of the Leonard Kahns, decorated by Hariet Eckstein of Roundtree Inc.

Photographs by William Helburn. Hairstyles by Peter Green of La Coupe, makeup by Way Bandy. Fashion and Accessory information on page 15.





"To keep on the go is very stimulating."

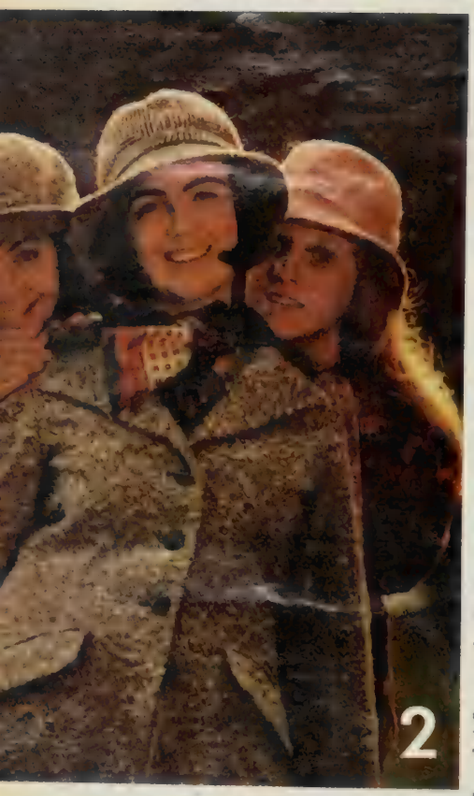
Cristina (left), fast mover, h movie-star charis as she wears glamorous Dona Brooks ensemb the cardigan ja et, lavished w creamy lynx, worn over a pan pleated skirt a a soft cashme sweater. The c It's Ford's 19 Mustang II, inches shorter th last year ("I lo small cars," sa Cristina), plus smaller engine th uses a lot less g

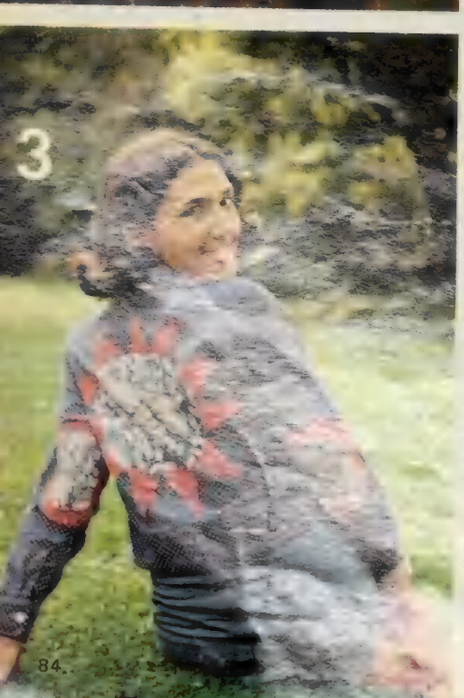
"But it is also fun to get dressed up!"

Mrs. Ford, who usually the star any party she tends, models t new evening loo Its sensual el gance does fu justice to a fabl figure. The dress fluid jersey slink autumn grape, molded over t bosom, and h 1973's touch of fu here, flowing sab cuffs. By Bill Bla The setting is t opulent New Yo apartment of M Ernest H. Marti designed by De ning-Fourcade.











CLASS OF '77: THE NEW TREND-SETTERS

"We think the best college chums are tweeds . . . or pulled-down hats . . . or work shirts . . . or neat belts and buckles and blazers."



"Some girls have particular ideas about best friends. Lorelei Lee and her diamonds, for instance. Others choose differently."







Meet the Class of '77, the smashing young women who will be setting the trends on campus for the next four years. They are a bright, self-possessed group that knows there's more to fashion than playing follow-the-leader. They've left behind the blue-jean-tie-dye-shirt uniform in favor of a personal and more sophisticated look. They love the texture of tweeds, knits, and leather; the look of bulky sweaters, flowing capes, and fitted blazers. They have a soft spot for things hand-made—especially something patch-worked or appliquéd.
By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor.

1. Nancy Smith (Connecticut College) wears a velvet-collared tweed blazer and skirt. Simplicity #5212.

2. Here's Nancy again with friends Vici and Anne in the all-important new accessory—the narrow-brimmed tweed hat. By Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. Echo scarf.

3. Peggy wears a polka dot work shirt that's been hand-appliquéd with sunbursts on the back and elbows.

4. Vici Kins (Radcliffe). Her tweeds are mixed, but matched. Her knee-length cape is in herringbone and her trousers and hat in Donegal. Tweed and herringbone fabric by Lawrence Klauber. Cape is Simplicity #9669.

5. Anne Lusher (Yale) sizes up the scene in a blue denim work shirt accented with bright yellow measuring tape trim by Wright's.

6. Great ways to wrap a waist: Old Americana reproduction buckles or brass loops on striped elastic belting.
Belting by Smart Trim.
Buckles: Synek Studio; B. Blumenthal.

7. The shoes to wear with tweeds: sturdy hiking boots by Olofdaughters. Echo scarf.

8, 9. There's Vici, coming and going in a patchwork coat with braid binding. Made from 18 patchwork squares.

10, 11. Leigh Butler (Vassar) likes her jeans and jacket in fake cranberry-red calfskin. Simplicity #5517. Fabric, Sewing Associates; safari hat from Abercrombie and Fitch.

12. The tweedy trousers: cut like jeans and worn low on the hips.
Simplicity #5637.

For knitting instructions, accessories, and backviews, see page 104.

"We want things to be practical and comfortable—more than just chic. Like these shoes . . ."



"We say 'no' to anything matching—especially clothes."

"We particularly like a heady mix of wool and funny flakers like make-believe calf, suede."











"We're really not all that grown up. We still like kooky dolls and crazy sheets that think they're leopards."

"We also like kids' smocks and old granny tops from an antique shop or an attic or poetic vests and peasant prints."





13. The abstract work shirt: Leigh and Vici in shirts appliquéd with colorful random-cut patches sewed with a zig-zag machine stitch. Design by Kathryn Stoll.

14. Anne's long bias cut tweed skirt is coordinated with a hand knit sleeveless top. Yarn and fabric by Tahki Imports. The print shirt is Simplicity #5202, skirt Simplicity #5212. Elegant belt.

15. For the well-dressed dormitory resident: Nancy wears a kimono, holds curtains and towel in matching cheetah print. Robe, Simplicity #5685, is made from a single sheet. The curtains are from another. All by Martex.

16. Workshirts: More views.

17. Kay and Nancy in French schoolgirl smocks in South-of-France prints with coordinated borders. Kay's smock, Simplicity #5639; Nancy's, Simplicity #5808. Pierre Deux fabric; Jane Irwill turtleneck.

18. Instead of the traditional Raggedy Ann doll, an old-fashioned pioneer woman to decorate a dormitory bed. Doll shape printed on muslin, to be sewn and stuffed. By Standard Doll Co.

19. Kay Newburger (Trinity) wears a zip-front, hand-knit, tri-color battle jacket and matching knit hat with braided trim. Bernat sweater.

20. Cats, real and fake. The stuffed cat is another candidate for a college girl's bed. The printed cloth cat is from Standard Doll Co.

21. Peggy Levinson (Skidmore) wears pullover smock in Ultra-suede by Skinner over tartan pants. Smock, Simplicity #5814. Design Research turtleneck.

22. Kay mixes her tweeds with a Victorian striped silk shirt found on a thrift shop tour.

23. The well-designed leg: store-bought knee socks embroidered just for fun. Even the perforated clogs have been decorated with yarn. Socks, Bonnie Doon. Clogs and boots, Olofdaughters. Embroidery by Karen Lawrence.

24. Leigh's bright felt vest is trimmed with zig-zag stitching and braid.

25. More Deux-de-France prints. This time great cotton scarves and a variety of quilted bags by Pierre Deux.

26. The head-warmers: a hand-knit Icelandic beret and a multicolored Guatemalan peasant cloche. By Reynolds; Berga Ullman.

27. Anne: A bulky fun smock and matching hat in natural colored wools for the ski slopes or campus. By Bernat.

All how-to instructions and back views on page 104.









"Or in a more sophisticated mood, the wildly printed and decorated-all-over footwear."

"Some like it hot . . . etc. We like it both ways. Easy, loose, don't-touch-anywhere undecorated pullovers."



"We love the new knee-high socks and the cheerful clogs."



"Nobody can ever say we're consistent—diversity's fun."





THE NEW BLOND– IT'S A NATURAL

Pam shows at right the new short, shaped cut we gave her for the April JOURNAL. Sadly, she feels, we also cut off her blond highlights. We remedy the situation this month with a new coloring technique.



We last photographed Pam Suthern, a model-friend of ours, taking the big plunge from long hair to short in our April issue. Not long ago Pam came back to us with a problem: While she loved her new tousled cut, she missed being blond. (Somehow all the light hair had ended up on the cutting-room floor.) As a busy career woman and mother, Pam wanted to go blond again, but was horrified at the prospect of time-consuming monthly touch-ups. We asked Leslie Blanchard, one of the most innovative color men we know, for a solution. His suggestion: frosting and hair painting. The technique, a brand-new one, is the most natural way we've yet seen to go blond. It combines traditional silver foil streaking with subtle paintbrush work. The effect of the artistry is softer-than-ever color, with a natural mixture of light and dark shades. Because hair painting concentrates on the top layer of hair rather than the whole head, the entire process takes little more than an hour. Best news of all—upkeep involves only three or four yearly visits to the colorist. See how Leslie did it below. By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor.

Photographs by John Vidol. Hair styled by Mr. Jack of The Private World of Leslie Blanchard. Makeup by Clairol. Shirt by Ralph Lauren of Polo.





Leslie colored Pam's hair lighter in the front and slightly darker in the back. He began with a series of silver foil-wrapped streaks in the front (left). Then he took out his brush and painted a series of fine streaks in between the foil-wrapped strands. The more delicate hand-painted streaks make for more subtle blonding. In the back, Leslie used no foil at all. Instead he painted a series of fine, irregular streaks along Pam's part and from the crown. After shampooing and conditioning, he applied a sandy blond toner all over to mellow the color. Then he shampooed again. The final effect was a radiant glowing blond. Pam adored the results (right). "This is my real personality."





Photographed by Charles Gold. Above: J. Josephson green vinyl wallcovering; Scalamandre lace. Right: Collins & Aikman corduroy; Boussac of France printed fabrics. Grayblock ribbons.



WALL POWER

The wall has emerged from its wallflower phase. No longer the safe, neutral bystander, the wall calls attention to itself in new and winning ways. In the five examples featured here, none of the rooms takes the routine paint-paneling-or-paper route. The walls are wrapped, trellised, upholstered, draped, and framed. They are never dull. There is a practical side to these inspired coverings, too: they camouflage whatever may be ailing your walls. You can eliminate tedious and sometimes expensive replastering and scraping, as well as the removal of old wallpaper.

By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

CURTAINED WALL

Old fashioned white lace stretches over a contemporary backdrop of shiny spring-green vinyl. The geometric patterned lace is actually a 118-inch span of white curtain. It is stretched on firring strips set approximately 1½ inches out from the wall to give extra dimension.

WIDE-WALED WALL

A rich wide-waled red corduroy upholsters the walls of a library-den. An overlay of striped ribbons secured with upholsterers' tacks creates a plaid effect. The patterned floor, like all the floors in these rooms, is cotton fabric stretched taut, glued, and protected with several coats of polyurethane varnish.









GATHERED WALL

Top: Shirred cotton gathered on drapery poles at ceiling and floor create an intimate environment for a bed-sitting room. Cover all four walls, coordinating a print for the curtains, or simply use along one wall or behind a bed.

WRAPPED WALL

Above: Plain brown wrapping paper makes an unusual and inexpensive wall cover. The adobe-like effect is obtained by crushing and then soaking the paper in water and allowing it to dry before applying. Blinds are used as wall hangings to cover the paper seams or on the windows. A variety of brown and white prints are also a natural in this setting.

TRELLISED ROOM

Right: The dining room (or dining area in the living room) turns into a charming gazebo. Over a blue and white Oriental cotton print is a trellis of wide ribbons. The trellis frame is erected about 1½ inches from the wall. Wooden lathes support the structure at strategic points. The fresh, young look is carried out in the room with ferns, flowers, fruits and figured blue and white porcelain.



iac of France fabrics; Grayblock ribbon; Interior Enterprises tables; Nathan Lagin lamp. More shopping information on page 13.



Trader Vic's Book of Mexican Cooking

Journal Cookbook of the Month: No. 82 in a Series

Trader Vic has done it again. The man who brought the romance of the South Seas to the heartland of America with his famous Polynesian restaurants has turned his talents to another culture and cuisine. This time it's Mexico and the results are equally smashing. *Trader Vic's Book of Mexican Cooking* (Doubleday, $6.95)

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will win a lot of new converts to south-of-the-border cuisine, largely because of the author's genius for adapting foreign dishes to the American palate. The dishes are deliciously and unmistakably Mexican, but Americans who haven't built up a tolerance for unlimited doses of hot peppers can feel safe in the hands of Trader Vic (whose real name, by the way, is Victor Bergeron). The big surprise in store for newcomers to Mexican eating is the unexpected variety of dishes. There is considerably more to Trader Vic's view of Mexico than tortillas and chili con carne, as the dishes we've prepared from his book below suggest: 1. Chick Peas with Tomatoes. 2. Piña Fria (a cool rum and pineapple drink). 3. Fish Stew. 4. Arroz Mexicana (rice with green peas and sausage). 5. Seafood Empañadas (tiny fish turnovers). 6. Cauliflower with Guacamole Sauce. 7. Mexican Goulash. Turn to page 101 for the recipes.

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The Do-It-Yourself Gourmet Shelf

The glories of the gourmet shelf—glistening jars of peaches bathed in brandy, chestnuts candied in dark sugar and rum, extravagant antipasto—all these can be created in your own kitchen at a fraction of their overwhelming specialty shop prices. There is nothing especially mysterious about those glorious delicacies except the pricetag—as high as $8 a jar. Set aside a leisurely summer afternoon, surround yourself with fruits and vegetables in their prime, and—do it yourself. You'll also need a collection of jars: use old mayonnaise bottles or decorative cork- or glass-topped ones if you're thinking about Christmas gift-giving. Below is our own collection of preserved delicacies to tempt you into action. *Recipes on page 105.*

By Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor.

1. *Chestnuts in Rum*
2. *Corn Chowchow*
3. *Fruit Medley in White Wine*
4. *Pickled Mushrooms*
5. *Shrimp and Vegetable Antipasto*
6. *Brandied Peaches*
7. *Pickled Pears and Apples*
8. *Vegetable Pickle Medley*



Photograph by Arthur Beck


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JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER



The Journal Food Sampler reports the latest on the food scene. Recipes from readers, supermarket news, nutrition. Enjoy it!

—Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor

RECIPE EXCHANGE



It's hard to know just what talented Mrs. Anita Salgado of Los Angeles, Calif., will do next. In addition to re-creating for her own table the Mexican specialties her mother was famous for—this one for corn and zucchini casserole is an inspired example—she finds time to compose and perform her own songs, write poetry and paint.

Corn and Zucchini Piquant Casserole

1½ cups each fresh or frozen corn kernels and sliced zucchini
1 medium onion, chopped
2 Tb. corn oil
2 chicken bouillon cubes
½ cup milk
2 cups cubed cooked pork
2 canned green chilies, chopped
½ teaspoon cumin
salt to taste
2 cups grated Monterey Jack



Preheat oven to 350°. Sauté corn, zucchini, and onion in oil. Cover and simmer for about 8 minutes over low heat. Dissolve bouillon cubes in milk. Add milk mixture, pork, green chilies, cumin powder and salt to vegetables. Simmer 5 minutes more.

Pour into a 3 or 4-quart casserole, mixing in 1 cup of cheese. Sprinkle remaining 1 cup of cheese on top. Cover and bake in a 350° oven for 30 minutes. Serves 6.



Mrs. Amy Baker of St. Louis, Mo., found the inspiration for this marvelous spicy-sweet casseroie in an old farm magazine of the Thirties, at the time she was feeding a family of six on produce from her own garden and orchard—and some years she canned as much as 600 quarts of produce!

Pumpkin Shell Casserole

1 small pumpkin, 7 in. diam.
2 cups peeled, chopped apples
1 cup raisins
1 cup chopped pecans
¼ tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. nutmeg



Preheat oven to 350°. Wash and dry pumpkin. (A hard-skinned squash may be substituted.) Slice off top for a lid. Scrape out seeds.

Fill pumpkin with two parts apples, one part raisins, and one part pecans. Add sugar to taste. Add lemon juice, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Mix well. Return lid to pumpkin. Place pumpkin on a cookie sheet.

Bake until apples are tender. Begin checking doneness after 40 minutes; it may take up to 1 hour 45 minutes.

This casserole may be served hot or cold with roast pork, ham or poultry. Serve from the shell, spooning some pumpkin with each portion. Top with sour cream if desired. Serves 4 to 6.

Send us your favorite relish or soup recipe. We'll pay $50 for those we use. Include with recipe some mention of its origin; we reserve the right to alter recipes used; recipes submitted become the property of Downe Publishing, Inc. Entries must be postmarked by September 30. Send: Recipe Exchange, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

10 OTHER THINGS TO DO WITH...

TARRAGON

If you're one of those cooks who buys an herb to make one marvelously aromatic recipe, then spends weeks wondering what to do with the remaining . . . Great! You've come to the right place.

This month—ten tricks with tarragon, the herb with the hint of anise. First off, there's tarragon and chicken: half teaspoon crumbled into ¾ cup flour makes an elegant coating for *Tarragon Fried Chicken*. (2) Rub a roaster with a pinch of tarragon. (3) Or, sprinkle next-day chicken salad with a quarter teaspoon crumbled tarragon. (4) Stuffing with tarragon. One quarter teaspoon transforms plain packaged stuffing. (5) Bland rice stuffing perks up with a pinch crumbled and stirred in. (6) *Mock Sauce Gribiche.* Mash a hard-cooked egg yolk. Combine it with ½ cup sweet mustard relish, 2 tb. mayonnaise, ¼ tsp. garlic powder and a hefty 1½ tsp. crumbled tarragon. Good with cold cuts, with boiled shrimp or with plain fish. (7) Try adding ½ tsp. tarragon to beef stew for the last ten minutes of cooking. (Better flavor than if you put the herb in at the beginning: a good general rule.) (8) Enhance your own, or a packaged cheese spread with a pinch of crumbled tarragon. (9) Put a tiny bit into deviled eggs for a picnic item with a slightly sophisticated touch. (10) To perk up frozen vegetables, add a few tarragon leaves to the cooking water.

KITCHEN BOUTIQUE

Glamorous edible garnishes.

Colorful chains of raw carrots, zucchini or cucumbers garland a main-dish platter prettily. To form them—cut ¼ inch slices from your chosen vegetable, then remove centers with a small round canape or crinkled-biscuit cutter. Make one cut through the rind of one half of the rings



and slip onto uncut rings to form chains.

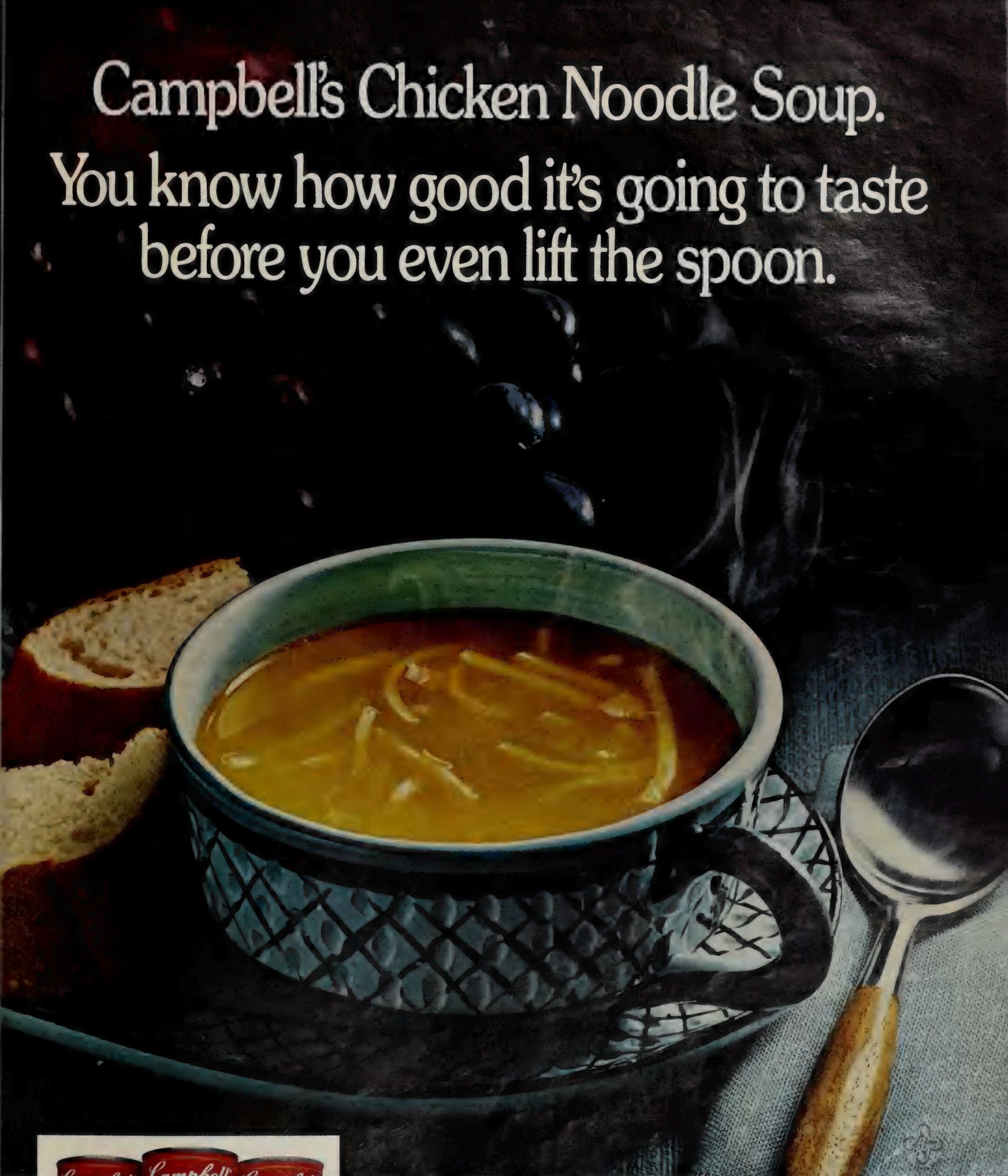
Save it if it's . . .

- Milk carton. Use it to freeze small whole fish perfectly. Add fish, water. Seal it and freeze it.
- Paper towel tube. Keeps individual electrical cords neatly stored, tangle-free.
- Wine cork. Pop it on the tip of a newly-sharpened knife—to keep it that way.
- Coffee can. Bake attractive round easily-sliceable breakfast breads and tea cakes.
- Baby food jar. Store spices, leftovers, kitchen oddments such as pastry tube accessories. Even hardware such as nails, nuts, etc.
- Plastic container. Freeze or refrigerate leftovers. Label with date and contents so you won't have to open lid to know what's inside. Use as cannister for storing flour and sugar.
- Serrated metal edge from a wrap box. Tape edge that is not serrated. Use serrated edge to clip recipes, cut dough strips, trim pie crusts, etc.
- Wine bottle. Makes a beautiful drinking glass or vase when cut down and sanded.
- Spice jar with shaker top. Good for shaking on cinnamon and sugar on toast, grated cheese, or a few drops of anything from vinegar to rum.
- Frozen TV dinner trays. Make your own TV dinners from leftovers. Wrap with foil and freeze. Just pop in 400° oven 30 minutes and serve. A good compartmented dish for toddlers.

Food photographs by Michael O'Neill

Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup.

You know how good it's going to taste before you even lift the spoon.





Just looking at a steaming bowl of Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup makes you feel hungry. Hungry for those tender pieces of chicken, those golden egg noodles, the richness and flavor of two chicken stocks. Share Campbell's Chicken Noodle or Chicken Vegetable or Chicken 'n Dumplings Soup today with someone you love. Before you even lift the spoon, you know how good they're going to taste.

M'm! M'm! Good!

ON THE AISLE

NEWS OF NEW FOODS

Welcome to September—with never a dull day in sight. It's Expectant Father's Day September 17, for example, and we have *no* suggestions for celebrating that occasion beyond the obvious. But we have definite ideas for some other high points of the first month of autumn. ▪ It's Be Late For Something Day, on September 5. Take advantage of it. Be Late For Everything—and do it with a clear head and calm conscience. When you finally get home—late—just brush some Kitchen Bouquet's new Prime Choice (a *mild*-flavored steak sauce) on a chop or hamburger and have a tasty supper in no time. ▪ For those who have forgotten, The Porridge Festival is coming up on your calendar—September 19—in scenic Kesalahti, Finland. We just don't like porridge, so the 19th will find us stirring up a pot of Lentil Pilaf (all you do is add water and butter), one of the newest creations from Near East Products. • Horrors! We were about to go on to other matters and pass up Mustache Day (September 2). But we have thoughts for that occasion. Pass out Good Humor's latest boon to the bewhiskered—No-Drip Ice Cream On-a-Stick.

THE WONDER BEAN

Recently, we opened the white door to the JOURNAL test kitchens and stepped straight into the future. And, good news! —things not only look good—they smell good and taste good, too. What things? Things made of soybeans. Although there wasn't a bean in sight, we were told by the technicians from Miles Laboratories who were giving us this look into the future that all those platters and plates and trays of savory sausage, crisp-coated fish filets, sliced ham, and pink bologna being passed around were made out of a new soybean product called Textured Vegetable Protein (TVP).

AMAZING NEW PROCESS

Food technologists have come up with a revolutionary method for spinning soybeans into a number of meat-like fibers: they can duplicate the textures of a variety of meat and poultry and even sea-food products with great success. As we listened to a discussion of the potential of TVP, we began to nibble. The sausage *tasted* like *sausage*. It seems that these imitation meats will be an enormous boon to the cholesterol conscious; they're virtually cholesterol-free. And soybeans are a source of complete protein comparable in food value to meat. As the talk of TVP continued, we sampled a tasty meatloaf. It was impossible to detect the presence of the soybean product we were assured it contained. The bologna and ham were pleasant-tasting but less startlingly authentic than the fried "fish" filets. All in all, though, the soymeat "analogs" as these imitations of meat are called, were tasty and satisfying foods.

AT THE CHECKOUT COUNTER . . .

Will you be seeing a big difference in price? Yes and no. Hamburg patties containing TVP are now being test-marketed for 10 to 20 percent less than the price of patties made entirely of ground meat. But the sausages and breakfast slices made of soybeans are about the same price as the real thing. One advantage that makes these products more economical is that they don't shrink when you cook them.

PAST AND FUTURE

Although these unassuming little yellow-tan beans have been a staple of Oriental diets for centuries, their history in the United States is relatively short. From the turn of the century until World War II they were grown mainly for cattle feed. The war-induced meat shortages provoked an interest in soymeat imitations, but food scientists of the Forties lacked modern technology. The stuff just didn't taste as good. After the War, Americans gladly went back to being a nation of meat-eaters. In less than ten years, though, you can expect a considerable change. By the year 1980, according to one professor of nutrition at Georgetown University, some 20 percent of the U.S. meat supply will be imitation meat composed of soybeans. Will you like it? With advances in technology—in the duplicating of textures and flavors—the soymeat products will continue to improve. Chances are that you'll be happy to dish up a soybean dinner.

CHEF'S SECRETS



Our chef of the month, Milos Cihelka, is an executive chef with the soul of a sculptor. Working with tallow, he creates impressive centerpieces and table decorations. One of them, a bust of John F. Kennedy, traveled to Frankfurt, Germany, with Mr. Cihelka when he was a member of the American team at the Culinary Olympics. Since very few of us are prepared to begin sculpting statues for the family dinner table, we asked our September chef for some down-to-earth cooking suggestions, and were surprised to learn that . . .

- You ought to use coarse Kosher salt on steaks, chops, and roasts *before* cooking. (It's the iodine in regular table salt that causes a tough skin to form on meat.) Salting before cooking allows the salt time to penetrate.
- It's good practice to heat your pan before you fry—even before you put the oil in. Your sautéing goes faster, food stays juicier.
- You'll dine on moist, tender chicken breast if you roast the bird on its side. (This also goes for ducks, geese, turkeys.)
- When you bake or broil fish (skin side down, of course), you can keep the skin from sticking to the pan by dipping the fish in bread crumbs first.

FOOD OF THE MONTH

Pausing in the midst of September's golden corn harvest, we briefly recall the history of corn, or maize, as the Europeans call it. Corn is an American original, a gift of ancient Indian agriculturalists who developed it from an insignificant wild grass into the staple crop of both North and South America. Indians used corn in a variety of ways—fresh, ground into flour and baked in flat breads and tortillas, parched and stored for the long Northern winters. Corn was a god, revered in ceremonies throughout the New World.

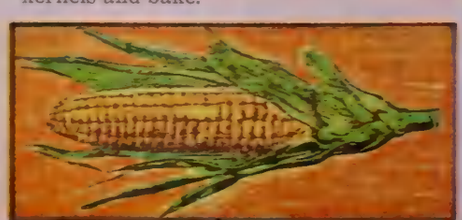
Times have changed, and we must admit to worshiping the corn god in a more secular fashion. Our ceremonies involve cooking and reverently eating as many ears as we possibly can while the season lasts.

Buying Corn. Corn fanatics claim—and we can't entirely contradict them—that the perfect ear of corn is picked from a nearby garden, rushed to the cooking pot, boiled for a minute, and eaten instantly. That's obviously not practical for many of us, but the principle is sound. Get it fresh, cook it fast, and eat it right away. If corn is ripe, the kernels will be plump; press one with your thumb—it should burst easily, revealing a drop of white "milk." Shop for sweet corn with fresh green husks that are cool to the touch. (Time and heat turn the sugar in corn into starch.) Store your corn in the refrigerator until you're ready to use it, and cook it the same day.

Cooking Corn. To boil sweet corn, remove the husks and silk and drop the ears into a large kettle of unsalted (salt toughens) boiling water. Bring to a second boil for one or two minutes (the longer time is for more mature corn). Turn off heat, and allow corn to stand in water for five minutes before serving.

Eating Corn. Corn classicists advocate only a flick of salt and a gilding of butter. Corn purists eat very young corn perfectly plain. But if corn appears regularly at your table, it's fun to experiment with different seasonings. Try adding lemon juice and chili powder (a teaspoon each) to a half cup of melted butter. Fresh or dried herbs make fine additions to softened butter. How about snipped chives?

What about those two or three ears of corn left sitting in the refrigerator? Sometimes you don't use up all the corn the same day, and cooking it the next is frowned on. Toss together a batch of *Corny Corn Muffins* as quickly as you can read the next sentence. Prepare a 12 oz. package of corn muffin mix according to package directions, stir in ¾ cup raw corn kernels and bake.



ntinued from page 95

SEAFOOD EMPAÑADAS
(pictured on page 94)

hese can even be baked instead of ed, if you prefer. Place them on baking sheet in a preheated 400°F. en for about 5 minutes and serve once.

cups all-purpose flour
teaspoon salt
cup lard
tablespoons ice water
ling (recipe follows)

ft flour and salt together into a wl. Cut half the lard into the flour ixture with a pastry blender until is like fine cornmeal. Cut remaing lard into the dough until it is out the size of peas. Add ice wa-r, blend lightly into the dough th a fork. Gather the dough into ball, divide, and roll out a half at time. Cut into 3-inch circles. Put out 2 teaspoons filling on one side each circle of dough.

Dampen the edges and fold over to the shape of a crescent. Mark th tines of a fork to seal and fry deep fat until golden. Drain on per towels. Makes about 2 dozen.

ling:
pound mahimahi or other white fish
ablespoons chopped onion
clove garlic, minced
ablespoons oil
sh of white wine
easpoons flour
teaspoon salt
teaspoon pepper
½ tablespoons fish or chicken stock
easpoons minced jalapeño chili
easpoons minced green onion
ablespoon crushed blanched almonds

op fish and sauté with onion and rlic in oil until about half cooked. dd a dash of wine, blend in flour, d salt and pepper and stir; then r in the stock. Remove from heat d add remaining ingredients.

l. Note: We used halibut.

SH STEW (GUISADO DE PESCADO)
(pictured on page 94)

ablespoons butter
medium onions, chopped
weet red pepper, seeded and chopped
ablespoons minced parsley
anned green chili, seeded, rinsed, and chopped
teaspoon black pepper
teaspoon nutmeg
ounds mixed fillets of sea bass, halibut, or white fish
easpoon salt
½ cups white wine
cups water
dozen large cooked shrimp
an (7½ oz.) minced clams

a large skillet that has a cover, at the butter and sauté the onions, d pepper, parsley, and chili until ion is limp and vegetables are nder. Stir in the pepper and nutg. Cut the fish into serving-size eces and arrange on top of the utéed vegetables. Add salt, wine, d water. Cover skillet and bring ixture to a boil; reduce heat and mmer about 10 minutes. Add the rimp and the clams with their quor. Cook another 5 minutes or til fish flakes easily with a fork. akes 6 to 8 generous portions.

CAULIFLOWER WITH GUACAMOLE AUCE (COLIFLOR CON GUACAMOLE)
(pictured on page 94)

arge cauliflower
cups Guacamole (recipe follows)
ttuce leaves
cup shredded pickled beets
cup toasted walnuts, chopped

NEW FOR FALL

Hot Fudge Sundae Cake



Quick. Easy. Delicious.

Three little words for a new dessert that will earn you great big smiles.

Mix it up in just minutes. Then bake. All in one pan.

What you get is what you see. Luscious chocolate cake that makes its own gooey hot fudge sauce. Just top with your favorite ice cream and spoon the sauce over. Delicious!

You can depend on Gold Medal® flour recipes. Because they're created in the Betty Crocker Kitchens and home tested.

Make this a Gold Medal Fall. The recipe's in this Gold Medal sack.



®Reg. T.M. of General Mills, Inc.

Wash cauliflower thoroughly and leave whole (with one inch of stem for easier handling). Cook, covered, in just one inch of lightly salted, boiling water for 20 to 30 minutes or until tender but not mushy. Drain and cool. Place half the Guacamole in a deep bowl and place the cauliflower in it, head down. Chill for at least 4 hours. To serve, cut off the stem and set the cauliflower right side up on a platter of lettuce leaves, spooning on the other cup of Guacamole. Surround the base of the cauliflower with the well-drained pickled beets and sprinkle the top with the toasted nuts. Serve while well chilled. Serves 6 to 8.

SEÑOR PICO GUACAMOLE
(pictured on page 94)

2 medium-sized ripe avocados
1 large tomato
1 tablespoon chopped white onion
¼ cup French dressing
1 teaspoon finely chopped serrano chilies
1 dash hot pepper sauce
Juice of ½ lime
Salt and pepper to taste

Peel avocados, cut in half and remove seeds. Place in a mixing bowl, break up avocado with a fork and stir with wire whip until avocado is almost smooth but still retains some of its original consistency. Add all the other ingredients to the avocado and mix well.

continued

CHICK PEAS WITH TOMATOES (GARBANZOS CON JITOMATE)
(pictured on page 94)

You can use two 15-oz. cans drained garbanzo beans (or chick peas) instead of cooking the dried garbanzos.

2 tablespoons butter
1 cup chopped onions
¼ cup chopped green pepper
4 cups cooked garbanzo beans
1 cup chicken stock
2 cups (No. 303 can) tomatoes, chopped
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon oregano
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 bay leaf

Heat the butter in a large saucepan, and sauté the onion and green pepper until limp and tender. Stir in the garbanzos, chicken stock, tomatoes, salt, oregano, pepper, and bay leaf. Simmer, uncovered, 30 minutes. Remove bay leaf before serving. Makes 6 servings.

ARROZ MEXICANA
(pictured on page 94)

2 links (4 inches each) chorizo sausage, sliced
3 tablespoons butter
2 cups raw long grain white rice
⅓ cup tomato purée
1 teaspoon onion juice
½ cup cooked green peas
3 cups beef stock
1 teaspoon salt, or to taste
2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
2 avocados, peeled and sliced
Chopped parsley

Slick a skillet with just enough oil to keep the sausage from sticking; then fry the chorizo slices for about 10 minutes or until well done; remove from pan and keep warm. Drain all but 1 tablespoon of fat from pan. Add the butter, heat and sauté the rice until well coated and golden. Add the tomato purée and onion juice and let simmer until rice is dry. Stir in the peas and add the beef stock; cover and let simmer about 20 minutes, or until all the liquid has been absorbed and rice is tender. Turn onto a serving plate and garnish with parsley and slices of fried chorizos, hard-cooked eggs, and avocado. Makes 6 servings.

MEXICAN GOULASH (PUCHERO)
(pictured on page 94)

Puchero, a Spanish word for cooking pot, is the Mexican answer to a cross between our New England boiled dinner and a Hawaiian luau.

1 cup garbanzo beans
4 quarts water
2 pounds boiling beef
1 small ham hock
1 chicken, disjointed
1 beef marrow bone
2 cloves garlic, minced
2 large onions, sliced
4 leeks, cleaned and cut up
2 tablespoons tomato paste
1 teaspoon crushed peppercorns
1 tablespoon salt
8 small or new potatoes
8 small white onions
4 stalks celery, cut in ½-in. pieces
4 turnips, peeled and halved
4 carrots, scrubbed and halved
8 small zucchini, halved lengthwise
1 can whole kernel corn
1 small head of cabbage, cut in 8 wedges

Soak beans overnight. The next day, put beans to cook in a large kettle with 4 quarts of water. Add beef, ham hock, chicken, marrow bone, garlic, onion, leeks, tomato paste, and crushed peppercorns. Bring to a boil, cover and simmer for an hour, then add salt and simmer 2 hours longer. When meat is tender, add all vegetables except the cabbage. When vegetables are almost done, add the cabbage. Cover and cook 10 to 15 minutes longer or until cabbage is tender but still somewhat crisp. Arrange meat and chicken pieces on a large platter surrounded by the vegetables. Or you can serve the meat and chicken on one platter and the vegetables on another. Strain the broth, correct seasonings and serve as a first course with chopped coriander, diced avocado and wedges of lime, which may be passed separately.

If there is not enough liquid, add canned chicken broth. Makes 8 servings.

PIÑA FRIA
(pictured on page 94)

This is a real doozer of a drink because, without the alcohol, it makes a wonderful party drink for kids. If you don't want to go to the trouble or expense of using fresh pineapple, just use the canned. It will still taste great and the kids will love it. And when you make it with rum for the grown-ups, believe me—it's oh-so-good.

In electric blender with 1 scoop of shaved ice:

2 ounces unsweetened pineapple juice
2 slices pineapple (preferably fresh), cut up
1 ounce lemon juice
1 ounce light rum

SEÑOR PICO CHICKEN



2 fryers, 2-to-2¼-lb each
Salt and pepper
4 thick slices Monterey Jack cheese
Flour for coating
2 eggs beaten with ¼ cup water
Bread crumbs
Oil
2 carrots, finely diced
2 stalks celery, chopped
½ cup chopped onions
½ cup white wine
½ cup chicken stock
Sauce (recipe follows)

Split chickens, crack backbone, and remove ribs. Season with salt, pepper, and monosodium glutamate. Place one piece of Monterey Jack cheese on one half of each chicken half and fold over; skewer or tie together with string. Dust chickens with flour, dip in egg wash, and then in crumbs. Sauté in hot oil in large skillet, turning frequently so chickens brown evenly. When browned, remove to roasting pan or large casserole. In the same skillet, sauté the carrots, celery, and onions until tender. Add to chicken in roasting pan. Wash out skillet with wine and chicken stock and add to chicken. Cover and bake in a preheated 350° F. oven for about 30 minutes or until tender. Remove chicken to heated serving platter and keep warm in oven. Make sauce in roasting pan, using drippings and vegetables. Makes 4 servings.

Sauce:
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
1 small can tomato sauce
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ cup white wine
About 2½ cups chicken broth
2 tablespoons cornstarch mixed with ¼ cup cold water

Sieve vegetables left in roasting pan, then return to pan. Add mustard, tomato sauce, seasonings, and wine. Stir well and add enough chicken broth to make 4 cups of liquid. Thicken with cornstarch mixture. Simmer a few moments, stirring constantly, and pour over chicken.

HOT CHOCOLATE

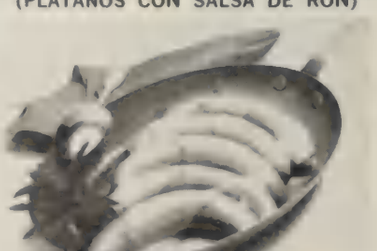


In their homes, Mexicans serve chocolate in earthenware jugs to keep it piping hot. Just before serving, they whip it to foaming just as they did in ancient times. Today we use a rotary beater or an electric blender.

4 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
4 cups milk
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Sugar or honey to taste

Combine all ingredients and heat over a low flame, stirring constantly, until chocolate is melted and all flavors are blended. Beat until foamy and serve steaming hot. Makes 4 cups.

BAKED BANANAS WITH RUM SAUCE (PLATAÑOS CON SALSA DE RON)



8 bananas
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ cup brown sugar
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
2 tablespoons grated orange rind
1 cup orange juice
Rum Sauce (recipe follows)

Peel bananas and place in shallow baking dish. Brush with melted butter and bake in a preheated 350° F. oven for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, mix brown sugar, cloves, grated orange rind, and orange juice. Spoon mixture over bananas and return to oven for 15 minutes. Serve hot with chilled Rum Sauce. Serves 8.

Rum Sauce:
2 eggs, separated
½ cup sifted powdered sugar
¼ cup half and half
¼ teaspoon salt
1 ounce Jamaica rum
2 egg whites

Beat egg yolks until thick and lem on-colored; add the sugar, the hal and half, and the salt, and mi thoroughly. Place in top of doubl boiler over hot water and beat abou 5 minutes or until mixture thickens Stir in rum gradually and continu beating until smooth. Chill. Jus before serving, beat egg whites unti stiff and fold into sauce.

MEXICAN SAUSAGE (CHORIZO)



Chorizo is called for in many Mexi can recipes but should be used wit discretion for it is very highly sea soned. Our own pork sausage is no a good substitute because it contain sage, which is not a Mexican sea soning. So if you can't find a Mex can market where chorizo is sol in links—or you can't locate canne chorizo in specialty food stores here's how to make your own. Chor zo is easy to fix and keeps well refrigerated.

2 pounds coarsely ground lean pork
¼ pound pork fat, finely chopped (optional)
2 tablespoons ancho chili powder
1 tablespoon pasilla chili powder
2 tablespoons paprika
1 teaspoon coarsely ground black peppe
½ teaspoon each cinnamon and groun cloves
¼ teaspoon each coriander seed and ginger
1 teaspoon each oregano and ground cumin
6 cloves garlic, crushed
½ cup vinegar
½ cup sherry or brandy

If using the fat, mix it into the mea very thoroughly, then add the othe ingredients in turn and, using you hands, work them together thor oughly. This is important becaus the vinegar and the sherry or brand "cure" the meat and help prevent i from spoiling. When thoroughl blended, store the sausage in a earthenware crock or glass containe and let season in a cool place for a least 24 hours but preferably fo two or three days. Freeze what yo don't plan to use soon. This recip makes enough chorizo to fill two 1 pint containers. END

TO ONE RETURNING

By Gladys McKee

When you come home I shall not say
How it has been with you away.
I shall not tell you how at night
I dream of you past all starlight,
Nor how the minutes of the day
Walk slow paced with you away:
No, I shall run to meet your shadow
Falling on my heart's wide meadow,
Needing no word to tell or show
What you, my love, already know.



or people who can't leave well enough alone, ook what you can do with Banquet® Chicken and Dumplings.

Chicken and dumplings. Banquet makes it good and Banquet akes it fast and Banquet gives you plenty; two pounds worth in every ckage. And if you want to make a fancier meal out of it, Banquet ll even help out there with this easy dress-up recipe:

Take one Banquet Chicken and Dumplings Buffet Supper® Main Dish om your freezer. Heat with cover on for 30 minutes, then remove cover. prinkle lemon juice and Parmesan cheese on dumplings, then heat ldditional 30 minutes. Top with cheese and chopped chicory. Serve with am-wrapped broccoli and fresh strawberries. Banquet. When you start ith great food you end with a great meal.



nquet Foods Corporation, St. Louis, Missouri 63101

PATTERN BACKVIEWS AND SHOPPING INFORMATION (pp. 84-87)

(all yardages for size 10)

1. Simplicity 5212—Skirt and blazer, 8-16: $1. Blazer needs 1⅞ yds. 58/60" tweed fabric without nap and ¼ yd. 36" velvet with nap for collar. Skirt requires 1¼ yds. 58/60" fabric without nap.
2. See ±1.
3. Bird Shirts from Ohrbach's and Lord & Taylor, New York, N.Y.
4. Simplicity 9669—Cape, 6-18; $1. 2¾ yds. 58/60" fabric without nap for herringbone, and 2⅝ yds. 58/60" fabric without nap for tweed lining.
5. Bird Shirt, see ±3.
6. Americana buckles from Synek Studio, 99 Spring St., New York, N.Y.
7. Simplicity 5637—Pants, 6-16; $1. 1⅝ yds. 60" fabric without nap for medium. Boots from Olofdaughters, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
8, 9. See instructions below.
10. Simplicity 5517—Shirt-jacket and pants, 8-16; $1. Shirt requires 2¾ yds. 40" fabric with nap; pants need 2¾ yds. 40" fabric with nap.
Safari hat from Abercrombie and Fitch.
11. See ±10.
12. See ±4.
13. Yellow shirt by Bird Shirt, see ±3. Khaki shirt by Levi's.
14. Simplicity 5212—Skirt, 8-16; $1. 2¾ yds. 54" fabric without nap. Tweed fabric by Tahki Imports, available at Bloomingdale's Art Needlework Dept. To obtain instructions for sweater, and list of stores carrying yarn, send 25¢ in coin, and stamped, self-addressed business envelope to Tahki Imports, 336 West End Ave., New York, N.Y. 10023.
Simplicity 5022—Blouse, 10-18; $1. 2⅜ yds. 36" fabric without nap.
15. Simplicity 5685—Robe, 10-16, $1. Requires one double sheet.
16. See ±13.
17. Simplicity 5639—Smock, 8-16; $1. Front and back (one fabric) require 1¼ yds. 35/36" fabric without nap. Top yoke and sleeves (second fabric) require 1⅛ yds. 35/36" fabric without nap. Third fabric stitched on lower edge of smock and lower edge of sleeves requires 2½ yds. 35/36" fabric, with 4" width.
Simplicity 5808—Dress, 8-16; $1. 3¼ yds. 35/36" fabric without nap. Second fabric with a 2¼" width stitched at neckline and on tie ends needs 3 yds. 35/36" fabric without nap.
Fabric from Pierre Deux, 369 Bleecker Street, New York, N.Y.
18. Doll from Standard Doll Co., 28-83 31st Street, Long Island City, N.Y.
19. For instructions for crocheted zipper sweater and hat, send 25¢ in coin and stamped self-addressed business-size envelope to Emile Bernat & Sons, Dept. LHJ-300, Uxbridge, Mass. 01569.
20. Simplicity 5814—Smock, 8-16; $1. 2⅝ yds. 36" fabric with nap.
21. Cat toy from Standard Doll—see ±18.
22. From attic or antique shop.
23. Olofdaughters clog and boot, see ±7.
25. Bags and scarves from Pierre Deux.
26. To obtain instructions for beret, send 25¢ in coin, and stamped, self-addressed business envelope to Reynolds Yarns, Inc., Box 269, East Farmingdale, N.Y. For instructions for multicolored hat, send 25¢ in coin and stamped, self-addressed business-size envelope to Berga-Ullman, Inc., Box 831, Ossining, N.Y. 10562.
27. To obtain instructions for pullover and cap, send 25¢ in coin, and stamped, self-addressed business envelope to Emile Bernat & Sons Co., Dept. LHJ-200, Uxbridge, Mass. 01569.

Quilted Patchwork Coat—numbers 8 & 9.

Materials: Stearns and Foster, Mountain Mist Dacron Polyester Batt, one roll 81" ■ 96"; Wrights folded braid, 8½ yds. ½"-wide; 1⅔ yds. 52"-wide fabric for lining; fabric for patchwork; ruler.

To make: Make ■ paper pattern to the sizes and shapes in Diagram 1. Cut pattern apart and retrace A, C, and one pattern B, adding ½" seam allowance around each piece. Cut 18 pieces of pattern A from one fabric, 18 pieces of pattern C from another fabric, and 36 pieces of pattern B from a third fabric. Taking ½" seams, stitch one A, one C, and two B's to form square shown in Diagram 1. Continue forming squares in this manner until there are eighteen squares. Place 16 squares together in manner indicated in Diagram 2; pin all pieces together except front opening and 12" opening for neck. Taking ½" seams, stitch squares together as shown in Diagram 3. Place lining fabric, right side down, on flat surface; center one layer of batting over lining, and center patchwork right side up over batting. Cut lining and batting to same size as patchwork, following raw edges. Baste the three layers together close to raw edges. To make collar, stitch two squares together at one side to form rectangle. Place lining fabric right side down; center ■ layer of batting over lining, and center collar, right side up, over batting. Following raw edges of collar, cut lining to batting to same size. Baste three layers together close to raw edges. To quilt, machine top stitch diagonal lines from each corner, continuing through connecting patches; top stitch diagonal lines running through the center of each patchwork square, then reverse in crisscross direction. Quilt collar in same manner. Center wrong side of collar to right side of coat at back neck opening. Pin remaining edges of collar to front neck opening. On wrong side, stitch collar to neck; trim away seam allowance and bind seams by slip-stitching seam tape over it. With right sides together, stitch fronts to back at side seams and underarms. Overcast raw edges or cover with seam tape. Bind raw edges of sleeves with folded braid, baste and top stitch through all layers. Finish remaining raw edges of coat in same manner, mitering corners. To close, tack ■ 16" piece of braid to each side of neck opening; tack another 16" piece of braid to each side opening, 12" below.

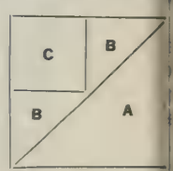
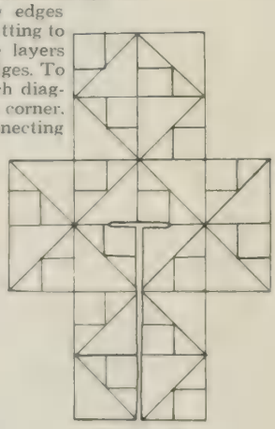
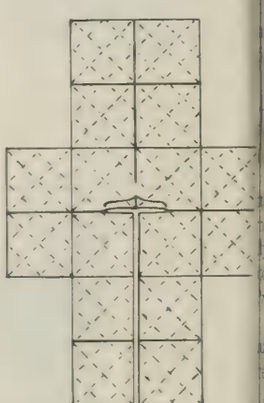


Diagram 1


Diagram 2


Diagram 3

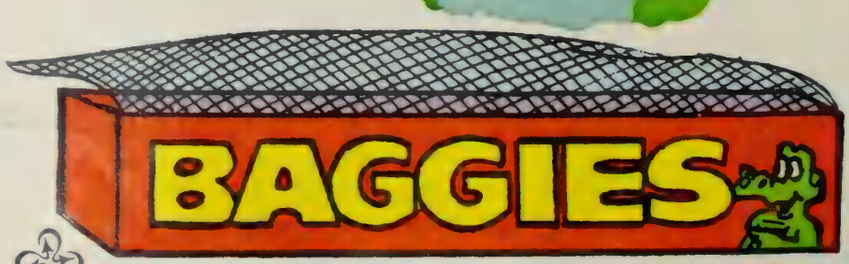


NEVER, NEVER



refrigerate chicken in store wrap!

When you bring chicken home from the market, take it out of the store wrap, wash it thoroughly and refrigerate it in a Baggies®Alligator Bag. That way, it'll taste better and smell fresher longer. Baggies Alligator Bags are rough and tough—with a texture like mine. So to keep chicken fresher longer, refrigerate it in Baggies Alligator Bags. **At today's prices, why gamble.**



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T-YOURSELF RMET SHELF

nued from page 96

WATER BATH METHOD FOR ROCESSING CANNED FOODS

longest possible shelf life it is to use special canning jars. ever, mayonnaise, jam, jelly, r food jars, and fancy jars with ly fitting lids may be used if pour a layer of melted paraffin e filled jars before closing them. ecommend that you use paraf- ealed jars within 6–8 weeks.

eparation: 1. Sterilize all uten- jars, lids, caps, rubber rings by ring with cold water, bringing to il and boiling 15 minutes. Leave ot water and remove one at a as you need to use them.

Melt paraffin, if using jar with- rubber rings or metal lid with ng compound.

Fill sterilized jars to within one from top of jar, making certain od remains on top or threads of

Remove air bubbles by working lade of a knife down the sides of ar.

If necessary, pour a layer of ed paraffin in filled jars. Cover cap and partially close. Or par- y seal special canning jars as mmended by manufacturer.

rocessing: 1. Use any large, clean with a tight-fitting lid, deep gh to allow water to be 1 inch or e over the tops of the jars. You also need a wire rack for the bot- of the pot to keep the jars from king when the water boils.

Fill the pot with water to about eight. Have the water steaming, boiling.

Slowly lower filled jars into making sure they do not touch other or the sides of the pot.

Add more boiling water to 1 above tops of jars. Cover kettle process the required length of , counting from the time the wa- egins to boil after you put in the d jars.

RECIPE INDEX

e a listing of recipes appearing in this is- including those from the Journal kitchens advertisements. All have been tested by economists.

ETIZERS
onata, p. 110
food Empanadas, p. 101
imp and Vegetable Antipasto, p. 106

VERAGES
Chocolate, p. 102
a Fria, p. 102

SSERTS
ed Bananas with Rum Sauce (Platanos Con alsa De Ron), p. 102
ndied Peaches, p. 106
stnuts in Rum, p. 105
it Medley in White Wine, p.

IN ENTREES
quet Chicken and Dumplings, p. 103
-B-Que "Flat Jacks," p.
cken Dolores, p. 4
n and Zucchini Casserole, p. 98
glish Wimpy on a Bun, p. 110
h Stew (Guisado de Pescado), p. 101
mburger Patties, p. 17
atballs, p. 17
atloaf, p. 17
xican Goulash (Puchero), p. 102
xican Sausage (Chorizo), p. 102
ckaged Hamburger Dinner, p. 17
or Pico Chicken, p. 102
na Rarebit a la Perrins, p. 110

SCELLANEOUS
roz Mexicana, p. 102
nned Minestrone, p. 109
nned Tomato Soup, p.
asommé, p. 109
wn Eastern Clam Dip, p. 110
een Pea Soup, p. 109
ster Bisque, p. 109
kled Mushrooms, p. 106
kled Pears and Apples, p. 106
kled Pumpkin, p. 110
m Chutney, p. 110
mpkin Shell Casserole, p. 98
nor Pico Guacamole, p. 101
getable Pickle Medley, p.
rcestered Liver Paté, p. 110

GETABLE ENTREES
ick Peas with Tomatoes (Garbanzos con itomate), p. 102
uliflower with Guacamole Sauce (Coliflor con Guacamole), p. 101
rn and Zucchini Casserole, p. 98
e-Ida's Swedish Dream Potatoes, p. 115

5. Remove special canning jars with seals and tighten lids. Leave the paraffin-sealed jars in the kettle until they are completely cooled.

CHESTNUTS IN RUM
(pictured on page 96)

Serve over vanilla ice cream and you have one of the world's best desserts. This is also our biggest money-saver —bought preserved chestnuts cost at least $7. Our cost: about $1.50.

6 cups water
2 pounds (6 cups) fresh chestnuts or
2 pounds (4 cups) dried chestnuts
2 packages (1 lb. each) dark brown sugar
1½ cups water
1½ cups light rum
½ orange, cut into paper-thin slices
1 tablespoon chopped crystalized ginger

In a medium saucepan bring 6 cups water to a boil; add chestnuts. Simmer about one hour or until fork tender. Drain. Remove skins and/or shells. Rinse. Combine brown sugar, 1½ cups water, rum, orange slices, and ginger. Pack chestnuts into sterilized jars, pour over syrup, including one orange slice per jar. Cover tightly. Do not process. Makes 3 pints.

(continued)

Fame is a fickle food
Upon a shifting plate
—Emily Dickinson



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CORN CHOWCHOW
(pictured on page 96)

An all-occasion relish, for hot dogs to roast suckling pig. You'll probably wish you'd made a double batch.

4 cups shredded cabbage
2 pounds fresh cauliflower, broken into 4 cups flowerets
5 ears corn, cut kernels off (4 cups)
3 cups water
3 cups cider vinegar
1 cup chopped green or red pepper
1 cup chopped onion
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons mustard seed
2 tablespoons celery seed
1 tablespoon dry mustard
1 tablespoon turmeric
1 tablespoon salt

In a large enamel or stainless steel saucepan combine all ingredients. Bring to a boil and simmer 30 minutes. Pack into sterilized jars. Seal. Follow general instructions for processing, using the water bath method. Process 30 minutes for quarts and 20 minutes for pints. Makes 3 quarts or 6 pints.

FRUIT MEDLEY IN WHITE WINE
(pictured on page 96)

Chilled, these beautiful fruits can be served as an elegant beginning or end to a meal.

6 cups sugar
4 cups water
3 cups dry white wine
6 cups honeydew melon balls
6 cups red grapes, seeded
3 limes, thinly sliced

In a medium saucepan dissolve sugar in water over medium heat; cool. Add wine. Pack melon balls, grapes, and lime slices tightly into sterilized jars. Pour syrup over fruit. Cover tightly and refrigerate. Do not process. Use within 2 weeks. Makes 3 quarts.

PICKLED MUSHROOMS
(pictured on page 96)

Make this whenever mushrooms are a good buy—and they often are. Makes a nice antipasto-appetizer; a jar in the refrigerator is great for nibbling. Just fine for dieters.

3 pounds (12 cups) fresh button mushrooms
1½ cups sliced onion
4 cups wine vinegar
2 cups water
2 tablespoons dill seed
2 tablespoons salt
3 cloves garlic, crushed
3 bay leaves

Combine mushrooms, onion, vinegar, water, dill seed, salt, and garlic in a large saucepan; bring to a boil. Pack with bay leaves in sterilized jars. Seal. Follow general instructions for processing using the water bath method. Process 30 minutes for quarts, 20 minutes for pints. Makes 3 quarts or 6 pints.

SHRIMP AND VEGETABLE ANTIPASTO
(pictured on page 96)

How often have you drooled over those huge jars of elaborately arranged antipasto in Italian groceries? Here's the way to do it—and it's not nearly as difficult as you might imagine.

1 pound shrimp, shelled and cooked
1 pound salami, thinly sliced
2 pounds cherry tomatoes
3 green peppers, sliced
3 cups artichoke hearts
½ pound (1½ cups) sliced celery
2 cans (16-oz. each) black olives
1 cup sliced mushrooms
3 cups red wine vinegar
2 cups water
1 cup olive oil
4–5 cloves garlic, crushed
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon black pepper
½ teaspoon crushed red pepper

Using tongs, arrange shrimp, salami, and vegetables in sterilized jars as artfully as possible. Combine vinegar, water, olive oil, garlic, salt, black and red peppers in a medium saucepan and bring to a boil. Pour over vegetables and adjust lids. Follow general instructions for processing, using the water bath method. Process 45 minutes for quarts and pints. Makes 3 quarts. Use within 6–8 weeks.

BRANDIED PEACHES
(pictured on page 96)

A quick recipe with delicious resu An especially good gift idea.

8 pounds small peaches
4 cups water
4 cups sugar
1 teaspoon ground ginger
2 cups brandy

In a large saucepan cover peac with water; bring to a boil and si mer 10 minutes. Remove from h and drain. Allow to cool slightly. P move skins carefully with a pari knife. In a medium saucepan brin cups water, sugar, and ginger t boil. Cool. Stir in brandy. Pack fr into sterilized jars. Pour syrup o fruit, covering completely. Co tightly. Do not process. Makes quarts or 8 pints.

PICKLED APPLES AND PEARS
(pictured on page 96)

An unusual pickle—crunchy a crisp—with a Scandinavian ba ground.

4 cups cider vinegar
4 cups sugar
2 cups water
1 teaspoon cardamom
4 pounds pears
4 pounds apples
4 lemons, thinly sliced crosswise
4 limes, thinly sliced crosswise
1 cup dried currants

In a medium saucepan bring vineg sugar, water, and cardamom to boil. Cool. Cut unpeeled pears a apples into quarters then into inch slices. Cut lemon and lime c cles in half. Arrange fresh fruits a currants in layers in sterilized ja Pour syrup over fruit. Adjust li Follow general instructions processing, using the water ba method. Process 30 minutes quarts and 15 minutes for pin Makes 4 quarts or 8 pints.

VEGETABLE PICKLE MEDLEY
(pictured on page 96)

Put these out at cocktail time a they won't last minutes.

5 cups water
2 pounds fresh carrots, crinkle cut (4 cups)
3 pounds fresh whole green beans, trimmed (4 cups)
3 small cucumbers, scored and sliced (2 cups)
3 cups vinegar
2 tablespoons dill seed
1 tablespoon dill weed
1 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
4 cloves garlic, crushed
Sprigs of fresh dill

In a large saucepan bring 5 cups w ter to a boil. Simmer carrots, bean and cucumbers separately un crisp-tender. Pack in layers in ster ized jars, reserving cooking wat Combine vinegar, dill seed, d weed, salt, pepper, garlic, and r served liquid. Bring to a boil. Co Pour over vegetables. Arrange fres dill sprigs in jars. Seal. Follow ge eral instructions for processing, u ing water bath method. Process minutes for quarts and 20 minut for pints. Makes 3 quarts or 6 pint

continued on page 11

A coquette does not die of old age—she dies of anxiety. —Anon.

Thermos brings you the shatterproof lunch bottle for kids.



Thermos has just ended a shattering experience for your child, and a costly replacement problem for you.

This virtually unbreakable new bottle is now available in Thermos® school lunch kits. It's completely safe and will never shatter because it contains no glass. Yet it keeps milk cold (or cocoa hot) all morning, because it's insulated with a highly efficient urethane specially chosen by Thermos—the people who know more than anybody about keeping things hot or cold.

This bottle gives you other advantages, too: there's an inside stopper that prevents spilling while the top is being unscrewed. And the cup has a real handle your child can get a grip on.

Look for Thermos® school lunch kits, the only ones with The Roughnecks—the amazing bottles that are tougher than kids.



Good Housekeeping

THERMOS DIVISION, KING-SEELEY THERMOS CO. NORWICH, CONN.



Your husband always eats his peas. With pearl onions, he might even notice them.

Regular vegetables are fine. But your husband probably doesn't notice them. After all, you can get tired of anything after twenty or thirty years.

That's why Birds Eye® came up with 20 interesting Combination Vegetables. Delicious vegetables combined with other good things like sauces, mushrooms, almonds, even other vegetables.

Like our Peas with Pearl Onions, for example.

Tender garden peas and tiny tasty onions all mixed together.

They taste better than just peas. And better than just onions.

Somebody might even mention them. And for vegetables, that's saying a lot.



GF
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

Birds Eye® Combinations.
The first vegetables your husband might even notice.

(Above photograph is 4 times actual size.)

Fish.

1. Frozen, breaded fish.



2. Cold salmon, fresh baked or canned.



3. Crab meat, fresh or canne



4. Whole trout, froze



Fish for compliments.



1. Frozen, breaded fish. Serve with plenty of lemon to squeeze on, and a cocktail sauce. What a difference! The sauce: stir together ½ cup ketchup, 1 Tb. horseradish, and 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice.

old salmon, fresh ed or canned. Dress it: bine ½ cup sour cream, dill weed and 4 t. fresh on juice. Stir in up coarsely ed cucum- It's like do in restau- s.

3. Crab meat, fresh or canned. All it needs is a classic lemon butter sauce. Just add 2 to 3 Tb. fresh lemon juice to ¼ cup melted butter or margarine. And dip in.

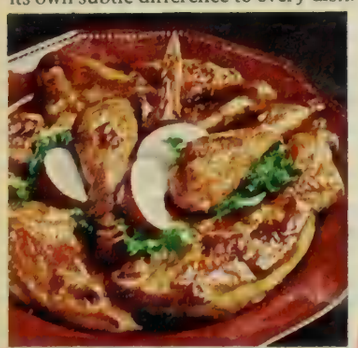
4. Whole trout, frozen. When you want to go all out: put 4 trout in a casserole. Combine 2 cups chicken broth, 1 cup white wine, ½ cup fresh lemon juice, ¼ cup celery leaves, ¼ cup onion rings. Pour over trout. Bake covered at 350° for 20 minutes, turning once. Garnish with lemon slices. Spectacular.

Fresh lemon makes fish, or just about anything, a little bit better.
For more ideas, write to Sunkist, Dept. S-73-26, Box 7888, Van Nuys, California 91409.

Sunkist.

worcestershire a chicken tonight

Some people only worcestershire beef. So they're missing a lot of the flavor of chicken, fish, ribs, lamb, veal, soups, salads and dozens of other things. Lea & Perrins has been bringing out all that flavor for 135 years. And adding its own subtle difference to every dish.



Baked Chicken Normandy
3-pound chicken, cut into 8 pieces
1 can (5½ fl. oz.) apple juice
2 teaspoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt

Arrange chicken, skin side up, in a baking dish. Brown in a preheated very hot oven (500°F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Drain fat. Combine remaining ingredients; pour over chicken. Cover; reduce oven heat to moderate (350°F.) and bake 45 minutes longer. Garnish with spiced apple rings or fresh apple wedges, if desired. Serves 4.



For 77 other things to worcestershire, write for free recipe book to Lea & Perrins, Dept. C-11, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410.

and tuna, burgers, clams or paté tomorrow.

Tuna Rarebit à la Perrins
2 cans (10¾ oz. each) condensed Cheddar cheese soup
¾ cup beer
1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
2 tablespoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce
2 cans (7 oz. each) tuna fish, drained and flaked

In a medium saucepan combine soup, beer, cheese and Worcestershire sauce. Cook and stir until mixture begins to bubble and cheese is melted. Blend in tuna. Serve over toast points, garnished with paprika, if desired. Serves 8.

English Wimpy on a Bun
1½ pounds ground lean beef
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
¼ cup minced onion
2 tablespoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon Tabasco pepper sauce
6 hamburger buns, split

In a large skillet cook and stir beef until just browned, about 5 minutes. Stir in tomato sauce, onion, Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce, salt and Tabasco. Cover and simmer 5 minutes. Serve over hamburger buns. Serves 6.

Down Eastern Clam Dip
1 can (10½ oz.) minced clams, drained
½ cup dairy sour cream
2 teaspoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce

In a small bowl combine all ingredients; blend and chill. Serve with crackers or chips. Yield: 1 cup.

Worcestered Liver Paté
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 cup minced onion
1 pound chicken livers
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
2 teaspoons Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce
1 teaspoon salt

In a large skillet heat oil. Add minced onion; saute 5 minutes. Add livers; saute about 8 minutes. Cool slightly. Place in jar of electric blender, about 1/3 at a time; blend until smooth. Stir in remaining ingredients. Chill. Yield: about

PICKLED PUMPKIN

Something to do with pumpkins besides making jack-o'-lanterns.

6-7 pounds pumpkin, peeled, seeded, and with membrane removed
4 cups cider vinegar
4 cups sugar
2 cups water
18 cinnamon sticks

Cut pumpkin into 1-inch cubes (14 cups). Place cubes in a large saucepan and cover with water. Simmer until fork tender, about 20 minutes. Drain. Return pumpkin to saucepan. Add vinegar, sugar, and 2 cups water. Bring to a boil. Pack in sterilized pint-size jars, arranging 3 cinnamon sticks in each jar. Seal. Follow general instructions for processing, using water bath method. Process 30 minutes for quarts or pints. Makes 6 pints.



From left: Chutney, pumpkin, caponata.

CAPONATA

Here is the truly classic eggplant appetizer. The recipe, as you'll see, couldn't be simpler.

2 pounds eggplant, peeled and cubed (6 cups)
2 pounds celery, sliced (6 cups)
2 pounds tomato, sliced (5 cups)
1 pound green peppers, sliced (4 cups)
1 pound onion, sliced (3 cups)
2 cups sliced pitted black olives
2 cups red wine vinegar
1 cup capers
1 cup water
3 tablespoons anchovy paste
2 tablespoons salt
2 teaspoons black pepper
4 cloves garlic, crushed

In a very large enamel or stainl steel saucepan combine all ingre ents. Cover and simmer over l heat, stirring occasionally for hour. Pack into sterilized jars. S Follow general instructions for p cessing, using the water bath me od. Process 30 minutes for quart pints. Makes 3 quarts or 6 pints.

PLUM CHUTNEY

Chutney is usually citrus fr based. This unusual plum-and combination can be served with most any entree. Another good item.

3 pounds greengage plums
2 pounds fresh figs or
2 pounds additional plums
4 cups cider vinegar
2 packages (1 lb. each) dark brown sugar
1½ cups chopped onion
1 can (6 oz.) chopped pecans
1 whole lemon, chopped
3 cloves garlic, crushed
1 tablespoon salt
2 teaspoons ground allspice

Place plums and figs (optional) large saucepan and cover with wa Bring to a boil; simmer 10 minu Remove from heat and drain. slightly. Peel off skins, remove Return fruit to the saucepan and vinegar, dark brown sugar, on pecans, lemon, garlic, salt and spice. Simmer over medium for 30 minutes, stirring occasion until thick. Spoon into steril jars and seal. Follow general inst tions for processing, using water method. Process 25-30 minutes quarts and 15 minutes for pi Makes about 3 quarts or 6 pints

RECIPES TESTED IN THE JOURNAL KITCHENS

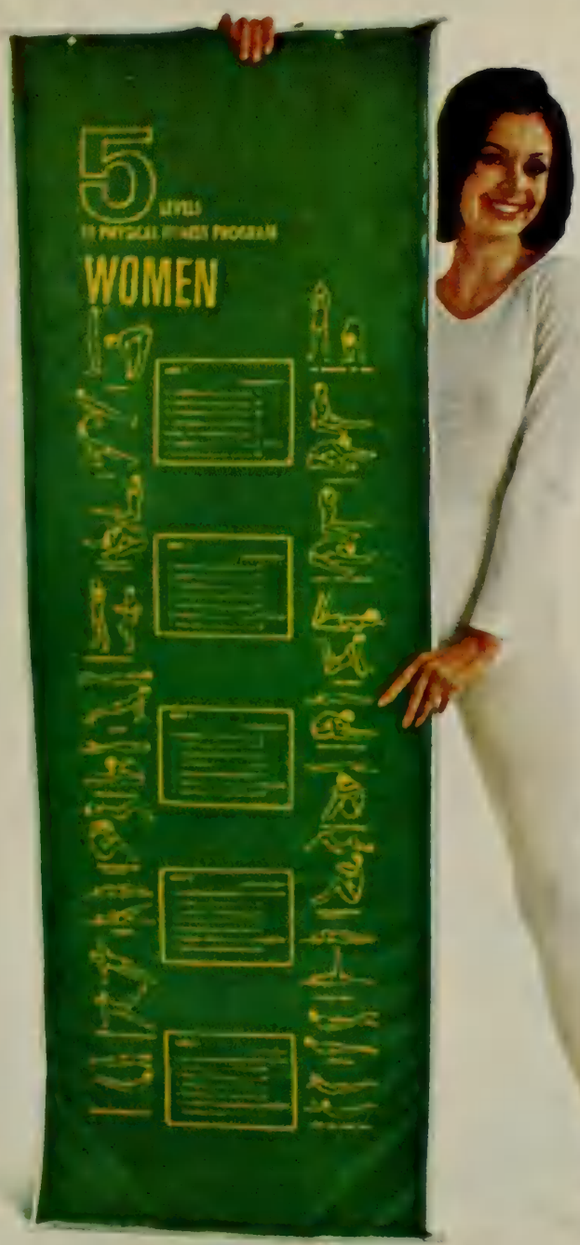
Ruth Lauman, Manager
Jean Aultman
Claudia T. Kinsey
Laura Lexa



"I don't make house calls. Could you cough into the phone?"

PHYSICAL FITNESS MAT OFFER FROM KRAFT.

Send only $6.95 plus two neckbands from Kraft Low Calorie Dressings.





This handsome vinyl mat is 6 feet long and 2 feet wide, and it's plumped with enough soft cushioning to make even exercising a lot more pleasant. It outlines the five physical fitness levels approved by the President's Council on Physical Fitness, for both men and women.

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Offer valid in continental U.S.A. only. Void where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Offer expires December 31, 1973. Please allow four weeks for delivery.

To remove neckband, soak empty jar in warm water

continued from page 76

ready to bend her will to his, do whatever he wanted, anything to have him, keep him. But fortunately he did not guess that.

"You win, Susan," he said. He kissed her. "I wonder," he added, "will you always win?"

"You can call me Susannah."

Lovers, duelists, antagonists, blind humans locked in mortal combat. Whatever they were to become, they assumed their roles that day.

A week later they were married in the garden at Cherryhill. In attendance were only the immediate family—his mother, his sister and brother-in-law, his great aunt Grace, her uncle Ben, up from Florida for the occasion—Kitty and Red Jones, the witnesses, and Dolly and Gus Gladstone.

The capitulation of Mike Browne to Susan Rose seemed complete, but he would never tell her what had made him change his mind, nor how he had forced his mother to agree to the Cherry hill ceremony. "Blackmail," he said. "An ordinary case of blackmail."

Displaying an equivalent tact, or embarrassment perhaps, she did not describe to him her hassle, two nights before the wedding, with her uncle Ben. Virtually on arrival Ben began shouting at Susannah as he h shouted at her all her life. He had t her what he thought of pups like Mi Browne. He told her she should ashamed of herself, marrying a l practically half her age. "You're goi to be so bored, I know you. So bore he kept saying.

"I wouldn't think *you* would thi money boring." Susannah had to apj her own bit of blackmail, break l spirit slightly, in order to lead hi tamed, to the sacrifice.

Of the "Squad," only Red and Kit Jones, Gus and Dolly Gladstone we present. Dolly, sparkling, winking the sun, was furious at Gus who was crutches, one leg in a cast up to t groin, aftermath of a speedboat ac dent in which by all rights he shou have been killed. "That was his seven life," Dolly said. "I've kept count. T more to go."

You'll look good as a widow," G said. "Black's your best color."

For a moment, even on her weddi day, Susannah observed the bypl and was amused. Then the gravity a the purity of the moment overwhelm her. For one second she had a sense something larger than either of the as they turned and looked at each oth in perfect seriousness, a pair of love formalized, frozen into two figu called a bride and groom, a husba and wife. *Till Death Do Us Part. .*

The honeymoon was not a total su cess. They should have taken th honeymoon out and examined it t gether, instead of instantly burying deep down in the ground of their se arate selves. That honeymoon was warning to both of them.

She hated instantly what he love Camp Browne itself, she acknow edged, was a place to be appreciate She enjoyed all that rustic luxury. F about five days she enjoyed it, the she began getting nervous, whereas h restless elsewhere, was peaceful as lamb, happy as if he were really hom as if Cherryhill was no more than way station.

"Sometimes I think I could live he half the year," he said one day.

"Dear God, doing what?"

"This is a working Christmas tr farm. Wouldn't you like to run one

"I'd cut my throat. No offense."

"It would be a wonderful place f you to write."

"I've given up writing. I don't li writing anymore."

"I thought you were good at it. thought if you wrote something simple guy like me could understan instead of all that quivering, fanc stuff, you could write a great book

"Thank you, but I've given it u Writing for me was a means to an en You're my end."

"Oh."

"Oh, what?"

"Oh, nothing. I had a picture of yo up here, writing, that was all."

On the last night of the honeymoon a full moon shone on two bodie wrapped in an Indian blanket, on sleeping porch.

He: "Beautiful. So beautiful, m wife. But needs loosening up. Mayb I should make you pregnant. Mayb that's what you want. To have a bab right away. I wouldn't mind."

She: "Good God, no! I've been work ing all my life. I want to enjoy mysel for a while."



Virgin pineapple.

Untouched by added sugar.
Just the best part of the fruit
in its own juice.

He: "Wouldn't you enjoy yourself
ving a baby? Usually girls like you
nt kids right away. Six of them."
She: "Two. Two is the perfect fam-
. One boy, one girl. But first I want
live a little. Don't you?"
He: "Oh, sure. I'm just curious,
at's all. Forget it."
Honeymoons are the devil's inven-
on, when you come right down to it.
a the other hand, what followed those
st weeks was an idyll, a careless,
ckless, glorious kaleidoscopic year of
avel, with all the money in the world
pick up the tab. Finally, after
onths of wandering, surprise: Mike
nounced one day they were going
me, that he was going to work in the
mily firm. He seemed to have grown
. She seemed to have found the
uth she'd never had. But each was
bject to swift rages should the other
pear interested, even for an evening,
someone else. But that was natural,
eople thought, between such hot-
ooded newlyweds.

Susannah and Mike returned to a
quence of wild welcome-home par-
es, moved into a penthouse, and were
retty much as they had been at the
eginning. Their marriage was still a
ve affair. No babies. No responsibili-
es. Just themselves in the silken
rie twenty floors above Central Park.

Only in passing did Susannah note
e disasters that had befallen two
embers of the Jones' wedding party.
ily Welles, the shining-haired play-
rl of the tight dresses and loose repu-
tion died in agony of peritonitis
llowing a botched abortion. Willis
letcalf, Red Jones's ebullient cousin,
ad climbed, while very drunk, the big
k in the Southampton garden of
ack and Diana Weatherby and had
llen, not very far, but in such a way
s to hit the base of his neck on the
de of an Italian lavabo.

Both these tragedies were noted
riefly by Susannah, the former writer,
ow a society lady, at the huge house-
arming she and Mike gave to open
eir apartment. She observed, a bit
iply some thought, that in fiction
terary taste would protect you from
ch corny stuff as the flamboyant de-
ises of Lily Welles and Willis Met-
alf, but that life had no literary taste.

With the death of Gus Gladstone in
e fall of 1949, each and every one of
he Squad might well have begun to
onder: who next? From the mo-
ent the news came, in the middle of
boisterous Sunday lunch at the
Brownes' penthouse, Gussie's death
pelled trouble.

This lunch was the sort of gathering,
fter three-and-a-half years of mar-
iage, that Mike and Susannah had be-
ome noted for. There was a convivial
ix of Brownes for class, and celebri-
ies for dash, of his Wall Street friends
Mike Browne, to everyone's amaze-
ent, had become one of the boldest,
martest speculators in the postwar
arket) and her museum friends (Mrs.
Mike Browne, to everyone's equal
mazement, and over many dead
odies, had recently been elected, in
pite of being Jewish, a woman, and
excessively outspoken, to the board of
he city's most snobbish museum).
Also there, for old times' sake, were
elect members of The Squad, in-
luding the ubiquitous and powerful
Tony Georges, Mr. Manhattan. How-
ver you felt about the man, you asked
him again and again, because to appear
in his column was part of your reality.
If you hadn't read it in Georges, it
hadn't happened.

Appropriately, Tony got the news
about Gus. Lunch was in full swing.
Twenty-odd people were crowded
around one long table, laughing, argu-
ing, gossiping, interrupting, shouting,
as was customary when lunching at the
Brownes. The most exuberant conver-
sations concerned the Gladstones; the
upcoming divorce of Gus who, a few
weeks earlier, in one final bitter public
scene, had ousted sassy Dolly. She was
in Sun Valley preparing to sign a di-
vorce agreement that was not, someone
said, the most generous. He was in
Maryland for a hunting weekend.

Tony returned to the table looking
grim but barely able to contain his ex-
citement. "Gus Gladstone has been
killed," he said to Susannah. "The
paper just called."

Hurriedly, because he had to go im-
mediately, the columnist told her what
he knew was by no means the whole
story: Gus had taken off alone the
previous morning in a Land Rover to
do a little grouse shooting. Instead, he
had met some shadowy friends at a
roadhouse, had gone from roadside bar
to bar, somewhere along the way pick-
ing up a woman. He had then driven
off onto some back road where he had
crashed. The girl *(continued)*

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You get more than you bargained for when you get Stokely. Now these good-looking place mats. Reproductions of original water-color paintings made for us, alone. Just send 10 labels from any Stokely vegetable or fruit.

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Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only except where prohibited, licensed or taxed. Allow 5 to 6 weeks for delivery. Sorry, only one order per envelope. Offer expires January 31, 1974.

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For energy and stamina, one important thing you must do is eat right. Good-tasting Kretschmer Wheat Germ adds a healthy helping of natural protein and vitamins to your breakfast or any meal.

Wheat germ, the world's most nutritious natural cereal.

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Know why? Twinkle contains Chronite (no other copper cleaner has it). It really holds back retarnishing. Repeat—it holds back retarnishing.

Isn't Twinkle the copper cleaner you've been dreaming about?

Should you throw out your present brand and get Twinkle right away? That's your decision. But if you've been using Twinkle all along, you know what a long lasting shine means.



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had been thrown free, Gussie killed.

"It's awful, Mike," Susannah said, "just horrible." She should have stopped right there. But instead, out it popped, on the heels of a genuinely felt sentiment, a typical Susannah crack. "But what incredible timing!" she added. "Instead of a grass widow, it will be real widow's weeds for Dolly. Do you suppose she planned the whole thing?"

Over the next three days, in daily by-lined articles, Tony Georges spun out the odd story of Gus Gladstone's last escapade. Strangest of all was the fact that Gussie had not been killed by the impact of the crash but shot through the head, his rifle apparently discharged inadvertently. At the end of three days the case was closed, the death pronounced an accident. But had it truly been accidental?

The night before Gussie's funeral, catching up with a pile of newspapers, Susannah read every word of Tony Georges's coverage and said to Mike, "It's fascinating. Awful and absolutely *fascinating*. Remember, Dolly, the day of our wedding, talking about Gussie's nine lives?"

"That's a man dead," Mike said grimly. "What are you talking about, *fascinating? Gus was my best friend!*"

"O.K.," she said. "I'm sorry he's dead, because nobody should be dead, and you loved him, but I didn't. He was a snob, he treated women like dirt, and he was anti-everything, including Semite."

They could make a fight out of anything these days, and still make it up, as, indeed, they made this one up, somewhere in the recesses of the night, in the obvious way. But still the next morning they started out for Gus Gladstone's funeral with bad hangovers.

A funeral might seem an odd setting for such a shameless husband heist as occurred that day, except to anyone wise to the ways of love and the rich. In a church pew, behind veils and hymnals and tearladen lashes, eyes can swivel, glances lock. In a vestry room or on a flight of stone steps, old friends will see each other anew; lovers reconcile, fall back in love; enemies embrace. There is something about it that causes the polite walls between people to fall.

So, anyhow, it was with Diana Weatherby and Mike Browne the day they buried Gus Gladstone. "I know you," he and Susannah had said to each other the day they met. "I don't know you," he and Di Weatherby, who had grown up together, said to each other that morning. "What's *your* name? Who are *you?*"

Susannah first noticed Diana in the church at the awful moment when the organ sounded the recessional and the cortege began slowly moving up the aisle. Even hard-boiled Susannah felt a frisson of awe, seeing all those pale, solemn, beautiful young men walking beside the flower-draped coffin of their friend, the most solemn, palest, and most beautiful of all being Michael Browne. She experienced unimaginable tenderness toward her husband as he passed by. She wanted to catch his eye and tell him so.

His eye could not be caught at that moment. What she did catch, though, one spotlight crossing another on the darkened stage, was someone else also trying, unsuccessfully, to catch the eye of Mike Browne. Across the aisle was a woman in black, maddeningly familiar but totally unrecognizable behind a brimmed hat and veil, who seemed to be concentrating on Mike.

"Who's that?" Susannah whispered to Kitty Jones as they stood up to leave.

"You need glasses, friend," Kitty hissed. "That's Disie Weatherby."

"I wouldn't have known her. She looks *awful*."

But Mike didn't seem to know how awful she looked. Coming out of the church after some minutes of hushed exchanges with various people in the vestibule, Susannah saw them standing together. Mike was looking at Diana as if she were something wondrous, strange, magically appealing. Diana was looking at Mike as if he



"This is perfectly ridiculous. I want you both to turn around and look at each other and say you're sorry."

her last friend in a world gone

hould we go?" said Susannah to

Vhy him?" Diana said. "Why
ie? When there are so many bor-
people in the world still walking
nd."

like . . ." Susannah's voice was
ming imperious. "Let's go. It's
ing."

Ve thought the Westbury. That's
."

thought you and *I* were having
."

frown: don't be so thick. A nod in
a's direction: can't you see she
s looking after? Mike abruptly
ed his back on his wife, moved
a off the steps, down the street.
nnah followed with the rest of the
p and told herself he was just
kind.

the dark, rose-colored Polo Bar
and Diana sat together at the
nd opposite each other, as if lunch-
deux. Susannah was between Jay
rence, the village drunk, and Tony
ges, the village snake. She ordered
uble martini on the rocks.

Vhere's Jack Weatherby?" she
d Jay presently. "You'd think he'd
shown up for Gussie."

Iontego Bay, I believe. Haven't
heard? Di's tossed old Jack out."

thought she adored Jack."

ow long can you *adore* anyone?"
drawled. "You may *adore* pheas-
ut if you had to have pheasant
day, after awhile you'd get tired
easant, no?"

o!"

Vell, we all know about you.
e. Fido. What about *him* though?"
said. "Were I you, sweets, I'd lock
in with a kid or two, you know?"

oor Diana," Tony Georges said.
's broken up about Gus."

id she love him?"

f course she loved him. They were
ung together, long before you and
ne on the scene. Diana's the sort
rl Gus Gladstone was meant to
y, don't you know? Mike, too.
husband hasn't taken his eyes off
I'd watch that, *cara*."

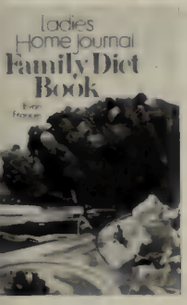
Vhat?"

hat. Those foxy horsy ones are
flypaper."

ou've such a warped view, Tony."

our warp, darling, is you can
recognize anyone else's appeal."
, as happened to her *(continued)*

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN BRINGS YOU THE DIET YOU CAN BELIEVE IN!



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Good eatin' from Boise.

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ORE-IDA'S SWEDISH DREAM POTATOES

- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ¾ cup Ore-Ida fresh frozen Chopped Onions
- 1 package (16 ounces) frozen Ore-Ida GOLDEN CRINKLES®*
- ½ cup crushed bran flakes
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper

1. Preheat oven to 350° F.
2. In large skillet over medium-high heat, in hot butter, brown the frozen potatoes and onions for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from heat and gently toss with bran flakes and shredded cheese. Place mixture in casserole.
3. In mixing bowl, beat eggs slightly; stir in sour cream and seasonings until well blended; pour sauce over potatoes.
4. Bake 20 minutes or until topping is firm but shiny.

YIELD: 5-6 servings.

*May also be prepared with Ore-Ida GOLDEN FRIES®.

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ACCIDENT *continued*

in certain moods, Susannah Browne ended up that day talking to no one, sat smoking a cigarette, dropping ashes in untouched food, observing the pose of Mike and Diana, who continued to talk in a tense way only to each other. Presently she heard Mike's voice above the barroom drone: "Listen, idiot, it's your life," and Diana's: "Anyhow, you can still give me a lift downtown."

It was perfectly logical. Diana's divorce lawyer had offices on Wall Street. Mike, who always took the subway, was indulging sorrowing Diana who had probably never been in a subway in her life. Susannah couldn't have said why such a disagreeable picture flashed through her mind as she stood on Madison Avenue watching their cab take off: a picture of two sad and slightly drunken people thrown against each other, two old acquaintances come into each other's arms by accident, staying there and kissing each other by no accident at all.

That night, with six people waiting, Mike arrived home an hour late, full of excuses. He was often late and often full of silly excuses that turned out to be true. His excuses were sober and reasonable this time, and a pack of lies.

At home a few evenings later, on a rare night alone, Mike and Susannah sat in the library. He was watching Milton Berle on TV.

"Mike, turn the sound down. I want to ask you something. What's up with Diana? Every time I look around, I see the two of you talking to each other as if you'd both lost your last friend or were planning to assassinate someone."

"I've been trying to talk some sense into her, pointing out that with three little kids, that huge place, and not that much money, she and Jack ought to get back together."

"But is it up to her? What about the blonde?"

"She'll get rid of the blonde. Living with Jack, that's like getting rid of roaches in a city kitchen. You just keep calling the exterminator. I don't believe in divorce."

"That's good news," determined to keep it light.

"Especially when there are kids," he added, turning the TV back up.

"Will you turn that off, please? I want to talk to you. We never talk any more. You talk to everyone, it seems, except to me."

Maybe that's because talking to you means *you talk*. Look, I've had a rough day."

"Tell me about your rough day. I'm not dumb. I can understand. I've read books."

"It's not all in books, Susannah. When are you going to learn that?"

"I'm interested."

"You never used to be interested. Anyhow, I don't want to talk. I want to watch TV."

"Then *I'll* talk. Because *I've* had a rough day. I'm still not pregnant."

"What's the rush? A long time ago, when I was young and foolish, and didn't have much else to do or think about, I wanted us to have a kid right away, remember?"

"I remember."

"I was real curious about Mike, Jr., what he'd be like. I thought that would be real nice, for us to have a kid. And you said . . ."

"I know. I *know*." She realized she was doing something he hated, peeling the scarlet varnish off her nails. But she couldn't stop, wanting to punish herself for the stupid, careless fashion in which she'd snubbed those sweet urgent feelings he'd once had about her, tender shoots of feelings that seemed to have been killed by an unseasonable frost. They were "the Brownes" now, leaders of The Squad, but where were Mike and Susannah, Mick and Slick?

"Actually," he said, after a while, "it wouldn't be so great now, would it? I mean what would that do to next summer?"

"It's never convenient to have a baby," she said, which was exactly what he used to say to her.

"Still, let's put it off till after the summer. O.K.?"

"Not O.K. I don't like you."

"That's an order, Slick. No funny business."

"Maybe no business at all. . . ." She'd peeled both thumbnails now, and began on a forefinger.

"Will you stop that," he said suddenly, very loudly. "Please *stop doing that*."

In his voice she could hear strained nerves, a hint of disgust, and something else: a note of fear, protest, a refusal to be trapped. His voice was her voice, long ago, with someone she wanted, suddenly, to shuck off and be rid of.

"Don't take it out on me," she said.

How banal and ordinary are the particulars of a wife's observation that her husband is falling in love with someone else. For a long while there is nothing to define. Only that wherever he is, she, the interloper, is; wherever she is, he i Whatever she's doing, whether stan ing by a fire or at a bar, smoking in theater lobby or bicycling down a cou try road, he is doing it, too.

"These things don't happen ove night," Mike said later, cruelly.

"We did," she said. "We happene overnight." But he looked blank as he had forgotten, as if he could n imagine it happening any other wa than imperceptibly, two old acquai tances who have known each other a their lives, becoming, unexpectedl "terrific friends."

That's how Diana put it to Susanna one day at lunch. "Funny," she said Susannah, "how you can know him all, then in one year become such *te rific friends*."

But the two old acquaintances, r cently become such "terrific friends have clearly indulged in some seriou lovemaking somewhere along the wa and after that first time they have pe haps been cheerful, casual, and appr priately offhand, as "terrific friend should be: no strings. Perhaps they' even said that it must never happ again. Except naturally it does happ again.

Thus Susannah imagined the pro ress of the addiction. "Ignore it," Kit told her. "The fun of these things f him, I swear it, is to get a rise out you. It's surely not the first time."

"For all the kidding around," Susa nah said to her friend, "I believe it is

One fine spring day Mike broug Diana out to Cherryhill for good o Sunday lunch, at almost precisely th same time of year he'd first broug Susannah there, four years earli That was the day Susannah couldn stand it any longer, the day she stopp being civilized and became frightene

"Why is *she* coming?" Susann asked that morning.

"I guess Mother needs a pretty girl

Pretty was she now, old foxface?

At lunch, a large and gala affa Susannah was ready to jump out her skin. She was not up to the co pany laughing and drinking on Viole terrace. There was a duchess fro Paris and her small, vibrant ducal hu band who looked like a face in a tape try. There was a chinless English wo der, cousin to the royal family, and

(continued on page 12

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bleating bride, whose honeymoon trip proved to be the reason for the lunch. There were some members of U.S. royalty, a famous statesman, a magazine tycoon, and his icy, glamorous wife who wrote plays.

Everyone was on the terrace and Mike, inevitably, gravitated to Diana. Standing next to Susannah, the Duc de Brissac said: "So stupid one is about names. You are, please, Diana?"

"No. Susannah."

"Ah, yes. One is also stupid about who goes with who. Now that one over there," pointing to the tycoon, "someone told me that he was your husband."

"No. *That's* my husband," pointing to Mike. *Mine.*

"Ah. I thought he was married to her."

"No. She has no husband. At present."

Violet, having heard, rushed in to smooth things over. But Susannah excused herself and ran through the house, down the steps, into the car. Screeching through the gate out onto the road, almost losing control of the car because, though she'd finally got her license, she wasn't much of a driver, Susannah thought: "He'll be sorry; he'll realize how precious I was." Then she thought: maybe not, maybe that's just what he'd love, to get me out of the way. She drove very carefully back into town.

The phone began ringing a few minutes after she reached the apartment. She let it ring.

Mike arrived home furious: how could she have pulled something like that? Taken his car, no message, no good-bye, leaving him stranded, worrying the life out of him with visions of her lying bloody on the highway.

Sitting on the bed, surrounded by a mess of Sunday papers, overflowing ash trays, empty cups and glasses, she let him have it: weeks and months worth of stored-up recriminations.

"I didn't think you went for red-haired fox faces with flat chests, but now I know. I've seen her look at you. I know that look. . . ."

He stared at her without expression, saying nothing. "I can understand her wanting you, because you're very desirable. What I don't understand is why she pretends to be my friend. And you, you two-faced lying coward . . ."

She slapped him.

In a low angry voice, he said: "I don't have to take that from you."

"Are you having an affair with her?"

"That's none of your business," he said. "If I'm so terrible, why don't you divorce me?"

"I'd love to. Five thousand a week alimony and ten million in cash. That should keep me in the style to which you've accustomed me."

"I'm serious, Susannah," he said. "If I'm making you so unhappy, let's finish it."

"I'm serious, too. If you want a divorce you'll pay for it, in every way."

The scene was not following the rules. He should have been concerned and solicitous. "Are you calling my bluff, Mick?" It was she who was concerned, solicitous. "I got carried away. You know me, though. I store it up."

"I'm not calling your bluff. I think we've had it."

Then terror. "Don't *say* things like that. *Had what?* I was joking. I'd never give you a divorce, not for ten million dollars."

"Everyone has his price."

Then she began to cry, great racking sobs, and he had to hold her.

"I can always get an annulment," he said gravely, when she'd calmed down.

"On what grounds? Insanity? Epilepsy? Bigamy? Inability to consummate the marriage? Hah!"

"Drunkenness. Total inebriation. Your Honor, she had me so intoxicated at the time of our marriage, sir, I didn't know what I was doing."

"Were you really worried about me?"

"Yes."

"Would you be sorry if I was dead?"

"Yes."

He put her back down on the bed, onto Sunday papers that crackled beneath her. "You did, you know, get me drunk, stoned out of my mind, Miss Rose . . ." he said and lay down beside her.

Are you still Mick?" she asked afterward, languishing on the newspaper faces of Harry Truman, Joe McCarthy, Josef Stalin.

"I guess so."

"Well, then you still love Susannah. Don't you?"

"If you say so."

"*You* say so. You never say so anymore."

"IloveyouIloveyouIloveyouIloveyouI loveyou."

A few weeks later Mike told Susannah he wanted a divorce. "I'm in love with Diana," he said. "I tried to tell you that Sunday."

"Instead you made love. Why?"

"Because when I fight with you I get excited."

"O.K., let's fight."

"I want to marry her," he said.

"You're married to me," she said. "I'm *your wife.*" She recalled there was something she was going to tell him, but that was lost.

"I've never felt married to you," he said. "That's the problem. We've been something else, a love affair."

"I felt married to you."

"We are two people with nothing in common, not one thing we share, when you come down to it, but ourselves. Maybe if we'd had a kid . . ."

Then she remembered what she was going to say and again didn't say it. She said: "It seemed to me we had a lot in common. A lot of jokes, a lot of tears, a lot of very real feelings."

"What can I say?"

"But to you none of it was *real.* You say I was never married to you, and you realized this the week of Gussie's funeral." Her voice was bitter. "You felt *real* talking to Diana Weatherby, because she's right—what you were programmed to love—but I'm wrong and nothing on earth is ever going to change that."

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said wearily. "You're too much for a simple character like me. You need someone brilliant, with a big brain. You need someone to get back to thinking and writing. I'm not good enough for you."

"Come on! You're just suffering from a temporary derangement. You will be so bored with that woman."

"Our relationship is dead, Susannah."

"Not *quite*," she said, finally. "Guess what?"

As she told him when and where and how, he looked at her with frank hatred. "I don't believe you," he said flatly. "I'm leaving." Without stopping to pack, he left the apartment.

After he left she began throwing crockery, glassware, certain she would lose the baby because how could she be so upset and not miscarry? Then, more quietly and sensibly, she said to herself: *He can't do this to me.*

The next day Susannah went to see Violet.

"Well, Susannah, what a nice surprise! What is it, dear girl? You loo terrible."

On the bright terrace where the tw women had first crossed swords an made friends, Susannah told Violet.

"Where is my son now?" asked Vi let. "With her?"

"They're not that dumb. She's wor ing things out with Jack Weatherby

"What do you want? Things can b arranged, of course."

"You're telling me. If you're rich yo can always arrange a safe abortion watching with satisfaction Violet wince. "I want the baby."

"Good. I'm glad."

"You are?"

"Did you think I might tell you to b sensible? Buy you off? Because yo think Diana's what I wanted for hi in the first place?"

"Something like that."

"No, you didn't or you wouldn't h here. I've known Diana Weatherby a her life. She's always had a yen f Mike, poor dear, but she's a slob. Yo are an original. I admire you. You' worked miracles with my son. Beside you make me laugh."

Patronizing old witch, Susanna thought.

"You want the baby. Next questio do you want your husband back?"

"I don't think you understand. He left me."

"I know my son. I imagine at th moment he's already regretting wh he's done and said."

"He said he loves her. What he done I don't believe he regrets at a The question now is only money. Ho much can I get, for myself and m child." Susannah stood up and bega to pace.

"Sit down. I'm on your side. He's m son, but I've always run the wives' u ion. Obviously, I'd choose to avoid scandal. But the important thing i what do *you* want? War? Revenge? new life? Your old life back? Anothe man? Money? Or do you want to sav your marriage?"

"He says we never had a marriage

"That's what they all say. Anyhow it's you that we're talking about. Try t sort out what you really feel as op posed to what you think you *shou* feel."

"Right now I feel like throwing up

Tell me something," said Violet. "Te me, if you knew you would never s him again, knew you'd have a perfect good life but he would be absent forev from it, dead or on the other side of th earth, how would you feel?"

"I'd survive. I'd feel I'd never l young again, I'd never be excited agai but I'd never be snubbed again, either

Violet remained silent.

"All *right.*" Susannah said, finall "All right, I want him back. But I wa him back the right way, if he com back for *me.* Susannah, not for th child, not for some antique gentleman sense of honor, for *me.* . . ."

"Then get a lawyer," said Violet, th old campaigner.

The phone in Susannah's bedroo rang.

"Hello. Susannah?"

"Who's this?"

"Mike. I want to see you."

"Talk to my lawyer."

"I've talked to your lawyer. My law yer has talked to your lawyer. I've rea through that proposed *(continued*



We had a garage sale today, Daddy. [illegible] seven dollars for the car."



mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine;
mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

agreement. There are things you and I have to discuss."

"Nothing that can't be discussed by the lawyers."

"Did you read my letter?"

"Yes, I read your letter."

"You didn't answer it. You took it the wrong way."

"There was no right way to take it."

"I want to see you," he said.

"I don't want to see you. Good-bye." Bang.

Susannah, it's bad manners to hang up on people."

"I don't have any manners. I *don't* want to talk to you."

"Sooner or later you'll have to talk to me."

"Mike: face it. I'll see you in court."

"Don't talk nonsense. I want to do the right thing for you. You're making it very difficult. Diana and I both . . ."

"Shut up. Sign the agreement, that's all."

"Do you need anything? Are you all right?"

"You mean, am I holding onto the baby? Yes. That baby must want to be born. Good-bye."

Then:

"Susannah?"

"Yes, Mike."

"I'm going to try to work out the money. Now I want to see you. Concerning my rights as the father of this child."

"You have no rights, Mike. I could sue you right here in New York State, and give you spades, and win."

"I doubt that. Anyhow, I'm coming to see you. What's the matter? Are you afraid to see me?"

"Nothing you can say could interest me."

"You hate me, don't you?"

"No. I don't feel anything except a slight impatience."

"You've never felt anything slight in your life."

"However, my doctor says I hate you."

"Tell me one thing: Are you fat?"

"I'm very thin. So long, Mike."

Then: "You listen to me now, Susannah. I went to see my mother today to check some things out. Because what you're asking for adds up to what I don't have. Mother said she'd advised you to make sure of certain things for you and the baby, but she agrees this is unreasonable."

"So Mummy won't pay up. Well, I'll see you in court."

"You are a flip brat. I'd like to . . ."

"What, Mike? What would you like to do? I have to go now. I'm late for dinner."

Bang.

And so on.

Thus Violet and Susannah played him like a fish, let him wear himself out, let his mistress nag him from the other end and not so gracefully under pressure. "I expect that girl will not know how to handle him," Violet had said. "I expect they'll run their course."

Red Jones, society wine dealer and deposed husband of Kitty, was pouring out his heart to Susannah Browne, society bright girl and deposed wife of Mike. All of their friends would have sworn it was impossible that those two should be spending an evening together, but the city summer breeds odd friendships. Comrades in misery, they'd run into each other one evening at the Plaza Theater, each alone, went to supper afterward to talk.

"What is Kitty punishing me for? For marrying her? Why did she do it?" Red asked. Susannah did not reply.

"Hey, sleepy Sue, where are you? I'm trying to take your mind off your troubles by involving you in mine."

"Mike keeps calling."

"Why doesn't he leave you alone?"

"That's what I say. He wants to see me."

"He wants to make himself feel better, that's all. Don't see him."

"Have you seen him?"

"Sure. He's a very old friend. But we don't always agree on things."

"I think I have to see him, Red. I think I owe that, not to him, but to myself."

"You owe yourself something else. Come on. Let's go. I'm going to take you home to my place."

"No."

"Why?"

"For one reason, he's got a tail on me."

"Better reason."

"I have to get things straight with Mike. In some addled way he wants us to stay friends, but on the other hand I want to reassure him that what I'm filled with is *pity*, for both of us."

"What are you trying to say?"

"I think I still love him," she said. "I didn't know till right now. I feel like a fool."

"You *are* a fool."

As she let herself into the apartment she noticed the living room lights were on, the study was a rosy glow, and the door to the terrace was wide open. For a second she was terrified. Then she remembered the peculiar expression on the face of the night elevator man and understood.

"How did you get in?" she asked. "I've changed the locks."

"I climbed up," said he.

"Climb right back down."

"You *are* thin. That's not good for the kid."

"Get *out*."

"Speaking of out, where've you been till this hour?"

"Wait for tomorrow's report. That's pretty low, tailing a pregnant woman."

"You're not just any old pregnant woman. Really, you look terrific."

"I'm calling the police." She went into the living room and began to dial, but he was behind her, taking the receiver from her.

"Susannah, can I talk to you. For just ten minutes. Please?"

"All right, ten minutes."

"Life is never simple," he began. "You can think you want one thing more than anything in the world, you can think you want to be rid of something else more than anything. . . ."

"Some*one*, Mike. Try to be precise."

"Some*one*. Then, a thing happens you hadn't bargained on. It got to me after a while that you were having a baby. My baby. I'm responsible. I want you to have everything you need. I *care* what happens to you."

"The last time we sat in this room I could see how tremendously you cared."

"You were playing games. You didn't tell me straight off."

"When was I going to tell you? After you'd said, hey old dear, I want a divorce? Gun to your head? Have you go all noble, remembering your classy upbringing, back to Diana to say, dearest love I cannot desert her now. What's the point of this? Why are you here?"

"Susannah, listen! Whether you're married to me or not, you are Mrs. Browne. And for Mrs. Browne, this agreement you've drawn up is insane. And if I don't sign it, you're going to haul me into court. On what grounds?"

"Adultery."

"The courts don't take as evidence hearsay. Your lawyer must have told you that."

"He did. I have evidence."

"Not possible. I haven't seen Diana except in full public view since I left you."

"I know. I had you followed for that entire month between our Sunday at Cherryhill and the night it was good-bye forever. I had *you* tailed, chump."

"I have to hand it to you," he said, laughing.

"You are ridiculous," she said.

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t's my problem."
he bored you. Poor Mick."
didn't bore me. She was lovely."
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Don't *touch* me!"
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ight, you win. Michael Richard
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nk it's going to be an elephant,"
bearing down on his hand.

a year after Rick was born
it of Susannah Browne with
appeared on the cover of
n incredible sunlit view of a
mother with smooth strong
rms holding a child to the sky.
beautiful picture, made by Su-
s old friend, Kate Bellow, who
ast decade had become one of
azine's star photographers.
was furious, for a variety of
First there was the threat of

You wouldn't take an allergy pill for a cold. Then why do you take a cold pill for an allergy?



Cold pills are meant for colds. As a result, some have drugs in them for the fever, the muscle aches, and the headaches that come with colds. Which are drugs most allergy sufferers don't need and certainly don't want.

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It's made just for what you've got.

kidnaping. "I'm surprised at her," he said. Kate was the only one of Susannah's friends from before their marriage that Mike had accepted, perhaps because when you dug down you discovered that Katherine Gage Bellow had been to the right schools, danced at the right parties before she broke away from her roots and made an independent name for herself. "Kate, at least, should have known better."

Then there was the cheapness of it. "Twenty cents," he said. "That's about what you're worth." Then there was the fact that her shirt was open too low and that she had already been that year in *House and Garden* and *Vogue* and his mother detested publicity.

One thing Mike didn't mention was the caption inside which included the interesting information that vibrant, lovely Mrs. Michael Browne, wife of Wall Street's latest wonder boy, was the former Susannah Rosoff, Barnard graduate, summa cum laude, who before her marriage had written under the name of Susan Rose.

"Are you sure it isn't because of that caption, and *only* because of that caption, you're so mad?" she asked.

"Nonsense," he said angrily. But it silenced him.

The *Life* cover was never mentioned again, and was soon forgotten in the uproar of crises much closer to home. Just before Christmas *(continued)*

Susannah had a serious miscarriage, her second in six months. Shortly after New Year's, Violet Browne suffered a near fatal heart attack. Having the constitution of an ox, as her son gallantly observed, she survived, and would live, she was told, but only if she changed her way of life and stopped trying to run her huge estate as if she were still twenty-five.

So Susannah achieved her fondest wish, and became mistress of Cherryhill without paying the extreme penalty of losing the mother-in-law she had come to love. In the sudden swift way the Brownes had of doing things, they unloaded their apartment and moved into Cherryhill in the fall of 1952, a few days before Susannah's thirty-fifth birthday.

Mike Browne stood to toast his wife at their first party—a birthday and housewarming combined. He ended on a curiously sentimental note. ". . . So I want to drink to my wife," he said, raising his glass, "the mother of my son and a lovely woman to come home to. I adore her. I'm glad she was born." Then he went around to her end of the table and kissed her in front of assembled family and friends. "I'm also proud of her," he added. Altogether more serious words than he'd ever spoken in all the years they'd been wed.

And she, who ordinarily had more serious words to deliver than he cared to hear, said only, "Thank you."

For Mike and Susannah Browne, the period that followed seemed to be an expanding, buoyant time; well-lived, thoroughly enjoyed, its public aspects devoutly documented in the popular press. Built into the marriage, however, was one recurring problem. Susannah was aware that Mike Browne was by no means finished as far as other women were concerned.

"You won't change him," said Kitty who was now divorced from Red Jones. "You have to accept that from time to time those baby blue eyes are going to wander. He can't help himself. Mike *loves* women."

"I can put up with his loving the species in general, and vice versa," she said. "It's when it gets to be one in particular."

"Just once you had something to worry about," said Kitty. "Diana *was* a threat, but those others are just itches. Everyone gets itchy. That's human."

By the following August, when Mike and Susannah went to Deauville for the de Brissacs' costume ball, Susannah really had someone to worry about: Kate Bellow. This flirtation was not such a joke, Kate being, after all, Susannah's old friend.

The de Brissac ball—an eighteenth-century extravaganza to celebrate the two hundredth birthday of the family chateau—was the first of those great, glittering postwar international occasions for which people flew in from all over the world, having spent months planning their costumes, wigs, jewels.

Among the photographers was an acerbic Kate Bellow, covering the party for *Life*. Ordinarily above such tasks, she told Susannah she had accepted the assignment for laughs and a record fee, but it occurred to Susannah that there could be another reason for her friend's presence. "I want to talk to you," she heard Mike say to Kate. "When you get through, will you find me?"

Earlier that summer, in Los Angeles, at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Mike, attending a conference, and Kate, photographing, had run into each other. They had spent the evening together, an occasion reported by both of them subsequently to Susannah in high hilarity. Looking at the pair now, Susannah wondered why she'd been so amused.

Much later Susannah Browne, on the arm of Robert Garden—Sasha to his friends—said to Carol Plainfield, "Have you seen Mike?"

"No. Have you seen God's gift, Pete Plainfield?"

It was hard to find a couple of stray husbands at a party of five hundred that stretched out over several acres of landscaped grounds, but Carol tracked them down in a luminous pavilion by the lake. At the edge of the dance floor, Peter and a half dozen happy, laughing, transfixed men stood around Tootie Blake, the new sexpot comedienne who had taken Broadway by storm the previous season. But the Tootie Blakes of this world weren't Mike's problem. He was with Kate Bellow, whose cameras were abandoned, whose neat hair was shaken loose. They were dancing the newest way, arms wrapped around each other's necks, barely moving, to a melancholy song about dead leaves. "This is a drag," Susannah said to Robert Garden. "Let's go back to the good music."

At the chateau, in a mirrored r
set up like a night club, Susan
Browne proceeded to put on a s
with Réné de Brissac such as she
not given since the last winter she
been Susan Rose dancing with
Wolfe. It was sufficiently intrigu
for other people to stop dancing
form a circle around them. Showing
Susannah was happy.

Then she caught sight of her h
band's angry face among the ring
onlookers, saw him mot
ing for her to come
Shortly thereafter he
beside her. "Show's over,
said, and with an iron
ushered her off the floo

"You're drunk," he
cused, in the curtain
quilted privacy of their su

"*I* don't get drunk. I
just having a good time.

"You were making a
of yourself."

"*I* was? What do
think you were do
wrapped around Kate
low? Couldn't you at l
keep your hands off
friends?"

"I believe you are pat
logical. She's a smart gi
like her. Period."

"I don't think you're
terested in her mind!"

"You're so vulgar."

"You know the root of
gar? *Vulgaris*. Latin, me
ing 'of the common peo
I *am* of the common pe
and I don't buy your upp
class ways. I believe in
marriage vows."

"So do I. Love, ho
cherish. Because you c
ish someone doesn't m
you stop connecting with
other people of the oppo
sex."

"I should give you a t
of your own medicine
should decide to conn
with some one person of
opposite sex. Sasha Gard
for instance, who has b
after me for quite a whil
like *him*."

"Maybe that's your pr
lem, Slick. What you n
is a fling with someone e
It's no big deal, a fling,
less you let your emoti
get involved. Not Sasha G
den, of course."

"For me it would be a
deal. I've had flings, ple
of them, long before I e
met you. I don't believe
that kind of thing. If I
an affair with someone
would be extremely seric
Love. And whoever he
I'd leave you for him. That's the trut

"You don't really think Kate Bel
means anything to me, do you?"

"Oh, buzz off, Brownie," Susan
said. Calling him that—not Mike
Mick, but Brownie—meant somethi
she wasn't sure what.

That night he made love to her a
she were precious. She received his l
as if it was something less than p
cious, something possibly expendal

Perhaps they were both better off
the adjustment. Kate Bellow soon dr
ed out of their lives, discovering,
would-be interlopers of both sexes k



overing, that neither Browne could would go for long without the other. er the routing of Kate, things at rryhill seemed to reach a sort of ilibrium again.

or other members of "The Squad" se were good years also, marked by erful events, with two terrible ex- tions: the deaths of Jay Lawrence Peter Plainfield.

ay's suicide in the spring of '53 t largely unnoticed. Only a few peo- knew the details of his th: that having been ned by his doctor never ake another drink, Jay, alcoholic, went off the on one morning and a days later shot himself. n the other hand, the infield case was one of less private, more sensa- al tragedies in the an- s of the very rich. Peter infield, rich playboy and atrical producer, was ething of a ladies' man. June night his beautiful notoriously jealous wife ol had accidentally shot dead, mistaking him for urglar. Many people in- ling the state of New k, had questioned just accidental the shooting been. Even after Carol infield had been cleared the grand jury, the talk gossip continued.

Do you realize that's four e?" Mike Browne said night shortly after Pete's th. "It makes you won- who next?"

Five," Susannah cor- ed. "You've forgotten Lawrence. But let's not about it."

That's not like you, not ing something smart- ky to say."

It gives me the creeps," said, "so shut up. Here's the next forty years," ching off the light, put- her arms around him. n fact they had left to n twenty-four months, e weeks, and approxi- ely forty hours.

e night she killed him the longest night of the r and they were on their home from a Christmas ty. Had their host been one other than who he , Susannah and Mike ldn't have gone. Nothing going on that night ld have tempted them the bitter, frozen dark- s, she with a cold, he with a bad k. But an invitation to the Sutton ce house of Robert "Sasha" Garden a command.

Mike and Susannah had first spent time with Sasha a few weeks after de Brissac ball, in Monte Carlo. sequently Sasha Garden had be- e close to the Brownes. Mike had e him a favor. He, in return, had e Mike a bigger favor, and one day ke Browne found himself, in connec- n with a major financial coup, on the t page of *The New York Times*. ha Garden was important to Mike wne. And to Susannah. She was in- trigued. Besides, in what other house might she have met, in one year, the President of the United States, the Prime Minister of England, the *grand éminence* of France, *and* Marlene Dietrich?

Nonetheless, she had gone that night under duress.

"Let's finesse it," Susannah had said. He had driven home early from his office, complaining that his back was killing him—an old ski injury acting up.

"It's so bloody cold. The papers say it's going down to zero. The roads are terrible. I'll call and say we're both sick."

"Not possible. You don't do that to Robert Garden. But cheer up. You know who's going to be there?" He dropped a political name, a name to thrill people collector like Susannah.

"How do you know?"

"Natalie told me." Pause. "Now don't look like that."

"*Damn*, Mike . . ." Natalie Jones. Red Jones's tomboy baby sister, grown up silken and smooth. Now, at eighteen, she was *the* new great international girl, always around the Gardens' house because Sasha's daughter, Christa Garden, another great girl, was Natalie's best friend.

"Where did you see Natalie?"

"Where do you think I saw her? In your favorite shop."

Natalie Jones was currently putting in a stint at a Fifth Avenue jewelry store. "I adore spending eight hours a day with diamonds," Natalie said.

"I see. Did you take her to lunch?" Stiffening, accusing.

"As a matter of fact, I did. Want to make something of it?"

"You *bet*. Is she going to be there tonight?"

"She's a fixture at Garden's."

"You can go by yourself tonight."

"You're not starting the Natalie bit again?"

"Damn right I am. I can't stand to see you make a fool of yourself one more time."

"Cut the act, Susannah. Go take your bath."

"It's not an act," she said very loudly, before another fit of sneezing overtook her. "*I've had it with you.*"

That was the moment Nanny and Rick entered and Susannah, instantly transformed, took her dark and elfin son, now nearly six, onto the bed and nuzzled him because he was her pet, her cub, and she doted on him.

"Bath," Mike said.

"He wants me to get pneumonia," she said to her son.

Once in the tub, having frothed up the bubbles, she called the child in. The little boy stood there grinning, admiring, firing questions at her, when suddenly behind him stood his father, also grinning, seeming to admire. But then his father did something odd. He took an ash try piled with cigarette butts from the table beside her lounging chair and dumped the contents into the perfumed bath water.

The child stared, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, then ran from the room. As Susannah screamed Mike said nothing, simply stood there, and when she'd got out of the tub and cleaned the mess off, she lashed out at him, trying to scratch his face with her long red nails, but he held her slippery wrists fast, his fingers like handcuffs.

"What's all that about?" she demanded.

"That's to remind you who's boss around here, who pays the bills, who runs the show and who's taken good care of you over the years, Miss Rose. That's all."

Her combat dress was black: a wide-skirted brocade evening suit, black lace stockings, black satin pumps with big paste buckles and at her throat a diamond and topaz clip holding in place a twist of apricot chiffon.

"O.K.?" she said, showing herself to Mike.

"I didn't know it was Hallowe'en," he said. "I thought it was Christmas."

That was his way, love by insult.

She insisted on driving. He had to be in some pain to agree, not enjoying the sensation of being her passenger. They took her car, a sports car she had never mastered. Usually she talked continually as she drove, but tonight, not till they were turning off the East River Drive, a minute away from their destination, was the silence broken. "I don't really think you look like a witch."

"It never occurred to me you did. I thought you meant the colors."

"Your problem is you have no sense of humor."

"I don't like you." She drew up behind a taxi in front of Garden's house.

Mike smiled. "You look nice, Susannah."

Out of the taxi stepped Natalie Jones.

"I mean I *really* don't like you," Susannah said, tasting the words like a new and delightful flavor. *(continued)*

Fisher-Price Basketball



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Make a basket and the bell rings. Child advances score on scoreboard.

Two bounceable balls, two beanbags store on the plastic base.

"That's too bad," Mike said, "since you're stuck with me."

In the gutter, Natalie Jones dropped the entire contents of her purse. "Can I help?" said Mike Browne, as his wife hurried into the house. "Let me help you, Nat . . ."

In the candlelit dining room, set up imperial café style with round tables for eight and festooned with holly, tinsel, and flocks of silvery angels, Susannah found her seat at the host's table. She was between the world-famous guest of honor and a difficult but distinguished octogenarian poet, a flattering place but the sort Susuannah had come to expect as the city's most talented conversationalist. Her specialty was making the elderly feel naughtily young and the famous feel wickedly anonymous. Mike, two tables away, was also at an accustomed spot, between the less than dazzling wife of the guest of honor and Natalie Jones. His specialty was to make a dowdy woman feel beautiful; his reward, a genuine beauty on his other side.

Throat sore, eyes heavy, emotions uneasy, Susannah had to work harder than usual, talked less amusingly than she might and was grateful when the host came to her rescue by involving the entire table in a conversation centered, naturally, on himself. She was even more grateful when, during dessert, Garden left the fashionable young woman on his right and came to sit beside Susannah and order her home. "You're a mess," he said. "Why did you come—to give us all the flu?"

"I didn't want to come," she said, "but try to keep Mike away from a chance to see that one," looking balefully in the direction of her husband who was flirting with the lovely Natalie.

"There are no flies on Mike, only a Nat, so to speak. Do me a favor, pet," Sasha said, "as soon as dinner's over, disentangle that husband of yours and go home. *Gesundheit!*"

But before she could go to him, Mike had come to her. "I want to go home, Susannah," he said.

"Be careful." Garden called after them. "It's going to be a skating rink out there."

Afterward, Susannah's recollection was that they'd been as silent on the way home as on the way in. He had made some remarks about her driving. She had told him to shut up.

When they reached the entrance to Cherryhill, she stopped the car. He got out to open the heavy iron gate. No more gatekeeper to honk for. Now the gatehouse was fixed up and rented to Mimi and John Packard who were at that time building a house a few miles to the north of Cherryhill.

Mike unlocked the chain, pushed first one gate and then the other and stood back against the elegant wrought iron, his face ironic in the yellow headlights, motioning her to come on. She shifted into reverse instead of first, then found first. Impatiently he motioned again, the look of condescension growing. As she gunned the car through the gate she hit a patch of ice, spun, slammed on the brake. The car came to a stop in a ditch, against a tree.

"Mick, Mick! *Stupid!*" she screamed to the man lying beside the gate. "Why didn't you get out of the way? I love you, can you hear me? I love you."

For the first time since the day she'd met him, Mike Browne did not answer back. John and Mimi Packard found her senseless in the frozen gravel beside her husband's body.

Driving to the hospital, next to his blanket-wrapped body stretched out in the Packard's station wagon, she could say nothing.

"Did the car go out of control?" John Packard asked.

She nodded. "He's still alive. I can feel a pulse."

But by the time they reached the hospital, his heart had stopped beating. "It's not possible," she said.

"I'm afraid it is," said Packard.

"My *baby*," she sobbed hysterically. "My poor baby."

"He's very young," Packard said. "In some ways that's easier."

"I don't mean my son. I mean *Mike*." Then she said: "John, will you handle this?" Afterwards she became incoherent and they put her in a room and held her forcibly until her own doctor came and knocked her out with a sedative.

She remembered nothing of this, nor of the next morning when John Packard came back to talk to her, nor of the next afternoon when the police came. The doctor would not permit her to return to the scene of the accident for several days. By then it was blanketed by a fall of snow. He allowed her to go, deeply sedated, to the funeral.

Long afterward people talked about the astonishing way the Browne case was handled and so played down that there was no official suggestion of the death being anything but a grisly accident. Still fresh in everybody's mind was the circus that had surrounded the Plainfield case. And here, only a couple of years later, was Susanna Browne, braking the wrong way on a skid, killing her attractive, prominent husband—a manslaughter, involved in an accident only slightly less ambiguous than the Plainfield shooting and receiving a mere murmur in the press. There was no inquest and no investigation by a grand jury.

Timing was said to be part of it. Christmas was not a favorite week to dig and hound on the part of the New York press. The scurrilous and indefatigable Tony George had been fired some months earlier for having cost the paper damages in one libel suit too many.

Mainly the tone of the fair had been established by John Packard, who had said to Susannah the night of the accident, "No, no, you couldn't have mixed up the foot pedals. Obviously the car skidded when you braked. The road was ice. *You* didn't kill him. The car killed him. Your mind gets all mixed up at times like this."

John Packard had gone with the police and the police photographer and one of two reporters the next day and reenacted the accident. He was not only Susannah's lawyer but he and his wife were the sole witnesses. Already a fresh fall of snow had obscured the tire marks. He talked to the detective who questioned the Browne household, and the police who interviewed members of Robert Garden's staff, guests at the party, and Garden himself.

On the morning of December 24th, the Nassau County Chief of Police issued a statement pronouncing the death an accident and the case was considered closed.

Early in the afternoon of the same day—Christmas Eve—a service was held at the graveside attended only by the grieving immediate family: his mother, his uncles and aunts, his sister and his brother-in-law, his dazed widow, and his small son who held onto his grandmother with one hand, in his other hand a football pennant, souvenir of the game, Rick's first, his father had taken him to the previous month.

On the coffin lay a blanket of red roses, American beauties. The card read, in Susannah's own handwriting: "To Mick Browne from Susan Rose: you never know till you've lost it."

It was John Packard who most movingly summed up the Browne's relationship. "Fighting was their bread and wine," he said.

HOW DO YOU RATE AS A 1973 WOMAN?

It used to be a man's world. But you've changed it. How much? Check a box for every yes. In the past year:

☐ Have you taken an active part in an election campaign, bond issue, school budget, zoning question?

☐ Have you expressed your opinion in areas where you used to just smile and nod agreement?

☐ If you manage a home and family, does it upset you when someone says you're "just a housewife"?

☐ Do you have — or want—a job in what was once considered a man's domain?

☐ Do you pay more attention to news, comments, editorials?

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Company

NGING UP CHILDREN

tinued from page 33

ent whose own failure is acutely ved by the child's failure.
etsy probably had unconsciously ntified herself with one of her moth- biggest problems: her feeling that was an unsuccessful person. But sy also wished to help her mother the difficulties that Betsy's being cessful would create: namely, that mother would have to face finding e other center for her life besides children. By failing in her en- vors, Betsy rendered her mother a ice: Mother could postpone decid- what she wanted to do with her life ause Betsy, with her failures and anguish caused by them, obviously ded Mother to hold her hand. All his would, of course, be unconscious the child, who would simply be cting to the clear signals her mother giving her.
hildren cannot help suffering if y are required to fill out the life of arent. Loving her mother, Betsy d to live as her mother did. If her her tried and failed, Betsy would the same. But instead of praising sy for being such a good and iring child, her mother rejected sy's identification and in essence her: be different from me. But a d cannot easily do that—Mother oo important for that. Therefore sy was overwhelmed by her un- piness, not because she hit the ng note on the piano, but because hit the wrong note with Mother. had tried very hard to be in e with her mother by being like and needing her. Betsy's devotion loyalty can be turned into an enor- us asset when mother and daugh- work together to fashion their lives e harmoniously. END

AT'S HAPPENING

tinued from page 7

esus Christ Superstar is an over- ffed movie with music that sounds sacramental whine. This bend- of the Bible started with a single ord of one song—"Jesus Christ erstar"—and a good song it is, t sold more than one million cop- That spun into an LP cum tapes ged to have taken in over 40 mil- dollars. And then that LP was n off onto Broadway as a show t shook for two years. Actually re are two good numbers: the title g and "I Don't Know How To e Him." Still, when Jesus said eter "Upon this Rock . . ." I don't k this is the kind of rock He had nind. This enterprise keeps get- bigger, and now it has just about st. It began with a little single got more and more elaborate as money rolled in. This final (let pray) version of the last seven s of Christ has been inflated by rman Jewison, the director who orted *Fiddler on the Roof* into lintzy blimp. Jewish organiza- s, which are up in alms over this ie, are fearful that audiences will k that Jewison is Jewish and their wrath on the Jews. Let it known that Jewison is a Canadian thodist, which doesn't mean you uld get angry at the Methodists, er. Let's all stay calm and just it.

Once Over Slightly: *Forty Carats* stars Liv Ullman as a 40-year-old divorcée career woman who meets the 22-year-old son and heir of a steel tycoon in the sun and air of Greece.

They have a night of love on the beach, which leads to all sorts of frothy complications that will probably amuse everyone who likes to take off her shoes in the movies.

George Segal is getting to be a very popular romantic lighthearted comedian, but he is ill-used in a heavy-hearted comedy called *Blume in Love*, which is not quite as romantic as *Love in Bloom*. He is married, he is divorced (by his wife, just because she catches him in bed with his secretary, the meany!), and at the end of the movie I think she's about ready to take him back. I'm not.

Hollywood's sudden urge to let George do it brings him back in a more successful film called *A Touch of Class*, which ought to be subtitled *But Just Barely*. Glenda Jackson gets the assignment in this assignation, and off they go to bed unwed in Spain. There is some funny stuff here and the first 15 minutes are brittle and bright. But like so many other affairs, it falters and fades, the banter turns bitter, and love gets a shove to The End. END



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PET JOURNAL

No one loves a pet more than a child. If there is any doubt on this score, read the following letters, just a sampling from the many we regularly receive from our young readers.

"My Persian cat is something special to me. It likes to play with my dog's tail."—*Christine Kiker, Santa Rosa, Calif.*

"My fish are funny. I've trained my fish to come to the glass when I feed them, but instead, they come everytime I go to the glass. My male swordtails play tag."—*Mike Kirby, Derwood, Md.*

"My dog Chipper—part fox terrier and part English setter—is good entertainment. When guests arrive, I pull out my harmonica and play "America," and Chipper starts singing. He let's out one long howl after another until I stop playing. I guess Chipper either hates my playing or else he is a very patriotic dog."—*Robin Currie, Columbus, Ind.*

"My dog, Peaches, has never did anything brave but eat the fish food when my Mom was looking, which is very brave since my Mom was fixing to whip him for it but he got out the door. He's not a "Lassie," but I love him and he loves me and if a dog loves you very much and you love him very much I think that's enough don't you?"—*Jonette Henry, Houston, Tex.*

"I have a great big fat guinea pig. Her name is Sebastian and she is very picky. She *must* have the outer green leaves of the lettuce or else she won't eat it. Her carrots *must* be scraped, or else she won't eat them. Sebastian gets *very* tired sometimes; so she lies down as flat as a pancake in her cage. One time I thought Sebastian was sick, so naturally I took her to the vet's. And what do you think happened? The vet said that Sebastian was the healthiest guinea pig he'd ever seen."—*Robin Nehmad, Margate, N.J.*

"Every school day my mother used to have trouble getting us up until a kitten—who is now ten pounds of trouble—joined our family. Every morning when it's time to get up (and some of us don't want to), he would bite our feet. We'd move our feet up higher and higher until we were in a ball. Then when we'd try to stretch out he wouldn't let u keeps biting our feet over and until we get up."—*Reta Columbia, S.C.*

"My dog, Pierre, is around 77 old in human years and arou in dog age. He eats toast morning. The toast must have garine on it or he just smells i walks away. When we say, Pierre, he runs over to his bow waits. Sometimes he sits down he eats. After Pierre has his he goes into the den and lies in the most comfortable cha *Michelle Fish, Willowdale, On Canada.*

"We have two dogs, Fluffer Shatzie. One day I was playing Shatzie and I noticed that Fluffer walked past me, she limping on her right hind l called Fluffer and she returned time limping on her left hind le soon as I began playing with F she stopped limping. Ever sinc day Fluffer limps to get attent —*Ileane Kenney, Orange, Con*

"I own a kitten, who is five m old. Her name is Cuddles. Hav ever seen a cat who drank instead of milk? Well, now have. Have you ever seen a ca loves to take a bath without s gling? Well! You'll never ha smell Cuddles with any odo "Irish Spring," which is her fa soap. To entertain herself sh on my desk and chases after th light reflected on the wall. Di tell you that she's strange? one thing for sure I will never Cuddles away for all the mon the world, because I love Cu and so does everyone who her."—*Cynthia Domaszewicz, low, Mass.*

"Amos, my dog is so crazy . . just loves to play ball. One when my brother and I were to a ball back and forth Amos jumping up and down and wel got so tired, she just started to backwards."—*Patricia Lopez, Angeles, Calif.*

Send your anecdotes (500 wor less), along with your name, ad and telephone number, to: Pet nal, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 ington Ave., New York, N.Y. 1 Send pictures only if you don't them returned.

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We think you ought to know the facts of e. And love.

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What about the cheaper canned dog ods, that are only part meat or meat by- oducts? The fact is, they're mostly water. % water with a can around it that u have to pay for and lug home.

Love In Cellophane Bags.

The dog food that looks "just e hamburger" is that way for a ason. If it looks appetizing to ople, maybe people will think s appetizing to a dog.

It may very well be. But not st because of the look. It takes to 30% water, preservatives and other expensive ingredients to achieve the look that costs you more.

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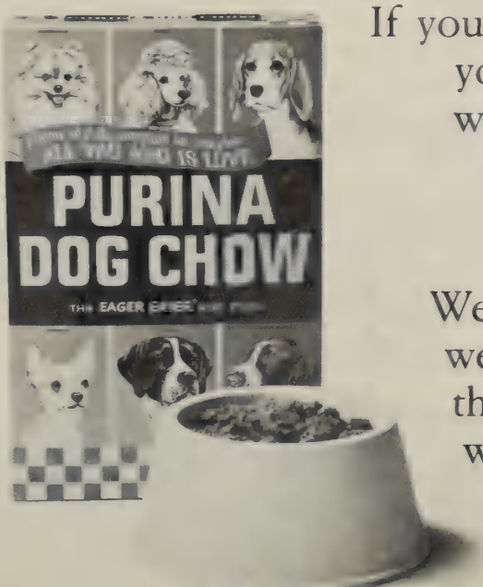
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continued from page 64

Meanwhile, the President's plate had been carried back to the kitchen. Bess, Mary Kaltman, chef Henry Haller (René Verdon's successor), and I all took a bite. It tasted exactly the way filet of beef with *pâté de foie gras* in the center is supposed to taste. "It's perfect," said the dismayed Haller. Marvin relayed the word to the President. "It's supposed to taste like that." At the end of the dinner the President had only one comment: "Don't ever serve that stuff again in this house."

As I learned with my own daughters, Kathy and Sally, the transformation from girl to woman can occur almost overnight. It happened to both Lynda and Luci. Within the same five years, they grew up, married, and had children of their own.

Luci's was my first White House wedding; and even though she was married in the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, the White House was decorated to the hilt for her reception.

Luci's gown was such a closely guarded secret that the Secret Service met Priscilla of Boston at the plane. The designer hand-carried the big box into the White House and locked it in the Lincoln bedroom. No one was permitted to go in there, not even to dust. A few days before the wedding, which was scheduled for August 6, Bess called me. "Can everybody stay put for awhile? Luci wants to be photographed in her wedding dress in the East Room, and she doesn't want anybody to see her." At one o'clock, we shut off the entire house and no one was permitted to move while Luci posed for her wedding portrait.

On December 9, 1967, Bess had another wedding on her hands. Lynda married Captain Robb—the first President's daughter to be married in the White House in 53 years.

It was at that wedding that we observed how Mrs. Johnson could "handle" her husband. As the bride and groom and all their relatives lined up in the Yellow Oval Room to be photographed, out wandered Luci's little white dog Yuki, dressed in his best red velvet sweater. President Johnson reached for the dog, a friendly mongrel who accompanied him everywhere.

"We've got to get Yuki in the picture," said the President.

Lady Bird Johnson drew herself up to her full five foot three and backed off until she could look her husband in the eye. "That dog is *not* going to be in the wedding picture," she said. The President started to argue. But Mrs. Johnson whipped out a most Lyndon-like command to dog-keeper Traphes Bryant: "Mr. Bryant, get that dog out of here right now! HE WILL NOT BE PHOTOGRAPHED!" Nobody, not even the President, stood up to that tone in her voice.

The most dramatic and publicly startling event of the Johnson Presidency really did not surprise those of us in the White House who had learned to sense the President's moods and thoughts. The President went on television on March 31, 1968, and announced he would not seek re-election.

On November 11, 1968 just six days after Richard M. Nixon was elected President, Mrs. Johnson invited her successor to the White House, beginning the most orderly transfer from one occupant to another I had witnessed. The mood of the switchover was evident from that first meeting between Claudia (Lady Bird) Johnson and Thelma (Pat) Nixon. They embraced and kissed each other. The Nixons were back several times before the Inauguration.

The President, Mrs. Nixon, Tricia, Julie, and David Eisenhower stepped out of their limousines at the North Portico at 10:30 on Inauguration morning. The Nixons, the Johnsons, the Agnews, and the Humphreys all gathered in the Red Room to drink orange juice and coffee, and nibble on sweet rolls and toast. At 11:30, laughing and cordial, the group set out for the Capitol. President Johnson, who had delivered his own Inaugural address in a business suit, even wore a cutaway coat and striped trousers to please Mr. Nixon.

While Richard M. Nixon delivered his speech in that dreary, freezing weather, the truck from New York pulled up to the South Entrance, and maids began unpacking trunks and boxes of the Nixons' clothes. When they came back into the house after the parade, their rooms were ready—Tricia into Lynda's bedroom, Julie and David in the Queen's Room. Mamie Eisenhower, beaming in delight, joined the Nixons for coffee, but she went back to Walter Reed Hospital to the side of her ailing General. About a hundred Nixon relatives milled around in the State Dining Room, then left to dress for the Inaugural Ball.

No cottage cheese

Pat Nixon's first White House request threw the kitchen into a tizzy. Chef Haller and Mary Kaltman stood by—tense as we all are on the first day of a new administration—to order the President's first dinner in the White House. It was well after dark when Mrs. Nixon called down. "Tricia, Julie, David, and the President would like steak for dinner in the upstairs dining room," she said. "I'd just like a bowl of cottage cheese in my bedroom."

Steaks we had—juicy, fresh, prime cuts waiting in the White House kitchen for a family that we'd heard loved steak. But cottage cheese?

Chef Haller called to request a White House limousine. "For two weeks we've laid in supplies in the kitchen," he wailed. "We've tried to find everything they like. But we don't have a spoonful of cottage cheese in the house." So the head butler sped around the city until he found a delicatessen with cottage cheese. The kitchen never ran out after that.

The only initial change was in the President's bedroom. "Take out the big canopied bed and put in a simple double bed," Mrs. Nixon requested. The First Lady liked Mrs. Johnson's bedroom. "I'll have to have a room of my own," she confided in her mellow, throaty voice. "Nobody could sleep with Dick. He wakes up during the night, switches on the light, speaks into his tape recorder, or takes notes—it's impossible."

On a first tour around the living quarters, President Nixon peeked underneath the oversized four-poster bed that Presidents Kennedy and Johnson had used. "What on earth is all this?" he asked, amazed at the cat's cradle of electric wires, all tangled on the floor. I explained that they were telephone connections from the elaborate phone system Mr. Johnson had used, remote control wires to the television sets, tape recording devices, and heaven knows what else. "I don't want any of that under here," Mr. Nixon told me. "Take it all out, whatever it is. All I need is one line to the operator. She can find anyone else for me."

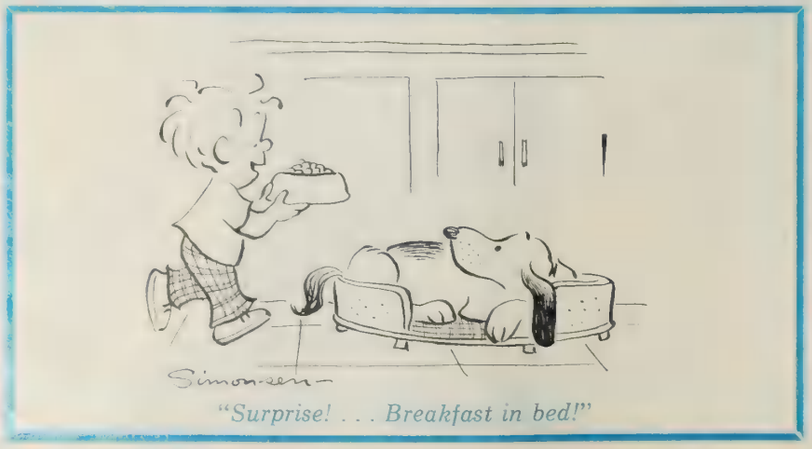
The three television sets went, too. And the Rube Goldberg shower. Mr. Johnson had proudly pointed out that shower to his successor, describing its pleasures in great detail. "Please have the shower heads all changed back to normal pressure," the President requested, after the first blast of Johnson-strength spray had almost knocked him right out of the bathroom.

Like Lady Bird Johnson, Mrs. Nixon "loved" Jacqueline Kennedy's favorite Yellow Oval Room. Now three First Ladies had agreed it was the loveliest room in the house.

I seldom saw Tricia during her first few weeks in the White House. When she was "in residence," she remained behind closed doors. When she went out, she requested that no one enter her room, except for the maid. Her sister Julie, a junior at Smith College, was living in Massachusetts with her bridegroom, David Eisenhower. (President Nixon once introduced himself jokingly as "General Eisenhower's grandson's father-in-law.")

The President found his spot of privacy in the Lincoln Sitting Room. At night or on weekends, Mr. Nixon worked there alone, sometimes listening to music from the stereo set Mrs. Nixon had rigged up.

Mrs. Nixon had installed in her bedroom an historic marble mantelpiece, which had been designed by Benjamin Latrobe. Out with the old mantel went the little plaque that Mrs. Kennedy had requested on her last day there: "In this room John Fitzgerald Kennedy lived with his wife Jacqueline. . . ."



"Surprise! . . . Breakfast in bed!"

Of all the changes that have been made in the old Mansion from one administration to another, the only one that affected me was the Nixons' removal of the swimming pool to make way for a press room. The pool was a gift to President Roosevelt from the school-children of America, who collected millions of dimes to pay for constructing the heated indoor pool that the President used for his polio therapy. I remember President Truman swimming there, his glasses all fogged up; the Eisenhowers' grandchildren splashing around with the greatest glee; the swimming races between President Kennedy and his Cabinet; the bathing trunks hanging from the hooks for President Johnson's guests.

"I don't like these"

On their second evening in the White House, the President and his family asked for an "historical" tour by Jim Ketchum and me. As we went from room to room, Mr. Nixon asked a hundred questions—about each piece of furniture, about how each room had been used. His wife reserved her comments for the living quarters. But President Nixon seemed to be making plans for his White House.

When we got to the State Dining Room, I mentioned the official events that had taken place there. The tables were set with the small gold banquet chairs Mrs. Kennedy had had made for her round-table entertaining. "I don't like these," he said, lifting one easily. "They don't look comfortable."

"Sometimes they aren't too stable either" I said, telling him about a few instances where they'd come crashing to the floor during Johnson dinners.

"Do we have any other kind of chairs?" he asked. "You know, we are going to have church services in the East Room." The next day, I ordered samples of all our chairs brought up to the East Room. I also brought up the altar we'd rigged up for Lynda Bird Johnson's wedding, but President Nixon decided against an altar. "No, the services are going to be interdenominational," he pointed out. "I don't want an altar, just a podium."

The Reverend Billy Graham, evangelist friend of my last three Presidents, preached the first East Room sermon.

On her first "full" day in the White House, January 21, Patricia Nixon stood on a black-carpeted stage in the East Room and told a thousand Republican campaign workers who had come in for the Inaugural: "You'll all be invited back. We're going to have our friends here, instead of all the big shots!" Gerry Van den Heuvel, the First Lady's press secretary, winced. "Of course, *all* our friends are bigshots," Mr. Nixon broke in quickly.

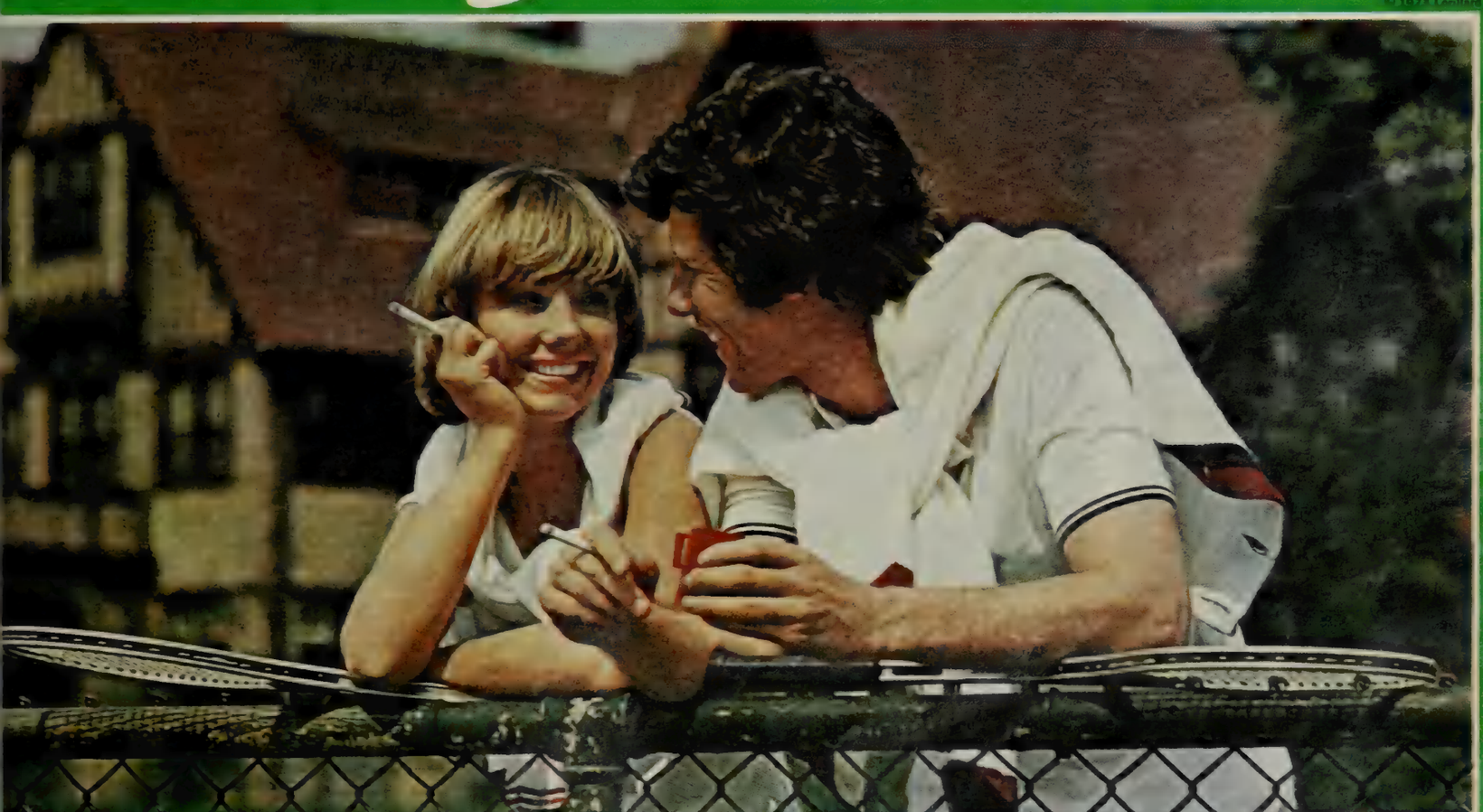
Mrs. Van den Heuvel and Lucy Winchester, the First Lady's social secretary, took a little time to get in step with Mrs. Nixon's wishes. For that first official reception, at ten in the morning, they'd ordered champagne. I checked with Mrs. Nixon before sending word to the wine cellar. "Oh, definitely *not!* I don't think we want to serve alcoholic beverages in the morning," she told me. Instead, the butler served coffee to the Inauguration weary campaigners.

All that week, the Nixons entertained at small dinners in the family dining room. One night *(continued*



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WHITE HOUSE *continued*

there was FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, Secretary of State and Mrs. William Rogers, National Security Advisor Henry Kissinger, Assistant to the President and Mrs. John Ehrlichman, Mrs. Longworth and longtime Republican hostess Mrs. Robert Low Bacon. The next night, they invited Secretary of Defense and Mrs. Melvin Laird, football coach "Bud" Wilkinson, and the Apollo 8 astronauts and their wives.

Mrs. Nixon had asked Chef Haller to "surprise us" with a menu. After the first dinner, Haller ran into my office. "The President came into the kitchen tonight and told me it was delicious!!! Can you imagine? The President himself. That never happened before."

Mrs. Nixon's first seated luncheon in the State Dining Room on February 18 was for women reporters. Everybody drew numbers for a seat at the table, and Pat Nixon drew a number, too.

The First Lady had just announced that she'd have no White House "projects"; instead, she would like to instigate a national recruitment program to enlist thousands of volunteers to "help others." Some of those volunteer projects she told the press women that day might include teachers' aides, home care for the mentally retarded, services for the ill in hospitals, and meals-on-wheels to serve the aged.

But I never got to watch Mrs. Nixon carry out those plans—for my 30 years in government service were coming to an end (I'd spent two years in the Veterans Administration before joining the White House staff in 1941).

On March 1, 1941, I'd walked up the steps of the White House, awed by the liveried doorman, by the immense white columns, by the majesty of the Mansion. On March 1, 1969, my last day, I had lunch in the White House kitchen. Just Zella and me.

I feel that I caught only a fleeting glimpse of Mrs. Nixon during her first six weeks in the White House. I saw only her "First Lady face"—the public poise, the correct mannerisms of a woman who had been photographed almost constantly for 23 years.

She always seemed to be too thin; she wore high-necked, long-sleeved dresses, tasteful but subdued. Her facial expression, always pleasant, rarely changed and at times was almost rigid. Yet she often showed warmth and spontaneity—it seemed perfectly natural for her to scoop up a crying child in her arms; to say "I just *love* you," to an old Senate friend; to embrace a former First Lady in as close to a bear hug as somebody her size could give.

"Welcome any time"

All the First Ladies I've known have been exceptionally strong in spirit. They came in that way, because they'd been able to share their husbands' grueling political road to the White House. They'd all learned to be on display, and at the same time to find some way to guard their private moments. They'd learned organization, discipline, self-control, and composure—before they got to the White House.

And each of them has performed a great public service, filling a role that is non-appointive, non-elective, certainly non-paid—the most demanding volunteer job in America.

I came back to the White House as a guest at a ceremony celebrating Mrs. Nixon's acquisition of a fine portrait of James Madison. As I went through the receiving line, President Nixon said to me, "Mr. West, after all you've done for this House, you're welcome here any time."

"Thank you, sir," I replied.

I do think rather highly of the place.

END

WATERGATE *continued from page 7*

So from 1962 to 1966, Gordon was in private law practice with his father in New York City. If he had continued his private law career, I suppose he would be a typical, financially secure suburban matron today.

But Gordon, concerned by what was happening in America at that time, wanted to go into politics. He started at the bottom, taking a job as assistant district attorney in Dutchess County, N.Y., where I had grown up. Again the pay was low, but I agreed with his priorities and I wanted him to have his chance. So I went back to work.

I had a degree in economics, and had taught computer training for IBM. But my children—five born in five years—were then too small for me to go back into a career that involved long hours and much traveling. So I went back to school summers, nights and weekends, got a master's degree in urban education, and have been teaching now for eight years.

It's funny how things turn out. I am accustomed to working. After my father died, I worked in a bank to put myself through school. Then I continued working, first as an economist at a public utility, and later in computers at IBM, to support myself and my widowed mother (until she too passed away). As a result, I am well equipped to become the family's sole support while my husband is in jail.

Life with Gordon has never been easy, although it has always been interesting and exciting. We were in debt when we moved to Washington. In 1968 Gordon had run unsuccessfully for the Republican congressional nomination in New York's 28th District. His campaign cost so much that we ended up with a bank note to pay off by ourselves.

Gordon was in Washington for a year as a special assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury before we could join him. We rented a house because we could not afford to buy one. For a entire year I went without a washer and a dryer, no luxury to a working mother in a family of seven, while we slowly paid off our debts.

We probably would still be in the rented house if Gordon had not been so diligent in reading the classified ads

continued on page 13

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arvelous Wall Decorations d excellent Investments as Well!

A WELL-KNOWN FACT that some limited collector's plates are excellent invest- s but you have to know which ones to buy. Joy's suggested the purchase of the B & G Mother's Day Plate at $9.00 and today, it is worth up to $250.00. We suggested the 1970 Haviland Christmas Plate at $25.00 which now sells for .00 and the Goebel Hummel 1971 annual that sold for $25.00 and now brings $100.00 each.

ate collecting isn't a new hobby, either. Bing & Grondahl of Denmark produced first dated Christmas Plate in 1895 and have produced one every year since. 1895 B & G Christmas Plate, by the way, sold for 50¢ and is currently worth 0. Joy's is proud to be one of the oldest and largest companies specializing in ed edition items, and our subscribers receive a monthly newsletter describing he fine quality collectables available. More and more Americans are starting collecting not only because they make great wall decorations but because they good investments and future antiques.

pecial Bonus: As an incentive for you to buy a collector's item from Joy's this th, we want to offer the following bonus: When you order any item from this ad, may also order one 1971 Bing & Grondahl Mother's Day Plate at only $3.95. is the famous original B & G "Pussycat" plate that sells for around $20 and they hard to find.We're offering this rare plate to you at less than wholesale because want you to see our beautiful limited on items. Offer good for 30 days and ect to previous sale, so please order y.

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ax-deduction: We often help good med- research causes through Joy's. This th, if you'd like, you may deduct $1 n any order you send us if you send it Scheie Eye Institute, 59 North 39th et, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104. Harold Scheie has restored sight to sands of blind people and you can even ct this donation from your income tax. se use coupon and send either check or . and join the happy crowd who are ng in the plate collecting hobby.



1972 Goebel Hummel Annual Plate $27.50



1973 Goebel Hummel Annual Plate $32.50



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Mail Immediately To **THE ANIMAL PROTECTION INSTITUTE OF AMERICA**
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YES—I WILL HELP!

My TAX DEDUCTIBLE contribution of $..... is enclosed to help:

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The JOURNAL STORE

LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



A hideaway for kitty

Kitty a GoGo is a cleverly designed cover-up that hides kitty's litter pan and, at the same time, gives your feline pet privacy at comfort time. Heavy cardboard of water-repellent construction. Convenient and attractive, it's shaped like a multicolored barn. Measures 22x17x14½ in. $4.50 plus 75¢ for hdlg. Gift catalog, 25¢. House of Minnel, Dept. 693E, Deerpath Road, Batavia, IL 60510.



Kathy, the clog

This modified version is very pretty and with open-toe freedom, too. "Kathy" is snuggly soft and topped with a pert "belt 'n buckle". 1½ inch wood wedge heels with crepe soles for comfort plus cushioned insoles. Comes in black, white, bone, red, or navy. 4 through 12 in N, M, W widths. $9.95 plus 75¢ hdlg. Sizes over 10, add $1. Sofwear Shoes, Dept. LHJ-9, 1711 Main, Houston, TX 77002.

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JOANNE COX writes to tell us... CASE NO. 1327

"I lost 6½ inches off my waistline, 4½ inches off my hipline, 23 pounds... and shaped up...in just 21 days!"

One 5-minute exercise, twice daily, lying on my back without giving up the foods I love.... DID IT!



Joanne before starting our "5" Minute Body Shaper.
December 7: Weight 167, Waist 33½, Hips 44.



As she looked after 21 days.
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A proud Joanne, slimmed, shaped up after 35 days.
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SEE AND FEEL RESULTS IN JUST THREE DAYS

What Is This Ingenious Plan?

The Weider "5 Minute Body Shaper" plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO ORDINATED EXERCISE while still eating the foods you like. **That's all you do!** This one five-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waistline and Hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look) — as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water — while reshaping your bustline, hipline, firming up your legs and arms — YOUR TOTAL FIGURE!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts . . . or any other vigorous sport.

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— *RICHARD TYLER, D.C. North Hollywood, Calif.*

"Beats jogging and working out in gyms — and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days." —*JIM HANLEY, famous athletic coach*

"Miraculous! Weighs less than a pound, is simple to use and beats working out in a gym with 30 different exercisers."
— *TOM MINOCHELLO, famous gym owner*

"Based on sound physiological & medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 12 pounds of excess weight using it."
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What Satisfied Customers Say:

Results vary depending on how much overweight each of our students is. Nevertheless, this is a sampling from the impressive letters we receive.

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"Exposing Effortless Exercisers

Reader's Digest [September, 1971], New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree . . . there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body . . . **you must work the inches off!**

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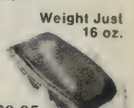
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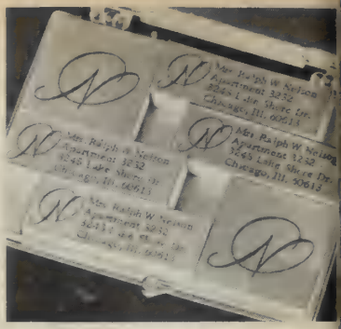
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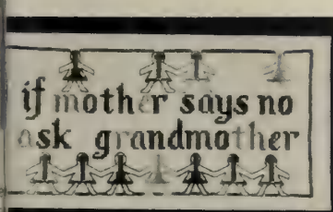


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Roberta Hamilton

He found a builder's model home, completely furnished. Because of the contractor's own financial problems, he was anxious to sell it quickly, and offered to include all furnishings for the price of the house alone. We managed to buy it on Gordon's GI bill, with no down payment.

We bought the house, so hurriedly that it was not until we arrived late one Saturday night, with five sleepy children on our hands, that it occurred to me that the bedrooms might have been decorated strictly for show, with nothing underneath those handsome spreads. At the time, we could not have afforded to buy mattresses for all those beds. I was in a state of panic until Gordon ascertained that the beds were real and we had something to sleep on!

My neighbors are mostly military officers and their families. They are sympathetic to Gordon, who had been an Army officer himself. They have felt the sting of antiwar sentiment. They know that the public does not always approve or applaud every deed done in the line of duty.

Great kindness

No one has snubbed either me or the children. People go out of their way to be kind. I am still invited to parties. Mine is the yard in which most of the children congregate.

One of my neighbors pinned a note on my front door when Gordon's name first appeared in the newspapers. She wanted me to know that she was available to baby-sit, help out with the car pool, or to take over any other chore that would make things easier for me.

My sons *have* had a couple of fights in defense of their father, once at school and once on the baseball field. But these involved young children, and I don't take them seriously. As a teacher, I knew it would all be forgotten the next day, and it was.

The only really hurtful incident took place after one of these youthful skirmishes. One of the mothers came charging into my kitchen without knocking and started yelling as she came through the front door. Even in anger, she would not have behaved that way if it had not been G. Gordon Liddy's house. Then she looked scornfully at my boys and said contemptuously:

"Well, after all, what can you expect?"

When I told Gordon about it in jail, his reaction was typical. "Who won the fight?" he wanted to know. When I assured him that his son had won, he grinned. "That's what counts," he said. "Don't let it bother you."

People seem surprised that I can take something like this philosophically. Normally, I am the kind of person who cries at movies. So of course I cried when I first realized what had happened to us. I am not a Pollyanna and I am not going to pretend that I meekly accepted my fate and the sequence of events that brought it about.

I was very upset that first summer, during the weeks that followed the Watergate break-in of June, 1972.

As therapy, I went to summer school and renewed a lifelong interest in art. I took a course in painting, and then followed up with another in the fall. Gordon encouraged me, and even gave me a professional artist's portable easel and carrying case. Gordon did nothing to persuade me to stick by him. He left it to me to work things out in my own mind.

The Watergate break-in took place on June 17, 1972. It was not until 11 days later, on June 28, that it affected us. Gordon was fired from his job as finance counsel for the Nixon re-election committee for refusing to answer questions put to him by the FBI.

Until that moment, our future had seemed to promise nothing but good things. Gordon was only 42. During President Nixon's first term, my husband had gone from the Treasury to the White House, and then to a key job in the Committee for the Re-election of the President.

When Gordon lost his job at the Committee, he went back to Poughkeepsie for six months to practice law with his old friend Peter Maroulis, who was also retained to represent him in the various criminal proceedings that were brought against him.

While he was awaiting trial, Gordon finally took and passed the examination for a pilot's license. It was something he had been trying to do since he started flying in 1967, and I told him that it might come in handy when he gets out of jail. In some states, a man who has served time in prison isn't allowed to have a license to drive a car, but he can still fly a plane. We joke about the fact that this may be the only method of transportation available to him. Gordon spends a great deal of time in jail studying instrument navigation manuals, working toward his instrument rating.

Gordon was in Poughkeepsie on our 15th wedding anniversary. I told him we would celebrate it later; it would be no worse than a previous anniversary he had spent stranded on a train in Grand Central Station tunnel during the famous New York power blackout in 1965. But Gordon sensed that it might be our last anniversary together for a long time, and he drove six hours from Poughkeepsie to Washington, to be with me that day.

By the time Gordon came to trial, I had already reconciled myself to the worst. I just sat there in court and gritted my teeth. It is excruciating to love a man, watch him grow, and then see it all disappear. Before he went to jail last January 30, Gordon offered to give me my freedom as a chance to salvage my life. He said: "You have reason to divorce me if you wish. I will not contest it."

I thought about it. Like every married couple, we had our ups and downs. I had already wondered if we could survive the rigors of life in Washington, even before Watergate.

"Blue's your best color"

He left it up to me to decide whether I would ever write to him in prison. He would have understood if I had made a complete break then and there. I have never known anyone in jail before. I had to get used to the idea of seeing him behind bars, wearing denim work clothes like someone in an old James Cagney movie. "It's lucky blue is your best color," I told him the first time I saw him in prison.

It didn't take me long to realize that I loved him too much not to stand behind him.

Gordon writes me real beautiful love letters, one every day. He also writes the children, and on the outside of their envelopes he always prints the same message: "Win!" All five children are champion swimmers and have enough medals and trophies to fill a display case. Our one family extravagance was to join the nearby Tantallon Country Club so that the children could engage in competitive swimming with a good coach. Gordon would not agree that it is an extravagance. An awesome competitor himself, he considers it a necessity.

The children have never wavered in their conviction that their father is doing the right thing. To them, he is a political prisoner of war. On the bumper of our Jeep we have a sticker that reads: WELCOME HOME P.O.W.'s. I intend to leave it there until we welcome home our own P.O.W.!

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HARD BURTON:
E STORY BEHIND
EADLINE DIVORCE
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E COMPUTER DIET
e the Weight You Want
he Time You Want

PAGE PARTY SECTION
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VOL. XC, NO. 10
OCTOBER

JOURNAL



NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN®

ARTICLES

14 Elizabeth Taylor & Richard Burton: Why This Marriage Can't Be Saved *Dorothy Cameron Disney*
50 The Computer Diet *Vincent Antonetti*
61 Mothers' Handbook of Medical Emergencies *Alan E. Nourse, M.D.*
64 What Celebrities' Handwriting Reveals *Huntington Hartford*
78 Divorce Without Marriage: The Curious Case of Lee Marvin's Common-Law Wife *Ronnie Cowan*
91 One-Fourth Jew *Malcolm Boyd*
106 Pampered Pets (And Their Famous Mistresses)

SPECIAL PARTY SECTION

92 The Party Givers: Which One Are You?
94 The Matchless Mixer
96 The Clock-Work Hostess
98 The Romantic
100 The Adventurer
102 The Cool One

BOOK BONUS

127 The Salamander, Part I *Morris West*

FICTION

72 Revenge Is Sweeter Than a Chocolate Mousse *Elinor Goulding Smith*
104 Certain Secrets *Libbie Block*

REGULAR FEATURES

8 Editor's Diary
11 What's Happening *Gene Shalit*
18 Poor Woman's Almanac *Beryl Pfizer*
24 Medicine Today *David Zimmerman*
28 Spending Your Money *Sylvia Porter*
32 Bringing Up Children: In Defense of Fairytales *Bruno Bettelheim, Ph.D.*
34 Amy Vanderbilt
36 Ralph Nader Reports
38 How America Lives *Evan Frances*
46 The Working Woman *Letty Cottin Pogrebin*
70 Pet Journal
88 Your Questions Answered *Theodore I. Rubin*
157 Journal Shopping Center
161 The Journal Store

FOOD

114 The Journal Food Sampler
158 Recipe Index

PATTERNS

76 Easy-to-Make Mini Christmas Ornaments
87 Calico and Needlepoint Noel Kits

FASHION

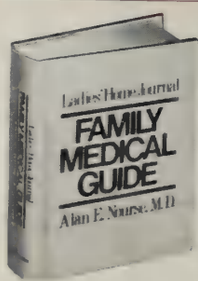
92 The Party Givers: Which One Are You? *Trudy Owett*

BEAUTY

108 Fall's Easy, New Cuts *Sally Obre*

DECORATING

62 Fanciful Felt Flowers *Susan Purdy*



PAGE 61



PAGE 92



PAGE 108



PAGE 114



PAGE 127

ARTICLES
MARY FIORE
JOYCE KUH
GINI KOPECKY
BARBARA FORTSON
JOYCE JACK

BOOKS AND FICTION
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PHYLLIS LEVY
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EDITOR'S DIARY

BY JOHN MACK CARTER



OUR BALL TEAM: This is the Journal's softball team, including two c spring. We ended the '73 season as champs in the women's magazine leagi

The Journal Kitchens: Want to know what makes the JOURNAL's food pages so special? Many things, including your own input. But our JOURNAL kitchens, where recipes are created, tested, and improved, play a big role, too. They're located right here in our offices on 54th Street in Manhattan. Recently, we decided to update and refurbish this important food center. Using JOURNAL know-how, plus the help of top manufacturers of appliances, cabinets, and floorings, the one-room, no-window kitchen that formerly housed our staff has been transformed into a pleasant workshop where every staff member has her own completely equipped unit. Not only does this add to the efficiency of our food operation, it also serves as an example to all homemakers . . . proof that space need not limit creativity. Given a little ingenuity, and the wide scope available appliances, every cook c have the proper setting.

Red-Hot Team: The JOURNAL so ball team, that is. During the bas ball season, we played two games against *Ms.* magazine, and again *Cosmopolitan.* LHJ beat *Ms.* 10- and *Cosmo* 27-11. Rules: six wom and three men on each side. T games, played after work in t Sheepmeadow at Central Park, a tracted many rooters, includi young family members Susan a Nancy Kaplan, Jonna and Jo Mack Carter II. JOURNAL playe all wore sweatshirts with No. 90 the back—to commemorate t magazine's 90th anniversary this year. We're proud of our record—and wait until next year!



OUR FOOD TEAM: Here, in our newly redecorated kitchens, are home eco nomists (l. to r.) Ruth Lauman, Claudia Kinsey, Jean Aultman, and Lau Lyxa. Team captain, Food Editor Arlene Wanderman, is shown on page 11 The following top manufacturers are represented in the new JOURNAL kitc ens: major appliances—General Electric, Frigidaire, Sears Roebuck; flooring Armstrong; small appliances and accessories—Rubbermaid, Wear-Ever, Co ning Glass, KitchenAid, Waring, Oster, Ecko, Mirro, Libbey-Owens, Litto



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WHAT'S HAPPENING

BY GENE SHALIT

The TV Scene. October is a special month, especially if you go for music that's Country or Western or just generally Nashville. CBS brings you a retrospective twang on Oct. 15—a survey of the best (or most popular) of the past year in the *7th Annual Country Music Awards*. If you prize these sounds, wait until Oct. 22 when *Timex Presents Opryland, U.S.A.* on NBC. You've got to give Timex a hand (a big hand and a little hand) for presenting Petula Clark and Tennessee Ernie Ford as co-hosts, with Carol Lawrence, Melba Moore, and Wayne Newton. From Nashville to Moscow, from Petula to Peggy . . . that's what we have in a Special on Oct. 26 with the title *Peggy Fleming Visits the U.S.S.R.* (That's the sort of thud title the Russians would think up.) Peggy, the skater who's cut a fancy figure on the ice rinks of the world, will give it a whirl in Moscow, Leningrad, Vladimir, and Susdal. Well anyhow, we've all heard of Moscow and Leningrad. As you follow Peggy Fleming steppe by steppe, you'll hear and see the Kirov Ballet, the Red Army Chorus, the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra, the Leningrad Balalaika Band and—from the Russian circus—bears and clowns. This is her fifth NBC special, and Peggy gets a lot of curtain calls—the Iron Curtain and the Bamboo Curtain. Last year, two of her specials were selected by the Peoples' Republic of China in the first exchange of TV programing with the United States.

Burt Reynolds, who has been such a success as a sit-in sub for Johnny Carson, is getting a show of his own—or rather six shows of his own—or, to be as precise as I am famous for being, a series of six Specials called *The Burt Reynolds Show*. (That's the sort of title that Burt Reynolds would think up.) Burt will use a talk-show format but it will be wildly flexible. One of his shows has been taped at Leavenworth Prison, where he uncovered a lot of talent among the inmates. They were so good that they were anxious to take the show on the road, but the warden decided they would remain a company in residence. It's odd that Burt's talent as a host who can keep a show on the move was first revealed on the Johnny Carson program, because Burt's specials will replace Carson's Saturday or Sunday night repeats. Therefore, depending on where you live and on which weekend night the Carson repeat is repeated—I'm lost. Let's just say that the first Burt Reynolds show will be on Oct. 13 *or* Oct. 14, depending on the night which—oh, the heck with it.

October 15 is a special night for kids on CBS. You may even let them stay up later than usual. First comes *You're Not Elected, Charlie Brown* in which Chuck hits the campaign trail with Lucy as campaign manager. The title is a tip-off to how good a manager Lucy is! That show is immediately followed by *Dr. Seuss on the Loose*. As I assume and hope you know, Dr. Seuss is one of the happiest, most innovative, most adored authors and illustrators of books for children. His *Cat in the Hat* is a classic, and a Special based on his book *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* is one of television's most joyous annual events. This time, three Seuss stories have been strung together (have you ever *(continued)*

Who caused The Last of Sheila? *Someone in the picture below is the villain. But who? See and thou shalt find out. Jeff Bridges (right) laps up prize money in his appealing performance as a racer in* The Last American Hero.





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CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
BELO HORIZONTE, BRAZIL CASEWORKER REPORT
TO FAMILY HELPER PROJECT, SAO DOMINGOS

NAME: MARTA MARIA DA SYLVA AGE: 4½ YEARS NATIVE PLACE: BELO HORIZONTE

ORDER OF BIRTH: LAST CHILD (LIVING)

HEALTH: FAIR, VITAMIN DEPRIVED WITH POSSIBLE DAMAGE TO HER EYESIGHT. CUTS AND BRUISES ON BACK & LEGS.

CHARACTERISTICS: CHEERFUL, BRIGHT, AFFECTIONATE, SPEAKS WITH SLIGHT LISP.

PARENTS CONDITION:
FATHER: BLIND, ASKS ALMS ON THE STREETS
MOTHER: DECEASED. DIED IN CHILDBIRTH (INFANT STILL BORN).

INVESTIGATION REPORT:
MARTA'S FATHER SUFFERED FROM AN ILLNESS SEVERAL YEARS AGO WHICH LEFT HIM BLIND. HE CAN GET ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY FROM BEGGING. HE CANNOT TAKE CARE OF, OR PROTECT HIS CHILDREN. HOME SITUATION BAD. THERE IS LIVING WITH THE FAMILY AN "UNCLE" WHO IS CRUEL AND IS SUSPECTED OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF, AND BEATING THE BOYS (MARTA'S OLDER BROTHERS). SO FAR ONLY PUNISHES MARTA. FATHER PITIFUL IN HIS PLEA THAT WE HELP MARTA. HE IS TERRIFIED AT WHAT MAY BECOME OF HER. BEGS US TO HELP SO THEY CAN MOVE AWAY FROM UNCLE'S HOUSE. (HUT APPEARS TO BELONG TO THIS "UNCLE.")

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: TWO ROOM HUT OCCUPIED BY MARTA, HER TWO BROTHERS, HER FATHER AND A MAN THEY CALL UNCLE BUT WHOSE ACTUAL RELATIONSHIP TO THE FAMILY IS NOT CLEAR. THE "UNCLE" IS A BRUTAL MAN AND IT APPEARS LIKELY HIS "PUNISHMENTS" ACCOUNT FOR THE BRUISES & CUTS ON MARTA. FATHER FEARS THE UNCLE BUT BEING BLIND IS UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING. HOUSE IS DIRTY - NO SANITATION OR RUNNING WATER.

BROTHERS: ALIMIRO FELIX DA SYLVA - AGE 8 YEARS
ANTONIO ADRIANO DA SYLVA - AGE 7 YEARS

REMARKS: IN SPITE OF BAD HOME LIFE, MARTA IS A TRUSTING, SWEET CHILD. BUT SOON SHE MUST CHANGE IF HELP DOESN'T COME. FATHER IS EAGERLY WILLING TO COOPERATE IN ALL WAYS IF CCF CAN FIND SPONSOR FOR MARTA AND ENROLL HER IN FHP PROGRAM.

URGENT: RECOMMEND IMMEDIATE ACCEPTANCE INTO CCF SAO DOMINGOS FHP.

Every day our workers around the world receive reports like this one on Marta (her real name is not used to protect her future).

And then our staff must make the terrible decision—which child can we help? And which child must be turned away?

Little Marta is one of the lucky ones. Because an American such as you became a CCF sponsor and reached out to her, she was enrolled in a CCF Family Helper Project.

These Projects help children of widowed or impoverished parents, and children from broken homes remain with their families. Under the guidance of a trained caseworker, CCF youngsters receive supplementary food and clothing, medical care, school books, family guidance and a variety of special services.

And of course, Marta is only *one* example of thousands of youngsters around the world who desperately need your assistance. Could you turn away such a child, and still sleep at night?

For only $12 a month you can sponsor a child like Marta. Just fill out the coupon and mail it with your first monthly check. In about two weeks you will receive a photo and personal history of the child you are helping.

Your sponsored child will write to you and a housemother or staff worker will send you the original letter and an English translation, direct from overseas.

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Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

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heard of anything being strung apart?) into 30 minutes of fun: *The Zaks, The Snitchers,* and *Green Eggs and Ham.* And then the kids might like to stay up for the Country Music Award Show.

For children who are cultured, and for whom country music is a pain in the ear, CBS makes amends on Oct. 28 with an early evening Special, *New York Philharmonic Young Peoples' Concert.* On the podium will be that dynamic young conductor Michael Tilson Thomas and the guest piano soloist Misha Dichter. I have a theory about childrens' books and adults: if an adult wants to learn about a science, or about virtually *any* subject, she should first read a good children's book on the subject. There she will find the material clearly presented. When a specialist writes for an adult, he is so busy impressing you with his knowledge that you often sink into an ocean of obscurity. Yet that same author, when writing for young people, forgets about showing off, and stresses facts and clarity. The same holds true of music: if you want a lucid understanding of good music, you will be well rewarded if you tune in to this young peoples' concert. Come to think of it, I've never heard of a television concert aimed at adults that ever made any attempt to instruct. How about an Adult Peoples' Concert?

Among the best-selling books in America are mysteries and detective stories. They are continuous hits, and Americans read millions upon millions of copies every year. Now that kind of guessing-game entertainment comes to television when PBS opens its new season on Oct. 7 with a four-part mystery called *Clouds of Witness.* This is based on the novel by one of the classiest of mystery story writers, Dorothy L. Sayers. The setting is London (already you know it's classy), and stars Ian Carmichael as Lord Peter Wimsey, the aristocrat who is one of fiction's most distinguished detectives. The story is set in the 1920's, with Lord Peter as a music lover, epicure, fashion-plate, bon vivant, and cerebral sleuth. He combines his dazzling intuitive skills with the latest scientific methods. If you want to watch television but don't know what to watch, this will solve your problem.

The Movie Screen Scene. The newest reflection of the movie *Love Story* is called *Jeremy,* and is about a 15-year-old boy named Jeremy Jones who meets a lovely little girl in high school named Susan Rollins. She dates him even if he *is* only a sophomore. But that's the *only* only he is. Jeremy is a whiz at picking the horses (although he never bets on them), he's okay at basketball, his grades are almost straight A's, and he's a fine young cello player. The cello is important to Jeremy—Jeremy the character and *Jeremy* the movie. In fact, this movie uses classical music in a way that is extremely satisfying. The music was wholly believable, in large part due to the performance by Leonardo Cimino as Jeremy's inspiring but unsentimental teacher. Jeremy is the kind of shy and fumbled-tongu kid who spends days working up courage to say "hello" to a g Teen-age actor Robby Benson gi him just the right mixture of s assurance when he's playing, a adolescent awkwardness when h trying to play around. His g friend, sweetly portrayed by Gl nis O'Connor, is a transfer stud from Detroit to New York. Most the movie explores the discov and first rapture of these youngste It is all appealing until the mo lurches into becoming *Love Sto Jr.* Yes, the teen-agers must pa She must return "to from whe she came." Unhappy it is. Sad may be. But tragic it is *not,* becau I cannot equate moving to Detr with having leukemia. Still, ur that finale, a sweet little film . . Quite different is *The Last of She* a brittle, crackling, sardonic m tery. It begins with a glamour g named Sheila being killed by a h and-run driver. Then a group chic Hollywood types are craft invited aboard a yacht by Jan Coburn, who plays a millionai movie mogul—a role Coburn c sink his teeth into. Coburn plans play a mocking game with his cru guests—a game aimed at uncoveri Sheila's killer. The cast has be practically perfectly picked. Ri ard Benjamin exemplifies a Hol wood writer who's the Beve Hills/Manhattan white-shoe s phisticate. Dyan Cannon is stro and silky as a Hollywood age whose ruthless exterior covers h ruthless interior. James Mason po trays a has-been director, and R quel Welch impersonates an actre to the best of her ability. The pl bounces with astonishments, ar the script by the unlikely team Stephen Sondheim and Anthon Perkins is funny, sly, and shrew All of the action on the yacht pr pels this into a first-class myster

The Last American Hero is a fil that was released without fanfar and you may miss it unless you kee an eye out. The star, Jeff Bridge plays a boy in the rural South wh is obsessed with cars. He gleeful tears down country roads intim dating the rube sheriff—stopping c a dime and spinning around in tin for nine cents' worth of change. Th sheriff gets his revenge by arrestin Jeff's father, a moonshiner. Gui grabs Jeff. To pay for Papa's leg fees, he spins his car to the local di track hoping to lap up the priz money. He scores. He scores agai He gets to be a small-time star. H meets a racetrack groupie, saucil played by Valerie Perrine, who wir a place in the show through he honest performance. That's wha makes this movie so effective: it unsentimental look at the drive men who career through the p stops of life. Don't be put off by a the roaring dust. Be thankful tha there's none of the fake gloss w sometimes get in Steve McQueen Paul Newman jet set slickers. Thi movie is grubby, but good. Jef Bridges is developing into a ver appealing young actor. *The Las American Hero* must be what thi racetrack life is like, and its honesty and unpretentiousness make it movie that's *easy* to like. EN


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The woman who for 20 years has written the JOURNAL'S *popular "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" feature takes a thoughtful look at the impending divorce of Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor. Could the marriage have been saved? And what can we learn from its failure?*

ELIZABETH TAYLOR & RICHARD BURTON



Photograph by Pizzi-Liaison

WHY THIS MARRIAGE CAN'T BE SAVED

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

True love—permanent, go-for-broke love—is a reassuring idea to cling to in a chilly, increasingly uncertain world.

Back in 1964, when Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton plunged headlong into marriage, shedding old mates, friends, homes, habits, and obligations to cleave to each other, I joined thousands of their fans and wished them well. From the beginning, however, I wondered if the union could survive. It seemed to me, a reporter on marriage for the JOURNAL over the past 20 years, that there were too many factors working against a lasting Taylor-Burton alliance. To list a few:

1. Previous marriages. Four for Elizabeth; one for Richard.

2. Living mementos of those earlier marriages. Two children for Richard, four for Elizabeth.

3. The couple's dissimilar backgrounds. Elizabeth grew up in affluence, Richard in poverty.

4. Identical careers, carrying the inherent threat of competition.

5. Public pressure to be always on display, to live up to manufactured identities—to glow and sparkle regardless of fatigue, indigestion, or hangovers.

6. Career pressure, leading to tension, nervousness, and too much drinking and partying to escape the unrelenting strain of film careers—pressures not often understood by outsiders.

7. Too much togetherness. Bound by the tough rules of the motion picture-glamour game, Elizabeth and Richard could be themselves only with each other, and only in their rare moments of privacy. This unhealthy situation could lead to too much clinging on Elizabeth's part, and some chafing at the bit on Richard's.

8. Elizabeth's severe back trouble and other health problems. Repeated illnesses and injuries such as hers can be an emotional strain on any marriage. Elizabeth is also unable to bear Richard a child, the gift she once said she wanted most to give him.

9. Richard's reported "drinking problem." It has been said that a recent slip off the wagon was precipitated by depression over the death of his brother.

For almost a decade, Elizabeth and Richard Burton defied sour skepticism like mine. They stuck by each other like joined cockleburs in spite of numerous vehement, internationally publicized brawls. Once, after Richard cast an interested eye on another pretty woman in a Los Angeles discotheque, he and Elizabeth quarreled bitterly on the street outside, and she stormed away without him. The next day, she returned to the Beverly Hills Hotel, located Richard in the fashionable Polo Lounge, and socked him in the jaw. Then they kissed and made up.

During the honeymoon period, bride and groom took stage and motion picture triumphs in their stride, gracefully dividing the credit lines. At one point, Elizabeth contentedly retired from the screen for a full year "just to be Richard's wife." Later the couple laughed at or brushed off motion picture and TV flops, Richard's waning box office draw, Elizabeth's waxing waistline. With the Burtons, it seemed to be love-love-love all the way.

Yet this past July Fourth, after nine years of their star-blessed, jewel-studded, fantastically extravagant marriage, the marriage quivered on the brink of disaster. Elizabeth, who had hitherto presented herself as a woman almost insatiable in her hunger to be with her husband, decided she wanted independence—if only on a temporary basis. Through a press agent, she announced: "I am convinced it would be a constructive idea if Richard and I separated for a while."

The phrasing was tentative. In her statement, Elizabeth went on to say she believed "this separation will ultimately bring us back to where we should be—and that is: together." Nevertheless, she promptly took off by jet from New York "to visit her mother" in Los Angeles, leaving Richard behind. Friends of the Burtons described this as their first "formal, deliberate separation."

Many associates considered the separation a serious break and anticipated an ultimate divorce. Others, perhaps better advised or more cynical, predicted a speedy reconciliation—probably in the presence of a wide public audience. Both predictions proved correct.

At the conclusion of a 16-day separation and repeated long-distance telephone conversations, Elizabeth and Richard were reunited. On July 20, 1973, they met in the parking lot of Rome's Ciampino airport. Richard arrived in his Rolls Royce (he flew to Italy from a film festival in Moscow), to await Elizabeth's arrival from London an hour later in her private twin-engine jet. Ringed by Italian police and strong-arm assistants, she pushed her way through photographers, reporters, and curious spectators, tumbled into the back seat of the green Rolls and w safely in Richard's arms. In cl embrace, they rode off together the Eternal City, where their lo had first flamed 11 years before.

Would the Taylor-Burton reco ciliation last? What would happen the romance conceived and wov from the stuff of everybody dreams? Would the go-for-bro marriage almost go bust?

Any one of numerous marital ha ards that confronted Elizabeth Ta lor and Richard Burton when th said "yes" to each other on Mar 15, 1964, could destroy a marria if left unsolved. Elizabeth touch on an obviously unresolved proble after her flight from Richard, wh she said wistfully, "Maybe we ha loved each other too much—not th I ever believed such a thing was po sible—but we have been in each ot er's pockets constantly, never bei apart except for matters of life a death."

There is no doubt that too muc closeness, too much dependence another person for emotional su tenance—even an overabundance sex—can choke the vitality of a human relationship and literal smother it to death. Normal adult however deeply they love each ot er, need breathing space—room expand and grow. Men and wom alike need time to themselves pursue individual interests, unhar pered by the presence of a hoverin mate.

Too much love, too much unrea istic yearning for complete attentio and approval adds up to that u attractive trait—overpossessivenes Overpossessive men and wome seldom make satisfactory lifetim partners. The wife who phones he husband's office a dozen times a da lowers him in the esteem of his fe low workers, embarrasses, and i evitably alienates him. The husban who repeatedly phones home t check on his wife's activities ma not actually drive her into meetin with another man, but his jealous is likely to turn her thoughts in tha direction.

Elizabeth Taylor (Hilton Wild ing Todd Fisher) Burton has alway been described as a fiercely posses sive woman, ever alert to Richard' doings at social gatherings. She is wifely time clock, ticking off ever minute he devotes to charming th hostess or attractive feminine guests She has described the happiest time of the Burton marriage as the time she and Richard spent in bed wit the lights out. "As he smokes his las cigarette," she once said, "we begi to talk—Richard is a super conver sationalist—and often we talk fou or five hours before falling asleep."

In the light of Elizabeth's reputa tion for overwhelming possessive ness, it may be fair to wonder wheth er she ever prodded a tired, reluc tant Richard to "talk for hours" when all he craved was rest and sleep. There is little doubt that masculine vanity, combined with a genuine wish to please, might have caused him to conceal his need for sleep and keep his eyelids pried apart.

Although Elizabeth professed to be astonished by the possibility they might love each other *(continued)*

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too much. Richard expressed no such astonishment. Meeting the challenge offered by Elizabeth—"always in his pocket," always at him to be aware of her and ignore all others—must have been wearing. By reputation, he genuinely enjoys the company of pretty, clever women and does *not* enjoy being branded as the exclusive property of one woman—his wife.

The spirit of competition exists in all of us to a varying degree, and it is essential to success in the arts. On the other hand, cooperation—the gentle, noncompetitive quality of give-and-take—is essential to success in marriage. In successful marriages, husbands and wives share common victories, applaud each other's triumphs, bind each other's wounds.

In their recent years of lessening box office popularity, it seems unlikely that the highly competitive Burtons learned to practice the gentle art of cooperation or to offer each other any large degree of understanding. Not long ago, Elizabeth was reported as saying that she never talked shop to Richard unless he was in the picture with her. "It's boring as hell to him to listen," she said, "when he isn't in the film."

Back in the early 1950's, my long-time friend Nunnally Johnson, the world-famous producer-writer, brou a young Richard Burton from Engla to film *My Cousin Rachel*, his fi American movie. Recently Nunna told me that as soon as he saw Burto screen tests, he recognized that British import possessed a quality inborn magnetism. "Richard Burto said Nunnally, "was the last mode actor with real passion both on t screen and off."

Sybil Burton, Richard's first w and mother of his two daughters, h exchanged her own acting career marriage. For a while Nunnally and wife Dorris saw a great deal of t Burtons. They would drop by in t evening, and Richard would recou glorious tales of his Welsh forebea horny-handed miners poor in goo but rich in the ability to enjoy. favorite story concerned a hard-drin ing grandfather crippled by a mini disaster. One Saturday night, aft making his customary rounds of villa taverns, the old gentleman took wrong turn in his wheelchair and we rolling down a steep, unfamiliar i cline. With yelps of joy at the une pected motion, he plunged into a mi shaft and died a happy death.

On other evenings, Richard a Sybil would join in singing haunti melodies learned in the small town Wales where they married. Dorr Johnson recalls that both Sybil a Richard were awed by their initi exposure to American affluence, Holly wood style. At that time, the backbon of Richard's wardrobe was a Norfol jacket and a shabby pair of brow corduroy trousers. Richard planned t save the maximum amount from h American earnings. On his return t England, he intended to use the mone to buy a two-family house in a pleasan middle-class London neighborhood The four Burtons would occupy on side of the dwelling, explained th future motion picture star, and woul swing their daily living costs by rent ing out the other side!

Elizabeth Taylor's memories o childhood are of a different order. He family stories concern a millionaire great-uncle, an art dealer father,



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utiful mother now in her sixties
o has aged so gracefully that her
-year-old daughter hopes to emulate
r when old age rolls around. Richard
hieved theatrical eminence after
ivation and struggle. Elizabeth
eezed to the top at age 11, never
during a hungry, financially anxious
y. At 18, she married Nicky Hilton,
of the hotel-chain founder, and
vorced him after a few months. At
, she married Michael Wilding, an
tor 20 years her senior—possibly a
ther figure in her imagination. Wild-
g fathered her two sons, Michael and
ristopher.

Directly after her divorce from Wild-
g, she was swept into marriage by
arismatic Mike Todd, motion picture
oducer and entrepreneur. To this
y, although he's been dead for more
an 15 years, Mike Todd probably re-
ains an influence in Elizabeth Tay-
r's feelings and thinking. Todd played
dominating role in her life; he babied
r and adored her. In turn, she adored
m. She espoused the Jewish religion
r love of Mike, and bore him a daugh-
r, Liza. Elizabeth was crushed by his
agic death on March 22, 1958. She
rrowly eluded death in the same
ane crash—in their 11 months of mar-
age, the Todds were inseparable—
ly because an illness had prevented
er from making that fatal flight with
im.

Hearts to Debbie

Conventional, moralistic folk were
andalized by her marriage to singer
ddie Fisher 14 months later. Psychol-
gists, marriage counselors, and ob-
rvers like myself were unsurprised
y the event. Eddie Fisher and his
ife, actress Debbie Reynolds, were
best friends" to the beautiful, bereaved
idow. They came forward to comfort
er, and the inevitable happened.
isher's consolation to the distraught
lizabeth persuaded her that the two
ere in love and hence should marry.
Most experts regard this seemingly
llous reaction as a normal, powerful
rge in the living to come to terms
ith life and reject death. It is a sub-
nscious instinct that may be a clue
the survival of the human race.

Elizabeth sacrificed the sympathy of
any admirers and well-wishers when
e caused Fisher to walk out on
ebbie Reynolds and their two nur-
ry-aged youngsters. The hearts of the
ublic went out to Debbie, and in some
uarters Elizabeth was denounced—un-
irly, in my opinion—as an unfeeling
me-wrecker.

Today, Elizabeth refers to her fourth
arriage as the worst mistake of her
fe. Compared to Mike Todd or Rich-
rd Burton, Eddie Fisher does come
ff as an ingenuous, tousled-hair,
erennial boy.

When Elizabeth starred with Rich-
rd Burton in *Cleopatra*, and they
iftly transferred their torrid screen
ve to real life, it was obvious that she
ared Richard's desire not to hurt
ybil Burton. But neither she nor
ichard paid much heed to the bereft
ddie Fisher, who was also losing a
ate—and most unwillingly. Apparent-
Elizabeth, while on the set of
leopatra, erased Eddie from her men-
l slate as though their marriage, still
rrent, had never existed.

"At the time Richard and I did
leopatra [1962], I was living with the
host of Mike Todd," she once told a
reporter, thus making husband Eddie a stand-in for a ghost. "I was still in love with Mike, who had then been dead a long while. Richard made me see I should love the memory of Mike, not his ghost, that I was using Mike as a kind of barrier against reality. I still love Mike's memory, fortunately without pain, so it's a sweet memory now. . . ."

During the years of the Taylor-Burton marriage, the pair have logged more than a million miles of travel. They have tarried in Mexico, in Africa, on the East and West coasts of the United States, in Russia, in England, and in Austria. They have actually settled nowhere, although they own and staff splendid residences in Gstaad, Switzerland, and Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. They live on their yacht when in Britain because Customs there will not allow dogs into the country until they have spent six weeks in quarantine, and Elizabeth won't be separated from her dogs for that long. The residences and the hotel suites they lease around the world are always prepared to greet them with instant service. Yet they have no home, as understood by average couples who redecorate the kitchen, wax their floors, and worry over crabgrass. Home ownership often serves as a stabilizer in even shaky unions. The Taylor-Burton style of

(continued on page 155)

Coty loves

ONCE-A-DAY MAKEUP

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POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

How come the more energy I conserve the higher my utilities bill goes?

I think women should take more interest in football . . . as long as I don't have to be one of them.

You can't tell anything about anybody by how long or short they wear their hair anymore.

There are some things I just don't know where I'd hang if it weren't for doorknobs.

Why is it the morning I wake up bright and early is the one morning I *could* sleep—dumb and late?

Entertaining would be a lot easier if you could just convince yourself that guests don't expect any more at your house than you do at theirs.

I'm often surprised at some of the things people are proud of.

When push comes to shove, I'm usually too tired to bother with either. In the last few years ideas have been changing faster than a normal person can follow. Maybe what we need is a course in Speed Thinking!

I wonder if there's any way you can get yourself declared a disaster area.

If I were just starting out now and could pick my vocation and skills in life, I'd be a lawyer who was good at electrical repairs as a hobby.

He who hesitates is lost . . . but then, so is he who doesn't.

If the list of shortages keeps getting longer, pretty soon we'll all be bound together more by what we *don't* have than what we have.

Why is it that going for a walk seems like good exercise, but h ing to walk someplace because y don't have any other way of gett there, doesn't?

Usually when I think of putting garbage out, it's the day they d collect it.

There's an awfully fine line betw diversity and chaos.

All I can think of when I see eve one with a camera is, there are ing to be an awful lot of pictu for people to make an awful lot hard decisions about throwing aw in the next hundred years.

I'm suspicious when anything com in a package that looks as though might cost more to make th what's inside.

For the most part, I prefer op doors to closed.

Honesty is the best policy, but wh do you know who has a policy?

It seems to me they're revivi things before they've expired for decent length of time . . . especial clothes. I'm still wearing the styl they're trying to bring back th fall!

Don't confuse me with the fac when I'm looking for the truth.

There's certainly a big differen between being heard and being u derstood.

I think I've got a great future if can just live through this mediocr present I'm having!

Some people find a piece of junk take the paint off it and it turns ou to be a decorating treasure . . . bu when I find a piece of junk an scrape the paint off it, it turns ou to be a piece of junk.

I passed up reducing sessions and lost 77 pounds.

By Jerrie Wooley — as told to Ruth L. McCarthy



d hardly call this sitting pretty, but at 197 lbs. my gs looked better at this angle.

Some things you can afford in life and others ou can't. Me? I couldn't afford to get fatter than 97 pounds. Nor did I have the money for those roup sessions where they talk you into reducing. Nevertheless, I was determined, once and for all, o lose weight. And I did — without buying xpensive diet foods, either. But I had to wait ill I was a married woman with two children o find out how to do it.

You see, I'd been a chubby ball from as far ack as I could remember. Fact is, I used to think 'd been born with a lot of "fat cells". But the eal reason for my overweight was my mother's ooking and my eating. Why, I could never walk way from her baking. As a result, when the ids were choosing up sides for games, I was ever in the "in" group, because I couldn't run r jump as good as the rest. And no wonder, since weighed near 160 pounds by the time I'd got o eighth grade.

My mother finally took me to a doctor and e gave me reducing pills. They helped me lose ome, so I could graduate from ninth grade in a "skinny" dress. But shortly after graduation, gave up the pills and started eating and gaining all over again

Mom didn't give up though. She put my "skinny" dress in a cedar chest and pulled it out regularly, hoping to make me lose. But that didn't work. I even got married fat. Young, too. At the age of seventeen.

My life from then on was one diet and reducing pill after another. How I hated those food charts!



Now that I'm 120 lbs., it's hard even for me to believe that I used to wear maternity clothes when I wasn't pregnant. They just fit better.

You can eat this, but not that. You get 300 calories here, but only 100 there. You can see why I was always going on and off diets.

At 170 pounds, after my second child was born, I developed bulging varicose veins, which called for an operation. "But not till you lose weight," the doctor warned. I got so discouraged at this point, I went home and eventually ate myself up to 197 pounds.

One of my main problems was eating leftovers. My children aren't big eaters, so they always left things on their plates. And since I was nervous about the operation, I just stuffed the food into me and got fat.

Even my uncle who comes to visit us only once a year noticed it. He doesn't get around easily, but that doesn't keep him from speaking out. "Are you staying in the kitchen because you're ashamed of how you look?" he yelled. That hurt. But that's what got me into action.

I'd been reading those ads about that reducing plan candy, Ayds®, and when a nurse friend suggested I try them, I bought a box of the vanilla caramel kind at our local store.

I'm a great label reader. And when I read that Ayds didn't have any drugs, but did contain vitamins and minerals, I started on the plan with lots of hope. Stubbornness, too. I was determined to prove to my family I could lose weight without spending a lot of money for weekly sessions, which, incidentally, a relative had done.

On the Ayds plan, I took one or two Ayds before meals with a hot drink and they really helped me cut back. Enough so that I didn't want those leftovers, either. Of course, I hated to throw the food away. But I did, or I put it in the refrigerator.

It wasn't until I'd taken off 19 pounds, however, that I realized how it showed. We were at my sister-in-law's for dinner and being from the country, she sets a big table. Well, I didn't want to insult her by turning down seconds, so I owned up to reducing. She said to me: "We kind of noticed that you were losing" and then didn't force me to eat after that.

I found as the scales went down that I had more energy for doing things in the house and for exercising outside. All the gals in the neighborhood got bicycles and off we'd go, pumping and talking and solving the problems of the world. It helped tighten up my muscles anyway.

Of course, my doctor was delighted. Losing over 70 pounds on the Ayds plan sure made my varicose vein operation easier. When they wrapped me in bandages from my thighs down, at least they didn't need a crane to get me up.

When I finally got down to 120 pounds, I had a garage sale and unloaded all my fat clothes. And I'll tell you, somewhere in Louisville, Ky. there are now some chubby ladies, happy in my fat castoffs. But for their sake, it's too bad they didn't buy Ayds and start on the plan. Then they'd never have a hard time finding clothes.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5'1"	5'1"
Weight	197 lbs.	120 lbs.
Bust	42"	34"
Waist	34"	25½"
Hips	52"	34½"
Dress	20½	11

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Join those younger-looking women who have experienced the beneficial results of faithful use of this unusual formulation. It is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion, and is available at drugstores. Beauty researchers developed the blend to soothe away dryness, the very dryness that accents the little lines and wrinkles that make you look older.



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Yes, you can really look your youngest. Let us share this priceless secret with you. We will send you, as a gift, a two ounce bottle of Oil of Olay. Simply mail your name and address (including zip code please) to Oil of Olay, Box 400, Edison, New Jersey 08817, before December 31 of this year. Let Oil of Olay help you lie about your age, beautifully.

Beauty Hints

You may choose to use this lovely liquid more frequently than twice a day. Apply whenever your skin signals it would welcome extra pampering and soothing.

* * *

Your mirror has shown you that the area around your eyes betrays age signs early. Gently pat Oil of Olay® into this delicate skin often, to ease away the dryness that emphasizes those little lines.



MEDICINE TODAY

BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

A new drug for asthma sufferers . . . when sex is unethical . . . the war against "Montezuma's revenge" . . . and other news from the frontiers of medical research.

Asthma relief. Cromolyn sodium, a new prescription drug that prevents the frightening breathlessness of asthmatic attacks, has been licensed by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. In a report to the American Medical Association, Dr. Robert Townley of Omaha says he has found, in experiments, that the drug is more effective against attacks provoked by external allergens such as grass pollen than against those triggered by internal, emotional factors.

Megavitamin blindness. To lower their cholesterol levels, three middle-aged men had mega-doses of the B vitamin nicotinic acid prescribed by their doctors. (A mega-dose is a thousand times the daily nutritional requirement.) All three patients then began to suffer impaired vision. The eye specialist who detected the vitamin's side effect, Dr. J. Donald Gass of the University of Miami, says that when the dosage was stopped sight returned to normal.

Unethical sex. It is unethical for a psychiatrist to have sexual relations with a patient, says the American Psychiatric Association in a new set of ethical guidelines. The guidelines also approve of psychiatrists charging patients for missed sessions if the patient is told at the start that this is the doctor's practice.

Save a life. When an older person collapses and dies suddenly while eating, the cause is usually not a heart attack but choking on a large piece of meat. Denture wearers tend to swallow too-large chunks of meat, which block their windpipes.

"All that is necessary [to recognize] this emergency is to look at [the person's] dinner plate, and ask him, 'Can you talk?'" explain Drs. William Eller and Roger Haugen of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. "If he cannot talk, one can be sure that there is meat lodged in his throat, and one can be equally sure that he will die in minutes, unless someone—anyone—removes [it]."

Often, the doctors say, the meat can be pulled out by sticking one's middle and index fingers deep into the sufferer's throat.

For emergencies in which the meat cannot be reached by the [illegible] aider with his fingers, a pair of s[illegible] cial forceps, called Choke Sa[illegible] (Dyna-Med., Inc., Leucadia, Ca[illegible] 92024) can help. This new ins[illegible] ment—which costs $5.95—is [illegible] signed to be used by untrai[illegible] persons.

The "runs." Many Americans [illegible] visit Mexico suffer from "Mo[illegible] zuma's revenge"—traveler's d[illegible] rhea. A world expert on the diag[illegible] nosis, Dr. Ben Kean of New Y[illegible] City, says no worthwhile prev[illegible] tive preparation exists, and wa[illegible] that one prescription drug, *Ente[illegible] vioform*, may be dangerous. O[illegible] the diarrhea strikes, Dr. Kean r[illegible] ommends a simple diet of tea, ri[illegible] and applesauce, plus Lomotil or [illegible] opiate such as paregoric.

Pill pros and cons. Oral contrac[illegible] tive users run double the risk [illegible] gallbladder disease, the Bost[illegible] Collaborative Drug Surveillan[illegible] Program has found. Estrogens m[illegible] prompt the formation of gallston[illegible] the researchers say. On the plus si[illegible] the pill tends to protect wom[illegible] against benign breast disease an[illegible] possibly, breast cancer.

Taste for poppy. U.S. scientists [illegible] trying to breed boll weevils that w[illegible] devour the opium poppy plant [illegible] stead of cotton. The hope is, sa[illegible] U.S. drug abuse specialist C[illegible] Chambers, that these weevils mig[illegible] be dropped on Asian poppy fields [illegible] gobble up illicit heroin while it [illegible] still being grown. Dr. Chambe[illegible] who is not a proponent of the pla[illegible] says it raises ethical problems.

Correction. We recently told of [illegible] technique in which cancer docto[illegible] temporarily move one testicle [illegible] another part of a boy's body whi[illegible] treating his genital area with x-ra[illegible] which otherwise could render hi[illegible] sterile. The radiologist who d[illegible] scribed this technique, Dr. Giul[illegible] D'Angio of Memorial Hospital [illegible] New York City, informs us that [illegible] is not used for Wilms' tumor, b[illegible] for other cancers. For example, H[illegible] says, if one testicle is cancerous, an[illegible] must be removed, the other is temp[illegible] rarily placed elsewhere in the bod[illegible] while the scrotum is irradiated to ki[illegible] the remaining cancer cells. EN





Headaches. To relieve a headache, doctors recommend aspirin. Bayer tested its aspirin against every other leading brand. For quality, Bayer was shown superior. You can count on better quality Bayer.



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Back in the good old days, men didn't buy appliances. They married them.



ning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'7

Some women think Midol is just for cramps.
I know better.



I'm past the age when cramps were my big menstrual trouble. My period problems are usually different now: backache, headache and the irritable feeling that goes with it. But Midol works just as well relieving all that for me as it does for my teenage daughter's cramps.

The exclusive formula of Midol® relieves low backache and headache—to help soothe accompanying irritability. And Midol helps stop cramps with an anti-spasmodic, an ingredient you don't get with ordinary pain relievers.

If you thought Midol was just for cramps, now you know better.

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The more you need it—the more it works. Gentle... Effective.



SYLVIA PORTER

SPENDING YOUR MONEY

Cars and Divorce

My husband and I are trying to work out a divorce agreement with a minimum of trouble and legal fees. Who should get the car? We both need one to get to work.

Usually the wife gets the car if there is only one. If there are two cars, each of you—husband and wife—will take one.

Buying a Pig

Our family loves pork, so we are considering buying a whole animal in order to cut the cost to us. But there's no way to tell how much of a bargain this might be unless we have some idea how many pounds of pork chops, bacon, etc., you get from a typical pig. Can you give us some guidelines?

If the hog you buy weighs 210 pounds live and therefore "dresses out" to a 150-pound carcass, you have 120 pounds of edible retail cuts left after the lard, bones, and waste have been removed.

This breaks down to 13 pounds of pork chops, 24 pounds of bacon, a little less than 6 pounds of spareribs, about 20 pounds of ham, and about 27 pounds of pork roasts. In addition you get about 11 pounds of sausage. The rest (19 pounds) is feet, tail, neck, bones, jowl, skin, and hocks.

Job Discrimination

You frequently hear about job discrimination (and efforts to prevent it) against black workers, women, and the aged. But is anything being done about a subtler category of discrimination against Jews, Catholics, and others—particularly in executive positions?

The Labor Department has issued an Executive Order and a new set of guidelines to more than 250,000 companies doing Federal contract work, effective last February 20. The new guidelines point out that members of various religious and ethnic groups primarily but not exclusively of Eastern, Middle, and Southern European ancestry—such as Jews, Catholics, Italians, Greeks, and Slavic groups—continue to be excluded from executive, middle-management, and other job levels because of discrimination based upon their religious and/or national origin. The new regulations require employers to re-examine whether these and other religious and ethnic groups are indeed being given a co... pletely equal access to jobs a... promotions.

In the words of the Labor Depa... ment: "special attention shall ... directed toward *executive and m... dle-management levels,* where e... ployment problems relating to r... gion and national origin are m... likely to occur."

The regulations are being ... forced by the Labor Departme... Office of Federal Contract Com... ance, Employment Standards ... ministration, Washington, D... 20210. This is where you sho... write if you suspect such discrimi... tion on the part of the employer, a... if you are not satisfied with t... measures your employer is taking ... correct the discrimination.

College Costs

Despite the expansion of schola... ship-loan funds for college studen... isn't it true that parents still put t... most of the costs of tuition and oth... expenses?

Parents remain the biggest *sing...* source of financial support for co... lege students. But according to on... of the best studies of how studen... finance their college education, re... cently published by the Colleg... Scholarship Service in Princeto... N.J., parental financial support to... day covers only 44 percent—les... than one half—of a student's *tot...* college costs.

Buying Stocks

I'm planning to start buying stock... regularly, but I only have a sma... amount to invest and I haven't bee... greeted with much enthusiasm b... one of the big New York Stock Ex... change firms. How do I find a broke... who would be willing to handle my... small account?

Send a postcard with your name and address on it to Directory, New York Stock Exchange, P.O. Box 1971, Radio City Station, New York, New York 10019.

You will receive free and by return mail a pamphlet giving you the names of 392 New York Stock Exchange member firms willing and able to handle *(continued)*

Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.

Women have some very practical reasons for BankAmericard.®











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It's usually a woman who takes care of the family's day to day needs. She buys the children's clothes, the last-minute gifts, and still finds time for her own special projects.

So whether you're working at home or in an office, you can appreciate the convenience of being able to shop almost anywhere with BankAmericard.

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And if you're the accountant in the family, you'll like the way BankAmericard simplifies your life. You get one statement every month and write one check. You decide whether to pay the full amount or extend payments.

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your small account—and listing what minimum requirements and criteria each firm may have.

These 392 firms have 3,115 branch offices in 807 cities in all 50 states, of which 1,127 or 36 percent are located in 24 major U.S. cities.

More than nine out of 10 of them say they do not have a minimum dollar requirement for the size of any buy or sell order they will accept.

Pension Plan and Taxes

Our company is now setting up a pension plan in which we, the employes, will kick in part of the cost and employers will contribute the remainder. Are the amounts deducted from our paychecks deductible from our Federal income taxes?

No. However, contributions by employers to pension plans generally are tax-exempt.

Incorrect Mileage

I'm delighted to know that a new law went into effect this year prohibiting used car dealers from turning back odometers to disguise the true mileage a car has traveled. But let's say a buyer discovers *after* he has bought the car that a dealer has turned back the clock. And the dealer did this even though he supplied the buyer with the required written verification of the mileage. What should the buyer do then?

Sue—if the "verification" turns out to be false and if you can prove that the odometer was turned back. You'll recover *treble* damages—or three times the amount of loss you suffered because of the deception—with the *minimum* recovery of $1,500. This is in addition to any lawyers' fees and court costs you incur.

This rule is part of the 1972 Motor Vehicle Information and Cost Savings Act, and it sounds as if it could mean a lot of money to you.

Appraisal Discrepancy

My wife recently inherited a diamond from her mother. We took it to New York City's well-known "diamond center" on 47th Street to have it appraised. The first store we stopped at told us the stone was worth $900. A second dealer told us it was worth only $650. We thought diamond values were pretty standard—based on color, clarity, cut, and the number of carats. What could account for the discrepancy? Does this type of appraisal mean that a dealer would pay you the amount of the appraisal?

Your experience is perfectly typical. Appraisers' estimates of gem values can vary by as much as 25 percent or more, as your expedition proved. An appraisal is no more than an *opinion*, and the amount of the appraisal usually is what a dealer feels it would cost you to replace the stone. It is not the amount you actually could get for it if you sold it.

Fast Food Investment

My husband and I are interested in buying a franchise in the fast food industry, but we have one problem: Everything we have been told about the venture seems just too good to be true!

Before we go ahead, have you any special warnings we should heed? We plan to consult our lawyer later, of course.

Here are four fundamental ones:

(1) Steer clear of any big profits/little work lure. Franchising always involves long hours, hard work, experience, and dedication. Profits always depend on the amount of effort and skill *you* put into the job—and don't kid yourself on this one bit.

(2) If the franchiser (and other franchisees already signed up) appear to be exclusively interested in lining up more franchisees or distributors, etc.—rather than actually selling a product or service—look out! This is no deal for you.

(3) Insist on detailed financial statements, full descriptions of your rights and responsibilities, names of board members of the franchise company. Have your franchise agreement checked thoroughly by a lawyer you trust (and follow through on your pledge to consult him). Find out precisely what training is offered. Double-check everything!

(4) If a celebrity has lent his name to the franchise operation, ask yourself if you would be as intrigued if the deal were not backed by a famous name. If not, pass it by.

(continued on page 59)

"Have you seen the New Pledge shine? It's a dead ringer for a paste wax shine."

–George Montgomery, Actor and Furniture Maker



"I love wood furniture. That's why I've designed and built furniture for myself and people all over the country most of my life.

"I always kept my furniture looking great with paste wax. I love that rubbed-in paste wax beauty.

"But Johnson Wax showed me how to get rubbed-in beauty a new, easy way. With New Pledge®.

"New Pledge now has an enriched formula containing key ingredients found in Johnson Paste Wax. Pledge brings out the natural beauty of the wood every time you dust.

"If you haven't seen the New Pledge shine, it's time you did. It's a dead ringer for a paste wax shine."

The rubbed-in beauty of paste wax instantly... every time you dust.

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Dessert recipes from the

Ladies' Home Journal Family Diet Book

by Evan Frances

Here, great slenderizing dessert recipes from a new book that can help your whole family stay slim—based on the famous JOURNAL weight-loss plan that worked for 100,000 women.

A year ago, for the first time, we shared with JOURNAL readers a sample of menus and recipes from the now-famous LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Diet Club Diet. Until then, that diet had been limited to the 100,000 members of the Diet Club. Your reaction to our publication of these slimming recipes was overwhelming. You asked for more, more, and more recipes. At the same time, we were beleaguered by Club members to publish in book form the most salient features of the diet. The book published by Macmillan is ready and you can get a copy at your local bookstore or by using the coupon on this page.

Here is a selection of the favorite and most-wanted recipes from the book that was the result of all that interest. One of the nicest things that distinguishes our diet from others is its *friendliness*. You will never have to diet alone again—it's one-menu cooking (and gourmet cooking at that) for all, dieters and non-dieters alike.

It's for the whole family—hence the title *Family Diet Book*. And if it had needed a subtitle, it could be, "Everything you always wanted to know about dieting that wouldn't make you miserable." It's a pleasant diet primarily because it doesn't preach . . . and because it avoids the five cardinal sins of most diets:

1. It's not monotonous—there are over 350 recipes.
2. It skirts the make-like-a-rabbit syndrome—sure, there are carrots and cottage cheese in it, but most recipes are connoisseur's-choice.
3. On the JOURNAL DIET, you'll never get the prune look that follows in the wake of many reducing bouts.
4. It's well balanced nutritionally so that you stay healthy all the time you are dieting.
5. It changes your eating patterns for better and for life—so that you need never resort to fad diets to get skinny (and possibly sick) overnight. Remember, it took you a long time to put on the weight; be patient and take the time necessary to take it off—two pounds a week, in most cases. And beware of "sensational" or "revolutionary" new diets that purport to take off much more than that poundage per week. Some eliminate carbohydrates; others eliminate everything but proteins and fats; still others eliminate all but proteins and water. They're here today and gone tomorrow—but your weight, if you're seduced into trying any of these fad diets, will be gone today *and back tomorrow*. The JOURNAL diet, prescribed, tested, and approved by medical authorities, is sound, satisfying, sure—not just for a while but for an entire lifetime of weight self-control.

If chewing celery to a fare-thee-well is not your idea of the full and abundant life, take heart while you take off fat. Start your slimming program with these recipes.

AMBROSIA

Drain 1 (20-oz.) can pineapple chunks in pineapple juice, reserving liquid. Place pineapple chunks in bottom of large glass bowl. Slice 2 large bananas (2½ to 3 cups) into the pineapple juice to prevent discoloration. Drain from juice and place on top of pineapple. Cut 30 green grapes in half and use to form third layer on top of the bananas. Peel and section 4 medium oranges and use to top grapes. Mix reserved pineapple juice with 1 tablespoon frozen orange juice concentrate. Pour over fruits.

Chill for at least 1 hour. Just before serving, pour over ½ cup low-calorie ginger ale if desired and garnish with fresh mint. Serves 8. For dieters: 1 serving is ⅛ of salad.

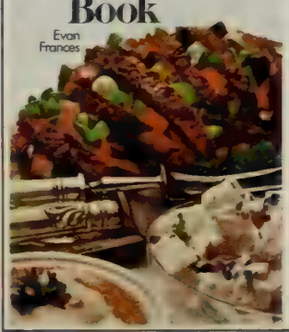
BANANA BAVARIAN CREAM

In top of double boiler beat 2 eggs with 1½ cups skim milk and artificial sweetener to equal 1½ tablespoons sugar. Sprinkle 1 envelope unflavored gelatin over another ½ cup skim milk in measuring cup. Let soften. Place top of double boiler over gently boiling water in bottom. Cook mixture, stirring constantly until it thickens and coats a metal spoon. Stir in softened gelatin until dissolved. Remove from heat. Stir in 2 mashed ripe bananas and 1 teaspoon rum extract. Let cool 15 minutes. Pour into eight 5-oz. custard cups. Refrigerate 4 hours, or until firm enough to unmold. To serve, loosen each around edge and unmold into dessert dish. Serves 8. For dieters: 1 serving is 1 individual mold.

ANGEL LIME PIE

Crush 24 vanilla wafers into fine crumbs. Blend crumbs with 2 tablespoons margarine, melted, and ¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon. Press over bottom and side of an 8-inch pie plate. Bake at 350° for 10 minutes. Cool. Sprinkle 1 envelope unflavored gelatin over ½ cup water in small saucepan. Let soften 3 minutes. Heat over low heat, stirring constantly, until gelatin is dissolved. Pour into a bowl and stir in ½ cup lime juice, artificial sweetener to equal 2 tablespoons sugar, and 4 drops green food color. Add ¼ cup ice water. Refrigerate until as thick as unbeaten egg white, about 1 hour. Sprinkle ½ cup instant nonfat dry milk over ½ cup ice water in chilled bowl. Beat with mixer at high speed until mixture forms soft peaks. Add 1 tablespoon lime juice. Beat until mixture forms stiff peaks. Beat thickened gelatin until light and foamy. Fold into milk mixture. Pour into crust and swirl attractively. Refrigerate 4 hours or until firm. Serves 6.

For dieters: 1 serving is 1/6 of pie.



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NEW Special Dinners. from Purina.



BRINGING UP CHILDREN

BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

Our noted child psychologist writes in praise of fairytales—explaining how the lessons of fantasy can be the key to helping a child unlock the mysteries of reality.

"Little Red Riding Hood was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding Hood, I should have known perfect bliss." That is how Charles Dickens evaluated the role fairytales played in his life. He did not believe, as some experts and parents do today, that old-fashioned fairytales are bad for children. Opponents of fairytales say that such stories are frightening and demoralizing, and that they encourage children to be unrealistic about finding solutions to life's problems. I do not agree: fairytales *do* hold out the promise of an unequivocally happy life, but by doing so they give children the most vital of commodities—hope. Without hope for a good future, life may seem unbearably difficult; the fantasies of a fairytale can enrich a child's existence and sustain her until the age of reason. She learns soon enough that one cannot master life's vagaries by magic manipulation.

Many modern parents, with the best of intentions about "protecting" their child, censor fairytales for their children's consumption, or flatly refuse to let their children read or hear them. I'd say that's a fairly serious mistake, because fairytales evoke emotional experiences that can help a child transcend the bondage youth imposes. Realistically, the young child is very dependent on his or her parents and her attachments to them. The fairytale liberates the child from this dependency by showing her that out beyond the limits of her home a fascinating world of adventure awaits her. As the child's imagination is nurtured and enlarged through stories, she begins to contemplate moving outside her own narrow existence. The first steps are through fantasy; later the child proceeds to a more advanced way of coping with reality. Fantasy makes dealing with reality possible—by telling the child how to cope in ways commensurate with her childish sense of the world.

Of course, no single story can achieve all this—but fairytales as a group convey the same underlying messages in a variety of ways. These stories offer the child the chance to pick solutions most appropriate to herself, without forcing her to be guided by any particular example.

A good number of fairytales impress the child with the necessity of making what are called reality-decisions. The tales warn her of the destructive consequences of living exclusively by the pleasure principle, and show her the rewards to be had when one plans intelligently for the future. A case in point: the story of those great American folk heroes, *The Three Little Pigs.*

Children love the story of *The Three Little Pigs,* especially when the storyteller acts out the huffing and puffing of the big bad wolf, or sings the silly songs of the two innocent and foolish pigs. But the important lesson underlying the enjoyment and drama of the story equally captures their attention. That lesson by itself, told as a moral fable, is *not* so interesting—small children get little pleasure out of a fable such as *The Ant and the Grasshopper.* The point in these two stories is about the same: we must not be lazy and take things easy, because that is courting disaster; if we act with foresight and are willing to work hard we will emerge victorious.

As a little moral lesson, that idea sounds suspiciously like what Mommy and Daddy are always urging on us. But within the imaginative framework of *The Three Little Pigs* it becomes an exciting adventure. Furthermore, the reward is not the ultimately boring thought that one has stored away enough food for the winter, as in *The Ant and the Grasshopper.* Children, especially urban children in the 20th century, don't see much glory in that; they usually

---

Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, one of the world's most distinguished child psychologists, recently retired after 28 years as Professor of Psychology and Psychiatry at the University of Chicago and Director of the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School for chronically disturbed children. He has written many books about children—their psychological development and problems.

e enough food. The reward in
e *Three Little Pigs* is a far more
ndid one: a glorious victory over
's worst and most dangerous enemy
ie wolf!

)ther important points lie hidden in
story of *The Three Little Pigs*
idden but not lost upon the child.
te the third pig is the biggest and
est, his victory reveals the advan-
es of growing up, not just in size but
wisdom and prudence. In fact, the
ry of the three pigs reflects a sort of
ni-history of the progress of man-
d as well as ■ metaphor for the
wth of personality. The three styles
architecture favored by the pigs can
seen as symbolic of a development
m the grass huts of semi-nomadic
)ples to the wooden structures of an
riculturally-based society to the se-
e edifices of a technological age.

As a metaphor for personality for-
tion, the story shows us the trans-
mation from impulse-dominated be-
vior to actions based on foresight and
ional control. The littlest pig builds
house of straw with the least care,
middle pig with only slightly more
ention. They want to get the job
r and done with as soon as possible,
that they can go out and play. Dom-
ated by the pleasure principle, they
k immediate gratification without
ch thought to the future or to the
ngers of reality. The middle pig does
to build a more secure stick house,
as showing some ego growth. But it's
ly the third pig who has learned to
e according to the reality principle.
e is able to suspend his immediate
pulses—he postpones his desires to
ay—because he knows he must first
epare well for future realities. The
ird pig is even able to predict the
olf's behavior, realizing how the wolf
ay try to seduce him from his secu-
y. So the third pig is not tricked by
e wolf; instead he uses his insight
to the wolf's nature to defeat it (by
apping the wolf in the tub of boiling
ater). The wolf as enemy is both ex-
rnal and internal: there are real
ngers out in the world, and there is
so the temptation within oneself to
pitulate to asocial impulses. To resist
e wolf in any guise, one must bring
e strength of one's ego. Thus *The*
hree Little Pigs teaches the benefits
planning for the future with wisdom
d foresight; it also helps us to defeat
r asocial tendencies—those uncon-
ious and devouring inner powers—by
aching self-control.

All these lessons may be learned
om the tale, yet nowhere in the story
the three pigs is the child told in so
any words that she should think of
d plan for the future, that she should
ork hard now in order to be secure
ter. *The Ant and the Grasshopper*
ells it all out very clearly, and there-
lies its weakness. Fables address
emselves only to the child's rational-
y—not her strongest point—and thus
il to educate the child where she
eeds educating, in and through her
nconscious. The point is all too obvi-
us; the child sees that this is just an-
ther of those lectures to do this and
ot do that. The world of *The Ant*
nd the Grasshopper implies a static
ither/or situation, ill-suited to the
hild, whose life is entirely a process of
ecoming. What's more, the "imma-
ure" grasshopper is oddly attractive,
ith his merry outlook on life, and the
mature" ant is ■ terrible drudge. So



not only does the fable fail to reflect any understanding of the process of maturation; it doesn't even tempt the child to see any value in the mature state. The fable simply tells her that some are mature and others aren't: from the child's vantage point, immaturity would seem to have an edge.

Fables like Aesop's are really designed to catch the adult mind through the economy with which they present a

(continued on page 40)

WITHERED HARVEST By Norma Weber

How can I endure autumn
with you not there—
I shall hear pigeons rustling
in the dogwood tree, and listening,
know the loneliness of not sharing.
. . . breathe morning air as sweet
as new pressed cider, caring
that we so loved September.
. . . gaze into evening bonfire,
envision your dear face, remember
how we dreamed by bonfire's flickering
glow.
The wish will come to be with you,
to listen, breathe, to touch, to dream—
A wish as lost as yesterday. I know—
How well I know!

How to
tell her
you love her.
Everyday.

An enduring reminder.
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as precious as it is practical.
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of high fashion gifts.
Give her a keepsake.
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AMY VANDERBILT

Party Gimmicks
What would your reaction be if the hostess at a dinner party insisted that guests eat with rubber gloves instead of silverware—to "inject a note of fun" into the party?

I once remember going to a dinner party where the vegetables, including mashed potatoes, were served from a miniature train that circled the table. The guests were all grownups, and the consensus was that the host was still a little boy. Be grateful that you don't have to "entertain in kind."

Entertaining Teachers
My husband and I, both schoolteachers, have been invited to dinner at the homes of students. Should we reciprocate? Also, how do I sign thank-you notes for students' gifts? I've been signing "Mrs. Long" because once I signed "Maria Long" and a ten-year-old boy called me that in class!

You are not expected to reciprocate for invitations to the homes of students. Sign all thank-you notes, whether to students or adults, "Maria Long." You should have taken the boy aside and explained that this is a woman's correct social signature, and not an invitation for anyone, especially a young student, to call you by your first name.

No Tablecloth
I like to dine on a table with no mats or cloth. Is this in good taste for an informal luncheon or dinner?

It is in perfectly good taste anytime, and very attractive when the table top itself is pretty. When hot plates are used, it is necessary to have small protective pads, possibly doily-covered, beneath the plates.

Homemade Announcements
I am going to make my own baby announcements and envelopes. What wording should I use? Would colored construction paper do?

Many young parents are making their own birth announcements in any tasteful way that suits them. Colored construction paper will do very well. You might say something like: Our baby arrived! His (her) name is _____. Weighed _____ when he (she) was born on _____. Helen and John Smith (or John and Helen Smith—whichever you prefer). You may, if you wish, write with colored markers. You could even let the announcement be a foldover and fasten it with attractive seals. Be sure to put on your return address, including Zip Code. Alternatively, of course, stationery stores do have attractive fill-in birth announcements.

Madam Esquire
How can the title Esquire correctly be applied to a woman?

I've done some research on this and find that a few women attorneys insist on using Esquire, which is the proper suffix for male attorneys only. Male attorneys use "Esq." in correspondence between themselves, and so do knowledgeable people writing to attorneys at their places of business (but not when writing socially).

The proper form of address for a woman attorney is Miss or Mrs., as the case may be. Some few insist on Ms., pronounced Mizzz, indicating that they do not wish to reveal their marital status. I feel this is no solution to the problem, since few people, men particularly, are willing to address anyone verbally as "Mizzz." However, as many women have discovered, the pressure for acceptance of this title is very great.

Handleless Cup
If a bouillon cup has no handles, would you pick it up?

Yes. Japanese bowls, for example, are lifted in the right hand after the solids, if any, have been spooned out.

Acknowledging Notes
I have occasionally written notes of sympathy to members of a bereaved family but have never had a letter acknowledged. What do you think of that?

I have had this happen, too, particularly where young members of the family don't know that letters of condolence should be answered, however briefly. I have, however, discharged my own social duty and other people's bad manners don't discourage me from doing so again when it is necessary.

Wedding Invitations
Our younger daughter will be an attendant at her sister's wedding. She wants to invite several friends, about 12 years old, but we are not friends of their families. Can send the young girls invitatio without inviting their parents? Al should Doctor be written out on t inner and outer envelopes?

Young girls may receive invitatio They should be addressed as M Dorothy Jones on the outer en lope and Miss Jones on the in one. Be sure to use black ink match the engraving.

Doctor may be written out both envelopes unless the name too long. The abbreviation, Dr., also used.

Tea Dance
I received an invitation to a T Dance to be held from 7 to 9:? What is a tea dance? What is t proper dress for one?

A tea dance is a dance usually he in a hotel or club late in the aft noon; tea and some alcoholic bev ages are served, and dancing tak place. You don't see many tea da es these days, and the hours for th one seem very late. The proper dr would be a cocktail dress or a sim evening dress.

Addressing the Envelope
My daughter is married to a prof sor with a Ph.D. Should I addr personal letters to them as Dr. a Mrs. or Mr. and Mrs.?

If your son-in-law uses his ti socially as well as professionally, most Ph.D.s now seem to do, th you address them as Dr. and M Be sure, however, that you kn what his preference is.

Correction
In the June issue of the *Journ* through a printing error, the we ding invitation—including both t parents of the bride and those of t groom—was incorrectly presente When this form is used, it shou read:

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Brown
request the honour of your presen
at the marriage of their daughter
Marianne
to
Mr. John Preston
son of
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Preston
on (date) at (time)
(place)
R.S.V.P.
Mrs. Brown
Address (including Zip Code)

or optionally,

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Brown
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Preston
request the honour of your presen
at the marriage of
Marianne Brown
to
John Preston, etc. EN

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questio from readers and answers them this column as space permits.
Now ready for JOURNAL *reader Miss Vanderbilt's new bookle "Large Parties" (open houses, ann versaries, house warmings, showers Also "Letter Writing," "Engagemen and Wedding Etiquette," and "Tab Manners." Send 75¢ in coin for eac booklet to Miss Amy Vanderbil Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*



irls like Barbara Alexander used to rush
r a plastic surgeon. No more. Barbara thinks
er nose—and her fragrance—are the most
teresting things about her.



Joyce Kemp thinks long hair is what girls are all about. Her best friend, Jackie Coster, thinks the shorter the better. Interestingly enough, each has made Cachet her fragrance. Reason? It's a little different on every girl that wears it.



Roberta Kyle thinks the au naturel look is fine—for somebody else.
For her, it's plucked eyebrows, pots of paint and a perfume that's just as uniquely her.

Cachet. It's the fragrance as individual as you are.



We know you don't want to look like the next girl. Maybe you don't want your fragrance to be like the next girl's either. Well now, it needn't be.

Because now, we've created a new kind of fragrance called Cachet.

Every girl on this page can wear it and it'll be something a little different on every one. Because, besides being fresh and fascinating, Cachet was designed to pick up and play up every girl's own special chemistry.

Maybe you should try it? Maybe it isn't you. But then again, maybe it's the first perfume that really is.



Hair & Beauty · By Joan Clair

Someone asked me recently if I thought women just think about how they look most of the time.

I said I thought only women who think they don't look good, worry about their looks most of the time.

I said women who take care of their looks know they look nice, so they're free to think about other things.

That's why I love writing this column.

A woman is best off when she knows she looks good. That's when she can forget herself.

So fix yourself up. And forget yourself.

It's the nicest way to live.

You looked gorgeous when you left home, then you catch sight of yourself in a store window. And you don't like yourself at all. Well, you made yourself up under the bathroom light and now you're outside in daylight. To avoid getting made up for the bathroom when you're really going to spend the day someplace else, you need a *True-to-Light* mirror. It lets you make up in the light you'll be seen in. It has four kinds of light: daylight, home, office, or evening light, which ought to cover just about anywhere you're going to be.

You'll go around loving the smell of your own hair, when you rinse with Clairol herbal essence creme rinse. It contains the fresh, natural fragrances of herbs and wild flowers—juniper, nettle, melissa, mountain gentian, to name a few. As if the fragrance alone weren't enough, Clairol herbal essence creme rinse detangles, conditions your hair, helps prevent split ends, makes loose, limp hair manageable and easy to style. But, oh, the way it makes your hair smell! To really do it right, first shampoo with Clairol herbal essence shampoo which also has all those fresh natural fragrances—then on to the creme rinse. If you want a 2 oz. sample of Clairol herbal essence creme rinse, send 25¢ to Joan Clair, P.O. Box 1020K, Yonkers, N.Y. 10701.

To beautify dry, frizzly hair. Each morning put a little *Vitapointe* cream on your fingertips and massage it in for 30 seconds. Comb. The extra-light white cream vanishes, and your hair becomes silky, manageable, shiny. Do the same thing before you go to bed.

You'd like the excitement of being a blonde without going all the way. Consider *Frost & Tip*. *Frost & Tip* simply adds a dash of blonde to what is your very own. You can frost—which gives you an all-over light effect by lightening strands to blend with your own color. Or you can tip—which is lightening the front of your hair (from ear to ear, my dear). Or you can streak—which is just that, lightening in streaks. *Frost & Tip* comes in a kit with everything you need and instructions anyone can follow. It's easy to do, and you only have to do it two to three times a year, as you require.

Hate washing your hair between tints for fear of washing out your color? Wash with *Clairol* Shampoo for color care. It babies your hair color and has reconditioners that give body and shine to your hair. (In fact, you get extra conditioning if you leave the lather on your hair for 2 to 4 minutes before rinsing.) Use *Clairol* Green Shampoo if you're a brunette or redhead; *Clairol* Blue Shampoo if you're a blonde.

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RALPH NADER REPORTS

Everybody talks about easing the energy crisis. Here's what you can *do* about it—a practical, homeowner's guide that will save precious power and help you to reduce your fuel bills.

When you turn on the furnace this winter, how much energy will actually be used for heating your home and how much will go out the window—or through the floors or ceiling? You are probably wasting more than you think. According to a study by the Oak Ridge National Laboratory's environment program (supported by the National Science Foundation), most people are consuming from 30–50 percent more energy for heating their homes than they would need if their houses were properly insulated. And they are paying for the wasted wattage with heating bills that are an average of one-third higher than necessary.

Conserving energy in the home, where 20 percent of the country's total energy is consumed, is a major step toward solving the nation's energy problem. Home heating alone consumes 11 percent of the total energy used in the United States. Air conditioning accounts for only about 3 percent of the total U.S. energy consumption, but is one of the fastest growing uses of energy—and adds a critical burden to the energy demand in summer months. In both areas, the way to save environmentally and economically is not through less comfort at home but through more thrift.

Begin by looking at your insulation—important for both heating and cooling your house. The average home has insulation that meets the Federal Housing Authority's thermal insulation standards. (FHA standards are not legally binding but they have a large influence on home building because of their widespread use for loan appraisals by conventional loan organizations as well as FHA.) If your house was built after June 1971, when FHA revised its insulation standards, it may be better insulated than those built before that date. Many homes fail to meet FHA standards.

John C. Moyers of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory compared insulation required by FHA with insulation that yields the maximum economic benefit to the homeowner—that is, insulation that reduces the heating bill at least enough to cover the cost of the additional insulation and in most cases saves a good deal more. He found that with the better insulation a New York resident with a gas-heated home could reduce energy consumption by 4 percent and save $32 a year, compared with insulation meeting FH standards prior to June 1971. The owner of an electrically heated home could reduce her energy consumption by 47 percent and save $155 a year. The householder with electric heat saves more because she pays more in the first place. Not only is electric heat more expensive to the homeowner, it is more costly environmentally, requiring about twice as much fuel per unit of heat as gas or oil heating systems.

Even if your house was built after June 1971, you could still be wasting energy and money, Moyers reports. Compared to the revised FH standards, proper insulation could reduce energy consumed in a gas-heated home in New York by 2 percent; for an electrically heated home, the energy reduction would be 28 percent.

Insulation that is the best bargain for the homeowner, according to the Oak Ridge study, includes six-inch ceiling insulation for electrically heated homes and 3½-inch for gas-heated homes (revised FH standards call for 3½-inch ceiling insulation for both); 3½-inch wall insulation (FHA standards call for 1⅞-inch wall insulation); floor insulation (also required by FHA and storm windows (not required by FHA, but which Moyers says are economically justified everywhere except in the South). These are features you should always look for in a new house, and they can usually be installed in an older one.

Within the self-regulated building industry, FHA standards are the nearest thing to minimum standards that the homeowner can look to for protection. Until they are improved, you probably can't count

Ralph Nader is America's foremost consumer defender. He is credited with the passage of at least six major laws that imposed new Federal safety standards on cars, meat and poultry products, coal mining, gas pipelines, and radiation from electronic devices. In 1970 Nader founded the Public Interest Research Group which investigates and researches consumer issues.

roper insulation in a new house un- you insist on it yourself. The con- of home buyers can also encour- local building associations to insist better insulation from builders.

roper insulation will also cut down he energy required for air condi- ing. In addition, you can signifi- ly reduce energy consumption and money by buying an efficient air litioner. Air conditioning units vary ely in the amount of electricity they sume. For example, among the some odels on the market with a cooling acity of 10,000 BTU per hour, the t efficient unit in Washington, D.C. 976 kilowatt hours a year more n the most efficient model. At 1.8- ts per kilowatt-hour, you could save 57 a year with the better unit, as t as lessening the energy demand. re efficient units generally cost re. (*Consumer Reports*, July 1973, mated extra efficiency added $20 to p-rated model compared to less ef- nt units.) But efficiency pays in long run. In the examples used ve, if you kept the unit for ten years could afford to spend from $79 to 0 more, depending on the interest e, to buy the better model.

ohn H. Gibbons, director of the en- nment center at the University of nessee, believes that the electrical iency of air conditioners "could ily be 50 percent greater than the rent average." But consumers are ng to have to start demanding effi- ncy before that happens. You can ure out the "energy efficiency ratio" ER) of a room unit by dividing the TU's of cooling capacity by the wat- e. (For example, a 5,000-BTU unit ng 800 watts has an EER of 6.25. A re efficient unit using only 650 watts s an EER of 7.7) The cooling capac- and wattage are given on a metal meplate on the unit. But the name- te is often hard to locate and the nsumer has to spend most of her pping time doing arithmetic. Far tter would be labeling which gives the ER explicitly, along with the average arly operating cost by region and nge of electricity rates.

A few companies, including GE, ars, and Friedrich, will provide the ER for all their room units if you ask r it. This year the industry's trade ency, the Association of Home Appli- ce Manufacturers (AHAM), began blishing the EER for all certified its in its annual directory. Write HAM for a copy of the directory: N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606. lso ask AHAM for its chart to lp you estimate the load you will ed for a particular room. You may so want to send 30¢ for *Eleven Ways Reduce Energy Consumption and crease Comfort in Household Cool- g*, published by the U.S. Office of nsumer Affairs and National Bureau Standards, Consumer Product Infor- ation, Pueblo, Colo. 81009.

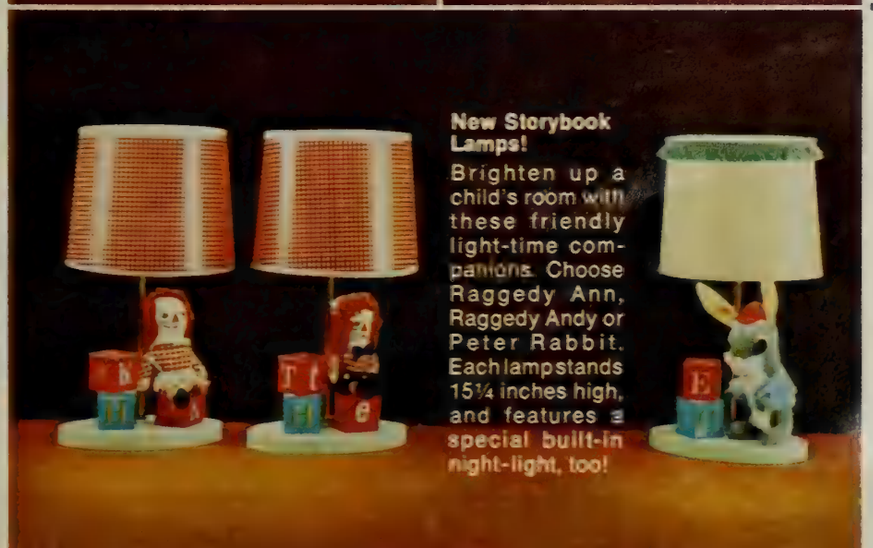
On an everyday level, pay attention saving energy: remember that the 00-watt bulb you leave burning over- ight requires that the equivalent of a ound of coal be mined and burned. qually important is consumer pres- re on builders and government regu- tors to require proper insulation tandards for homes, and on manufac- rers to produce the most efficient ppliances that will save money for the ndividual and conserve a national esource for everyone. **END**

Special Offer! Betty Crocker Storybook Dinnerware Introduces the 3 Little Pigs.









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Betty Crocker

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How America Lives

A collection of special features from our readers edited by Evan Frances

Family of the Month



It takes some doing for a large family to survive on a small farm these days, but the Jack Powells seem to manage it, and well. All in the declining but still hearty American family tradition.

"I want to strike a blow for motherhood," said a letter from Mrs. Sharon Powell of Sand Lake, Mich., just north of Grand Rapids. "Many women today seek fulfillment outside the home, but I feel my role as a farm wife and mother—raising six girls and one boy on less than an average wage—offers all the challenge, satisfaction, and excitement of any executive position. I admit my earnings are low, hours long, and vacations nonexistent but there are many fringe benefits too—a special smile, a 'Gee, thanks, Mom,' or just sharing the evening meal when everyone's trying to tell of her or his day. There is the secure feeling of knowing I am really needed and certainly irreplaceable. How many women find such security in other jobs?"

Sharon Powell's letter did more than give testimony to the frequently abused joys of domesticity; it helped answer a question that's nagged us for a long time: What keeps people down on the farm these days. All we seem to read about is the exodus of people from small family-owned-and-operated farms and the gobbling up of their land by larger farms with greater capital. For deeper understanding, we went to visit Sharon Powell and her family—down on the farm in Michigan.

We arrived on a Saturday to find all nine of the Powells hard at work feeding pigs and harvesting corn, the principal occupation of their farm.

Sharon who is 34, and Jack, who is 35, were both graduated from nearby Rockford High School, were married in the Methodist Church there in 1957, and bought their 80-acre farm and house in 1961 with a down payment of $2,000 toward the full price of $10,500.

They want little more than to work it, to raise their pigs (20 sows, 70 feeder pigs and one boar) and corn and to tend the flourishing patch of luscious tomatoes, green peppers, string beans, and other vegetables. With an old-time, farm-size brood of seven, Sharon is a practiced hand at freezing, canning, and preserving. Last summer she put up almost 1,000 quarts of tomatoes, beans, pickles, cherries, and peaches. Says Sharon, "We eat well that way—have to because we can't afford doctor bills." The children all mutter and complain as they pitch in, but Sharon suspects it's really lots of fun for everyone.

Cash and brawn

The problem with staying down on the farm is that it takes cash as well as brawn—lots of it . . . and cash is one commodity in short supply at the Powells. Modern farming is big business; it takes a big cash outlay to buy the land and especially the machinery indispensable to modern farming, The Powells, for example, own a combine (for shelling and harvesting corn), two tractors, and a dryer. Cost? A staggering $25,000, which they're still paying off.

Cash to run the farm—especially when there are seven pairs of feet that need shoes, eyes that need glasses, dental bills to pay—isn't easy to come by. That's why Jack holds down a five-day-week job at General Motors in Grand Rapids, at an annual salary of $9,500 handling the materials used for seat covers and door linings of "bodies by Fisher." Most of this income goes for family expenses, including the mortgage ($140 monthly) which will be paid up after 11 more payments—(great day a'coming)!

Farm income is earned mostly by selling pigs. Last year the gross was $4,200, but farm expenses left a $1,700 deficit. Most of the farm income is used to pay on machinery, the original cost of which has been whittled down to $5,400. The paid-up farm machinery especially gladdens Jack's heart. He says, "I'm glad we did it, because if the kids want to go to college, they'll be able to . . . we can complete the addition to our house we've already framed in . . . and Sharon and I can take a vacation—the first since our honeymoon." Sharon laughed and punned knowingly: "What he hasn't listed is that at that time he may be able to *retire* from the plant to the planting."

To add to the cash resources, Sharon, who is an expert seamstress, does occasional work for kinfolk and neighbors. And of course she sews most of the family's clothes. She turns out all of the girls' dresses and her own, estimating that she needs 25 yards of 45-inch fabric to make seven dresses. She works on a brand-new Singer, which has just recently replaced one of ancient vintage.

For last year's "mother-daughter banquet," an annual affair, she made one such dress a day, using combinations of five patterns so that each of the six girls could choose her favorite neckline or sleeve. Sharon has taught the four oldest girls to sew because, as she puts it, "When you have a large family, you can't afford not to sew any more than you can afford to be without a vegetable garden." This year she even made a knitted suit for Jack. "It cost $13 to make," she confesses, "but in the store it would have been $100." And she adds, "We never buy anything but material. We make just about everything we need."

Last September the smaller children set up a roadside stand and sold corn and other fresh vegetables. Their take: $50 that went to buy fabric for clothing.

Another example of Sharon's ingenuity is the carpeting for almost the entire house, which she made from remnant squares pasted to felt paper right to the floor. She has wal papered old dressers and bullet boards for new glamour, fashion mobiles of wire hangers, cut up ar fringed table mats of pattern towels, upholstered headboards wi drapery fabric left over from dra eries she has sewn, hung "bouque of knitted flowers" in gilded ov picture frames and framed thre dimensional scenics (pasted on tre and flowers).

"Find the good"

Sharon's creativity and frugalit are matched by another gift—h way with children and people—h own and others. About sibling riva ry, she says, "Try to let them wo it out by themselves. When the ot er children grumble because Kar (the oldest at 16) is so smart a tends to tip her nose into the air . or Robin's slow to get started, I t them 'So, she's different. That good. Why would you want anoth you? A person is a person becau of what she or he is. There's goo and bad in everyone. Find the goo if you can.' "

The Powells look forward eagerl to the day Dad can be home on th farm all day. But nobody more tha Dad himself, who told us, "Whe I'm at the shop, Sharon and I don know the problems each has ha My being able to work along wit her all day every day farming wi mean we'll meet and solve problem together."

As for Sharon, she has mixe feelings about Jack's working on th farm. "I'm not sure how I'll rea when he's home all the time—o Saturdays, when he's home, I jus don't seem to get anything don I'm always dashing out into th yard to talk to him."

Love, it seems, has a lot to do wit why the Powells stay down on th farm.

Baby of the Month

Our October baby is blonde and blue-eyed Lisa Marjon Gravina, only child of June Ann (39) and Captain Reynold Gravina (52) of Dallas, Texas. Her name is now sixth most popular girls' name with *Journal* readers. Lisa's middle name, Marjon, is a melding of aunts Margie and Janice, with the "a" of the latter turned to an "o" for "sound's sake." However, it was doting Aunt Josephine of Rochester, N.Y. who sent us Lisa's photo and raved, "She's the brightest two-year-old I know—reads and spells a few words, and writes numbers." We checked with Lisa's Mom, former schoolteacher and airline stewardess whose husband flies 747's to Hawaii, and she corroborated the fact that Lisa's a brain as well as a beauty.



Lisa Gravina of Dallas, Texas

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How America Lives

WHY CAN'T THEY?

We bought a new house six years ago and now are having serious problems with it. There are cracks in the walls, a ceiling joist is askew and doors and windows don't close properly—allegedly "due to settling." Our original warranty from the builder has run out. Why can't they be brought to task?—*Mrs. Anne Hunter, Winchester, Mass.*

Congressional help for home buyers may be on the way. Three home-buyer protection plans have been introduced in the Senate. One plan would authorize the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development to compensate home owners for serious defects if their homes are FHA insured, retroactive to 1968. Another proposal would require a pre-sale inspection report including any defects. A third calls for a five-year warranty on federally-assisted housing.

And there is good news from the National Association of Home Builders. The NAHB is developing an insured home-warranty plan based on a proposal by NAHB president, George C. Martin, which would provide a 10-year warranty against structural defects in a new house. Hopefully, this warranty program can be offered by early 1974.

As for your immediate problem, if you have already spoken to your builder and have gotten no response, contact Patty McKinney, Director of Consumer Affairs of the NAHB, 1625 L Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Spare-time Moneymaker



Peggy Schmitt of Cockeysville, Md., with some of her spare-time clothespin dolls and miniature ink-and-watercolor paintings

Artist Peggy Drake Schmitt of Cockeysville, Md., makes charming gift items in her spare time—small ink-and-watercolor paintings and clothespin dolls.

A graduate of the Syracuse University School of Fine Arts, Peggy Schmitt has been painting since she was "able to hold a brush." Mrs. Schmitt paints fruits and vegetables and pastoral scenes, all of which have become especially popular as shower gifts; four years ago when her daughter Heidi, was born, she began drawing little girls. In fact, Mrs. Schmitt confided jokingly, "An over-eager stork could have wrecked our family budget last year; because I so liked painting little children, I began doing baby pictures as gifts for the nurseries of friends. Everyone who saw them seemed to like them and many ordered paintings of their own. I'm still catching up on those orders." Her small paintings (7½x8" matted) sell for $8; the larger ones of children (9x7¼" matted) are $12 (prices include wrapping and mailing in the U.S.).

The clothespin dolls are a more recent project, which began last year with a visit to Colonial Williamsburg. Peggy was delighted with some Raggedy Anne clothespin dolls and decided to make some to hang on the family's Christmas tree. She made different dresses for each, but all had plain white cotton for the sun-bonnet and apron. After testing yarns, she found rug yarn worked best for hair; and pipe cleaners for arms.

Then a friend asked for some of the dolls to display with her antiques at a local bazaar. The antiques sold fair-to-middling, but the dolls were ordered and reordered. So far, no two dolls look alike because Peggy has over 50 swatches of gingham and calico fabrics and varied hair yarns, aprons, and bonnets. The dolls cost $4 each, including wrapping and mailing.

Peggy prefers to work on her projects when husband, John, real estate director for a large Maryland drug chain, is working late and Heidi is asleep, but when orders are heavy and must be filled on time, she steals minutes here and there from her already tight schedule. Last year (from September through December), she grossed about $600, which goes toward Heidi's future college expenses.

Our "How America Lives" pages are based entirely on letters from our readers. We welcome any and all suggestions you have. Address letters to the appropriate section: Family of the Month, Party of the Month, Spare-time Moneymaker, Women of the Month, Why Can't They?, and Baby of the Month. For the last, send us pictures of your baby, up to two years old, but please keep a duplicate since we cannot return pictures. We'll send an enlargement of all pictures we choose. Send letters to *Ladies' Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

BRINGING UP CHILDREN

continued from page 33

moral point. Fairytales are a different sort of fiction; like many tales in the Bible, they address themselves to mankind's eternal questions. Fairytales differ from Bible stories and myths, however, because they operate without the threat of any severe sanctions and without reference to God's majesty. Fairytales forego direct appeals to the conscience (superego), and address themselves to man's unconscious needs, desires, hopes, fears. Because fairytales avoid didacticism and moralizing, they can direct the child's development without coercing her into agreement. Permitting the child to draw her own conclusions, they help her along the way to true maturation.

Without fairytales and their encouraging messages, life can often seem unbearable to the young child. The pleasure she takes in fairytales is testimony to their capacity to lift humdrum life onto a higher plane, giving it symbolic significance—if only temporarily and in fantasy. A child deprived of fairytales is deprived of the fantasies they offer, the solutions they suggest, the deeper meaning of life they allude to while promising that it can be attained in the future. On the surface, these stories may seem reinforcements of irrationality; but on a deeper level they reveal truths to the child that she would be hard-pressed to find in other contexts. The fairytale permits the child to perceive such truths without her conscious awareness; by speaking directly to the child as a not-yet-rational being, they transmit what would otherwise be lost on her. Children cannot assimilate truths couched in adult terms; fairytales work because they depict the child's problems the way a child sees them.

For example, I know of no other story that better reflects the agonies of sibling rivalry for the young child than *Cinderella*. Cinderella is maltreated, degraded by more successful siblings, worthy of only the dirti work, and ignored and unrewar despite her efforts to please. Such the lot of the lot of the child rava by the miseries of sibling rivalry. exaggerated as the story may seem an adult, a child consumed by sibl rivalry finds himself in it: "That's —that's how they treat me, or wo want to if they could get away w it!" The fairytale gives visible expr sion to the child's true emotion; doesn't *feel* exaggerated to her. So fairytale is truer to life than life its and therefore the child can believe the solution it offers.

Having such feelings, all rational surances that she will grow up and as well as her siblings in time are sm comfort to the child. Such argume cannot lift her dejection—she isn' rationalist—but oh, look at Cinderell glowing metamorphosis! What a w derful vision of the future for a ch who feels downtrodden. Of course takes a miracle—a fairy godmother— perform the metamorphosis. The ch knows that neither she nor Cindere has what it takes to conquer oppr sion alone; but it *can* happen with h —as it happened to Cinderella.

If we protest that the story enco ages a child to seek unrealistic ma solutions, we should bear two facts mind: first, the youngster will in t normal course of events grow up a be successful—without the aid of fairy godmother. Second, the chil fears and depression, unrealistic our lights, cry out for a solution th will also be unrealistic by our ligh The story promises that things will better in the future, and its value li in the hope it gives the child. She w stop believing in fairy godmothers due course; woe unto her, however, she stops feeling hope. EN

Dr. Bettelheim will continue his di cussion of fairytales and their impo tance in his column next month, whe he analyzes Little Red Riding Hoo *and* Hansel and Gretel.



"You must be getting stronger. I can remember when $10's worth was the heaviest you could carry."



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231332* 231333 TEN YEARS AFTER — RECORDED LIVE — COUNTS AS TWO (COLUMBIA)

202796 RICHARD STRAUSS — Also Sprach Zarathustra — Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (COLUMBIA)

230235* LEE MICHAELS — Nice Day For Something (COLUMBIA)

219477 SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS (COLUMBIA)

229393* JEFF BECK TIM BOGERT CARMINE APPICE — Black Cat Moon (EPIC)

230144* ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST — A Little Night Music (COLUMBIA)

229310* CHARLIE McCOY — GOOD TIME CHARLIE — Orange Blossom Special (MONUMENT)

228692* DAWN featuring TONY ORLANDO — TUNEWEAVING (BELL)

230771* 230772 URIAH HEEP — LIVE Easy Livin' — COUNTS (Mercury)

185843 HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS — GREATEST HITS (A&M)

228585* SOUNDTRACK — GODSPELL (BELL)

230805* FOCUS — MOVING WAVES (SIRE)

229518* HUMBLE PIE — EAT IT Road Runner (A&M)

211284* VIKKI CARR — SUPERSTAR (COLUMBIA)

232165* The Partridge Family — Crossword Puzzle (BELL)

232199* LOBO • CALUMET — How Can I Tell Her (BIG TREE)

231084* CHARLIE RICH — Behind Closed Doors (EPIC)

222018 THE 5th DIMENSION — Greatest Hits On Earth (BELL)

230870* AL GREEN — CALL ME (HI)

230102* DOBIE GRAY — DRIFT AWAY (DECCA)

229401* RAY PRICE — She's Got To Be A Saint (COLUMBIA)

223644 MOODY BLUES — Days of Future Passed (DERAM)

221424 CHICAGO V — Saturday in the Park — State of the Union (COLUMBIA)

203539 CAROLE KING — Tapestry (ODE)

228155 ELTON JOHN — DON'T SHOOT ME I'M ONLY THE PIANO PLAYER (MCA)

228288* THE BUDDY MILES BAND — CHAPTER VII — L.A. Resurrection (COLUMBIA)

227496* THE STATLER BROTHERS — SING COUNTRY SYMPHONIES IN E MAJOR (Mercury)

227900* PERCY FAITH • CLAIR — Also Sprach Zarathustra (2001) — Dueling Banjos • 9 MORE (COLUMBIA)

211565 NEIL DIAMOND — GOLD (UNI)

223826 SANTANA — CARAVANSERAI (COLUMBIA)

224758* LYNN ANDERSON'S GREATEST HITS (COLUMBIA)

186809 SIMON & GARFUNKEL — Bridge Over Troubled Water (COLUMBIA)

228791* EDDY ARNOLD — So Many Ways/If The Whole World Stopped Lovin' (MGM)

227439* TAMMY WYNETTE — KIDS SAY THE DARNDEST THINGS (EPIC)

225631* MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA — BIRDS OF FIRE (COLUMBIA)

213538 PAUL SIMON — Me and Julio Down by The Schoolyard (COLUMBIA)

220038* Ferrante & Teicher — Play The Hit Themes (UA)

196246 Sly & The Family Stone — GREATEST HITS (EPIC)

226639* RAMSEY LEWIS — FUNKY SERENITY (COLUMBIA)

227322* JOHNNY MATHIS — ME AND MRS. JONES (COLUMBIA)

231605* CARLOS SANTANA — MAHAVISHNU JOHN McLAUGHLIN — LOVE DEVOTION SURRENDER (COLUMBIA)

229526 THE BEST OF BREAD — If/Make It With You (ELEKTRA)

224485* The Edgar Winter Group — THEY ONLY COME OUT AT NIGHT (EPIC)

230938* DONALD BYRD — BLACK BYRD (BLUE NOTE)

225862 THE MOODY BLUES — SEVENTH SOJOURN — Isn't Life Strange (THRESHOLD)

230839* Sergio Mendes And Brazil '77 — LOVE MUSIC (BELL)

229211* DONNY OSMOND — ALONE TOGETHER (MGM)

229823* THE O'JAYS — IN PHILADELPHIA (PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL)

226332-226333 NEIL DIAMOND — HOT AUGUST NIGHT — COUNTS TWO (MCA)

230136* BILLY PAUL — EBONY WOMAN (PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL)

228163 JUDY COLLINS — True Stories And Other Dreams (ELEKTRA)

187161 MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR'S GREATEST HITS, Vol. 3 (COLUMBIA)

228247* TAMMY WYNETTE — THE FIRST SONGS OF THE FIRST LADY (EPIC)

222646 ANDY WILLIAMS — ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY) (COLUMBIA)

227207* EUMIR DEODATO — PRELUDE (CTI)

227447* THE BEST OF MOUNTAIN (COLUMBIA)

220095 BOBBY GOLDSBORO — Greatest Hits (UA)

227371* JIM CROCE — LIFE AND TIMES — Bad Bad Leroy Brown (ABC)

227488* FARON YOUNG — THIS TIME THE HURTIN'S ON ME (Mercury)

187088 BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS (COLUMBIA)

225102* JOHNNY NASH — I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW — STIR IT UP (EPIC)

224584* BOOTS RANDOLPH — PLAYS THE GREAT HITS OF TODAY (MONUMENT)

223164* TOM T. HALL — GREATEST HITS (MERCURY)

222679* INSIDE THE MIND OF BILL COSBY (UNI)

206573 ROD STEWART — Every Picture Tells A Story (Mercury)

227074 (SOUNDTRACK) LOST HORIZON — MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY Burt Bacharach (BELL)

227066* RAY CONNIFF — I Can See Clearly Now (COLUMBIA)

...look at this great selection of recorded entertainment—available in your choice of records *or* tapes! Just mail the application form together with your check or money order for $3.97 to order your 11 stereo tapes or records (be sure to indicate whether you want cartridges, cassettes, reel-to-reel tapes *or* records). In exchange . . .

You agree to buy just eight more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years and you may cancel your membership at any time after doing so.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment...and the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes, $6.98; reel tapes, $7.98; records, $4.98 or $5.98...plus processing and postage. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: Every four weeks you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. (Since you'll receive 13 informative magazines a year, you'll always be up-to-date on the most current hits.)

. **if you do not want any selection offered,** just mail the response card provided by the date specified (you'll have at least ten days in which to make your decision)

. . . **if you want only the Selection of the Month** for your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically (naturally, you may return the regular selection at our expense and for full credit if you did not have at least ten days in which to decide)

. . . **if you want any of the other selections offered,** just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified

. . . **and about four times a year,** we will also offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices), which you may reject by mailing the special dated form provided...or accept by simply doing nothing.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement—a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. So don't delay—act now!

Columbia House
Terre Haute Indiana 47808

If card is missing, write to Columbia Record and Tape Club, Dept. 1AK, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.



Birth Control without Hormones

EMKO is a highly effective spermicide in an aerosol foam that is deposited at the opening of the uterus with an applicator. The foam blocks the sperm while the spermicide kills them on contact.

EMKO contains no hormones and does not enter the circulation system or affect your body chemistry.

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Recommended by physicians. It is highly effective, but so safe and simple to use you can buy it at drug departments without a prescription.

THE EMKO COMPANY ■ ST. LOUIS, MO.



THE WORKING WOMAN

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

If you know what to look for, employment agencies can lead you to the job you want. Here are some important points on how these agencies can help or hinder the job hunter.

I have a warm spot in my heart for employment agencies. In the summer of 1956 I sought an agency's help in finding my first paid job. After assessing my interests and my meager skills, an agency placement counselor referred me to a "Gal Friday" position at a book publishing company. Though the job only paid $55 a week, it was exactly the work I wanted and it launched me on a satisfying business career. In subsequent years, other personnel agencies helped me switch jobs to upgrade myself. And when I was in the position of hiring people myself, I found a few agencies that could be counted upon to send suitable candidates.

Other women have had somewhat different experiences. Their complaints about private employment agencies range from outright sex discrimination (all female applicants get typing tests) to age discrimination (a key problem for women returning to the work force) to ineptitude (sending applicants on wild goose chases, losing résumés, mismatching the person and the job).

Each year America's nearly 10,000 personnel agencies place about 4 million people in new jobs. Despite testimony about their occasional abuses, agencies can serve even more job hunters—particularly the upward-bound working woman who knows what to expect.

How Employment Agencies Operate. Instead of interviewing every candidate for a job opening (which would take company time and staff) the company may list a job order with an agency, noting all the specifics: salary, benefits, duties, experience, education required, etc.

If you have registered with the agency because it specializes in placements in your field or because you have answered the agency's ad for a specific job, your card is kept on file. If you are "marketable" you are sent out on as many interviews as it takes to land you the job you want. Usually, your card is kept alive for 30 days from the date of your last contact with the agency.

Good agencies function as a two-way screening process: they review applicants to find the most likely prospects for a company's needs, and they comb through job orders to find the best position for *your* needs. The agency works best when it has adequate information about your experience, qualifications, and personality. You should tell them everything you consider important in a job. Do you prefer a small company? Are you willing to travel? Must you take your vacations in summer? Do you work well under pressure? Are you willing to work in any industry? Can you work overtime if necessary?

Robert A. Marcus of the Sloan Personnel Agency and president of the Association of Personnel Agencies of New York, estimates that an agency counselor spends about 15 minutes interviewing an applicant who is interested in a clerical level job, and from 30-60 minutes interviewing a professional or middle-management person.

Rudy Schott, president of F-o-r-t-u-n-e Personnel Agency, emphasizes that a complete and meaningful job order can't be taken down in a five-minute conversation with a company. "We help employers widen their vision and keep the job description more flexible," he says. "That helps us enlarge the applicant's opportunities and choices."

If you consider using an agency's services, check whether the job you are interested in requires that you pay the agency's commission. Recently the trend has been toward "Fee Paid" services, where the employer pays the agency's finder's fee. The ad or the job order card must contain this information. In some cases fees are split between you and the employer, while other jobs require you to pay the entire commission. Agency commissions are controlled by the laws of your state. You should see the rates and sign a contract with the agency in advance so that your fee responsibility is clear from the start.

A University of Michigan study found that private employment agencies placed 45 percent of the workers surveyed, and that 59 percent of the agencies' applicants found the kinds of jobs they wanted.

What to watch for. In the best of all possible worlds, agencies acting as matchmakers would marry the right person to the right job and everyone would live happily ever after. Unfortunately, despite against sex discrimination (T VII of the Federal Civil Ri Act), despite the Age Discrim tion in Employment Act, and spite your state's human rights l discrimination may still thre the perfect union between you the job you want. Here are the tential problem areas.

(1) *Job advertising:* Title VII most state laws prohibit emplo employment agencies, and u from classifying jobs by sex, u the job has a bona fide occupati qualification (BFOQ)—like a s dress model. Many newspa have voluntarily discontinued separated "male" and "female" umns in their job classified sect Other papers print a disclaimer ing that they have separate colu "for convenience" but that a pe may apply for any job regardle sex. In the Pittsburgh *Press* case June, the Supreme Court ruled stitutional a Pennsylvania law had been interpreted to pro separate columns. But the c will have to decide whether n papers can be prosecuted unde tle VII when there is no such prohibition.

Even though a newspaper is an employer, agency, or unio specified by Title VII, the E Employment Opportunity Com sion (EEOC) guidelines recog that its sex-specific job columns the effect of discriminating.

If your newspaper lists jobs "male" and "female" headings, *regard* them. If an agency speci ing in management jobs (or e neering, law, architecture, etc.) such jobs in the "male" section not let this have a chilling effec your aspirations. Register whatever agency handles the gory of work that you are traine do, or are interested in.

While agencies aren't respons for a newspaper's policies, they control the copy in their own Most agencies are careful to ask a "person" or "individual." Ho er, in a recent Sunday paper I f several ads in direct violation o laws against sex discrimination

"Secy. #2 gal for 1# M "Asst. Acct. Exec. Pharm ag needs detail man." "Dental Tec cian. Head, Crown, & Bridge m "Dictaphone. Vogue appearanc must." "Exec. secy who want become involved in her work."

Asking for a man, boy, or g a flagrant violation—but you sh watch for subtle, tricky uses of language that hint at the desired Just ignore them. A woman sh not be put off by traditional r code words like "a real shirtsle position," or "must have dyna aggressive personality," or "mili experience preferred."

According to A. Bernard Fre

Letty Cottin Pogrebin, 34, is thor, wife, and mother of th During her 13-year business ca she rose from file clerk to vice-p ident—and she wrote a best-sel book: How to Make It In a M World. *Although Ms. Pogr reads all reader letters, she reg that time does not permit he respond personally.*

general counsel to Third National loyment Association, generic job such as "salesman," draftsman," ameraman" are acceptable under aw—except in New Jersey, where exed" language is required.

wer-level jobs often emphasize the atmosphere—"plush offices"—or qualities of the boss—"groovy vice ." Don't be duped. Better jobs s duties, salary, and promotion.

n abuse that affects both sexes is 'lure" ad. In a 1971 investigation, Better Government Association, ago's civic watchdog group, found 13 employment agencies regularly rtised nonexistent glamour jobs—uently promising women exciting nes jobs. When an applicant came he agency office, she was told that didn't fit the job, and she was tched" to a lesser position. Unless gitimate job order from a real com-y backs up every ad listing, an ncy can lose its license.

Job orders and referrals: An em-ment agency cannot accept any job r specifying sex unless sex is a OQ. In a 1973 survey, the National anization for Women (NOW) and erican Jewish Congress (AJC) men's Division found that 82 per-t of the agencies in New York, ago, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles re ready and willing to accept job ers specifying male applicants" for itions as management trainees, sys-s analysts, and retail merchandise nagers. In response to the study, . Attorney General Louis J. Lefko-z filed charges against 118 agencies. Employment spokesmen contend t the survey was inconclusive and sponsible because no "real" job or-s were placed. The NOW group phoned agencies about an anony-us company that would soon need llege men," "fellas," or "guys" for se job categories. NOW and AJC im that only 13 agencies refused to ept the discriminatory job order.

Sex-segregated treatment within employment agency: Jacqueline dford, Deputy EEOC Director for northwestern region, says that they ve found agencies with a male staff male applicants, counselors who n't refer women for technical jobs, ncies who file applications by sex, d even a few agencies with separate iting rooms and separate entrances male and female job hunters.

Mistreatment of this kind is on the line. However, deeply held sexist itudes are not rare at all. If an agen-placement counselor reacts in a sex-fashion to something you've written your application or said during the erview you may be a victim of dis-mination. For example, you should t be asked what child-care arrange-nts you've made for your two-year-d. That's none of the agency's busi-ss. And if they think a 40-year-old man is too old to be a management ainee that's *their* problem. Unless in-rmation is *job-related*, you need not ovide it. If you are applying for an ecutive job no one need know your ping speed.

4. General malpractice: Since an ency's service may cost you money, d since its efforts may mean the fference between work and welfare in ur life, you should choose one with re. Agencies who scour the job mar-t, train their counselors well, and eat applicants with respect can be a great help. But an agency is only as effective as the counselor who helps *you*.

That's why so many agencies now carry "Errors and Omissions" insurance to cover liability for their own employees' mistakes. Eileen Lesberg, who specializes in this form of insurance, describes what can go wrong: "Lawsuits occur when counselors fail to check references, when they omit pertinent data about an applicant, or send a person's résumé to their current employer by accident or misrepresent the nature of a job to an applicant."

These errors may be rare but it can't hurt for you to double-check and ask questions to be sure your situation is being handled properly.

Image and Reality. While women and activist groups are scrutinizing agencies' practices, the industry claims to be policing itself twice as rigorously. Its ethics committee surveys ads and even turns wrongdoers over to law enforcement agencies. The local and national associations of agencies hold seminars and workshops and circulate booklets on laws of discrimination. Individual agencies require their counselors to sign pledges of proper conduct and statements reaffirming their understanding of the laws.

Until these efforts filter down to every individual placement counselor, the best safeguard against discrimination and *(continued on page 125)*

Coty Says:

FREEDOM-OF-CHOICE FOR LIPS

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Four formidable formulas. 97 creams and frosts in all. Every texture tempting. Every shade a conversation piece.

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For you fashion fanatics, here's a rich young thing loaded with a wealth of cream.
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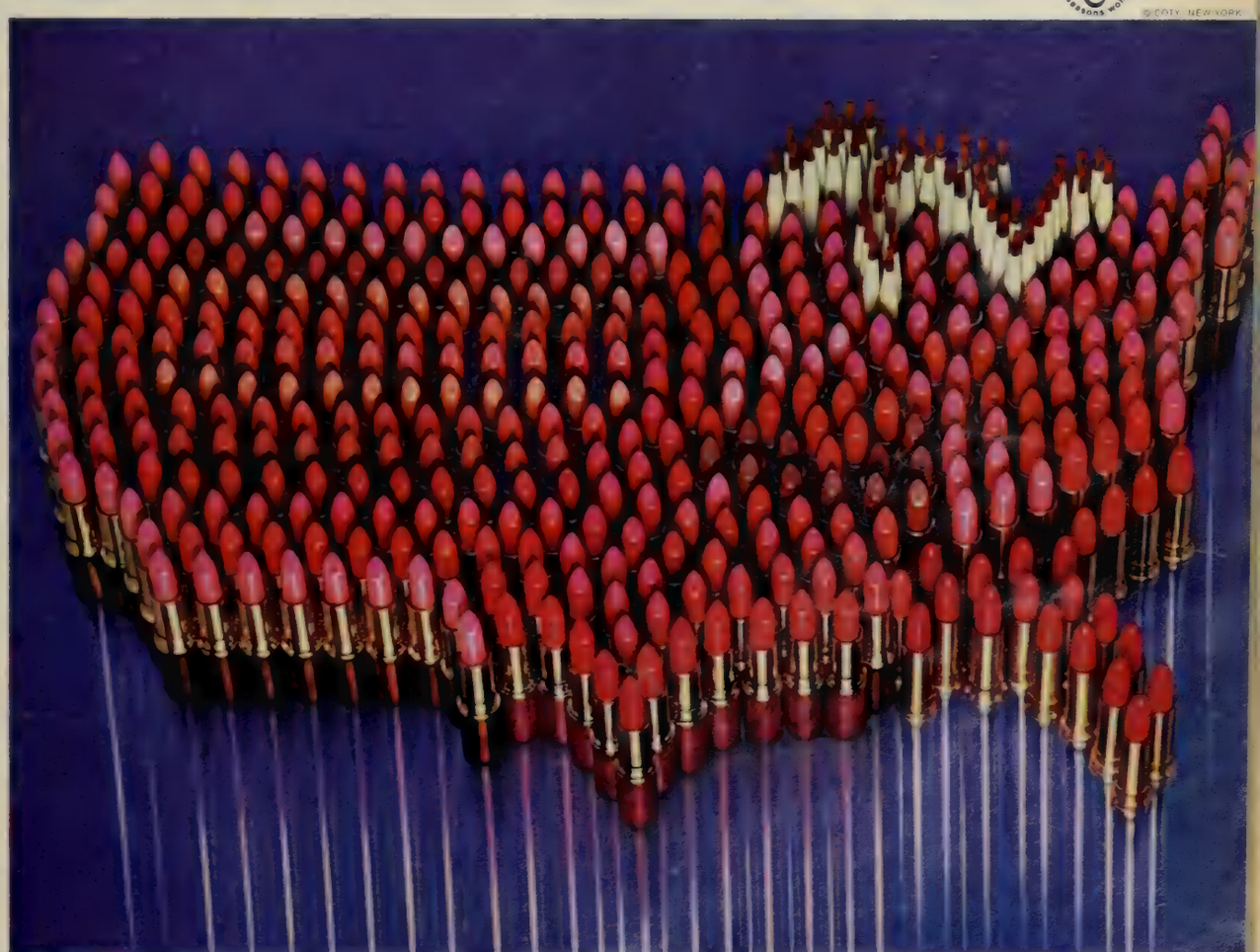
COTY 24
If you're longing for a lipstick that wears, wear this. The voluptuous shades cling lovingly.

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This flowing lipstick brims with pure color and shine. Brushes on easily. Makes up a mouth you'll be proud of.

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Grant G. Simmons, Jr., Chairman of the Board

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3. You can rely upon a complete selection of Beautyrest in all sizes and firmnesses at the Beautyrest Headquarters listed on the opposite page.

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eerfield Beach: Nielsen's Furniture
elray Beach: J.J. Cater Furniture
Lauderdale: Burdine's
Carl's Furniture
Grosse Pointe Furniture
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Rome: Bill Fricks Furn.
Savannah: Dixie Furniture Mart
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Thomasville: W. Feinberg & Son

Indiana
Anderson: Leath & Co.
Clarksville: Sleep Mart
Dunkirk: Stewart Bros. Furn.
Gas City: Webb Furniture
Greencastle: Horace Link
Greenwood: L.S. Ayres
Indianapolis: Kittle's
L.S. Ayres
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Kokomo: Leath & Co.
Lafayette: Leath & Co.
Marion: Leath & Co.
Montepelier: Webb Furniture

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Frostberg: Kline Furniture
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The Hecht Co.
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Milmont Park: Jerry Hampton
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Ogdensburg: Sperling's Furniture
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Stack's Furniture
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Waynesville: Artmore Furniture
Pearlman Furniture
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Kettering: Day's Carriage House
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Lima: Dayton Town & Country Furn.
Louisville: Paquelet's Furn.
Springfield: Rike's Upper Valley Mall

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Wolf Furniture
Ambridge: Economy Furniture
Baden: Batchelor Furniture
Barnesboro: Wolf Furniture
Bedford: Wolf Furniture
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Du Bois: Wolf Furniture
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Reliable Home Furnishing
Everett: H.C. Sleighter
Wolf Furniture
Franklin: Wolf Furniture
Hollidaysburg: Wolf Furniture
Johnstown: Penn Traffic
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Lewiston: B.W. Kauffman
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Gimbels
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Gimbels
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Phillipsburg: Wolf Furniture
Pittsburgh: Gaymar Company
Gimbels
Gordon Furn.
Hahn Furniture
Kaufmann's
Portage: Wolf Furniture
Roaring Springs:
Long's Home Furnishings
Rochester: Kaufmann's
St. Mary's: Wolf Furniture
Sharon: Strouss'
Springfield: Drexel Hill Furn.
State College: O.W. Houts & Son
Penn Traffic
Wolf Furniture
Tyrone: Wolf Furniture
Uniontown: Opall's Furniture
Whitehall: Stern Furniture
Wilkinsburg: Faller Furniture
Windber: Wolf Furniture

South Carolina
Anderson: Armstrong Wayside Furn.
Rhodes Furniture
Charleston: Haverty Furniture
Rhodes, Inc.
Southeastern Galleries
Columbia: Davison's
J.B. White's
Easley: Rhodes Furniture
Greenville: Rhodes Furniture
Belk-Simpson
Greenwood: Rhodes Furniture
Greer: Bonds Furniture
Landrum: Carruth Furniture
Laurens: Rhodes Furniture
Prosperity: Prosperity Furn.
Sludek: Rhodes Furniture

Tennessee
Bristol: Ball Bros. Furniture
Chatanooga: Fowler Brothers
Hub Furniture
Loveman's
Cleveland: Hub Furniture
Elizabethton: Ball Brothers Furniture
Greenville: Ball Brothers Furniture
Johnson City: Ball Brothers Furniture
Kingsport: Ball Brothers Furniture
Lexington: Thomas Furniture
McMinnville: Fraley's Furn. Co.
Nashville: Beesley Furniture
Cain Sloan
Harley Holt Furniture
Harveys
H. Brown & Co.
Morris Furniture
Payne Furniture
Paris: Baxter Clark
Red Bank: Hub Furniture

Virginia
Alexandria: The Hecht Co.—Landmark
W. & J. Sloane
Woodward & Lothrop
Annandale: Curtis Bros.
Arlington: Colony House
The Hecht Co. Plaza
Kann's
The Sleep Shop
Bowling Green:
Gallahan's Coach House Furn.
Charlottesville:
Gilmore, Hamm & Snyder
M.C. Thomas Furn.
Courtland: The Waverly Shop
Covington: Grand Piano & Furn.
Culpeper: Gallahan's Furniture
Danville: Clements & Parket
Fairfax: Miller & Wrenn Furniture
Falls Church: Levitz Furniture
W. & J. Sloane
Woodward & Lothrop
Fredericksburg: Gallahan's Whse.
Gallahan's Furn. & Appl.
White & Weeks Furn.
Front Royal: E. & O. Furniture
Hampton: Brittingham Furniture
Ed. Legum Furniture
Midway Stores
Wythe House
Harrisonburg: Grand Piano & Furn.
Schewel Furniture
Sellers Furniture
Hopewell: Butterworth Furniture
Lexington: Grand Piano & Furn.
Lynchburg: Grand Piano & Furn.
McGehee Furniture
Reams & Company
Marion: Scott Furniture
Martinsville: Grand Piano & Furn.
House of Furniture
McLean:
The Hecht Co.—Tysons Corner
Woodward & Lothrop
Newport News: Brittingham Furn.
Greene Furniture
Miller & Rutledge
Powell's Furniture
R.R. Jones Furniture
Wythe House
Norfolk: Carload Furniture Center
Fivel Furniture
High Point Factory Outlet
Louis Legum Furn.
Oakdale Furniture
Satterfield Bros.
Willis Wayside
Petersburg: Butterworth Furniture
The Harlow-Hardy
Portsmouth: Channel Furniture
Louis Legum Furn.
M.M. Crockin
Midway Stores
S. Lasting & Bros.
Pulaski: Grand Piano & Furn.
Radford: Grand Piano & Furn.
Richmond: Colony House Furniture
Jack Thompson Furniture
Miller & Rhoads
Rountree Furniture
Roanoke: Grand Piano & Furn.
Salem: Colony Manor Furn.
Stephenson & Aldridge
Smithfield: Gale Company
South Boston: Canada Furn. Galleries
Staunton: Augusta Furniture
Grand Piano & Furn.
Suffolk: I.O. Hill & Co.
Virginia Beach: Louis Legum Furn.
Willis Furniture At Hilltop
Willis Wayside
Waynesboro: Augusta Furniture
Grand Piano & Furn.
J.L. Barksdale Furn.
Winchester: Grand Piano & Furn.
Woodbridge:
Stephen's Towne & Country
Woodstock: Beidler's Furn.
Wytheville: Bill King's Wayside

West Virginia
Beckley: Ballengee Furniture
John W. Eye Co.
Bluefield: Larry Helms Furniture
McQuails Inc.
Buckhannon: Appliance & Furn. Inc.
Clarksburg: Palace Furniture
Grafton: J. Lee Evans Furn.
Keyser: Wolf Furniture
Martinsburg: Andrews Furniture
Morgantown: Loving Furniture
Oak Hill: Lee's
Princeton: Tomchin Furniture
Wheeling: Leeds
Stone & Thomas
Williamson: B. & L. Furniture



BEAUTYREST BY SIMMONS
THE OVERNIGHT VACATION

THE COMPUTER DIET

SAFE, SIMPLE! LOSE THE WEIGHT YOU WANT IN THE TIME YOU WANT

This fail-safe system, devised by an engineer who has made a study of weight loss, lets you determine how many pounds you should lose—then gives you four diets (with menus) to shed weight as quickly as you wish. By Vincent Antonetti.

Approximately 60,000,000 people in the United States are overweight to some extent. Why? The main culprit is modern technology—the technology that developed farm machinery, the automobile, the dishwasher: the technology that revolutionized food production and created our modern energy-saving devices. We now live in a food-abundant society in which hard physical activity is, for most people, a thing of the past. All of this has resulted in an overweight population.

I admit that the engineer is responsible for much of the modern technology that has made it so tragically easy for so many people to be overweight. It is perhaps fitting that it is an engineer who provides you with this Computer Diet—a means to erase these previous technological "gains." The use of the modern digital computer to provide the data for this diet system represents what I deem constructive technology.

I began my research for this weight-loss by reading extensively in the fields of physiology and nutrition. I learned that there are two different schools of thought concerning the nature of weight loss. One view argues that "calories do count"—that weight loss is governed by the law of conservation of energy: that is, if you eat fewer calories than you use up, you will lose weight. The contrary view is that certain foods or food combinations have qualities that cause weight to be lost more rapidly than would be predicted by the law of conservation of energy.

I appraised the evidence on both sides and I became convinced that the "calories-do-count" group was right. I further reasoned that if the law of conservation of energy does apply to human metabolism, it should be possible to do a mathematical analysis of weight change as a function of—at the very least—age, sex, height, weight, amount of physical activity, caloric intake, and time. Unfortunately, the relationship of these factors to weight change had never been mathematically established. With the background I had acquired in physiology and nutrition, plus my engineering-mathematics training and experience, I developed mathematical formulas involved in weight changes, which were then published in the *American Journal of Clinical Nutrition*. Those formulas are the basis of the Computer Diet. Don't let the words "Computer Diet" mislead you. What follows is not one rigid diet that must be strictly followed, but many diet options from which you may choose.

(continued)

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WEIGHT LOSS CALORIE TABLE

Activity Level I (Light activity: Seated a major portion of the day. About four hours of standing and walking. Office workers, etc.)

AGE: 18–35 YRS. HEIGHT: 4′ 11″–5′ 5″

WT. LOSS	DIET CALORIES	PRESENT WEIGHT LBS. 110	120	130	140	160	180	200
5	900	19	17	16	15	13	11	10
5	1200	28	24	21	19	16	14	12
5	1500	49	39	32	28	22	18	15
5	1800	210	99	66	49	33	25	20
10	900	40	36	33	30	26	23	21
10	1200	58	50	44	40	33	29	25
10	1500	106	82	68	58	45	37	32
10	1800		234	145	106	70	52	42
15	900		55	51	46	40	36	32
15	1200		78	69	62	51	44	39
15	1500		132	107	91	70	57	49
15	1800			245	172	110	81	65
20	900		76	69	63	55	48	44
20	1200		108	95	85	70	60	53
20	1500		188	151	126	93	78	66
20	1800			380	252	154	113	89
30	900			109	100	86	75	67
30	1200			153	135	110	94	82
30	1500			257	209	155	124	104
30	1800					261	183	142
40	900				140	119	104	92
40	1200				193	155	130	113
40	1500				315	223	175	145
40	1800						267	203
50	900				185	155	134	119
50	1200				262	205	170	147
50	1500					306	233	190
50	1800						374	273
60	900				237	195	168	148
60	1200				348	264	215	183
60	1500						302	242
60	1800							357

AGE: 18–35 YRS. HEIGHT: 5′ 6″–6′ 0″

WT. LOSS	DIET CALORIES	PRESENT WEIGHT LBS. 130	140	150	160	180	200	220
5	900	14	13	12	12	10	9	9
5	1200	19	17	16	15	13	11	10
5	1500	27	24	21	19	16	14	12
5	1800	48	39	32	28	22	18	15
10	900	30	28	26	24	22	20	18
10	1200	39	36	33	30	26	23	21
10	1500	57	50	44	40	33	29	25
10	1800	104	82	68	58	45	37	32
20	900		58	54	51	45	41	37
20	1200		76	69	63	55	48	43
20	1500		108	94	84	70	60	52
20	1800		186	150	126	96	78	66
30	900			85	79	70	63	57
30	1200			109	100	85	75	67
30	1500			152	135	110	93	82
30	1800			255	208	154	124	104
40	900				110	96	86	78
40	1200				140	119	104	92
40	1500				192	155	130	113
40	1800				313	222	175	145
50	900					125	111	100
50	1200					155	134	119
50	1500					205	170	146
50	1800					305	233	190
60	900					155	137	124
60	1200					195	168	148
60	1500					263	215	183
60	1800						301	241
70	900						166	149
70	1200						204	178
70	1500						265	223
70	1800						383	300

AGE: 36–55 YRS. HEIGHT: 4′ 11″–5′ 5″

WT. LOSS	DIET CALORIES	PRESENT WEIGHT LBS. 110	120	130	140	160	180	200
5	900	20	18	17	15	13	12	10
5	1200	30	26	23	20	17	14	13
5	1500	56	43	35	30	23	19	16
5	1800		134	80	57	37	27	22
10	900	42	38	34	32	27	24	22
10	1200	62	54	47	42	35	30	26
10	1500	122	92	75	63	48	39	33
10	1800		341	181	125	78	57	45
15	900		58	53	49	42	37	33
15	1200		84	73	65	54	46	40
15	1500		149	118	99	75	61	51
15	1800			316	205	123	89	70
20	900		80	72	66	57	50	45
20	1200		116	101	90	74	63	55
20	1500		215	168	138	103	83	70
20	1800				306	174	123	96
30	900			115	105	89	78	70
30	1200			164	144	116	98	85
[illegible]	[illegible]			290	231	167	132	110
[illegible]	[illegible]					299	202	154
[illegible]	[illegible]				147	124	108	96
[illegible]	[illegible]				207	164	137	118
[illegible]	[illegible]				353	242	187	154
[illegible]	[illegible]						298	220
[illegible]	[illegible]				194	162	140	124
[illegible]	[illegible]				282	218	179	154
[illegible]	[illegible]					335	251	202
[illegible]	[illegible]							299
60	[illegible]				249	204	175	154
60	[illegible]				377	281	227	192
60	1500						326	258
60	1800							395

AGE: 36–55 YRS. HEIGHT: 5′ 6″–6′ 0″

WT. LOSS	DIET CALORIES	PRESENT WEIGHT LBS. 130	140	150	160	180	200	220
5	900	16	14	13	13	11	10	9
5	1200	21	19	17	16	14	12	11
5	1500	32	27	24	21	18	15	13
5	1800	63	48	38	32	25	20	17
10	900	32	30	28	26	23	21	19
10	1200	44	39	36	33	28	25	22
10	1500	66	57	50	44	37	31	27
10	1800	138	102	82	68	51	41	35
20	900		63	58	54	48	43	39
20	1200		83	75	69	59	52	46
20	1500		124	107	95	77	65	57
20	1800		241	184	150	110	88	73
30	900			91	85	74	67	61
30	1200			119	109	92	81	72
30	1500			174	152	122	102	89
30	1800			323	253	179	140	115
40	900				118	103	92	83
40	1200				153	129	112	99
40	1500				219	172	143	123
40	1800				392	261	199	162
50	900					133	118	106
50	1200					168	145	128
50	1500					229	188	160
50	1800					364	267	213
60	900					165	146	131
60	1200					212	181	159
60	1500					296	238	200
60	1800						349	272
70	900						177	158
70	1200						221	192
70	1500						295	245
70	1800							341

Values in table: time in days to lose weight indicated.

"It's time somebody told you the difference between creme rinses, balsams, and Clairol's condition.*"

Julius Caruso

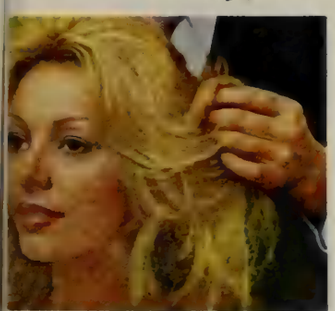


"With all the hair products around, it's easy to get a little confused.

What's what, what's for what? I'd like to help clear up some of the confusion.

Creme rinses are meant for removing after-shampoo snarls. But they make hair soft, very soft. And can take the body out with the tangles. They're fine for smoothing normal hair but don't expect a miracle.

Balsam conditioners are a type of creme rinse. They contain extra emollients to lubricate hair, and are a quick treatment meant for after-shampoo. And since shampooing can remove hair oils, they have their purpose.



It takes condition* to solve this problem.

But balsams can soften hair till it's limp and hard to keep set.

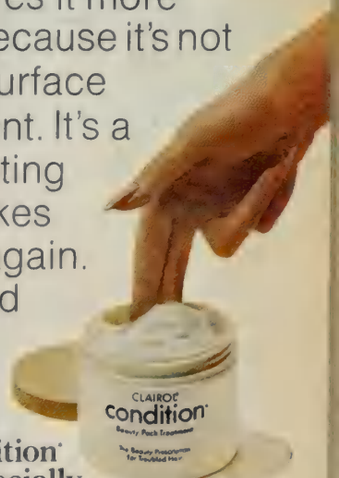
Like creme rinses, they have a surface effect and are not specifically formulated for damaged hair.

Instant leave-in conditioners such as body building products and texturizers are made with a resin base. They coat each hair strand to help it hold a set. The resins added to your hair give it the appearance of being thicker.

These products give hairstyles more hold but aren't meant for damaged hair.

Only condition* Beauty Pack Treatment from Clairol is specifically formulated for damaged hair. Gives it more body because it's not just a surface treatment. It's a penetrating protein-rich cream that makes hair look and feel healthy again.

Gives your hair shine and manageability. Doesn't leave it feeling limp and oily as balsams and creme rinses can.



Only condition* is specially made for damaged hair.

So don't confuse all the conditioners, creme rinses, balsams, and other body builders with condition.* When it comes to damaged hair, the quickie treatments just can't compete with protein-rich condition.*"



condition*

The professional treatment for mistreated hair.

Available in cream pack. Or instant lotion for touch-ups.

*TM © 1973 CLAIROL INC.

DESIRABLE WEIGHT CHART

HEIGHT (WITHOUT SHOES)	WEIGHT (WITHOUT CLOTHING) SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME		WEIGHT (WITHOUT CLOTHING) SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME
5 FEET	100	109	118	5 FEET 7 INCHES	123	132	142
5 FEET 1 INCH	104	112	121	5 FEET 8 INCHES	126	136	146
5 FEET 2 INCHES	107	115	125	5 FEET 9 INCHES	130	140	151
5 FEET 3 INCHES	110	118	128	5 FEET 10 INCHES	133	144	156
5 FEET 4 INCHES	113	122	132	5 FEET 11 INCHES	137	148	161
5 FEET 5 INCHES	116	125	135	6 FEET	141	152	166
5 FEET 6 INCHES	120	129	139	(Adapted from U.S. Department of Agriculture Home and Garden Bulletin No. 74.)			

WEIGHT LOSS CALORIE TABLE

Activity Level II (Moderate activity: Stands as often as is seated. Teachers, sales clerks, active housewives, etc.)

AGE: 18–35 YRS. HEIGHT: 4′ 11″–5′ 5″

WT. LOSS	DIET CALORIES	PRESENT WEIGHT LBS. 110	120	130	140	160	180	200
5	900	16	15	13	12	11	10	9
5	1200	22	19	17	16	13	11	10
5	1500	34	28	24	21	17	14	12
5	1800	73	50	39	31	23	18	15
10	900	34	31	28	26	22	20	18
10	1200	46	40	36	32	27	24	21
10	1500	72	59	50	44	35	29	25
10	1800	168	110	83	67	48	38	31
15	900		47	43	40	34	30	27
15	1200		63	56	50	42	36	32
15	1500		94	79	68	54	45	39
15	1800		184	134	106	75	59	48
20	900		65	59	54	47	41	37
20	1200		87	77	69	57	49	43
20	1500		132	110	94	74	61	53
20	1800		279	194	150	104	81	66
30	900			93	85	73	64	57
30	1200			123	110	90	77	68
30	1500			183	154	118	97	82
30	1800			362	261	172	129	105
40	900				120	102	89	79
40	1200				156	127	107	93
40	1500				227	169	136	114
40	1800					255	186	147
50	900				158	133	115	102
50	1200				211	168	140	121
50	1500				321	229	180	150
50	1800					366	253	196
60	900				202	167	143	126
60	1200				277	214	177	151
60	1500					302	231	189
60	1800						336	252

AGE: 18–35 YRS. HEIGHT: 5′ 6″–6′ 0″

WT. LOSS	DIET CALORIES	PRESENT WEIGHT LBS. 130	140	150	160	180	200	220
5	900	12	12	11	10	9	8	7
5	1200	16	14	13	12	11	9	8
5	1500	21	19	17	15	13	11	10
5	1800	32	27	23	20	16	14	12
10	900	26	24	22	21	19	17	15
10	1200	33	30	27	25	22	19	18
10	1500	44	39	35	32	27	23	20
10	1800	68	56	48	42	34	28	25
20	900		50	47	44	39	35	32
20	1200		63	57	53	46	41	37
20	1500		84	74	67	56	48	43
20	1800		124	105	91	72	60	51
30	900			73	68	60	54	49
30	1200			91	83	72	63	56
30	1500			119	106	88	76	65
30	1800			173	147	114	94	80
40	900				95	83	74	67
40	1200				116	99	87	78
40	1500				151	123	105	92
40	1800				215	163	132	112
50	900					108	96	86
50	1200					130	113	100
50	1500					163	137	119
50	1800					220	175	146
60	900					134	119	107
60	1200					163	140	124
60	1500					207	172	148
60	1800					288	223	184
70	900						143	128
70	1200						171	150
70	1500						212	180
70	1800						280	226

AGE: 36–55 YRS. HEIGHT: 4′ 11″–5′ 5″

WT. LOSS	DIET CALORIES	PRESENT WEIGHT LBS. 110	120	130	140	160	180	200
5	900	17	15	14	13	11	10	9
5	1200	23	20	18	16	14	12	10
5	1500	37	30	26	22	18	15	13
5	1800	90	58	43	35	25	19	16
10	900	35	32	29	27	23	20	18
10	1200	49	43	38	34	28	25	22
10	1500	80	64	54	47	37	31	26
10	1800	214	129	93	73	52	40	33
15	900		49	45	41	36	31	28
15	1200		66	59	53	44	38	33
15	1500		102	85	73	57	47	40
15	1800		219	152	117	81	62	51
20	900		68	61	56	48	43	38
20	1200		92	81	72	60	51	45
20	1500		144	119	101	78	64	55
20	1800		344	223	167	113	86	70
30	900			97	89	76	66	59
30	1200			130	115	94	80	70
30	1500			190	156	125	102	86
30	1800				297	187	136	111
40	900				124	105	92	81
40	1200				165	133	112	97
40	1500				246	180	143	120
40	1800					271	200	157
50	900				165	139	119	105
50	1200				223	176	146	126
50	1500				352	244	190	157
50	1800					334	248	198
60	900				211	178	153	134
60	1200				295	227	178	152
60	1500					328	244	189
60	1800						301	230

AGE: 36–55 YRS. HEIGHT: 5′ 6″–6′ 0″

WT. LOSS	DIET CALORIES	PRESENT WEIGHT LBS. 130	140	150	160	180	200	220
5	900	13	12	11	11	9	8	8
5	1200	17	15	14	13	11	10	9
5	1500	24	21	18	17	14	12	11
5	1800	38	31	26	23	18	15	13
10	900	28	26	24	22	20	18	16
10	1200	35	32	29	27	23	21	19
10	1500	49	43	38	34	29	25	22
10	1800	81	65	55	47	37	31	27
20	900		54	50	46	41	37	33
20	1200		68	62	57	49	43	39
20	1500		93	82	73	61	52	46
20	1800		146	120	102	80	65	56
30	900			78	72	64	57	52
30	1200			98	89	76	67	60
30	1500			132	117	96	81	71
30	1800			201	168	127	103	87
40	900				101	88	78	71
40	1200				125	106	93	82
40	1500				166	134	113	98
40	1800				249	182	145	121
50	900					114	101	91
50	1200					139	120	106
50	1500					178	148	127
50	1800					248	193	159
60	900					142	125	112
60	1200					175	150	132
60	1500					228	187	159
60	1800					329	248	201
70	900						151	135
70	1200						182	159
70	1500						230	194
70	1800						314	249

Values in table: time in days to lose weight indicated.

THE COMPUTER DIET

You have probably tried almost every type of diet—crash, pills, water, grapefruit, high-protein, low-carbohydrate, whatever. I think you will agree that a typical shortcoming of these popular quick-weight-loss diets is that they lack quantitative data. In addition, many of these fads are neither medically nor scientifically oriented, nor do they contain factual or reliable information. The Computer Diet is different.

How? First, I believe it is the most logical and scientifically sound diet you will ever use. (You will be shown exactly what to do and told why.) Next, the diet is based on the latest available quantitative information. (By using the Weight Loss Calorie and Diet Tables on these pages, your understanding will be such that you will be able to choose among four diet options. You will know numerically what will happen and when.) Finally, the Computer Diet is based on sound nutritional practices; no fads here. In short, you will be shown how to establish a weight-loss program based on the following:

1. You will determine your desirable weight from a Desirable Weight Chart.
2. You will set your weight loss goal by subtracting your desirable weight from your present weight.
3. You will determine your activity level (Level I or Level II).
4. You will determine your diet options from the Weight Loss Calorie Tables and choose the diet that will let you lose the weight you want in the time you want.
5. You will be given a full week of menus for the diet you select.

How To Determine Your Desired Weight: To find your desired weight, consult the Desired Weight Chart on this and the preceding page. To determine what you should weigh, you will have to assess your frame size. One simple way to do this is to compare the size of your wrist with that of other women of your height. If yours is large by comparison, you probably have a large frame. To find out how much weight you must lose, subtract your ideal weight from your present weight.

How To Find Your Activity Level: It should be kept in mind that modern technology has reduced physical demands and that most people today are not as active as their ancestors, and therefore, require fewer calories. In fact, the typical American female probably belongs in Activity Level I. For the more active women, there is Level II. See the descriptions of each level atop the Weight Loss Calorie Charts and decide which best describes you.

How To Use The Weight Loss Calorie Tables: Now that you know how much weight you must lose, and once you have determined your Activity Level, it is time to consult your personal Weight Loss Calorie Table. You determine which table is yours according to your Activity Level (I or II); your Height (4′11″ to 5′5″; or 5′6″ to 6′); and your age (18-35; or 36-55). The tables are best explained by the following example: Suppose you are *(continued on page 56)*

	Calories
Apple (1 medium)	76
Grapefruit (raw/medium/½)	60
Cottage Cheese (1 cup/creamed)	240
Cantaloupe (small/½)	55
Fruit Cocktail (8-oz. cup/with sytup)	200
Beef, ground (4 oz.)	315
Chicken (broiled, 3 oz.)	115
Lobster (6 oz.)	135
Sole (2 fillets/frozen)	88
Egg (1 boiled)	80



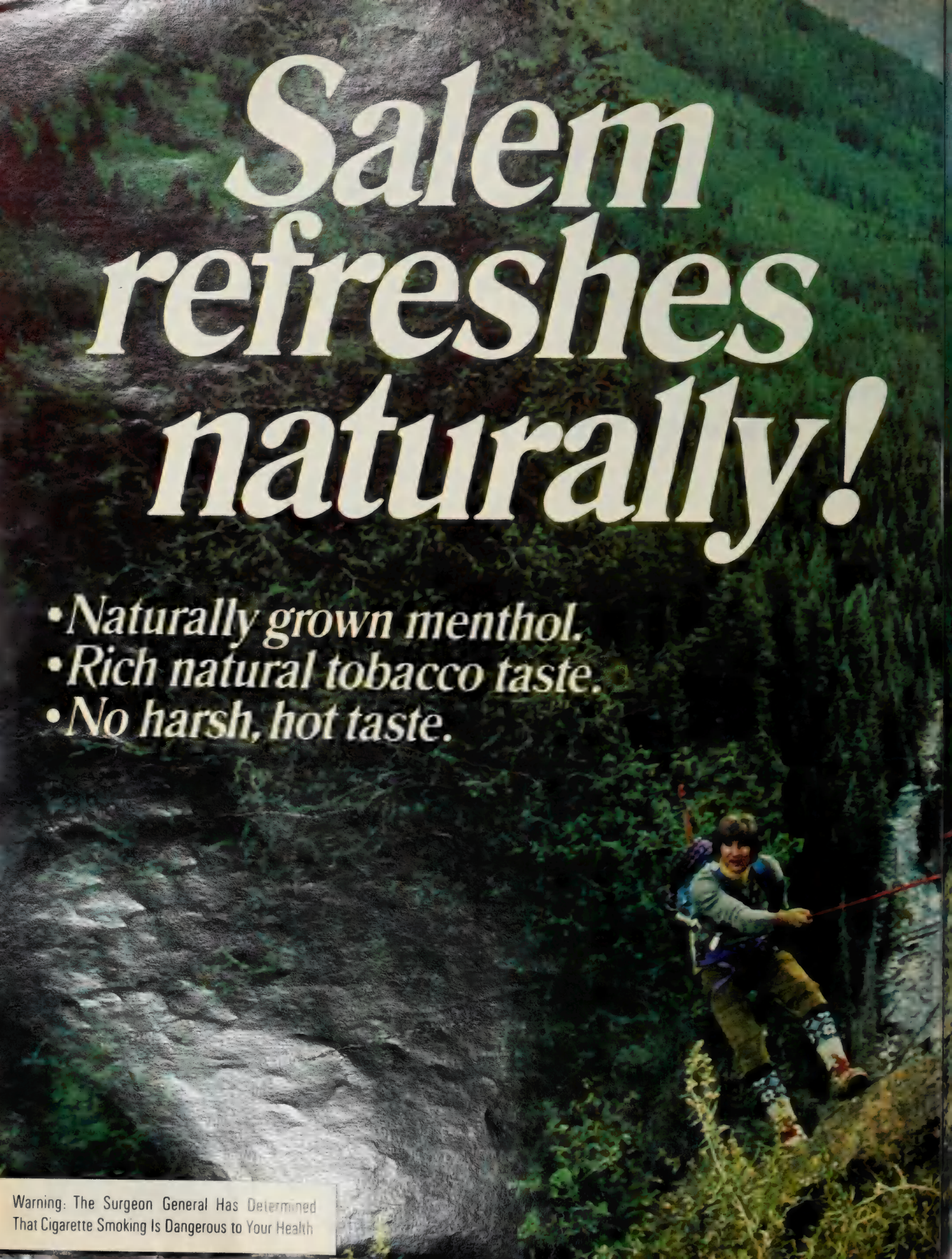
Introducing the Practicing Dieter's Pantyhose --Control Tops with Lycra.

They'll help you feel trimmer, firmer, prettier, happier— instantly.

And what other diet can make that statement? Ask for Control Tops with Lycra* spandex in pantyhose. At your favorite store.

DU PONT

*Du Pont registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not pantyhose.


Salem refreshes naturally!
•Naturally grown menthol.
•Rich natural tobacco taste.
•No harsh, hot taste.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health


Salem
Menthol Fresh
Salem
MENTHOL FRESH
Salem
King or Super King

COMPUTER DIET

continued from page 52

32-year-old woman, medium frame, 5'5", 140 pounds, Activity Level II. According to the Desired Weight Chart you should weigh 125. So you should lose 15 pounds. First, scan the far left edge of the Level II Weight Loss Calorie Chart and locate a 15-pound loss. You then see the four different diet options of 900, 1,200, 1,500 and 1,800 calories. From this point, run your finger to the right, horizontally, until you intersect the vertical column headed by 140 pounds (your present weight). The four numbers in the intersected box correspond to the four diet options and represent the time in days that it will take to lose the 15 pounds on each of the four diets: it will take you 40 days on the 900-calories-per-day diet; 50 days on the 1,200-calories-per-day diet; 68 days on the 1,500-calories-per-day diet; and 106 days on the 1,800-calories-per-day diet. You decide which diet lets you lose the weight in the time you want.

But suppose you can't find your precise present weight on the chart. Suppose the woman in the previous example was large-framed and weighed 150 pounds, and suppose she wanted to lose 15 pounds on a 1,500-calorie diet. Her present weight of 150 pounds is not listed on the chart. However, if you weigh 150 pounds, the length time required to lose 15 pounds is h way between the days for 140 pou and 160 pounds. The length of t required to lose 15 pounds at pounds is 68 days; at 160 pounds will take 54 days. The amount of t to lose 15 pounds if you weigh pounds will be in the middle of 54 a 68, or 61 days. (We arrived at 61 d by subtracting 54 from 68 and gett 14. Half of 14 is seven. Add seven 54 and you get 61—or subtract se from 68 and you get 61.) If the wom weighed 155 pounds, she would th calculate between 150 (54 days) a 155 (61 days) in the same mann finding that it would take her 57 days to lose 15 pounds on a 1,5 calorie-a-day diet. (Note: Unless y are an expert in algebra, you shou use your present weight to the near five pounds when calculating the leng of time for weight loss.) You shou follow this technique whenever y cannot find your exact weight on a of the accompanying tables.

Menus: Once you decide which d (900, 1,200, 1,500, 1,800 calories-a-da is right for you, follow the well-b anced, seven-day menu samples that diet. Note: *These menus are pre-menopausal women only.*

900 CALORIE—7-DAY DIET

DAY 1

Breakfast (200 calories): 4 oz. oran juice; soft-boiled egg; toast*; bla coffee.
Snack (0 calories): cup of bouillon.
Lunch (300 calories): ¾ cup cotta cheese; ½ cup green beans; tea wi lemon.
Dinner (400 calories): 4 oz. broiled stea ½ baked potato; slice of bread*; 4 skim milk; fresh fruit.
Snack (0 calories): green salad; lem and tomato dressing.

DAY 2

Breakfast (200 calories): ½ grapefrui cup cereal with 5 oz. skim milk; bla coffee.
Snack (0 calories): black coffee.
Lunch (300 calories): 4 oz. hamburge ½ cup cole slaw; non-caloric so drink.
Dinner (400 calories): 4 oz. flounde ½ cup broccoli; 8 oz. skim milk; sli of bread*.
Snack (0 calories): celery and carr sticks.

DAY 3

Breakfast (200 calories): 1 cup stra berries; poached egg; toast*; bla coffee.
Snack (0 calories): cup of bouillon.
Lunch (300 calories): 4 oz. tuna fis (water-packed); ½ cup asparagu slice of bread; 4 oz. skim milk.
Dinner (400 calories): 4 oz. lamb cho ½ cup apple sauce; 8 oz. skim mil plain cookie.
Snack (0 calories): green salad; lemo and tomato dressing.

DAY 4

Breakfast (200 calories): 4 oz. orang juice; soft-boiled egg; toast*; blac coffee.
Snack (0 calories): black coffee.
Lunch (300 calories): ¾ cup cottag cheese; ½ cup green beans; tea wit lemon.
Dinner (400 calories): 4 oz. roast bee ½ baked potato; slice of bread*; 4 o skim milk; fresh fruit.
Snack (0 calories): celery and carro sticks.

DAY 5

Breakfast (200 calories): ½ cantaloupe cup cereal with 5 oz. skim milk; blac coffee.
Snack (0 calories): cup of bouillon.
Lunch (300 calories): mushroom ome let; slice of bread; regular coffee; fres fruit.
Dinner (400 calories): 4 oz. halibut ½ cup kale; 8 oz. skim milk; slice o bread*.
Snack (0 calories): green salad; lemo and tomato dressing.

The Hotpoint laundry for people who don't have room for a laundry.



Dryer DLP1050P Washer WLP1010N

There are some very big advantages to our little laundry: the Hotpoint Compact Washer and Compact Dryer.

It's only 23" wide, 25" deep and 67½" high, stacked on its optional rack. So in less floor space than a regular washer takes, you can now have a complete laundry.

And it's loaded with big washer and dryer features:

The Compact Dryer has 3 separate drying cycles including a special one for permanent press items. It doesn't need to be exhausted to the outside and has a lint trap that's up front where it's easy to see and clean. And it can dry up to 5 pounds of mixed wash.

The Compact automatic Washer washes up to a 5-lb. load. Its fully automatic timer control puts clothes thru 2 to 12 minutes of washing, two rinses, and a damp spin. It comes with casters so it can be moved to the sink and back easily. And you can save on water with the 2-position water level selector.

The washer, as well as the dryer, is U.L. Listed and doesn't need special installation or wiring.

The Hotpoint Compact Washer and Dryer are a small part of a whole line of washers and dryers we make.

And, like every other Hotpoint appliance—ranges, dishwashers, compactors, disposers, refrigerators, freezers, and room air conditioners—they are built for a life of dependable performance.

And Hotpoint doesn't love you when you buy an appliance and leave you when it comes to service. Should anything keep a Hotpoint appliance from doing its job, a telephone call will bring a qualified Hotpoint serviceman to your door.

And that's a promise.

Hotpoint Customer Care ...Everywhere.™

Fast, dependable service.



Hotpoint

A QUALITY PRODUCT OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

AY 6

Breakfast (200 calories): 4 oz. pineapple juice; soft-boiled egg; toast*; black coffee.

Snack (0 calories): black coffee.

Lunch (300 calories): 4 oz. hamburger; medium tomato; tea with lemon.

Dinner (400 calories): 4 oz. roast chicken; ½ cup spinach; 8 oz. skim milk; fresh fruit.

Snack (0 calories): celery and carrot sticks.

AY 7

Breakfast (200 calories): 4 oz. grapefruit juice; poached egg; toast*; black coffee.

Snack (0 calories): cup of bouillon.

Lunch (300 calories): 4 oz. tuna fish (water-packed); ½ cup cole slaw; slice of bread; 4 oz. skim milk.

Dinner (400 calories): 4 oz. veal chop; ½ cup cauliflower; 8 oz. skim milk; fresh fruit.

Snack (0 calories): green salad; lemon and tomato dressing.

1,200-CALORIE—7-DAY DIET

AY 1

Breakfast (200 calories): 4 oz. orange juice; soft-boiled egg; toast*; black coffee.

Snack (0 calories): cup of bouillon.

Lunch (350 calories): 1 cup cottage cheese; ½ cup green beans; tea with lemon.

Dinner (500 calories): 4 oz. broiled steak; ½ baked potato; buttered bread; 4 oz. skim milk; fresh fruit.

Snack (150 calories): black coffee and small piece of plain cake.

AY 2

Breakfast (200 calories): ½ grapefruit; cup cereal with 5 oz. skim milk; black coffee.

Snack (0 calories): black coffee.

Lunch (350 calories): 4 oz. hamburger; ½ cup cole slaw; slice of bread*; non-caloric soft drink.

Dinner (500 calories): 6 oz. flounder; ½ cup of rice; ½ cup broccoli; 8 oz. skim milk.

Snack (150 calories): cup of flavored gelatin.

AY 3

Breakfast (200 calories): 1 cup strawberries; poached egg; toast*; black coffee.

Snack (0 calories): cup of bouillon.

Lunch (350 calories): 4 oz. tuna fish; ½ cup asparagus; slice of bread*; 4 oz. skim milk.

Dinner (500 calories): 4 oz. lamb chops; baked potato; ½ cup apple sauce; regular coffee; plain cookie.

Snack (150 calories): ½ cup of flavored yogurt.

AY 4

Breakfast (200 calories): 4 oz. orange juice; soft-boiled egg; toast*; black coffee.

Snack (0 calories): black coffee.

Lunch (350 calories): 1 cup cottage cheese; ½ cup green beans; tea with lemon.

Dinner (500 calories): 4 oz. roast beef; ½ baked potato; buttered bread; 4 oz. skim milk; fresh fruit.

Snack (150 calories): regular coffee and toast with jam.

AY 5

Breakfast (200 calories): ½ cantaloupe; cup cereal with 5 oz. skim milk; black coffee.

Snack (0 calories): cup of bouillon.

Lunch (350 calories): mushroom omelet; slice of bread*; regular coffee; banana.

Dinner (500 calories): 6 oz. halibut; baked potato; ½ cup kale; 8 oz. skim milk.

Snack (150 calories): cup of flavored gelatin.

AY 6

Breakfast (200 calories): 4 oz. pineapple juice; soft-boiled egg; toast*; black coffee.

Snack (0 calories): black coffee.

Lunch (350 calories): 4 oz. hamburger; medium tomato; slice of bread*; tea with lemon.

Dinner (500 calories): 6 oz. roast chicken; ½ cup spinach; 4 oz. skim milk; fresh fruit.

Snack (150 calories): 4 oz. skim milk and 2 graham crackers.

AY 7

Breakfast (200 calories): 4 oz. grapefruit juice; poached egg; toast*; black coffee.

Snack (0 calories): cup of bouillon.

Lunch (350 calories): 4 oz. tuna fish; ½ cup cole slaw; slice of bread*; 4 oz. skim milk.

(continued)



Skin cleansers should wash away dirt, but not skin's natural protection.

Any good soap will help keep your family clean.

But soaps do disturb skin's natural pH and wash away moisture, which invites dryness and irritation.

This is as true for your skin as it is for baby's.

pHisoDerm is not a soap, but a pure white liquid skin cleanser that cleans deep while preserving skin's natural protection.

It contains a highly effective cleansing agent called "entsufon" that removes the most stubborn dirt quickly and easily.

And it has gentle emollients similar to those produced by skin itself that are returned during washing to soften and protect.

And unlike soap, pHisoDerm is specially made to leave skin at a pH level (5.5) considered normal.

pHisoDerm has no artificial tints, perfumes or anti-bacterials of any kind that can cause allergic reactions, and should not irritate, even if used dozens of times a day.

Beautiful looking skin needs proper care. And pHisoDerm cleans and cares for skin as no soap can.



pHisoDerm®. It leaves your skin the way nature intended.

Dinner (500 calories): 4 oz. veal chops; ½ cup of rice; ½ cup cauliflower; regular coffee; fresh fruit.
Snack (150 calories): ½ cup of ice cream.

1,500 CALORIE—7-DAY DIET

DAY 1
Breakfast (250 calories): 4 oz. orange juice; soft-boiled egg; buttered toast; regular coffee.
Snack (0 calories): cup of bouillon.
Lunch (450 calories): 1 cup cottage cheese; ½ cup green beans; banana; regular tea.
Dinner (650 calories): 6 oz. broiled steak; baked potato; buttered bread; 4 oz. skim milk; fresh fruit.
Snack (150 calories): black coffee; small piece of plain cake.

DAY 2
Breakfast (250 calories): ½ grapefruit; cup cereal with 5 oz. skim milk; regular coffee.
Snack (0 calories): black coffee.
Lunch (450 calories): 4 oz. hamburger; ½ cup cole slaw; buttered bread; non-caloric soft drink; fresh fruit.
Dinner (650 calories): 6 oz. flounder; cup of rice; ½ cup broccoli; 8 oz. skim milk.
Snack (150 calories): cup of flavored gelatin.

DAY 3
Breakfast (250 calories): 1 cup strawberries; poached egg; buttered toast; regular coffee.
Snack (0 calories): cup of bouillon
Lunch (450 calories): 6 oz. tuna; ½ cup asparagus; slice bread*; 4 oz. skim milk.
Dinner (650 calories): 6 oz. lamb chops; baked potato; ½ cup apple sauce; regular coffee; plain cookie.
Snack (150 calories): ½ cup yogurt.

DAY 4
Breakfast (250 calories): 4 oz. orange juice; soft boiled egg; buttered toast; regular coffee.
Snack (0 calories): black coffee.
Lunch (450 calories): 1 cup cottage cheese; ½ cup green beans; tomato; regular tea.
Dinner (650 calories): 6 oz. roast beef; baked potato; buttered bread; 4 oz. skim milk; fresh fruit.
Snack (150 calories): regular coffee and toast with jam.

DAY 5
Breakfast (250 calories): ½ cantaloupe; cup cereal with 5 oz. skim milk; regular coffee.
Snack (0 calories): cup of bouillon.
Lunch (450 calories): cup of soup; mushroom omelet; slice of bread*; regular coffee; banana.
Dinner (650 calories): 6 oz. halibut; baked potato; ½ cup kale; sliced bread*; 8 oz. skim milk.
Snack (150 calories): cup of flavored gelatin.

DAY 6
Breakfast (250 calories): 4 oz. pineapple juice; soft-boiled egg; buttered toast; regular coffee.
Snack (0 calories): black coffee.
Lunch (450 calories): 4 oz. hamburger; tomato; cucumber salad; buttered bread; tea with lemon.
Dinner (650 calories): 6 oz. roast chicken; ½ cup spinach; 8 oz. skim milk; fresh fruit.
Snack (150 calories): 4 oz. skim milk and 2 graham crackers.

DAY 7
Breakfast (250 calories): 4 oz. grapefruit juice; poached egg; buttered toast; regular coffee.
Snack (0 calories): cup of bouillon.
Lunch (450 calories): 6 oz. tuna fish; ½ cup cole slaw; slice of bread*; 4 oz. skim milk.
Dinner (650 calories): 6 oz. veal chops; ½ cup of rice; ½ cup cauliflower; regular coffee; fresh fruit.
Snack (150 calories): ½ cup of ice cream.

1,800 CALORIE—7-DAY DIET

DAY 1
Breakfast (400 calories): 4 oz. orange juice; fried egg; 2 strips bacon; buttered toast; regular coffee.
Snack (50 calories): fresh fruit.
Lunch (450 calories): 1 cup cottage cheese; ½ cup green beans; banana; regular tea.
Dinner (750 calories): 8 oz. broiled steak; baked potato; slice of bread*; 4 oz. skim milk; fresh fruit.
Snack (150 calories): black coffee and small piece of plain cake.

DAY 2
Breakfast (400 calories): ½ grapefruit; cereal with milk; soft boiled egg; toast*; regular coffee.
Snack (50 calories): black coffee or tea and a plain cookie.
Lunch (450 calories): 4 oz. hamburger; ½ cup cole slaw; buttered bread; non-caloric soft drink; fresh fruit.
Dinner (750 calories): 8 oz. flounder; cup of rice; ½ cup broccoli; slice of bread*; 8 oz. skim milk.
Snack (150 calories): cup of flavored gelatin.

DAY 3
Breakfast (400 calories): 1 cup strawberries; 1 pancake; 2 strips bacon; 2 tbsp. syrup; regular coffee.
Snack (50 calories): black coffee or tea; 3 soda crackers.
Lunch (450 calories): 6 oz. tuna fish; ½ cup asparagus; slice of bread*; 4 oz. skim milk.
Dinner (750 calories): 6 oz. lamb chops; baked potato; ½ cup apple sauce; buttered bread; regular coffee; fresh fruit.
Snack (150 calories): ½ cup flavored yogurt.

DAY 4
Breakfast (400 calories): 4 oz. orange juice; poached egg; 2 strips bacon; buttered toast; regular coffee.
Snack (50 calories): fresh fruit.
Lunch (450 calories): 1 cup cottage cheese; ½ cup green beans; tomato; regular tea.
Dinner (750 calories): 8 oz. roast beef; baked potato; slice of bread*; 4 oz. skim milk; fresh fruit.
Snack (150 calories): regular coffee; toast with jam.

DAY 5
Breakfast (400 calories): ½ cantaloupe; cereal with milk; soft-boiled egg; toast*; regular coffee.
Snack (50 calories): black coffee or tea; plain cookie.
Lunch (450 calories): cup of soup; mu room omelet; slice of bread*; regu coffee; banana.
Dinner (750 calories): 8 oz. halib baked potato; ½ cup kale; butte bread; 8 oz. skim milk; fresh fruit
Snack (150 calories): cup of flavo gelatin.

DAY 6
Breakfast (400 calories): 4 oz. pineap juice; 1 slice French toast; 2 str bacon; 2 tbsp. syrup; regular coffee.
Snack (50 calories): 4 oz. skim milk.
Lunch (450 calories): 4 oz. hamburg tomato; cucumber salad; butte bread; tea with lemon.
Dinner (750 calories): 8 oz. roast chi en; baked potato; ½ cup spinach; 4 skim milk; fresh fruit.
Snack (150 calories): regular coffee; graham crackers.

DAY 7
Breakfast (400 calories): 4 oz. grapefr juice; fried egg; 2 strips bacon; bu tered toast; regular coffee.
Snack (50 calories): fresh fruit.
Lunch (450 calories): 6 oz. tuna fi ½ cup cole slaw; slice of bread*; 4 skim milk.
Dinner (750 calories): 8 oz. veal cho ½ cup of rice; ½ cup cauliflower; nc caloric soft drink; fresh fruit.
Snack (150 calories): ½ cup ice crea

NOTE: Most unsweetened cereals a allowed. Do not add sugar to cereal a use none in black coffee or tea. Regul coffee contains 1 oz. of whole milk a 1 tsp. of sugar. Tuna fish may be o packed type but must be well draine except in 900 calorie diet where it mu be water-packed. Cottage cheese m be creamed variety. Meat must be le and trimmed of fat. Different me and fish types may be substituted f those indicated. However, the amoun should not be changed. An unlimite amount of green salad may be eaten;

(continued on page 12

One-day sale. (And payday is 8 days away.)



RELAX
YOU'VE GOT MASTER CHARGE

When the price is right, but you're short of cash, it's Master Charge card to the rescue. Good in more places across the country than any other card. And it lets you stretch out payments, if you like.

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DING YOUR MONEY

nued from page 30

in Medicine

twin daughters, age 15, always wanted to become s and have their hearts working at our local hos- My husband objects. He that by the time they training the field will be rowded, and he tells them they ought to choose some area in the health field. n't know what to advise . Have you any solid facts ide us?

e will be ample room for daughters in the field of ng, never fear. And there certainly will be an even demand for them in other s of health, as your hus- argues.

1980, says the American pital Association, we'll 1,000,000 registered nur- half again the 700,000 now loyed.

1980, we'll need 450,000 sicians against 330,000 now. the same time we will to double the number lental hygienists, medical ratory workers, hospital at- ants, etc.

oday, there are more than different occupations in the th field. Among the fastest ving areas: medical tech- gists, medical X-ray techni- s, medical record librarians, al laboratory technicians, icians, nutritionists. All e are on top of the soaring, -increasing, and relentless and for the fully trained fessional in every phase of th—and this includes health for animals as well as han beings.

ur hospitals are slated to ome the nation's biggest le new source of jobs by 0, employing a great variety health workers as well as sicians and nurses. More- r, the pay of health service kers of all kinds has been ring, along with the demand workers and the opportuni- available. This is no longer of the worse paid of occu- ional fields.

You're all on the right track, ould say.

cial Security vs. Benefits

r son came home from ser- e in Vietnam suffering from severe disability resulting m an accidental grenade ex- sion. Because he has found is unable to hold a paying , he has applied for Social curity benefits. What we uld like to know is, will Social Security benefits ke him ineligible for vet- n's compensation?

No. No type of income would counted against him in de- mining his eligibility for VA nefits for a *service-connected* ability. **END**

At 38, I got rid of 10 pounds and my gray hair, and went to work for a decorator.



Over the past few years I'd gotten a little fatter and a little grayer. Year by year. Maybe because my husband loved me too much. But deep down I knew. And here I was nearing 40.



Before when I'd had these feelings I'd work it off cleaning a closet or something. This time I knew I had to renew *myself*. It was painful but I went looking for a job.



I decided one thing I didn't need was gray hair. Every time I looked in the mirror it was depressing. That gloomy gray-brown color just wasn't me!...



I didn't want to use a peroxide dye though. I wouldn't *touch* my hair till I found out about Loving Care® lotion. It's not a permanent tint or dye. It's a gentle color wash.



It's different from most all other haircolor brands because it doesn't have peroxide! And it doesn't change your own natural color. Just the gray goes away.



Now I'm doing things. I like myself. And who knows what's ahead! I feel as a person I've only just begun and forty is going to be fabulous!

You're not getting older. You're getting better!™

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For every mother who's ever wondered if she'll make it through the first five years in one piece, Fisher-Price toys will.



Because even the best of mommies occasionally feels like she's coming unstuck, it's nice to know there are some things you can count on.

Like our Fisher-Price toys. Colors stay bright. Edges stay smooth. Works work. Wheels whirl. And boats float. Things that are meant to lock, stack and "grumph", lock, stack and "grumph".

And since Fisher-Price toys run on child power, not batteries, they never run down. Or out of possibilities.

Our new Perky Penguin is never too winded to waddle.

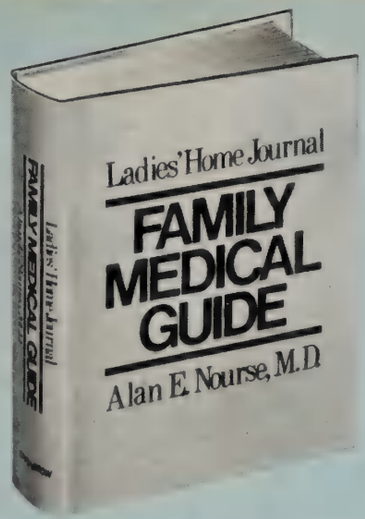
Our new Circus Train is never too tired to "toot".

The only parts that come apart are the ones that are supposed to.

So your child can bounce and thwonk and bang and push. Pull and dream and spin and poke. Do all the things that children do. Safely and happily. Until you catch your breath.

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From the All-New



By Alan E. Nourse, M.D.

MOTHERS' HANDBOOK OF MEDICAL EMERGENCIES

oo many of us forget the importance of first-aid ining until tragedy strikes—and then it may be o late. Here is a basic guide of what to do—and iat not to do—in everyday emergency situations.

All sorts of medical emergencies can arise in the urse of everyday life. Many are relatively minor d require little more than common sense in the y of first-aid treatment. However, there are rtain other kinds of extremely serious emer-ncies for which highly effective first-aid measures t only can, but often *must*, be taken before medi-l help arrives. These are emergencies everyone ould be able to recognize and for which everyone ould have certain clear-cut principles of action.

rterial Hemorrhages

An arterial hemorrhage is the massive, spurting eeding that occurs when a major artery has been rn or severed. So much blood can be lost so ickly that the victim may exsanguinate (bleed to ath) if the bleeding is not effectively stopped thin minutes, preferably within seconds.

In any case involving hemorrhagic bleeding, it urgently important to try to stop, or at least con-l, the excessive bleeding before doing anything se. It may save the victim's life. The best way to this is to *apply direct pressure to the wound.* se a clean handkerchief, bandage, or any firmly lled cloth pad as a compress and hold it tightly the wound for four or five minutes. If you see ythmic spurts of bright red blood coming from e wound, an artery has been damaged and you ould apply additional pressure with the other nd on the side of the wound *toward* the heart. ou will know that arterial bleeding is under con-ol when the spurting stops. Once the bleeding is ntrolled, maintain the pressure for at least five inutes before relaxing it, and be prepared to re-state the pressure immediately if the spurting arts again.

If the wound is bleeding in a steady flow of ther dark-colored purplish blood, it probably mes from a vein rather than an artery, and pres-re should be applied on the side of the wound *ay* from the heart. Bleeding from a vein is gen-ally under much less pressure, and consequently more easily controlled.

Control of any kind of bleeding from an extrem-y, and especially arterial bleeding, will be greatly mplified by *elevating the extremity*. The heart has harder time pumping blood uphill than down. ontrol of excessive bleeding should always take *rst* priority in any emergency. Someone else ould be sent to summon a physician and/or mbulance without delay.

Respiratory Failure (Asphyxia)

Asphyxia is another potentially disastrous emergency. Lack of oxygen for more than four minutes at a stretch can cause permanent damage to body tissues, especially to the delicate nerve cells in the brain; and death may occur if oxygen is cut off for as long as 6½ to 7 minutes. If a child is choking, he can be turned completely upside down so that the force of gravity will help dislodge any obstruction. In the case of an adult, placing his head lower than the rest of his body may accomplish the same purpose. A sharp slap on the back also may jar an obstruction loose. Even the victim's tongue can obstruct his airway; pull the tongue forward in the child's mouth to make sure it does not prevent free breathing.

If these measures fail, or if a person is not breathing at all, breathing must be restarted artificially by using an effective method of resuscitation. By far the most effective, and the most often recommended, of all methods is *mouth-to-mouth*, or alternatively, *mouth-to-nose resuscitation*.

1. Clear the victim's mouth and airway. Remove any visible foreign matter with your fingers. Then turn the victim on his side and slap his back sharply several times to dislodge obstructions. Remove dentures. Pull the tongue forward, since it may also obstruct breathing. *Do not proceed with resuscitation if you suspect there is still an obstruction in the way.* You could inadvertently lodge it even more firmly in place.

2. With the victim lying on his side, tilt his head backward so that his chin is pointing upward. Open his mouth, pulling his jaw forward to straighten the airway. Then pinch the victim's nostrils shut with your thumb and forefinger. No air must escape through his nose when you begin breathing into his mouth.

3. Take a normal breath through your mouth, place your lips against the victim's with firm pressure, and exhale with gentle, steady force. You should see his chest rise and expand moderately when you do this. If it does not, there is still something obstructing the free flow of air into his lungs. Repeat Step 1.

4. When you succeed in inflating the victim's lungs, take your mouth away to allow that air to be exhaled. This will occur naturally. Continue breathing into the victim's mouth with a steady rhythm, about one breath every four seconds. *If the victim is a child, remember he has less lung capacity than you do.* Use only half-breaths to avoid distending his lungs. Also remember that an accident victim or drowning victim may regurgitate at any time. If he does, keep his head turned to one side and use a finger to help empty his mouth of emesis (vomited material) before continuing resuscitation.

5. Continue the above procedure until the victim begins taking regular breaths for himself, or until medical aid arrives.

If necessary, have someone relieve you from time to time without any break in the rhythm of the artificial respiration. There have been cases in which normal breathing was restored after several *hours* of apparently fruitless work. Certainly as long as the victim's heart is still beating there is hope that he will begin breathing again.

The Specter of Physical Shock

One of the most baffling conditions that can accompany any emergency is *shock*. Shock is a state of physical drain and imminent collapse caused by a serious accident, a painful injury, a coronary attack, or a jolting emotional blow. Both the depth of this state of shock and the difficulty in recovering depends upon the nature of the trauma. It may be mild and short-lived, or it may be exaggerated by hemorrhage, severe pain, or a serious, crushing type of injury.

How does shock manifest itself? The victim begins to look gray and apprehensive. His pulse is rapid and thready. His mouth feels dry, and he finds himself short of breath. *(continued)*

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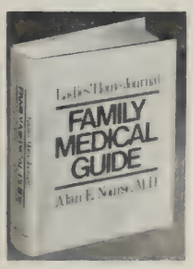
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Fanciful Felt Flowers

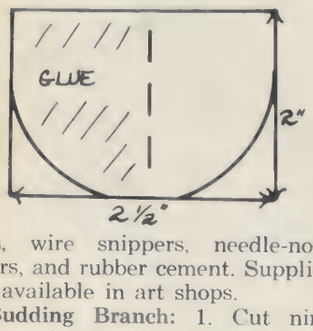


Photograph by Charles Gold

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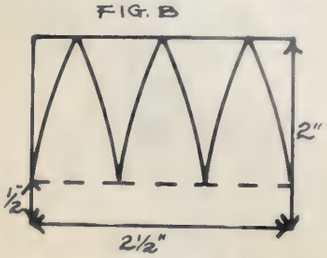
For a year-round decorator touch to brighten your dining or coffee table, or as a unique gift, create your own budding felt branches. Let your imagination take off on fanciful flights with felt. You will impress your friends and surprise yourself with how easily you can create an elegant and lovely flowering decoration. Materials required are: brightly colored felt (small squares sold in hobby shops are inexpensive and adequate), medium weight (#15) stem wire (sold for paper flowers), spool wire (#32), florists' tape (½" or 1"), pencil or chalk (for marking felt), ruler, scissors, wire snippers, needle-nose pliers, and rubber cement. Supplies are available in art shops.

FIG. A



Budding Branch: 1. Cut nine pieces of stem wire, each 5" long. Use needle-nose pliers to bend over a narrow loop about ½" long at one end of each wire. Cut twenty pieces of spool wire, each 4" long. Select felt for buds and leaves. Cut ten pieces of felt 2" high by 2½" long for buds; trim each piece so three sides curve as in figure A. Cut ten pieces of leaf felt each 2" by 2½"; trim each piece into three separate leaves rising above a solid ½" base line (dotted line, figure B).

FIG. B



2. Make first bud on looped end of 10" stem wire. Set one piece of bud felt flat on table, straight edge at top. Spread rubber cement over left half of felt surface (see figure A). Set looped end of stem wire onto glued felt, about ½" down from straight edge at top. Follow figures C and D to complete bud: first fold left edge of glued area over onto loop, then fold down ½" of top straight edge. With thumb and forefinger of left hand, pinch felt onto wire, gathering felt in just below loop while your right hand wraps the right edge of felt around, making the bud. When bud has desired shape, tightly twist a 4" length of spool wire around felt base to secure it.

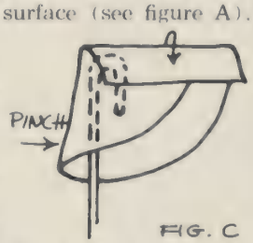


FIG. C

3. Brush rubber cement over wire and base of bud. Add leaves by wrapping them around bud base. Leaves point up, straight edge at bottom. Base may overlap slightly. Wrap it with spool wire, then brush with rubber cement. Wind on florists' tape to cover felt base and wire. To do this, cut tape in 8" lengths, press one end into glue and hold it while pulling tape taut and pressing it onto itself so it will stick as it is wound. Tape is self-adhesive if applied correctly. Wind tape down entier length of wire, completing the central stem of your branch.

4. Follow steps 2 and 3 to make buds on remaining 5" stem wires. Except, in step 3, as you wrap tape onto stem wire, bend over about 3" of unwrapped stem, hold it against the central (10") stem and wrap tape around both stem wires at once, thereby attaching bud. Repeat, spacing other buds evenly around central stem.



FIG. D

MEDICAL GUIDE *continued*

Blood vessels in his skin constrict, leading to a sense of chill, compounded by a wave of excessive perspiration. Larger and deeper veins tend to dilate, causing a pooling of blood in the lower back, the thighs, and the intestinal tract. Blood pressure drops, robbing the brain and the kidneys of vitally needed oxygenated blood. Unless the shock is exceptionally severe, the victim remains conscious, but lack of oxygen to the brain may cause him to become confused, apprehensive, and often irrational, while his kidneys, if if robbed of sufficient blood supply for a prolonged period, may virtually stop functioning.

Unfortunately, there is relatively little that a rescuer can do to combat a profound level of shock, but what little can be done is very important. *The first step is to keep the victim at rest, stretched out on the ground or floor, with pillows, rolled-up bedding, or garments placed under his buttocks and legs so that his head is lower than the rest of his body.* (Hospitals keep "shock blocks" handy for such emergencies.) *The second most important step is to reassure the victim.* The rescuer should remain as calm as possible, regardless of how frightened he may actually feel. *Finally, keep the victim reasonably warm with the use of blankets, overcoats, or other warm wraps.* Do not use electric blankets or heaters for artificial warming, however. Never give any injury victim fluids by mouth: he may vomit and then breathe in the vomitus. Solid food should also be withheld if the injury is serious enough to require hospital care.

Remember that the victim may never lose consciousness, yet still be in profound shock. Remember also that you may not be able to tell, from appearances, whether someone is in shock or not. Do not look for any clues. *You must assume that shock is present, assume that it is severe, and work to combat it.* It is far better to risk looking foolish by doing too much than to risk the victim's life by not doing enough.

Poisoning

Accidental poisoning can be a serious emergency to which small children are especially vulnerable. Their natural curiosity and ignorance of possible danger can lead them to explore pantries, bathroom medicine cabinets, and cleaning closets, often sampling various substances as they go.

In a case of suspected poisoning, the following emergency measures may save a life:

1. Call a doctor, a hospital, or the nearest Poison Control Center without delay. *It is of the utmost importance to be able to describe exactly what the poison was.* Keep the bottle or box containing any of the substance immediately at hand when you call, so that you can read off the label. With this information, the doctor, hospital, or Poison Control Center may be able to give you specific instructions regarding what to do.

2. If a swallowed poison is a *non-caustic substance* such as aspirin, Clorox, or sleeping pills, the victim should be induced to vomit by tickling his throat or using the fingers to stimulate gagging. Once the poison has been expelled, or if vomiting cannot be induced, the victim should be encouraged to drink milk, water, a cream soup, even a thin gravy to help dilute wh ever poison remains in the stoma *Save any material thrown up,* if p sible, in some sort of basin or bowl later laboratory analysis.

3. If the poison is a *caustic substa* such as lye or an automatic dishwa ing compound, or an *oily substa* such as kerosene, gasoline, or turpe tine, *do not induce vomiting;* it co do more harm than good. You can oft spot poisoning from such substances looking for evidence of burns inside t mouth, or sniffing for the odor of a p troleum product on the victim's brea In such poisonings the best first step dilution of the poison in the stoma using the bland fluids mentioned abo unless specifically directed otherwi by a doctor, hospital, or Poison Contr Center.

4. Finally, a physician should alwa see a victim of poisoning as prompt as possible.

Emergency Care of a Serious Bur

With a severe or extensive bur death is not likely to occur immediate if the victim has survived the accide Usually there is time to get the victi to a hospital. But the aftereffects of serious burn often depend heavily up what is done when it first occurs, a here *too vigorous or misdirected fir aid can complicate the injury and i crease the threat to the victim's lif* For this reason, an inexperienced pe son should be very cautious. It is bett to risk doing too little than too muc

First aid depends to some degree o the nature of the burn—a *chemic burn,* for example, should be washe off immediately with copious amount of water in order to dilute the substanc causing the burn and help prevent fur ther damage. *But the most helpfu thing that can be done for any burn large or small, is immediate immersio in ice water, or in the coldest wate available.* In addition to immediatel cooling down hot, scorched tissue, soak ing the burned area will also halt an continuing damage due to smolderin clothing. After the burned areas hav been thoroughly doused, clean blanket or sheets may be wrapped loosel around the victim to keep him warm combat shock, and help prevent con tamination of the burn until he can b transported to a hospital or doctor' office. But *leave the burn itself alone Never* try to strip clothing away from a burned area if it does not loosen and come away quite freely. *Never* smear grease, butter, oil, or burn ointments on a burn more serious than a mild sunburn or a scorched finger. In addition, various chemicals contained in many ointments can reach toxic levels within the body due to absorption and may even endanger life.

Keep the burn victim at rest, his head lower than his feet. If he expresses thirst, moisten his tongue with cool water but give nothing to drink. As for the problem of pain, protecting the burned area from movement of air around it will help reduce pain; so will the administration of aspirin, swallowed if possible with only a small amount of water. Anything else may interfere with definitive hospital treatment later.

As soon as these simple steps have been taken, get the victim to a hospital as quickly as possible.

(continued on page 159)



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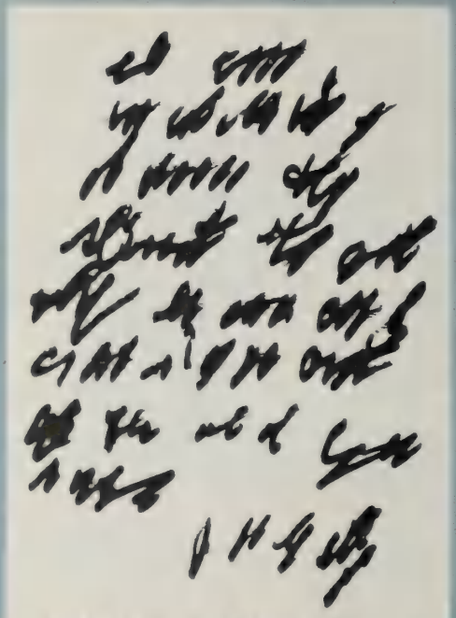
WHAT CELEBRITIES' HANDWRITING REVEALS

By Huntington Hartford

This millionaire philanthropist and art collector is also an expert in the science of handwriting analysis. Here, in an engrossing excerpt from his forthcoming book, "You Are What You Write," he analyzes the writing of many well-known men and women.

For many years I have asked men, women, and children for specimens of their writing. Some graphologists (handwriting experts) feel that writing can never be analyzed on request in this manner, but I disagree. I always ask my victims to write variations on the sentence "I am walking down the street to get the horse and buggy out of the old carriage house." I don't remember how the sentence started, but I know that its purpose, like the one about the quick brown fox and the lazy dog, has been to include as many letters of th · alphabet as possible—and particularly the ones that interest me most. Because I want the writing to be as close to automatic and unselfconscious as possible, there are certain other requests I make of the writer. I ask him to use a pen or pencil, whichever is most natural to him, for in that way pressure would be most truly reflected. (No ballpoints.) I ask him to sit comfortably and to write on an even surface. I tell him not to worry about spelling, which would break his concentration. I ask him to write rather fast and informally, as if he were dashing off a letter to an old friend or taking down notes at a lecture (cases in which he would give least thought to how his writing looks, so long as it is legible). Finally, I ask him to write the specimen two or three times, because I find that the last specimen is often more mature and interesting than the first. Occasionally people balk at doing this, asking why one specimen should not be enough. Very occasionally someone refuses to write, and I am reminded *(continued on page 68)*

Copyright © 1973 Huntington Hartford. From his book, "You Are What You Write," to be published by The Macmillan Company.



J. Paul Getty: ambitious, aggressive.

I am walking down the street to get the horse and carriage out of the old garage –

Sarah Churchill.

Sarah Churchill: her father's daughter.

I am walking down the street to get the horse and buggy out of the old garage Joe Di Maggio

Joe Di Maggio: highly physical.

I am walking down the street to get the horse and carriage out of the old garage

(Donald Stokowski)

Leopold Stokowski: he's got rhythm.

I am walking down the street to get the horse and carriage out of the old garage – B.D

Bette Davis: stubborn.

I'm walking down the street, to get the horse & carriage – out of the old Garage

Rex Harrison

Rex Harrison: unexpected introvert.

I am walking down the street to get the horse and carriage out of the old garage. Dali 1969

Salvador Dali: an inferiority complex.

I am walking down the street to get the horse and carriage out of the old garage.

Barry Goldwater

Barry Goldwater: unresolved battles.

I am walking down the street to get the horse and carriage out of the old garage

Ingrid Bergman

Ingrid Bergman: conventional.

I'M WALKING DOWN THE STREET, GOING TO THE GARAGE TO GET MY CARRIGE

Sammy Davis

Sammy Davis, Jr.: exhibitionism.

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YOUR VOTE COUNTS!

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1. Colgate will give each national group a donation of $20,000.
2. Colgate will donate an additional $100,000—to be shared by the national groups in direct proportion to the number of votes each group receives.
3. Colgate will donate another $10,000 to each national youth group ($60,000 in total)—to be distributed to local units based on a vote-collecting contest. The decisions of the independent judging organization are final.

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HERE'S HOW YOU VOTE:

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- ☐ **Girl Scouts** of the U.S.A. P.O. Box 77E, New York, N.Y. 10046
- ☐ **Boys Clubs** of America P.O. Box 82E, New York, N.Y. 10046
- ☐ **Girls Clubs** of America P.O. Box 83E, New York, N.Y. 10046
- ☐ **Camp Fire Girls** P.O. Box 87E, New York, N.Y. 10046
- ☐ **National 4-H Club Foundation** P.O. Box 92E, New York, N.Y. 10046

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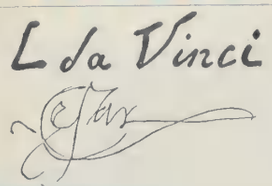
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City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

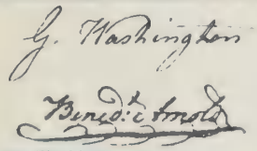
The name and address of my favorite local unit is:

Name _____

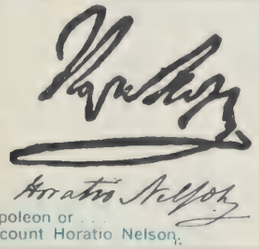
Based on their signatures, WHICH ONE WOULD YOU TRUST?



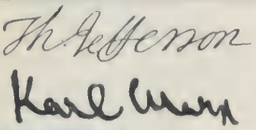
Leonardo da Vinci or Cesare Borgia.



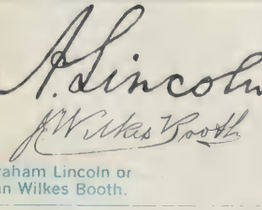
George Washington or . . . Benedict Arnold.



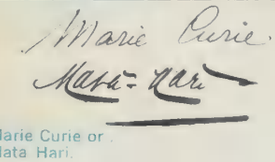
Napoleon or . . . Viscount Horatio Nelson.



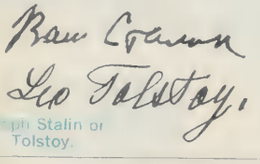
Thomas Jefferson or . . . Karl Marx.



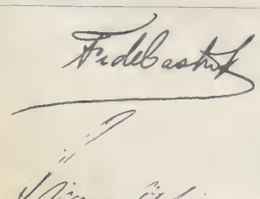
Abraham Lincoln or John Wilkes Booth.



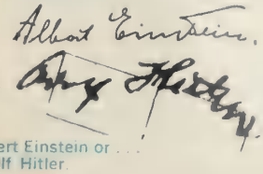
Marie Curie or . . . Mata Hari.



Joseph Stalin or Leo Tolstoy.



Fidel Castro or . . . Simón Bolívar.



Albert Einstein or . . . Adolf Hitler.

of an old friend from Salt Lake City who would turn purple in the face denying it when I told him that his handwriting showed signs of obstinacy.

Here are handwriting samples I requested and received from famous people—with some capsule analyses on my part.

Ingrid Bergman

A great deal of pride (the inflated capital "I"), a temper (the misplaced capital "S" in "street"), and a critical disposition (the numerous figure-9 "g"s). Otherwise, a highly creative writing, with an unexpectedly conventional streak seen in the copybook "t" bars.

Sarah Churchill

Winston Churchill re-created in his daughter, with all the resulting frustrations. (To one who knows her, the likeness of personality can be uncanny.) With the heavy, almost muddy pressure, the antisocial misplaced capital "S" in "street," the impatient "t"s and slightly descending basic line, the poetess and actress with Greek "d"s and figure-8 "g"s is almost crushed. I was amazed the first time I saw the same misplaced capitals in Churchill's small and intellectual script. But I would have been amazed if I hadn't found them—and would have given up graphology!

Salvador Dali

In analyzing handwriting, it is always helpful to know something about the writer and to be able to correlate one with the other. With some of the celebrities whose handwriting I have obtained, my acquaintance is mostly hearsay; in the case of Dali it is firsthand. I have constantly heard all the wild stories, of course, about his eccentricities, and some of them I have observed. But to me, Dali has always been primarily a charming, considerate person, and a good friend, and I have known him too long to believe, as I once did, that the polite, responsible side of his nature he shows me is mostly for effect. The dynamic rhythm of his writing, the lack of unnecessary beginning strokes, and the persistent "t" bars betray the hard worker, the businessman, and in fact the good salesman whose worldly characteristics are usually blamed on Gala, his wife. Nothing could be better evidence of this responsible side of Dali's nature than the manner in which he slaves away every summer in his house at Port Lligat (without guest rooms, as I learned to my regret last year when I slept on the floor in his studio). Nor the fact that it was only the strikers on the New York docks, not Dali, who prevented my receiving the great *Discovery of America by Columbus* (which I commissioned him to do) on time, in spite of the complexity of the subject.

All this does not mean, of course, that Dali is 100 percent normal, and if it did I don't think he would let me print it! On the one hand we see the tiny capital "I" in the form of a small letter which means, in spite of the famous ego, an inferiority complex lurking somewhere in the background. On the other, we see a good deal of violence in all the capitalized words and in the occasional muddy spots which you find in Dali's writing. The stories of his childhood—his deliberately falling down a flight of stone steps or nicking himself with a razor because he liked the sight of blood (not to mention the famous jump, years later, through Bonwit Teller's window) provide ample verification of the handwriting. Again the small capital "I" and the occasional downhill slant indicate a negative side whose preoccupation with death may be indicated by Dali's recent interest in the preservation of the human body through freezing. And finally, one could not analyze Dali's writing without observing one of the least fallible signs of the highly creative person, the Greek "d." It is shown only once, and there partially, in this specimen (in the case of the first letter of the word "down"), but it is prevalent throughout Dali's writing. Whether he makes the figure-8 "g" which usually accompanies the "d" I am not sure, but to the extent that he does not there is perhaps a partial explanation of why Dali strives for the sensational and the exotic rather than being satisfied with the philosophy that the most sensitive is often the simplest.

Bette Davis

It is probably safe to say that Bette Davis was the most famous movie actress in the world during the Thirties. Winning an Academy Award and crowning her great performances with that of the Southern belle in *Jezebel*, she was on everyone's tongue as a candidate for the part of Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind*. When she failed to get it she did get the great part of the dying girl in *Dark Victory*, and it was only because she was competing with Vivien Leigh as Scarlett that she did not get a third Oscar.

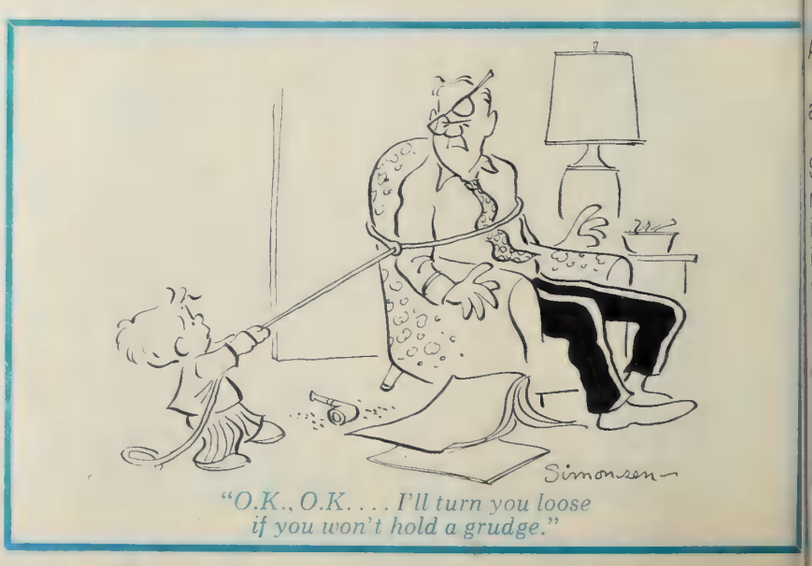
Did all this success have a happy ending? Bette Davis wrote an autobiography, and it is interesting to observe that the title is *The Lonely Life*. After reading it I am not quite sure whether she meant her own life, an actress', or anyone's! In any case she meant, I am sure, that material success often brings spiritual malaise, as she indicated at the conclusion of her book when she calls her three marriages "a farce" and sees no lasting reward in human relations. What she believes in finally is hard work, and perhaps the battle which always accompanies it is the real key to her character.

In her handwriting it is shown by the large and stubborn capital "I," the slightly backhand slant (like a fisherman, if you will excuse the unfeminine analogy, standing firm while he tries to haul in a big catch), the unusually long and ambitious "t" bars, the meticulous small "e"s made like capitals. Bette Davis always had to support a family, a mother whom she adored, and later various husbands—and success in the theater did not come easily. Turned down by Eva Le Gallienne in New York for not being "serious" about acting, laughed at in one of her first classes for her high, thin voice and her Boston accent, when she finally went to Hollywood with a contract she was considered an ugly duckling until a great stage actor, George Arliss, decided to accept her for one of his pictures. She then rose quickly to the top, but even at the height of her career she was not free from having to struggle.

One of the lustiest battles that Bette Davis ever had was one which few people ever knew about—on the set of *Elizabeth and Essex* with Errol Flynn her co-star. I am sure that Miss Davis was the victim of very mixed feelings regarding Flynn. She found him on the one hand "utterly enchanting," as she admitted in her book, but on the other hand rather bitterly termed him "the stud of the Warner stables" (which was of course an understatement) and was perhaps unhappy to hear Flynn's side of it, because this brash young newcomer was already making more money than she. He did not improve the situation by likening the relationship of Davis and Flynn to that of the Queen and Essex, since the 30-year-old Bette Davis was depicting a 60-year-old Elizabeth. Finally, Laurence Olivier, who had always been an idol of Miss Davis's, was in Hollywood at the time the picture was about to be made, but in spite of her efforts to have him cast opposite her she only succeeded in dreaming about him every night in the part. (Getting back to handwriting, the figure-8 "g"s and the wide-spaced letters betray a romantic side which was quite contradictory to the image presented to Flynn.)

Suffice it to say that when Bette Davis as Elizabeth struck Flynn violently across the ear in rehearsal, her hand heavy with Tudor rings, he felt he had been hit by a railroad locomotive and was so dazed and flabbergasted that he went back to his dressing room and threw up. When she refused twice to consider another way of acting the part, Errol made his decision. Scandal or not, if she did it again he would, in his words, "whack her and drop her . . .

(continued on page 86)



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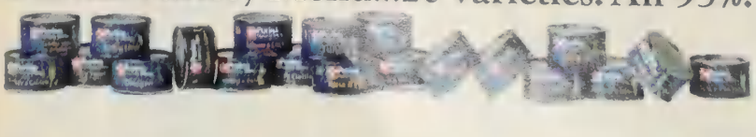
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PET JOURNAL

It's a time for strange doings, in this month of Halloween. To illustrate, here are some very curious animal tales that have been told to us by readers over the past several months.

We wanted to surprise our five-year-old Jennifer with her first pumpkin on Halloween, but instead we were surprised by our black cat, Satan. My husband brought home the biggest pumpkin he could find, and worked for hours scooping it out and carving it into a marvelously ghoulish face.

Then he put a tiny flashlight inside to light the face and positioned the pumpkin at the bottom of the stairs where Jennifer couldn't miss it when she came down to breakfast. Next morning we descended to find the pumpkin's mouth lashing a long black furry tongue from side to side. A muffled meow from the pumpkin's innards helped identify the tongue as Satan's tail.—*Mrs. H. Johnson, Portland, Me.*

Last year when my Mom helped me make a black witch costume for a school Halloween party, my terrier, Darius, acted so silly we thought he was sick. He just wouldn't sit still and kept pushing his head into the black felt fabric we were using, messing it all up. I yelled at him to stop and he just yipped back at me. Finally we decided he was telling us he wanted a costume too, so I made him a black-cat costume by wrapping some felt around his middle, making a paper bonnet with cat ears for his head, and a cut-out mask with pasted-on whiskers for his face. I also made a long black tube for his cat's tail.

We were quite a pair that Halloween as we went from house to house.

Darius was so proud of his costume that we had to wait at each front door until he got the attention he wanted. Then he gave the whole thing away by barking and wagging his tail.

And don't think that I got to eat my treats by myself! As soon as I sat down and opened the "treat" bag, there was Darius waiting for his share.

Just recently I found Darius sniffing in my closet where our costumes are packed away. Do you think he's trying to tell me something?—*Robin Wallace, Palr California.*

Our family loves to celebrat loween with the usual rituals as bobbing for apples, judgin tumes, pulling taffy, and eatin of donuts and cider. Last ye were joined by our collie M bobbing for apples.

After a few minutes of wa the kids try to catch a floati ple in their teeth and barking with the cheers when one succ Missie got in line. When it w turn, she quietly placed her paws on the basin, focused her on an apple, and ducked her into the water. Up she came umphantly dripping water e where—with the largest apple i teeth.

Everyone went wild che and clapping. Missie was so th she refused to drop the apple we awarded her a prize—thr her favorite dog biscuits. Ther only then did she give up the a and happily chomped on her

We can't wait to see if she'l for another apple this y *Dorothy Sanders, Evanston, I*

Shortly after I left Syracuse, to live in nearby Rochester. family wrote, saying that Dixi huge blue-tabby cat had d peared. I was of course very u because I loved that cat. How when I went home for a visit, t was old Dixie sitting in his u place on the porch. We were astounded. As soon as I returne Rochester, Dixie disappeared a Strangely, each time I go h there he is in his usual waiting. During my absence h never seen, although he stays s and well fed. We think he mus living in a nearby wood. But w ever he's staying, something ap ently tells him when I will coming home.

Just another of those strange cidents that leads one to specu on the stories of ESP in anima *A.N. Miner, Loveland, Colo.*

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Revenge Is Sweeter Than A Chocolate Mousse

Probably nothing could have tipped the delicate balance between two happily married couples who were lifelong friends—except the evil power of suggestion. A short story by Elinor Goulding Smith.

When the doorbell rang, Virginia was still tucking sprigs of parsley around the mound of pâté on a blue and white Spode platter.

"Bill, will you get it?" she called. "I'll be ready in a second." She arranged melba toast around the edge of the platter, took another plate from the refrigerator and removed the Saran wrap that covered yellow-heaped deviled eggs, shrimps, and a bowl of rémoulade sauce. Let's be honest: she was smug in the superiority of her cooking. The platters of hors d'oeuvres were, tonight at least, a weapon.

"Hi!" she called, as she heard Bill open the door and greet Martha and Charles. "Be right there," and taking a plate in each hand she backed out of the kitchen swinging doors, carried the plates past the dining area into the living room, and, still holding the plates, leaned forward with exaggerated caution to kiss Martha and Charles. She put the plates on the coffee table and sank into an armchair as Martha and Charles fell into their usual places. Bill stirred and poured martinis, as usual, and it was Martha. *(continued)*

Illustration by Bernard Fuchs



Remember when you felt that all your life you would be stumbling over all those non-existent barriers? Then, there were the braces—for days, you held your lips tightly together not wanting to smile, wanting to die. Then he told you how beautiful you were. The most beautiful thirteen-year-old in the world. That moment—nothing else mattered but pleasing him. So, you gave him the biggest grin you could muster. Braces and all.

Now that you're grown up and moved away from home, you can still have those heart-to-heart talks with your dad. Any time.

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.

not Virginia, who spread the pâté on the toast and passed it.

The Millers and the Davises had been meeting every Friday evening for an early dinner and a late bridge game for nearly ten years now, and their friendship had long since gone beyond any necessity for the "What would you like to drink?" or "Won't you have some shrimps?" that went with other dates. When Charles or Martha was ready for another drink, he or she would ask for it, or just go and get it.

From time to time this otherwise relatively smooth friendship was subjected to certain stresses of the kind that would have had Damon at Pythias' throat.

The Millers' financial status was of the quiet kind that enabled them to live in comfort, but never exploded into sensational luxury. Bill was a lawyer, but with two children needing shoes and toothpaste and stereo records, and with Manhattan rent that sounded like the national debt, it was Virginia's job as a copy writer that enabled them to have some happy extras: theater, concerts, occasional short trips to Europe, summer camp for the children.

The Davises both had Money in their families, which did, frequently, erupt into purchases of modern paintings and antique furniture, hunted with eagerness and taste, but nevertheless covered with huge, noticeable (if invisible) price tags. If you have things with Picasso, Braque, or Pollock scribbled in the corners, people aren't going to think you picked them up for twelve dollars at a department store sale. What was now a collection gave every indication of becoming, in a few years, a Collection, perhaps even one day attaining the status of "The Davis Collection." Charles was a stockbroker, and although clearly Martha didn't have to work, she had a job as personnel director of a foundation. She did this, she often explained with boring earnestness, because she felt that women with capabilities ought to use them. In truth, she found running a household and caring for children difficult, and on a par with a school assembly for excitement and glamor.

Naturally the Davises had a full-time maid who prepared and served the meals, not to mention other people who came and went unobtrusively, doing cleaning and laundry. The Millers had a once-a-week cleaning woman, and Virginia did all her own cooking, and there was the thorn that stuck in Martha: the food at the Millers' was to that at the Davises' as sable is to dyed muskrat.

Unfortunately, Charles Davis, who loved good food (and found Virginia attractive), never failed to comment, in detail, on the delights of Virginia's cuisine. Martha, too, would make appropriate appreciative remarks. "I don't know how you get your duck so crisp," or "I don't see how you find the time," but her enthusiasm was well under control.

Even more unfortunately, Charles not only complimented Virginia while they were there, but often, on the way home, he would say to Martha, "I always eat too much at the Millers', but I just can't resist. Martha, why can't Clara, with nothing *to* do but cook, and with those gigantic food bills, turn out a decent meal?" And the thorn festered.

On the other hand, Martha was expert at bridge, as were the men, while Virginia played with an air of, "I can't remember, are there *four* suits?" Unfortunately, Bill rarely failed to admire Martha's bridge sense. Even more unfortunately, often, at the end of the evening, he would say to Virginia, "My God, how could you have played your queen? Listen, the rest of us were playing bridge. Were you playing casino?" It was sad that he forgot to mention the crispness of the duck or the perfection of the slight graininess of the *mousse au chocolat*. That was the thorn that stuck in Virginia.

At the end of this particular evening, Martha said, "Well, see you next Friday. Oh, and I forgot to tell you! The *table* came! I can hardly wait for you to see it."

"What table?" Virginia asked with the excitement of an Eskimo woman chewing a hide.

"You know, we told you about the William and Mary gate-leg card table we found in London. We'd been looking for one like that for years. Honestly, Virginia, it's so gorgeous, even your bridge game will be great. Well, you'll see for yourself."

"I don't suppose," Virginia remarked to Bill after Martha and Charles had left, "they will have found a better cook by next Friday." But even as she was saying it, she was looking with no particular glow of pleasure at her own furniture, eclectic, but eclectic more through necessity than choice. It was perfectly good, and the room warm and attractive, but several of the pieces had belonged to various deceased relatives, and while too good to give away, not quite what she would have chosen. There was nothing wrong with it all. There just wasn't anything specially right with it, either. "Just like," she thought, "those Davis dinners."

"And I don't suppose," Bill said, "your bridge will be improved by playing on a William and Mary table. Virginia, don't you carry psychic bidding a little too far? I never know whether we're playing bridge or doing ESP experiments." But Virginia had a brooding look as she picked up glasses and ashtrays, and didn't hear him.

The following Friday, when Bill and Virginia rang the Davis' doorbell, Virginia was not panting with excitement at the prospect of admiring the table. Neither of them was panting, either, at the prospect of slightly overdone filet, slightly underdone potatoes, green beans with slightly limp almonds, and pie with a homogeneous crust.

Martha and Charles, however, were glowing as they drew them into the living room.

"There," Martha said. "Isn't it just beyond *belief*? The workmanship and *pride* those people put into their furniture? I mean, even if you didn't know a thing about furniture, something like this just stands out. One man, working over his table with love. You can see him running his fingers over the wood, and standing back to let the light glance off it to check the finish."

Well, what can you do? Martha was a nice woman, a good woman, an intelligent woman, but she was given to these pompous, humorless statements.

"Surely," Bill said, "you're not really going to *use* it. We can't play bridge on *that*."

"Well, of course we are," Charles said. "That's what it was *meant* for. We feel the artist who made it—and of course he was an artist—would want it to be used and loved."

Well, Charles was a bit pompous, too, but he meant well.

Virginia passed a hand softly over the walnut, mellowed and glowing from its years. "It is truly beautiful," she said.

Then she suddenly knelt down, almost as though she were about to light candles or sacrifice a lamb. She touched the wood of the legs with her fingertips, then she bent lower and looked at the underside of the table with the worried concentration of a dog waiting for his dish to be put on the floor.

After a long, puzzling moment she got up and stood looking down at it again.

"It's perfectly unbelievable," she said.

Charles put his arm around Martha and they smiled with the deep satisfaction of effort recognized and rewarded. They felt they'd made the table themselves.

"It's just marvelous," Virginia said again, and Charles pulled Martha to him with a gentle, happy hug. Forgotten, for the moment, was Virginia's perfect mousse.

There was a quiet moment, filled with the joy of friendship and the pride of possession.

Then, "No one would *ever suspect*," Virginia said. "You certainly had *me* fooled."

Charles snatched his arm from Martha's shoulder as if he'd just been bitten by a black widow spider.

"*Suspect what?*" he demanded.

Virginia stared at them. "Do you honestly mean to tell me *you* don't know?" she said.

"*Know what?*" Martha said.

"Oh, my God," Virginia said, "I never would have said anything if I'd dreamed you didn't . . . oh, please just forget I said anything. The table is so beautiful and what does it matter? You'll love it and enjoy it, and it's just perfect."

"You can't just leave it at that," Martha said. "You've got to tell us what you mean."

"I didn't mean anything," Virginia said. "Please forget it. I'm sure you'll have every bit as much pleasure from it as . . . I mean, it's gorgeous, what more can I say?" (She could have said a great deal less, actually.)

"Virginia," Bill said, "I don't know what you're talking about, but you can't say something like that and let it lie there like a dead fish."

Virginia looked around at the three of them, like a cat at the top of a tree with a collie at the bottom.

"Well," she said slowly, as though it had been dragged from her, "I naturally thought you'd have known. I mean I never—I'd have died before I'd said anything if I thought you didn't know. But surely you must, you both know so much about furniture?" She stopped, but nobody said anything, so she went on. "It's an unbelievably good reproduction. No one will ever dream it's not the real thing."

"My God," Charles said. "It *can't* be."

Martha stood there looking as though she'd been hit on the back of the head with a meat ax but hadn't had time to fall yet.

"Oh, she's just putting you on," Bill said. "Okay, Virginia, the joke's over, let's all have a drink."

"No," Charles said. "She wasn't joking."

"No," Virginia said. "I only wish I were. I'd give anything if only I'd kept my big mouth shut. But how could I have imagined you didn't know? I thought you were putting *us* on, and then after a while you'd say it was a splendid fake."

Martha came to. "But what in the world makes you say such a thing?"

Virginia bent down again.

"You see? she said. "Right here?"

They all knelt, looking at the underside of the table where she pointed.

"It's so faint, of course, anyone could have missed it," she said, "but unmistakable. That's the mark left by a power saw. They sanded most of it off, but there's still that tiny trace. And here," she pointed to a faint mark on the leg, "you can see a distress mark where there couldn't possibly be a distress mark. The worn and scarred places would be here, on top of the curve, not below it. It's one of those tiny mistakes that people who make reproductions—or forgeries—sometimes make."

(continued on page 152)



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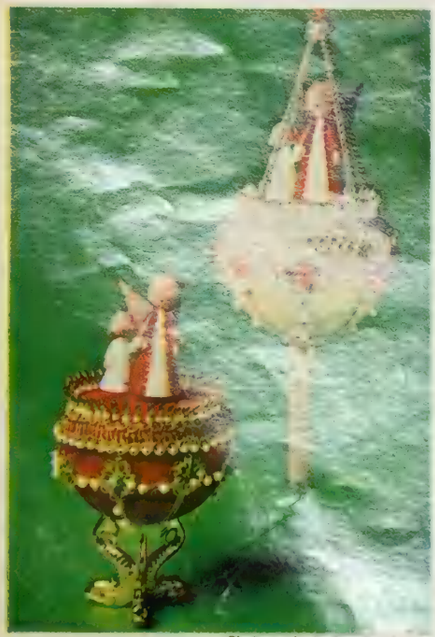
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Photographs by Ben Swedowsky

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NIVES & CUTLERY

By Virginia T. Habeeb

ould be safe to say that a good 's ability to work skillfully depends i using the right knife. Here are five special knives that we feel no l cook should be without.

uring Knives—These are the small- nives of an assortment and also the t varied in size and shape. The es are usually 2½ to 3" long, ed in or out, with pointed or nded tips. Individual preference de- nines your choice. Since you use ng knives for so many small cut- jobs around the kitchen—paring ns and carrots, peeling potatoes, to e just a few—it is probably wise to several on hand.

tility Knives—These are the in-be- en knives that run a close race with paring knife as a favorite "do-all." des are all shapes and forms with ated, wavy, or straight edges. The ulness of both the utility and the ing knives lies in their smaller size. shape of the blade does not de- mine their use and is important only ow it works for you.

rench Knives—Often called Chef's French Cook's Knife. These have a ic blade form that never varies, ugh the size and length of the knife l blade may. In use, the tip rests on cutting board surface held by the m of the left hand, while the rest of blade is raised and lowered with right hand to chop.

Carving Knives—These have long, ved blades to promote wide carving generous slices of meat. Some are rated. They are usually accom- nied by a carving fork to anchor the at.

Slicing Knives—These have serrated wavy edges. A complete set of cut- y needs at least one serrated or vy-edge knife for those certain foods t tear easily (such as bread and nge cakes).

ecialty Knives

addition to the basic knives the fol- ving are exceedingly useful:

Butcher Knives—Heavy-duty knives t trim raw meats, cut lobster, etcet- . They are varied in size.

Grapefruit Knife—This knife has a in, narrow blade that is curved and rrated. Ideal for coring and section- g.

Steak and Poultry Slicer—A knife th a long, narrow blade that is rved. Excellent for delicate slicing bs such as chicken, steak, and roasts, pecially smaller ones that have bones.

Household Cleaver—A specialty ife that's especially useful if you're "from scratch" cook. Separates ribs d joints—tenderizes, too.

Swedish Cook's Knife—A favorite mong many housewives who like the gled handle for better leverage when icing such foods as firm breads, eeses, etcetera.

Spatula—This has a long, narrow, unt-edge blade with a round tip. A patula's not meant for cutting, but for preading frostings, folding omelets, nd manipulating food in general.

Tomato Knife—This very narrow lade with serrated edge neatly slices ragile foods such as tomatoes.

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Buying Tips for Cutlery

A good knife will last you a lifetime if you choose one of top quality and care for it carefully. A cheap quality knife will always be dull and extremely irritating to use.

The blade should always contain a fairly high *carbon* content, which helps to assure a constantly sharp edge. Low carbon content will also cause the blade to darken and stain. The addition of vanadium and chromium further improve a blade's quality—*vanadium* to strengthen the steel and help it to keep sharp edge, *chromium* to help produce a stainless steel that resists rust.

The handle is attached to an extension of the blade called a tang. A full tang (which extends all the way to the end of the handle) and a half tang (which extends to the middle of the handle) are the most permanent attachments when fixed with two or more rivets. Any other method of attachment will, with use, loosen and be an annoyance and a hazard.

Knife blades may have flat or hollow-ground edges. The least expensive is a flat edge which forms a "V" (or may be slightly rolled or "canaled" to resist damage by hard surfaces). This edge wears quickly and requires frequent sharpening. The hollow-ground edge has a curve on each side, gradually slimming the thickness of the knife to a sharp cutting edge. **END**

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DIVORCE WITHOUT MARRIAGE: THE CURIOUS CASE OF LEE MARVIN'S COMMON-LAW WIFE



Photo by Albert Watson

Michelle Triola lived with actor Lee Marvin for seven years, during which time they never married but she did legally change her name to his. Then Lee married another woman. In a precedent-setting case, Michelle is now suing the actor for the rights of a legally divorced wife. Here is Michelle's story—one that could revolutionize our marriage and divorce laws. By Ronnie Cowan.

Far away from the beach house she loved, I sat with Michelle Marvin in her small, tastefully cluttered Beverly Hills apartment. I had come specifically to hear the story of her life with actor Lee Marvin, because that story goes far beyond the confines of a Hollywood romance; it could reach the United States Supreme Court and have a far-reaching effect on marriage and divorce as we know them today.

For seven years, Michelle and Lee lived together in their Malibu beach house. Michelle even went so far as to change her last name legally—from Triola to Marvin. She and Lee never went through a marriage ceremony, however. Then, suddenly, Lee dissolved the "union" and married another woman. Michelle, not legally Lee's wife, was stunned. After months of confusion and emotional pain she took her case to court, asking that her rights as a common-law wife be vindicated. She is suing Lee Marvin for $1 million—half of his assets—in a community property action, but she is also doing much more. Hers is a test case with national ramifications.

Michelle and her attorney, Marvin Mitchelson, are seeking to prove a novel thesis. They say, in essence, that there can be a "divorce" without a marriage. They claim that a woman like Michelle, who lived with Lee Marvin and shared his life—without a marriage license—should have the same rights she would enjoy if she *had* married him.

Says lawyer Mitchelson: "I believe the trend of the law may and should move away from the classic concept of marriage and divorce. It's time to have a national set of principles relative to marriage and divorce, and to emphasize the relationships between people that produce obligations and responsibilities rather than just licensing. I'm not talking about one-night stands, but about lasting relationships." Michelle Marvin's landmark case will be tried in Los Angeles in late October.

Michelle Marvin is a petite, pretty, childlike woman. Her French mother and Italian father raised her as a strict Catholic, and her divorce after one year of marriage to actor Skip Ward had a shattering effect.

"For a long time I blamed myself for the failure. Actually, neither of us was ready to cope with the responsibilities of marriage as a relationship. We both were very involved with our careers. Skip had just signed to do a new series and I was just getting known as a singer. After my divorce, all my energies went into my career. I moved to Rome, where there seemed to be a lot of work for Americans. While I was in Rome, RCA signed me to a record contract and booked me for personal appearances all over Europe. Because Skip and I remained friends we wrote to each other often, and in our letters we started talking about a reconciliation. We hoped that maybe we could make a go of it. I returned to Hollywood to reconcile with Skip, but it never happened. I met Lee.

"I had accepted a small part in the film *Ship of Fools*. I was also offered a singing job in a top Beverly Hills supper club. So I was literally working night and day. I'd arrive on the set at six in the morning exhausted because I was getting so little sleep. I was never without my big, dark sunglasses, and when I wasn't on camera (which was often) I'd be sound asleep in a chair behind my glasses, trying not to look obvious. Once I dozed off in the middle of a conversation with someone, and the story went around the set. I was told that when Lee Marvin heard the story he broke into gales of laughter and said to someone in the crew, 'See that little girl sitting over there with the big, dark glasses and the smile on her face? I just said hello to her and discovered she's fast asleep. Tell her I'd like to take her to lunch when she wakes up.'

"That was in June, 1964. In November, 1964, Lee moved into my house in the Hollywood Hills. At the time, Lee was separated from his wife Betty and was awaiting divorce action. Our relationship was a good one from the start. We could talk to each other easily, we seemed to want the same things out of life. We both loved the ocean and would often drive to the beach, sit on the sand, and look out at the waves and not feel the need to talk at all. Those were the times I loved best. Lee would look at me and say, 'Yes, I definitely think we're in 'like' with each other.' Our friends would kid us and say that we walked around as if we had some sort of secret between us, and we did: we were very happy. In December of '64, we took a short trip to a sleepy, out-of-the-way town in Mexico, and I think there in San Blas is when I really knew that I was deeply in love with Lee, and that I cared for him more than anyone in my life. A few months later we moved into our beach house in Malibu.

"Nothing and no one could separate us. My family disapproved to the point that no one would speak to me. Some of Lee's advisors did not approve, either. But we ignored everyone's opinions. We were madly in love. Gradually, everyone started to understand and considered us a perfect match, and we were. Did we argue? Sure, we had those dumb, necessary fights. But even though Lee was a few feet taller than I he didn't win them all. When I wanted to get my point over, he would let me. The more serious I became, the more he would laugh. Needless to say, my arguments went right down the drain. On the other hand, I always knew when Lee was displeased about something because he would suddenly become quiet, and in all the years that I was with him I never saw him give way to a fit of temper. I used to admire that control a great deal.

"I continued to pursue my career as a singer while Lee's zoomed to the top. We discussed my hopes as a performer, and his approach to acting really helped me to become a better singer. He would always discuss his scripts with me, just as I would ask him his opinion on musical arrangements. I never thought of Lee in terms of superstar; he was always 'the silver fox' to me. When they tagged that superstar thing on him I used to kid him about it. I would ask if 'Supey' wanted two eggs or three for breakfast. For years that nickname—Supey—stuck with him—it was even stencilled on the back of his chair on the set of one of his films.

"The following year Lee did a film in England. The only reason I didn't go with him was that I had a ten-week engagement to fulfill in Hawaii. It was our first separation and sheer torture for both of us. Our telephone bills were astronomical. Then one morning *(continued)*

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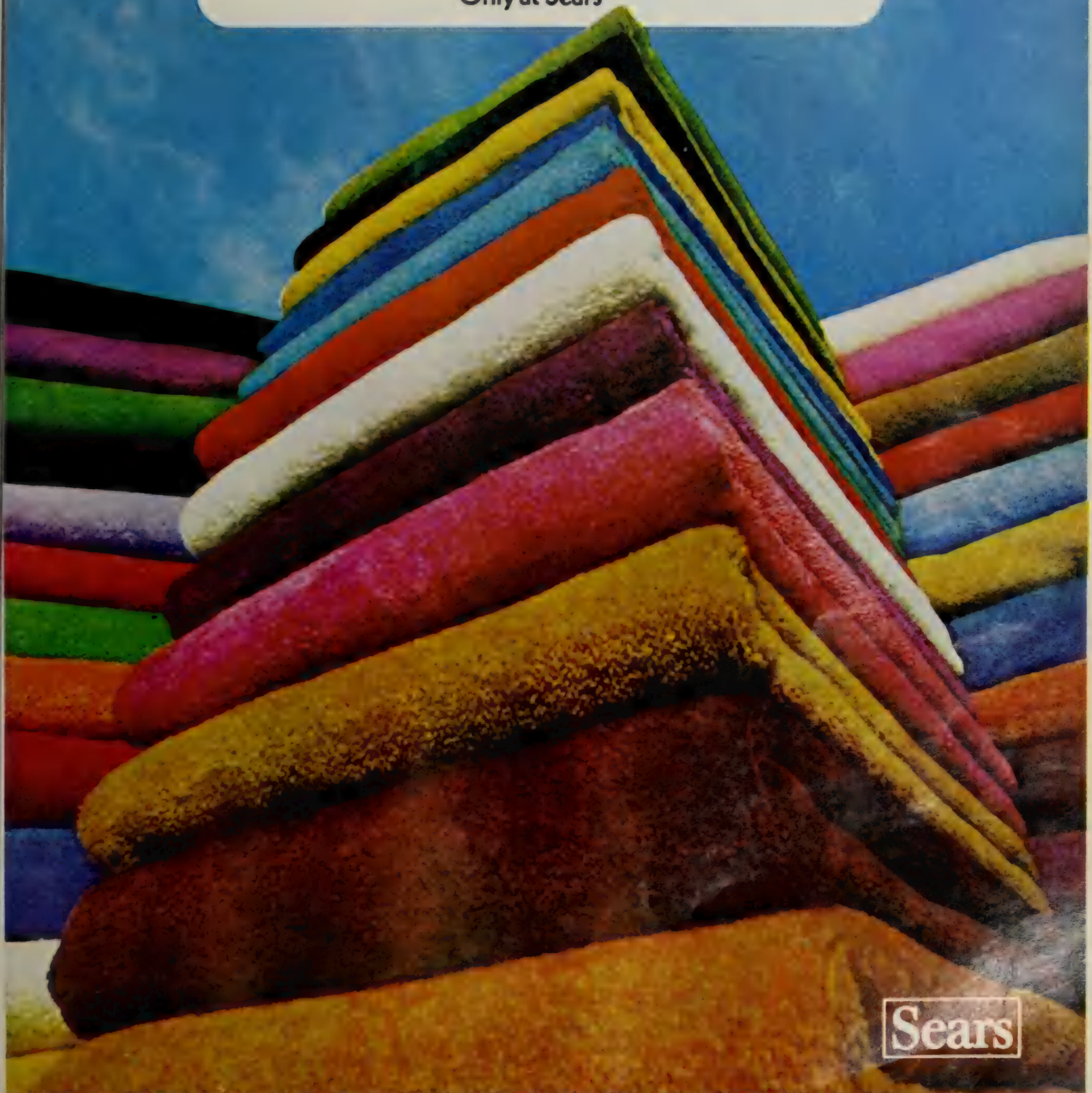
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looking the ocean. He even designed my bathroom with a sunken tub in a tropical garden. We loved Palau and hated to leave because it always meant work and returning to pressures.

"While I was living with Lee I even changed my last name to his. It happened this way. One day while we were on location in Baker, Oregon, where Lee was making *Paint Your Wagon*, a policeman stopped me for speeding. When he looked at my driver's license, he saw that it read Michelle Triola. Well, Baker is a small town. Everybody knows everybody else. So this police officer very politely corrected me. He said the name on my license wasn't right, that he knew I was Lee Marvin's wife. Well, anyway, there was a big to-do about my name when I went to pay the summons. It embarrassed me and it embarrassed Lee. We figured that as long as everybody called me Mrs. Marvin, and as long as I signed my name Michelle Marvin, why not make that my legal name?

"The last film Lee made while we were still together was *Monte Walsh*. There were many problems within the production and Lee was unhappy. When Lee was unhappy, I was unhappy. We had little arguments, but nothing serious. I knew Lee was under tremendous pressure; he was working too hard, and was extremely worried. When we returned from location he was exhausted. We wanted to leave for Palau but Lee had to make personal appearances for another film. He was grumpy and edgy and I guess I was, too. Before I knew what was happening we were in the middle of an argument. I guess this misunderstand
—I'd rather not say what it was abou
was more serious than any we had
fore. This time Lee left the house
didn't return all night. I was q
worried in the morning and called
agent to see if he had heard from L
'Yes, I have,' he replied. 'Michelle, I
wants a divorce.'

" 'A divorce!' I said. 'What are y
talking about? You know we're
legally married.'

" 'That was Lee's message,' the m
said, 'and I'm passing it on to y

A Misunderstanding?

"It suddenly hit me that our m
understanding wasn't just another m
understanding. I found out through
friend that Lee was in La Jolla. Th
same day I drove there and found hi
We decided to drive back to our hou
at the beach and talk things over. W
talked a long time, and we realized th
the chemistry was still there. I do
mean just physically. We were co
municating as we always had done. W
discussed our differences, about t
pressures we were both under when
made a film, about our lack of priva

"We were in the middle of our co
versation when the phone rang. It w
Lee's agent. The call didn't last lo
When Lee hung up, he said that he h
to drive into town immediately. Wi
out telling me why, he left. I could
understand why I didn't hear fr
him the next day. But the day aft
that, I received a letter—not from Le
from his attorney. In essence, it ask
me to list everything at the bea
house that I considered mine. Min

(continued on page 8

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MRS. LEE MARVIN *continued*

Lee called and said, 'You know, Michelle, you are going to have to make a decision. I want you with me. If you're not here by July 15th you can forget the whole thing.' I was on practically the next plane for London.

"It was so good to be back with Lee. We were in love. We would never be separated again. Lee did such beautiful things, little things that are so important to a woman. Even buying a pair of gloves was an experience with him. He took such care you'd have thought he was in Cartier's buying a diamond. He was so funny, explaining to the salesman how tiny my hands were and that they probably didn't have a pair of gloves in London to fit them.

"England was a happy time in our lives. We had suffered a separation and we talked and talked about never being separated again. We discussed marriage, but how could a piece of paper make us any happier than we were? When Lee explained it, it all seemed right. I believed him. He felt that a marriage ceremony was merely insurance for the woman, that when a man loved a woman she wouldn't need a piece of paper for financial security should they ever part.

"When we returned to California, life settled down again. We moved back into the Malibu house that I loved so much. Lee's children would come up on weekends. I adored them. They're bright, intelligent kids and we had great fun and rapport. I was completely tuned in to Lee's way of life. When we wanted to get away, we'd go to Palau, a small island in Micronesia. We even built a boat there. It was a wonderful experience to see it take shape. Lee named it the *Ngerengchol*, which means 'where the heart lies.' Lee also hired an architect to build our dream house on a beautiful hill over-



"There must be some reason w

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Nothing was mine; everything was *ours*. I didn't list anything. A few days later I received a telephone call asking how soon I would be able to get out of the house. Me, leave our house? I couldn't leave it—I wouldn't leave. I put the phone down and cried.

"I remained stunned for days. Then his attorneys came in person. I watched them enter *my* home, sit in *my* living room, and heard them tell me again how I must pack my belongings and leave—that if I didn't, there were ways of forcing me to do so. For the past seven years Lee's lawyers had been my advisors and friends. They told me that if I didn't make arrangements to get out, a truck would drive up for my belongings, and I would be responsible for all costs. I was so frightened that I couldn't even think straight.

"Costs? I had no money. My monthly allowance met the household needs, and if extras or personal items were needed, I was always able to charge them in the name of Mrs. Lee Marvin. I never considered myself naive or stupid, but I guess I was both. Can you imagine, I never once stopped to question my rights? I told them I would vacate the premises before the end of the month.

No place to live

"One of Lee's attorneys, a man who had been a father image to me over the years, called to reassure me that I would be taken care of financially. I mean, I actually had no place to live. Friends? With a man like Lee, his friends became my friends. He wasn't partial to too many women, so I lost touch with my girl friends, except for Ruth Berle [Milton Berle's wife] and Edna McHugh [Eddie Cantor's daughter]. To this day, I don't know what I would have done without them.

"Another formal letter arrived, informing me that arrangements had been made for me to be paid a certain amount of money each month for several years. The letter went on to tell me the date the alimony—that's the word they used—would start. Again I didn't ask any questions. I was in a state of confusion.

"I couldn't bear to leave the beach, so when my first check arrived I rented a little house not far from our own. I had heard that Lee was working in New York, so I didn't rush to get all my belongings out of the house. One day I had gone back to the house to get some books, and the phone rang. It was Lee calling from New York. There was no way that I could sound nonchalant, so I guess I sounded pretty emotional. Before we knew it, we were talking things out again. It was difficult over the telephone; I told Lee that if anything was going to be solved, it could only be when he got back.

"Lee did come back. We didn't plunge into anything. Too much had happened in the past few months. We were both hurt. We started seeing each other every day (after all, Lee had visitation rights to our dog, Lee-Boo). Most of our friends thought we were on our way to a reconciliation.

"Then came the premiere of *Monte Walsh* in New York. I told Lee that I'd be waiting for him when he returned the next week. While Lee was in New York City, he got word that his

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father was very ill. He rushed to Woodstock, in upstate New York to be near him—and, naturally, his return to California was postponed for a while. We talked quite often during the time he was away.

"Late one night, the telephone rang. It was Lee. He had called to tell me that he had gotten married. I could hardly understand him. I thought he was kidding, but he repeated it. I was shocked, and felt as if I couldn't breathe. I truly don't remember hanging up the phone. I can hardly bear to recall that night. At that point I was afraid to be alone so I called a married couple that had been friends of ours. They took me to their house for a few days. My thoughts? I couldn't believe that Lee would take his bride to our house, to the same bed that he had shared with me for seven years. [The woman Lee married on Oct. 18, 1970, was a childhood friend named Pam Griffin Feeley.]

"I had to stop thinking about Lee. I tried desperately to pick up the pieces of my life. I knew I had to find a job. But where? Doing what? I didn't kid myself. My career as a singer was seven years behind me. I was hired as a secretary, but I just wasn't equipped for the job.

The final slap

"It was exactly one year after Lee's marriage that my constructive efforts collapsed. I received a call from his business manager, informing me that there would be no more checks forthcoming. It was impossible for me to face the fact that everything Lee had promised me during our relationship was untrue. How can you know and love someone for all those years and find you don't really know him at all? I had to call Lee, because I didn't believe it. Before Lee had a chance to say anything, his wife took the phone, and told me that from the beginning the whole money arrangement had been ridiculous, that legally I was entitled to nothing. She ended the conversation with 'Why don't you find yourself another boyfriend?'

"That final slap in the face destroyed me. Suddenly I realized that I needed help. I called Marvin Mitchelson, my close friend and attorney. I thought that maybe he could try to reach Lee. But after he heard my story and when we received no reply from Lee, Marvin and I decided that I would file suit just like any other married woman."

In her suit, Michelle says that she and Lee had an oral agreement to combine their "efforts and earnings and would share equally any and all property accumulated." The brief also states that "during the time the parties lived together," Michelle and Lee would "hold themselves out to the general public as husband and wife," and that Michelle "would further render her services as a companion, homemaker, housekeeper, and cook."

"Now that a court date has been set, I feel very nervous," Michelle admits, "but I'm not bitter. Whether you understand my story or not, I know that Lee does. And this might sound strange to you, but more than anyone else, I know that Lee knows why I'm suing him."

Does Michelle still love Lee? "I will always like the man, I just can't help it, and I guess you have to like someone to feel love for them." END

continued from page 68

and I might break her jaw." (He did not have that revealing sign of the anti-social, misplaced capitals, scattered through an otherwise cultured handwriting, for nothing.) Whether or not she could see the anger in his eyes when the actual scene was played, I do not know—"just give it to me, Bette, and you will be as flat as a sardine in a can," as he put it in his book. In any case, discretion was finally the better part of valor; she missed his face totally with technical perfection. And Flynn? He went back to his dressing room and threw up for a third time.

Sammy Davis, Jr.

As you can plainly see, Sammy Davis neither wrote exactly what I requested nor in fact wrote at all. He printed. Herein lies a tale. In the summer of 1969 he was performing at a night club in London and he asked me to sit at a table with his friends and come back to a lounge adjoining his dressing room after the show. Sammy was gracious as always; he still remembers the time when he called me from Hollywood to ask for Saturday night off from his performance at the Huntington Hartford Theatre in Hollywood—to get married! —and I of course agreed.

But when I brought up the subject of handwriting he got very uptight, and protested with something approaching panic that he had not done any writing for years. I told him that didn't make any difference. He then said that if I would speak to him about it in two or three years he would have had a chance to practice a bit, and the handwriting would look a lot better. I explained that writing which he had practiced to look a certain way would be intolerably dull and that purely spontaneous writing was the most interesting. Finally he reluctantly disappeared into the dressing room with a friend, closed the door, and was gone for ages. When he reappeared he presented me with the specimen shown here. I think that he and his friend had gotten into a huddle about how to handle the dilemma, and I guess they decided the safest way out was to print.

But of course there is a great deal of Sammy Davis revealed in this specimen, in spite of the printing. The simple capital "I" means instinctive good taste; the absence of unnecessary strokes, maturity; the forward-leaning slant, emotion and a relating to others; the strong, high "t" bars, determination and imagination, respectively; the very high third stroke of the first "m," an innate stubbornness (diplomats do it the opposite way, with the letters trailing off at the end of the word); and finally, ambition shown in the upward slant of the "t"s and particularly in the rising stroke at the end of the word "down."

The signature is wild, but signatures often are, for as the capital "I" is the innermost part of the personality, the signature is the outermost, the side of the personality which extroverts in particular wish to exhibit. The extravagant loop of the capital "D" shows exhibitionism and persistence. The ties or knots in the capital "S" and in the following "a" and the loop of the "y" again indicate persistence, and the unusually high points of the capital "S" and the small "s" at the end of the name indicate a vaulting ambition which rarely takes "no" for an answer. Sammy, please let me see the rest of your writing one of these days. It ain't fair to tease us like that. How many years do we have to wait?

Joe Di Maggio

Highly physical writing—with the long "t" bars and lower loops—which might well be the writing of an outstanding entertainer. Look at the ego in that capital "I" and that ambitious upstroke at the end of the word "down."

J. P. Getty

A suggestion of ill health. The ideal writing for a great businessman still comes through. The dynamic rhythm, the emotionally forward slant, the spacing, the broken letters signify the creator, while the fierce angularity (with the third stroke of that first "m" stubbornly uppermost), and the persistent and ambitious "t" bars show the aggressive nature which rarely takes no for an answer.

Barry Goldwater

I have not yet asked Mr. Nixon for his writing, but now that I have Senator Goldwater's I am starting to think about it. To tell the truth, I was a little afraid to bother Senator Goldwater, whom I had never met, when I saw him having dinner at the Twenty-One Club in London.

My publisher had requested that I send out letters asking for celebrities' writing, but I was aware of what happened to such "form" letters when they reached me, and I had decided that the best approach was the frontal attack. (So far the only person who has turned me down is Sol Hurok. After introducing myself to Senator Goldwater (whom I don't believe knew my name but was perfectly friendly), his wife, who didn't seem too happy with me, and some Army man who was sitting with them, I sat down at the table, which consisted of ten or twelve people.

The Army man, who I think associated me with A & P, kept up a running barrage of conversation trying to prevent me from talking to the Senator, to no avail. The latter was most courteous—a bit more in writing the silly sentences I had asked for than I had been in requesting it.

Goldwater's image at the time he ran for President against Johnson, of course, was extremely right-wing and conservative, and the fact is somewhat borne out by the highness and narrowness of the small letters. On the other hand, President Kennedy had frequently said that although he often agreed with the Senator politically he was a good friend personally, and it is not hard to see why from the writing. With the sensitive figure "g"s, the lack of beginning strokes, and the absence of long, materialistic lower loops (which may be reflected in occasional lapses of diplomacy), it is certainly the writing of a creative person. At the same time it is also true that if there are no long lower loops, there are certainly some high upper ones which is a sign not of idealism, as most graphologists tell you, but of an ambitious nature desirous of dominating.

Here again, though, the aggressiveness is blunted by the rather conventional "t" bars placed very low on the "t"s by a slightly dropping off of the basic line and by the pressure on vertical downward strokes rather than horizontal ones. The total picture is one of a complex nature whose inner battles are not entirely resolved.

Rex Harrison

With the backhand writing and impatient "t" bars, more of an introvert than we would expect. Only the large capitals and the occasional long lower loops betray the personality of an actor.

He might have been a writer.

Leopold Stokowski

The writing of a great artist is here exhibited by the rhythm, the Greek "d's" and the figure-8 "g's." The stability yet near-violence characteristic of many conductors (remember Toscanini?) is seen in the vertical writing with those huge capitals of "carriage" and "garage."



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Dorothy Lambert Brightbill



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By Dorothy Lambert Brightbill

For a more elegant approach there is nothing like needlepoint. It looks expensive, but really costs very little when you make it yourself. The three stockings are 21 inches long and have special Christmas motifs: a trio of handsome Wise Men, traditional candle and mouse, and a wonderful St. Nicholas standing on a cloud. The smaller poinsettia stocking, measuring 16 inches, was used as an unusual door decoration.

Photographs by Ben Swedowsky

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Help for a witch!

How can I stop being a witch? I want to be the charming, gracious, and loving person that people think I am. But no matter how hard I try, my vicious tongue is almost impossible to control. I have three fine children who hate me. I have lost two husbands and am about to lose a third because of my witchiness. Should I seek counseling?

Nobody is exempt from what you call "witchiness." We all have human attributes including arrogance, hostility, viciousness, jealousy, and envy, as well as charm, grace, and lovability. Excessive "witchiness" is often due to excessive attempts to repress those characteristics we have come to view as less than saintlike. Acceptance of ourselves and all of our feelings and moods means that we must also accept those moods we have come to regard as "witchy." Attempting to be charming, gracious, and loving all the time can lead to repression of anger. This repression can unconsciously store up rage until it must uncontrollably burst forth in seemingly inappropriate situations. Excessive arrogance and vicious behavior are also indications of fear of one's own strong feelings as well as fear of what other people think of us. Psychotherapy can help us accept all aspects of ourselves so that excessive repression and preoccupation with other people's opinions and excessive uncontrollable outbursts become minimal. This makes for a better relationship with ourselves as well as with other people.

Is Dr. Rubin "Forever Thin"?

I used to weigh 280 and now weigh 142 and am aiming for 134. At 37 I feel 27. I have lost the weight and kept it off largely because of your book *Forever Thin*, which I regard as my Bible. Because your column is the first thing I read in the JOURNAL, I couldn't help but notice that your new photograph would indicate that you have taken a vacation from being *Forever Thin*. Would you comment on this?

First, I want to congratulate you on your diet success and the happiness it has brought you. As for my photograph and my weight facts, here they are: I am six feet, three inches tall, I weighed 260 more than 20 years ago. I now weigh 200 pounds. I would like to weigh between 185 and 195, but am wary of becoming discouraged because of not being able to reach or sustain an "ideal" weight. My danger point is 210 pounds. Anytime I've reached it over the past 20 years I have successfully dieted down to 200 pounds, or below. I have no illusions about my ability to eat and gain unwanted weight, so I am always careful. I hope to continue to sustain my initial weight loss, which occurred more than 20 years ago.

Time for yourself

I have a strange problem: I don't know how to spend my time; I do not know what to do when. I wake up depressed because I know no matter what I decide to do that day, I'll feel as if I should be doing something else. In addition to my housework, I serve as a professional assistant to my husband (I work at home; we are both in the same profession—except that he has a Ph.D. and I have only a B.S.). So you see, I have plenty of work to do. I also want to develop my own interests—namely painting—but every time I steal a little time for myself I feel guilty, as if I were wasting time. By evening, I'm too tired to paint or embroider. I feel as though my life does not belong to me. What is wrong with me and what can I do?

You sound as though you know very well what you would like to do with your time and life. You mention painting and embroidery, and it wouldn't surprise me if you wanted to go on and get your Ph.D., too. Doing these things, however, requires taking yourself and your desires seriously. This means that you must regard yourself, your needs and aspirations as the most important things in your life. However much a person is in love, sacrificing oneself to prove it leads to frustration, self-hate, and resentment. These feelings make for chronic fatigue and confusion over one's own feelings and desires.

It is impossible to do everything at the same time. Some priority is necessary and this entails giving up one or more activities in favor of others. People who feel that they "steal time" for themselves and who feel guilty for participating in their own individual and personal enrichment always find it difficult to make decisions regarding the use of their time. Having lost the feeling of being the captain of their own lives, decisions as to what to do with their time and energy are blocked by confusion and guilt. Psychoanalytic therapy is often necessary to restore feelings of owning one's life so that personal ambitions, satisfactions, and pleasures can be realized without feeling self-hate, guilt, and the fears of losing the love of others.

Getting away from the children

My mother didn't understand why I [illegible] need to be away from my children for a few hours, and my mother-in-law was appalled at the fact that her daughter was not ecstatic to discover she was pregnant only a few months after the birth of her second child. Can our mothers have forgotten the less "joyous" moments in child-raising—or are we less dedicated to our children than our mothers were?

It would seem to me that these two mothers have forgotten what child-raising was really like or else they have actually deluded themselves into believing that they managed to fulfill their impossible representation of motherhood. All people get tired, impatient, harassed, fed up and all people need privacy, time, and energy exclusively for themselves. This includes mothers. In fact, mothers who indulge their own needs as well as those of their children make the best mothers. Their open, honest feeling about their own needs imbue their children with a strong sense of reality about human needs and limitations. These children will then have the ability to enjoy themselves without guilt. Self-sacrificing, saint-like mothers project a sense of martyrdom and almost invariably manipulate their children through guilt. These mothers are usually extremely neurotic and are more interested in their reputations as mothers than in being a truly good mother. One must be a good friend and parent to oneself before one can be a really worthwhile friend and parent to anyone else.

Revealing personal details

Help! Why do I tell everyone—practically strangers even—the details of my personal life? Then, because I have made myself vulnerable, everyone feels free to advise and criticize me in terms that make me angry. I try not to confide in everyone, but inevitably my personal revelations come out. Why do I do this?

Your problem is very common and usually involves one or more of the following interrelated factors:

1. Poor self-esteem, feelings of inadequacy, and self-contempt.
2. An attempt to entertain, to please, and to impress people in order to compensate for your feeling anxious and inadequate.
3. An attempt to cover up y[illegible] feelings of being threatened.
4. An attempt to cover up y[illegible] feelings of anger toward people
5. An attempt to gain ins[illegible] recognition and admiration.
6. An attempt to establish [illegible] stant relationships and friendsh[illegible] to mitigate your loneliness.

Too late for a career?

I am 34 years old. Do you th[illegible] it is too late for me to becom[illegible] psychiatrist? I completed coll[illegible] and premedical work (with h[illegible] grades) 10 years ago, but ne[illegible] went on to medical school. Now, [illegible] the first time in my life, I feel t[illegible] I've found the field to which I co[illegible] dedicate the rest of my life.

Thirty-four is young. Experien[illegible] development, and wisdom (wh[illegible] come with age) are valuable [illegible] people who want to work w[illegible] people, as in psychiatry. I, the[illegible] fore, do not feel that it is too late [illegible] that you are too old. *But* medi[illegible] schools in the United States tend[illegible] limit acceptance to very you[illegible] people. I suggest, however, that y[illegible] apply anyway. Perhaps your str[illegible] motivation will get through in [illegible] terviews and produce the desi[illegible] results. Otherwise you might c[illegible] sider medical schools in Europe, [illegible] Philippines, or Mexico. You mig[illegible] also think about going to gradua[illegible] school to get a doctorate in ps[illegible] chology. Some psychoanalytic [illegible] stitutes train psychologists to [illegible] psychoanalysts and therapists. [illegible] any case, there is almost certainly [illegible] place for you in psychiatry or ju[illegible] about any other career. It is n[illegible] "too late."

Motivation for therapy

A friend of mine is always very d[illegible] pressed. I've suggested that she g[illegible] help but she refuses. What is the [illegible] that we can do to get her to see [illegible] doctor?

Motivation to get psychiatric he[illegible] is extremely difficult to generat[illegible] Many people can't overcome fal[illegible] pride about needing help or t[illegible] fear of what they may find o[illegible] about themselves in treatment. Th[illegible] is true despite the fact that psych[illegible] therapy usually reveals many co[illegible] structive aspects of ourselves. Pe[illegible] haps it might be helpful if the su[illegible] gestion to seek help comes fro[illegible] someone your friend particular[illegible] likes, trusts, or holds in high esteem[illegible] such as her family doctor, clergy[illegible] man, or her lawyer. EN

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin a[illegible] swers questions on your persona[illegible] marriage, family, and emotion[illegible] problems. The doctor is a wel[illegible] known psychoanalyst who practice[illegible] in New York and is the author [illegible] Lisa and David and The Thin Boo[illegible] by a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist. *Hi[illegible] new book is* Emergency Room Diar[illegible] *(Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.). If yo[illegible] have questions for Dr. Rubin to an[illegible] swer in his column, please addres[illegible] them to him in care of Ladies' Hom[illegible] Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., Ne[illegible] York, N.Y. 10022. We regret tha[illegible] only letters selected for use in th[illegible] column can be answered.*

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL/OCTOBER 1973

ONE FOURTH JEW



BY MALCOLM BOYD

At Judaism's historic "Wailing Wall," shown above after Israeli soldiers captured it in 1967, an Episcopal priest—author of the popular book, *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?*—rediscovers his own shared Jewish heritage.

Although I grew up a Christian and later became an Episcopal priest, there has always been present in my background the blood reality that I am one-fourth a Jew. In Nazi Germany this fact would have led to my imprisonment, possibly my death. What meaning does it hold for me now? This year I have turned 50. It is, it seems, a unique time to examine the roots of my life, indeed of my identity as a person.

Three of my grandparents were Anglo-Saxon Protestants. The fourth, removed early from my consciousness by a divorce followed by death, was a Jew. Although I am a Christian by commitment of faith and personal belief, it is significant to me that I am one-fourth a Jew. I want to recognize the meaning of *both*.

During high school and college I thought of Judaism as an alien faith utterly distant from my own experience. (Sunday school raised the insistent question: Hadn't the Jews killed Christ?) Jewishness often seemed forbidding, even strange. What was kosher food? What was a *Bar Mitzvah?* What tradition did Jews observe at Christmas? My separation from Jews, already a fact of life, increased in college when I joined a fraternity. It was Christian; there were separate Jewish fraternities, and the twain never met. In fact, I remember the day my fraternity brothers "black-balled" a prospective member because he was Jewish. I said nothing in protest. Yet the specter of anti-Semitism had recently become locked inside my mind. For my world view then included goose-stepping Nazis in shiny black boots, and a rich civilization bent on persecution—and its own ruin.

The staccato quality of Hitler's voice stuck in my awareness. It was accompanied by the rhythmic, measured cries from a thousand Nazi throats, growing in intensity until a blood sacrifice insinuated itself into one's own blood. The imagery of flailing whips and broken bones caused me to cower in evocative fear, as if before an incensed serpent-god that demanded one's essence, identity, blood, body, mind, soul—one's very being.

Outwardly, none of these thoughts or sensations surfaced. Upon graduation from college I went to work in Hollywood for nearly ten years. There, I discovered to my surprise, many of the people close to me were Jews. *(continued on page 157)*

The Party Givers: Which One Are You?

(STARRING CAROL BURNETT)

How you throw a party reveals just as much about your character as your own signature, perhaps even more. You don't have to be a handwriting expert, just a modest student of human nature, to catch the difference between the type whose idea of fun is having her 50 best friends in for cocktails and the one who prefers giving a candlelight dinner for six. This month when a lot of people—including us—are having entertaining thoughts, we decided to investigate the art and style of parties and their givers. Our observations led us to divide the givers into five basic categories. Helping us define them is that most entertaining hostess of all, Carol Burnett. Take the quiz below to discover which type you are. Then read on for the party fashions, foods, and decorating ideas that best fit your life style and personality. There's no harm, of course, in checking out pages that describe types other than yours. No one said you always had to run true to type.

When you've checked the appropriate numbers, turn page upside down for scoring. And continue on across the page to find out more about our party givers.

1. You have an hour free before the party. You'd spend it . . .

a. trying a new facial mask
b. arranging flowers
c. going for a walk
d. updating your address book
e. giving yourself a manicure

2. Turned loose in a jewelry store, price no object, what would you choose?

a. ruby rhinoceros pin
b. diamond heart
c. a simple antique gold chain
d. jeweled pillbox
e. ropes of pearls

3. Which lady in history would you most like to have been?

a. Isadora Duncan
b. Cleopatra
c. Lady Godiva
d. Madame Curie
e. Marie Antoinette

4. You have money to add a room to the house. Which will it be?

a. a greenhouse
b. bed-sitting room
c. a live-in kitchen
d. a sauna-solarium
e. a game room

5. It's time for a new (or additional) pet. Which?

a. cougar
b. Persian cat
c. collie
d. tropical fish
e. basset hound

6. You've just thrown out your collection of matchbook covers. Time to start anew with . . .

a. barbed wire
b. china dolls
c. begonias
d. autographs
e. bells

7. It's a rainy Saturday. Your husband has taken the kids to the movies. You'd spend the afternoon . . .

a. making a *gâteau St.-Honoré*
b. starting *another* needlepoint cushion
c. go antiquing on a bicycle
d. straightening drawers and closets
e. calling college chums you haven't seen in 10 years

8. You've won $100 at Bingo. It's all yours. You . . .

a. take karate lessons
b. buy a new Morocco-bound set of Shelley
c. give it to the local animal shelter
d. call your broker
e. buy 24 sterling cocktail forks

9. You go off your diet with a vengeance for just *one* dessert. You choose—

a. wild strawberry shortcake
b. a double Brandy Alexander
c. bread pudding with hard sauce
d. half a Napoleon
e. a plateful of petit fours

10. You've volunteered to run a booth at the local church bazaar. You plan—

a. [illegible]
b. [illegible]
c. [illegible]
d. [illegible]
e. [illegible] TV

Scoring: Mostly "a," The Adventurer. Mostly "b," The Romantic. Mostly "c," The Clock-Work Hostess. Mostly "d," The Matchless Mixer. Six or more "e"s, Hostess Extraordinaire. Consult proof of your party type. Less



THE MATCHLESS MIXER

Her parties are peopled wall-to-wall. And when she gives a big cocktail bash, she doesn't mind being the center of attention. She adores wearing this hot pink bias-cut dress by Clovis Ruffin for Ruffin Wear and glittery accessories.

THE CLOCK-WORK HOSTESS

Everything goes like clock work. It has to—this busy working woman has no time to waste. She's partial to this plaid wool/polyester pantsuit by Jack Winter that she can throw in the washing machine and go from office to party in.



THE ROMANTIC

Her idea of entertaining is an intimate sit-down dinner and this soft, side-wrapped champagne evening dress by Sears. She loves romantic touches like the dress's gold-chain belt and delicate gold jewelry worn at the neck and wrist.

THE COOL ONE

This casual hostess is always ready for fun when friends drop in. You'll catch her serving an impromptu Sunday brunch in easy sports separates such as this long wool dirndl skirt, wool jersey shirt and sweater by Pendleton.

THE ADVENTURER

She loves to experiment in food and in fashion. Her tastes run to the ethnic. She's wearing fluid lounging pajamas with a bias cut top and wide pants by Stevies for Bendel's Studio. They show off her Oriental neck piece with style.

Photographs by Sherman Weisburd. Elura wigs designed by Roselle Friedland, makeup by [illegible] Schultz. Fashion information on page 152.





She likes her friends and her food wall-to-wall. She's the hostess' hostess—the born mixer. When she gives a big cocktail bash (her favorite form of partying), she mixes ages, interests, and professions with the art of a master chef seasoning a sauce. She's a chef in her own right, too: At her recent spectacular for 50, the buffet table boasted everything from a Scandinavian Pork Pâté to a French Terrine of Duck. She'd started the cooking and freezing six weeks before, a lay-away plan that eases both the cooking load and the food bill's impact. On the big night guests were ushered into a family room paneled with weathered barn siding. A matching buffet table was decked out in rustic pottery, pewter, and napkins (stitched from drip-dry sheets). Even the centerpiece—two topiary trees abloom with cherry tomatoes—was edible. Recipes and decorative details page 141.

Photograph by Arthur Beck. H. E. Lauffer tableware. Vermont Barnboard paneling and table top.

THE MATCHLESS MIXER

Counterclockwise, starting from the left: Chicken and Pear Mousse, Crudités with Sour Cream and Caviar, Smoked Trout in Wine Aspic, Scandinavian Pork Pâté, Beef Piccalilli Strips, Zucchini Boats, Ham and Clam Puffs, Pickled Beets, Ratatouille, Tuna and Lentils, Asparagus and Gruyère Vinaigrette, Crab and Avocado Quarters, Baby Shrimp Boats, Duck à l'Orange Terrine, Soufflé Tomatoes and Tarts, Glazed Lamb.


THE
CLOCK-WORK
HOSTESS



She's too busy with her career—whether it's nine to five at the office or 24 hours a day with the kids—to put in a long stint at the stove. As a hostess she has things down to a science—largely the science of frozen and other convenience foods. Her kitchen contains a collection of specialty items that caught her eye at the deep-freeze section of the supermarket, such as baked stuffed clams, Italian mixed vegetables, crabmeat, flaky pastry shells, and cheesecake. By adding a personal touch to the original—say a fruit sauce to the cheesecake or a seafood cocktail sauce for the crab—she can produce a dinner like clock-work. (Three of her favorite menus appear on the right.) Setting up for the guests is as effortless as the cooking. She relies on a stylish décor rather than fancy service and table settings for ambience. Her sitting room-dining room is done in russet-colored prints with an Oriental look about them. Everyone is invited to sit on a fat floor cushion at individual folding tables and trays. The trays are her own ingenious design—they're covered in fabric to match the room décor and sprayed with a clear plastic for protection. Directions for making on page 120, along with "recipes."

Photographs by Arthur Beck. Left: Wallace silver and crystal, Ginori china, Pierre Deux fabrics.



Crabmeat Appetizer
Breaded Veal with Capicola and Cheese
Spaghetti and Tomato Sauce
Mixed Italian Vegetables
Fruit-Glazed Cheesecake



Potato Puffs with Caviar and Sour Cream
Lobster Newburg in Patty Shells
Broccoli on Rice Pilaf
Butterscotch Pudding with Ladyfingers



Baked Stuffed Clams
Fried Chicken with Gravy and Candied Sweets
Cauliflower and Snow Pea Salad
Chocolate Cream Pie

Chilled Shrimp Skewers in Cauliflower à la Grecque



Endive-Watercress Salad served lotus cup-style.



Peach-Glazed Duck garnished with orange rosettes.



Purée of Green Beans en Artichokes and rice amandine

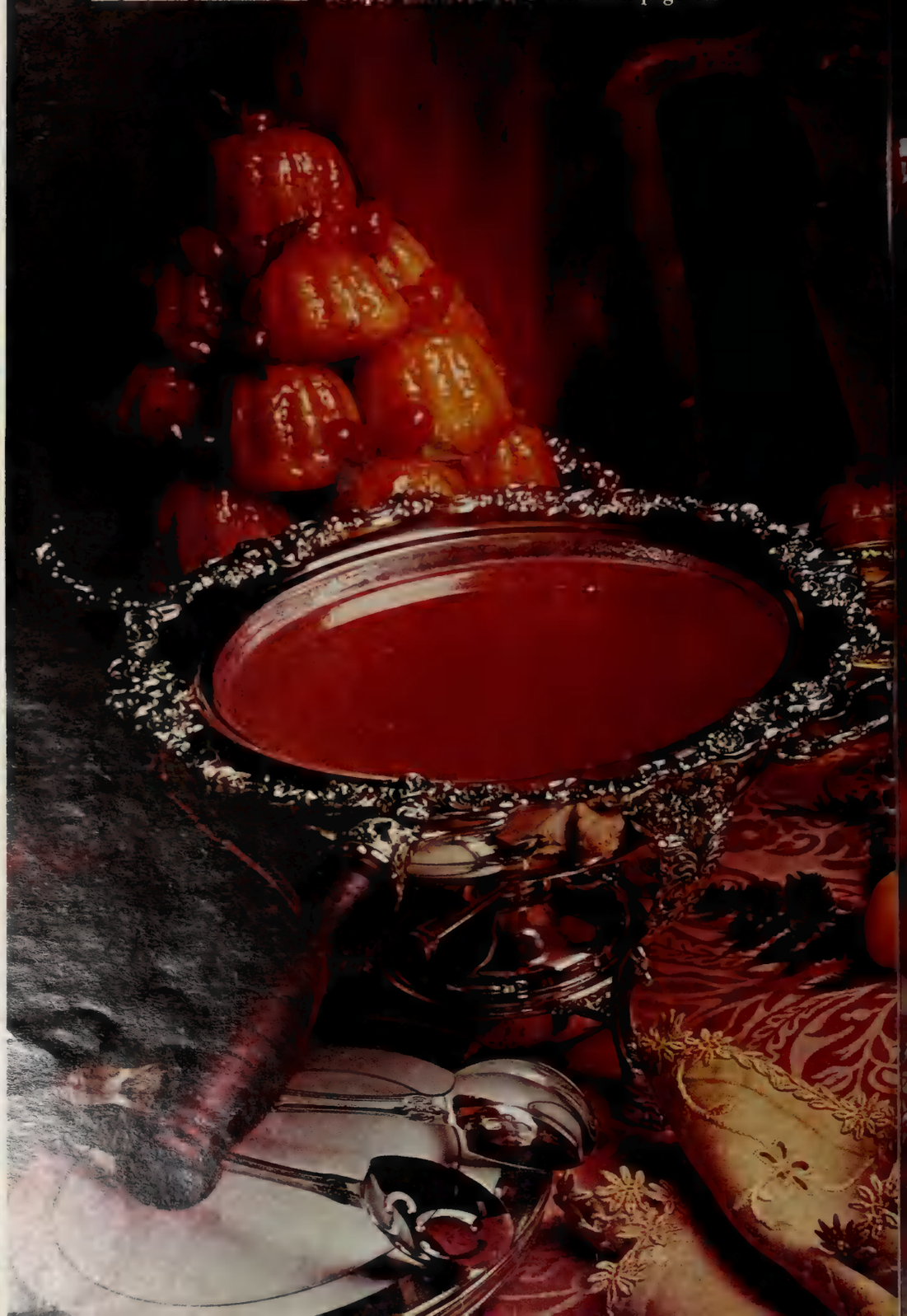


THE ROMANTIC



She likes her dresses long, her lights low, and her cuisine haut She has the soul of a 19th-century romantic with the aplomb of 20th-century woman. She can turn out a perfect little dinn party for six without a stable of hired help. The flower arrang ments are hers, not the butler's, and the mix is slightly unexpecte ...dinner one evening appeared on apricot damask with lac trimmed linen napkins she'd designed herself. The meal bega with a spectacular presentation of shrimp skewered onto a whol head of cauliflower. The duck came served on a silver platte garnished with orange peel rosettes. The green bean purée ha been piped onto artichoke bottoms. Conversation stopped when chafing dish of flaming apricot sauce appeared, accompanied b tiny babas. The guests lingered later than they should hav

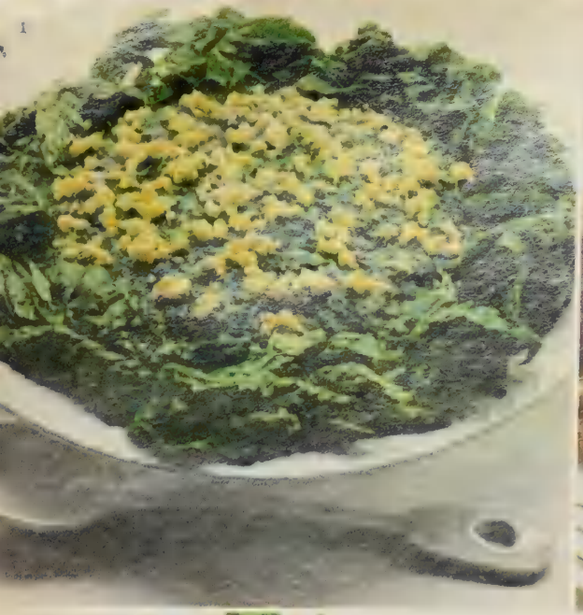
Recipes and decorative details on page 152



The Party Givers



Photographs by Arthur Beck. Lenox china and crystal, Wallace silver, Schumacher Qiana damask.





















A

B

C

The Adventure



















D **E** **F**

She was the first on her block to wear a caftan or buy a wok. She's an adventurer who isn't afraid to trust her own taste (which rarely runs to the tried and true). She prefers midnight supper to dinner at eight. The menus are usually ethnic and combine several nationalities at once. The centerpieces run to bouquets of red onions and rusty mums rather than American beauty roses. Her favorite dishes and table settings are featured above. Combine one item from Column A, one from Column B, etc., Chinese menu style, to design your own party. Any combination means "party." COLUMN A (appetizers): 1. Austrian Avocado and Spinach Salad. 2. Lebanese Meatballs. 3. Armenian Salad. COLUMN B (entrees): 4. Hungarian Roulades. 5. Chinese Pork with Baby Corn. 6. Greek Lamb Pies. COLUMN C (vegetables): 7. Japanese Tempura. 8. Russian Kasha. 9. Australian Parsnips. COLUMN D (settings): 10. Yellow pottery on a lettuce-green linen backdrop. 11. French earthenware on gingham. 12. Peasant pottery on rust. COLUMN E (centerpieces): 13. "The naturals." 14. "The russets." 15. "The lemons." COLUMN F (desserts, each accompanied by a nosegay for the ladies): 16. Spanish French Toast. 17. Icelandic Snow Peak Cake. 18. Danish Cones. All recipes, page 115. Photographs, Arthur Beck. Wallace flatware, Fostoria crystal goblet, Wilson Armetale bowl, platter.

The Party Givers

the cool one



To drink: vodka, white wine, and juices for mixers.



The coffee: whipped cream, lemon and orange peel, and cardamom to spice things up.



The bread: a fresh loaf plus spreadables.

Her feathers never get ruffled, no matter who drops in when. She's always ready, willing, and able to entertain. The source of her cool? Simplicity. She doesn't think she has to hire a hall and a six-piece band to have a party. She loves to entertain impromptu, using whatever happens to be at hand. A loaf of bread, a dozen eggs, juice, coffee, and a few accessories are sufficient to turn out a stylish brunch or late supper. When guests arrive she disappears into the kitchen just long enough to assemble the basics. The guests do the rest at the buffet table. Here's what she can do with those everyday, always-at-hand basics:

JUICE—for openers she puts out a large jug of orange juice and little carafes of other juices—plus some vodka and white wine to add at will.

COFFEE—while she puts on a fresh pot of coffee she sets out accessories like whipped cream, brandy, lemon and orange peel, and perhaps some cardamon to add a little spice.

EGGS—she'll scramble up a dozen with a little salt, pepper, butter, and heavy cream. (She also has a recipe for Cook and Hold Eggs that will keep for up to two hours. See recipe, page 124.) Along with the eggs goes a big platter of garnishes. Likely candidates: chives, dill, Cheddar cheese strips, cherry tomatoes, mushrooms, french fried onion rings, anchovies, canned baby shrimp.

Photographs by Arthur Beck.



BREAD—she sets out a whole loaf, with such spreadables as honey, cream cheese, strawberry jam, whipped butter, etc. . .

The buffet table itself (opposite) takes on a party look with minimum fuss. She keeps a collection of decorative plates, serving dishes, and table linens in a rustic wooden armoire in the dining room so she doesn't have to go digging. Her table equipment includes: dozens of white plates, bowls, casseroles, soufflé dishes, cups and saucers. (The fact that they don't all match makes things more interesting.) Lots of different napkins go with a series of printed tablecloths she stores in the armoire drawers. The room is papered in a brilliant pastel print that imparts a permanent air of festivity.

Oneida flatware, Pottery Barn cookware, Belgian linen napkins, Woodson fabrics, David Barrett cabinet.


Bill Tarr
New Y
1882

Certain Secrets

They had been girls together—Daisy and Fan—in a flower-strewn meadow of vanished time, but the memories they shared in common rose between them like a wall. Now their children were repeating the pattern—taking the old risks in new ways—and they found themselves standing together again, gazing across the unreachable distance between the generations. A story by Libbie Blo



CARRIE MILON (right), Page's loyal friend, and [illegible] *MILON, who understood it all too well*

came to tell me a secret. Page was going on a camping
ith a boy named Harmon. "Oh, honey," I said to my
e twig of a daughter, "why did you have to tell me?"
she gave me the responsibility, and it was hurtful, of
g this information from Page's mother, Daisy. Daisy,
ny best friend, lost and mourned.
d, "If I must be sworn to secrecy, why didn't you just
l me?"
i might have heard from someone who would not
you, so I couldn't take the chance."
ll then, consider me sworn," I said.
rie is fifteen. Her thick dark brown hair, parted
middle, falls almost to her waist. She sat on
eening grass under the new-washed blue sky and
ed her thin arms around her knees. She was
s, not gossiping. A friend whose friend had a
m. Page and Carrie had been "best friends"
prenursery school until last year, when Page's
iends had suddenly become boys, while Carrie
eft with Dustin Hoffman and bosoms that
not blossom.
ooked across at Carrie in the tender light.
rmon the boy I'm thinking of?"
rie has wonderful cheeks. When she smiles.
oks like a girl on a Japanese fan. "He's the
fter I told you about his paper on how he
his summer vacation, you wanted to
him."
remember." The boy had claimed to
farmed marijuana, gone to jail, and
ed Everest. I would hate for Page to
ne copy for this creative writer.
re are they supposed to be going?"
Buck Creek. Fishing."
k Creek is fifty miles away, a
ers' park with no chaperones. At
Creek (*continued on page 147*)

DAISY REINACH (right), prey to a bitter memory of her own carefree youth, and PAGE REINACH, who bore the brunt.

Illustration by Joseph Bowler

Pampered Pets (AND THEIR FAMOUS MISTRESSES)

Why do people have pets? For all kinds of reasons, says Dr. Michael Fox, psychologist and veterinarian. A pet can be a companion or a status symbol, depending on our needs. To the person living alone, a pet is someone to come home to at night. To many couples, a pet represents a child who has since grown, or the child they've decided not to have. Some people choose pets that resemble themselves in looks and temperament; others select animals that possess the beauty, grace, courage, or other quality they think they lack. But all pets have one thing in common: they are an endless source of love. And no one gets too much of that—as these famous women and their pets demonstrate.



Elizabeth Taylor got a special wig made so she could look like her Shih Tzu, Mariposa. "People begin to look like their dogs," says Liz. "Lucky I don't own a bulldog!"



Zsa Zsa Gabor also has a cuddly Shih Tzu named Genghis Khan. Shih Tzu means "Lion Dog" in Chinese.



Doris Day with her smooching collie Daisy, her dachshund Schatzie, and her poodles Bubbles and Charlie. Doris crusades for better treatment of pets through her organization, Actors and Others for Animals.



Happy Rockefeller, wife of New York's Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller, with her 19-month-old Shih Tzu, Wang.



Princess Grace of Monaco and the tiniest member of her royal household—her apricot-colored poodle Timmy.



Jacqueline Susann and her poodle Joseph. Jackie's first poodle, the famous Josephine, died at age 16.



Shirley Temple Black, her daughter Linda, and their stray cat Nicole—better known to the family as Godzilla.



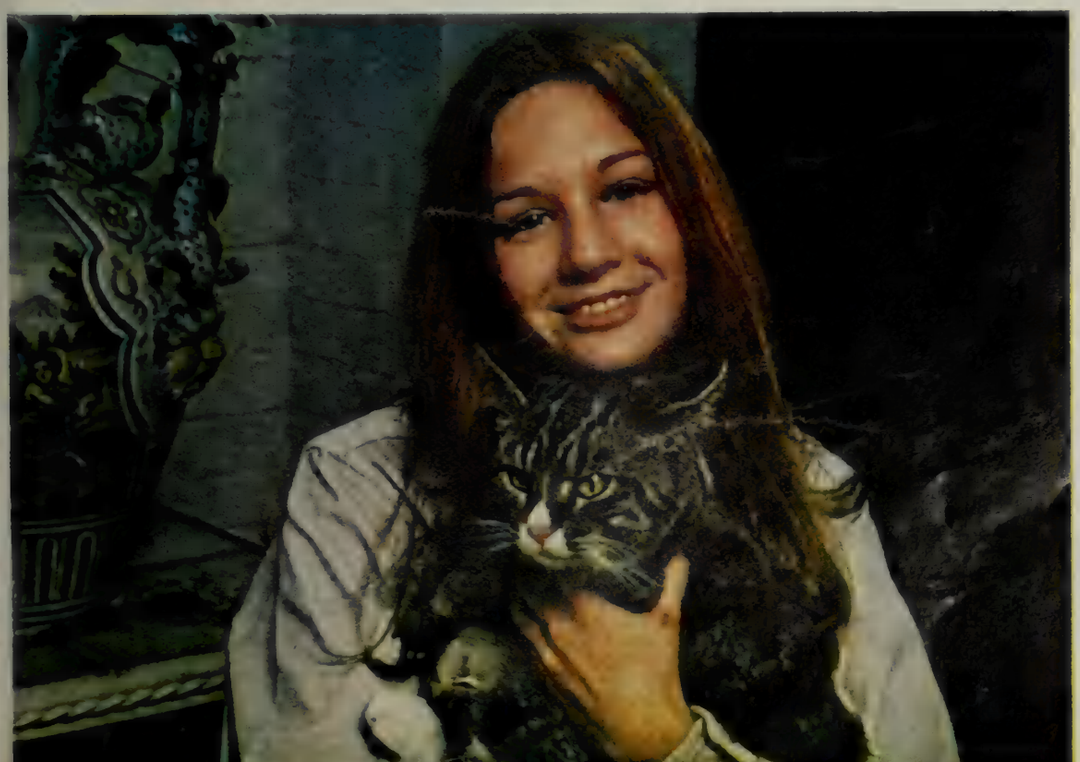
Carol Burnett has a poodle, Beau Jangles (above), a "mutt" named Phoebe, and Phoebe's daughter Fern.



Princess Anne of England, who has been criticized occasionally for fox-hunting, poses with her specially bred fox-hound (actually part Gascony, part bloodhound) Pleasure. The Princess also owns a Labrador retriever named Laura.



Lucille Ball and Tinker, a white poodle; Ginger, a Belgian schipperke; and Junior, part German shepherd.



Mary Frances Crosby, Bing's teen-age daughter, with her alley cat Romeo. "The neighbors' cat had kittens and gave one to Mary Frances," says Bing. "Romeo is really a character with an incredibly offbeat personality."



Barbra Streisand's pet is a toy poodle who resembles a fancy stuffed doll but bears an unfancy name—Sadie.

FALL'S EASY

This fall the cut's the thing. No amount of setting or fancy comb-and-brush work alone will achieve the chic of this season's shorter, well-cut head. Lengths go anywhere from a scant inch to just touching the shoulder –but never lower. It's a carefree, groomed look that requires a minimu of fuss (an all-essential trim every four to six weeks and a roller here a there for softness). On these four pages we show nine of the new cuts–

JOSEPH MAGNIN

San Francisco-based Kay Berry turns up regularly in Tokyo, Hawaii, New York, and Denver as wife and travel companion to J. Magnin's president Robert Berry. *Hairdresser Maury Hopson cut off the long hair Kay wore in a French twist for a shorter, more contemporary style. The new cut is layered shorter in the front and longer in the back. After setting Kay's hair in rollers, Maury brushed it across the forehead and forward to frame the face.*



Saks Fifth Avenue

Helen O'Hagen is publicity director for all of the 28 Saks stores. "There's nothing more aging than long grey hair," says Helen. "Running around as much as I do I need a carefree hairstyle," she told us. *Maury cut Helen's medium length salt and pepper hair closer to the head in a short, feathery cut. For extra softness he set the front and sides in electric rollers. Maur also advised Helen to condition her hair regularly to offset drynes and give her hair more body.*



NEW CUTS

9 WOMEN SHORT ON TIME GET THE NO-FUSS LOOK

ıe busy women who are all connected with the country's top department ores—they all either hold top retailing positions or are the active wives store executives. They are always on the go—traveling, particicpating in meetings, or entertaining—and they must look chic and contemporary. But none can afford to lavish a lot of time on appearances. The new easy-to-manage cuts came to the rescue. By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor.

WIT TELLER

da Price started as Bonwit's se buyer. Today she is accessories handising manager for the 's 13 stores, a job which means iderable travel and non-stop ings.
da is lucky enough to have naturally silky, glowing auburn hair. All that was missing was the cut. Maury snipped her hair below the chin, tapering it shorter in the front for a free, bouncy look. This versatile cut takes a side or middle part.



Lord & Taylor

As Lord & Taylor's public relations director, Mary Ellen Brennan often plane-hops to three cities in one week. Weekends are spent relaxing on Long Island.
What Mary Ellen wanted most was to be freed from her daily session with the hair rollers. Maury cut her fine hair about an inch from the scalp all over, revealing a well-shaped head and graceful neck. No set necessary for this cut: just wash and wear. Photographs by Neal Barr. Hairstyles by Maury Hopson, makeup by Way Bandy.



hudson's

Joan Roberts is the mother of two young children and the wife of Ed Roberts, J.L. Hudson's president. A former fashion designer, Joan is now busy decorating and landscaping the family's newly built lake shore house. Joan's life style is casual and outdoors. *Because she objects to spending long hours at the hairdresser's she colors her hair at home herself. Maury cut Joan's corn silk blonde hair just below the chin (still long enough to tie back for tennis). Because her hair is straight and fine without a lot of body, he set it in medium smaller rollers to add height on the top. A minimum of teasing and hairspray and a brush run gently through the hair achieves this casual look. The center part shows off Joan's widow's peak.*



B Altman + Co

Dawn Mello (top left), a fashio
director, spends her days spottin
trends here and abroad fo
B. Altman. She was eager to cu
off the long hair she usually wo
pulled back in a chignon. "
want something easy, quick, an
fashionable. You can't look date
in my job," Dawn sai
*Maury cut Dawn's curly, very fin
hair drastically into a casua
head-hugging cut that require
minor setting—a few rollers onl
in the front. The cut is layere
shorter in the front an
longer at the nap*

BERGDORF GOODMAN

Nancy White (top right) says he
job as Bergdorf's Fashion Directo
is fascinating: "I keep my ey
on a number of things—everythin
I think needs to be done." Nanc
always looks chic, but refuses t
allocate more than an hour
week for her hai
*Maury trimmed her already sho
hair into an even shorter layere
cut. After setting, he brushe
it upwards, sweeping it off the nec
and forehead into a full, soft style*

Cartier

As wife of Cartier's presiden
Michael Thomas, Jeanne Thoma
(bottom left) is aware that she'
always representing her husband
"In the back of people's mind
I'm always Michael Thomas
wife who is in turn president of
company," she says. Both Jeann
and her husband like her hair shor
*Maury cropped it all one length
and even shorter. All it requires fo
maintenance is shampooing
conditioning, and towel drying
Instead of setting her hair sh
simply runs her fingers through
it. When Jeanne wants
longer look she wears a ligh
stretch-base wig*

Sakowitz

Pamela Sakowitz is not only the
wife of department store presiden
Bob Sakowitz, she is also hi
employee: She supervises all the
store's catalogues. She is also
active in Houston's Contemporary
Arts Museum
*To counteract the Houston
humidity, Maury cut Pam's
shoulder-length hair several inches
He eliminated most of the existing
layering in favor of a smoother
U-shaped blunt cut. Only the
front was layered for height.
Afterwards, he set her hai
in rollers, turning the sides
gently under*













These are just 3 of the fast and flavorful skillet recipes in Campbell's FREE Hamburger Handbook. Send for your copy now!

Campbell's new Hamburger Handbook gives you a dozen kitchen-tested recipes for delicious one-pan hamburger meals you can whip up in about 20 minutes with Campbell's Soups. Each recipe is accompanied by a full-color illustration and includes garnish or serving suggestions. To get your FREE copy, send your name, address and zip code to HAMBURGER HANDBOOK, Box 466, Maple Plain, Minn. 55359. Meanwhile, try this sampling of tasty skillet dishes.



CHILI CON CARNE SKILLET (upper left)

1 pound ground beef
1 medium onion, chopped
2 tablespoons chili powder
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato Soup
2 cans (15½ ounces each) kidney beans, undrained

In skillet, brown beef and cook onion with chili until tender (use shortening if necessary). Stir to separate meat. Add soup and beans. Cook over low heat 10 minutes; stir occasionally. Serve with fried eggs if desired. Makes 6 (1 cup) servings.

CHEDDARBURGER SKILLET (lower left)

1 pound ground beef
1 medium onion, chopped
1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
1 can Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup
¼ cup water
2 cans (16 ounces each) whole potatoes, drained and sliced

In skillet, brown beef and cook onion until tender (use shortening if necessary). Stir to separate meat; pour off fat. Stir in soups and water; add potatoes. Heat; stir occasionally. Garnish with tomato wedges and parsley if desired. Makes 6 (1 cup) servings.

ONION-NOODLEBURGER SKILLET (right)

1 pound ground beef
1 medium onion, chopped
1 can Campbell's Onion Soup
1 to 1½ soup cans water
3 cups uncooked fine egg noodles
¼ cup chili sauce

In skillet, brown beef and cook onion until tender (use shortening if necessary). Stir to separate meat; pour off fat. Add remaining ingredients; bring to boil. Cover; cook over low heat 5 minutes or until noodles are done. Stir occasionally. Serve with cooked julienne carrots and parsley if desired. Makes 5 (1 cup) servings.

Campbell's makes your cooking M'm! M'm! Good!



JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER



The Journal Food Sampler reports the latest on the food scene. Recipes from readers, supermarket news, best buys. Enjoy it!

—Arlene Wanderman
Food Editor

RECIPE EXCHANGE



When Mrs. Berdene Giles moved from her native Indiana to sunny Florida, she found that the hearty foods she and her family had enjoyed needed adjusting to the climate. This delicious fruity-spicy ring mold is one of her translations—from mincemeat pie to chilled gelatin dessert.

SIPPIN' CIDER RING MOLD

2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons water
3 cups hot cider
1 cup cored and diced red apples
¼ cup finely diced celery
1 cup mincemeat



Mix gelatin with sugar in a saucepan. Add lemon juice and water. Place over low heat and stir until gelatin is dissolved; add hot apple cider. Remove from heat and chill in refrigerator until mixture is consistency of unbeaten egg whites.

Add diced unpeeled apple and celery to the thickened gelatin mixture. Carefully fold in the mincemeat. Pour into a 6-cup ring mold. Chill.

Unmold on a bed of lettuce or line plate with leaves and apple wedges. Serves 6.



Mrs. Betty Stryholuk of Wilmington, Del., says she's picked up some of her best ideas through observation. She works at the exhibit at the Greenville Country Fair. Mrs. Stryholuk is a creative watcher—if this unusually good and economical stuffed ham ring is an example.

LUNCHEON STUFFED HAM RING

½ cup chopped onion
1 tablespoon corn oil
3 cups bread crumbs
2 apples, chopped
2 cups tomato sauce
½ cup raisins
1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoon [illegible]
½ teaspoo[illegible]
1½ lbs. gro[illegible]
1½ lbs grou[illegible]
3 eggs



To Prepare Stuffing: Sauté onion in oil until tender. Add 1½ cups bread crumbs, apple, ½ cup tomato sauce, raisins, sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, and sage. Mix carefully and set aside.

To prepare Ham Ring: Preheat oven to 375°. Mix ham, pork, 1½ cups bread crumbs, eggs, 1 cup tomato sauce, and 1 teaspoon salt.

Pack one-half of ham mixture into a greased 12-in. ring mold. Place stuffing over ham mixture and press firmly. Add remaining ham mixture, pack firmly.

Bake in a 375° oven for 1 hour. Drain off fat. Pour remaining ½ cup tomato sauce over ham ring. Bake 5 minutes longer. Unmold on a warm platter. If desired, fill center with buttered green beans and Brussels sprouts. Serves 10.

Send us your favorite Valentine's Day recipe. We'll pay $50 for those we use. Include with recipe some mention of its origin; we reserve the right to alter recipes used; recipes submitted become the property of Downe Publishing, Inc. Entries must be postmarked by October 31. Send: Recipe Exchange, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

10 OTHER THINGS TO DO WITH...

MARJORAM

The "herb of happiness" joyously seasons almost anything.

- Fragrant *Marjoram Butter* glorifies fish. Melt 1 cup butter; add ½ teaspoon marjoram, ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder.
- *Potatoes Marjoram:* To six medium potatoes, mashed, add three beaten eggs, ⅓ cup grated cheese, and ½ teaspoon marjoram. Bake until top is golden.
- *Marjoram Short Ribs and Vegetables:* Add ½ teaspoon crumbled marjoram leaves with salt and pepper to taste to 2 cups beef broth. Pour over 3 lbs. short ribs and simmer with mixed vegetables.
- *Marjoram Cheese Spread:* Shred a pound of Cheddar and mix with 3 ounces cream cheese, a little oil, sherry, mustard, pepper, and 1 teaspoon marjoram.
- *Marjoram Fruit Salad:* Mix one cup sour cream, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon orange juice, ½ teaspoon marjoram. Serve over fruit salad.
- *Marjoram Stuffing:* Combine 3 quarts toasted bread cubes with ½ pound sautéed mushrooms, salt, pepper, onion, parsley, and 2 teaspoons marjoram leaves.
- *Marjoram Biscuits:* Homemade or packaged, we suggest you add marjoram.
- *Apples Marjoram:* Cook four apples, quartered, in orange juice, peel, and sprinkle with one teaspoon marjoram.
- *Meat Balls Marjoram:* Add to your basic meatball recipe.
- *Green Beans with Marjoram:* Add a teaspoon to 2 cups beans.

FOOD OF THE MONTH

October Apple Country: We don't mean to put you on the spot, but we're enchanted with the variety of apples available, so we'd like to name apple names and give some clue as to what to do with each. In apple-betical order then—*Baldwin:* Tart, juicy. *Delicious* (red or yellow): Dessert apple; great with cheese. *Jonathan:* All purpose. *McIntosh:* All purpose, best known. *Northern Spy:* Hard apple, keeps well. *Rhode Island Greening:* Good cooking apple. *Rome Beauty:* Holds shape well when cooked. *Stayman:* All purpose. *Winesap:* Hard, good for apple rings. *Yellow Newtown:* Cooking apple, holds shape when cooked. Enough botany? How about a little white magic? Our old-wives'-tale-of-the-month has it that apple skins will help you name your future husband. (If you already have one, proceed cautiously.) Peel round and round an apple so that the skin comes away in one continuous strip. Then take the strip of peel and toss it over your shoulder (some covens specify the *left* shoulder). Take a look. The peel will form the initial of your lover's name. Now that you know your lover, what are you going to cook for him?

CHOCOLATE-COVERED APPLES. Melt 8 1-oz. squares of semisweet chocolate over hot water. Core two small red apples; do not pare, cut each in eighths. Dry cut edges with a paper towel so as not to get any water in chocolate. Dip each wedge in melted chocolate, using a pair of tongs or wooden picks. Do not cover red skin of apples. Place on waxed paper, skin side down; chill.

Fresh-as-autumn applesauce takes seconds in a blender.

BLENDER APPLESAUCE. Remove cores from 4 apples and cut into eighths. Place in cold salted water to prevent discoloration. Put ¼ cup orange juice and 4 apple wedges in blender. Blend at high speed. Add remaining wedges, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon. Makes 1 qt.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR BECK

IE ADVENTURER

ntinued from page 100

JSTRIAN AVOCADO-SPINACH SALAD

his also makes a good hors d'oeuvre.

lad:
tablespoons lemon juice
vocados, peeled and pits removed
bags (10-oz. each) fresh spinach, trimmed and cleaned
cup chopped onion
ard-cooked eggs, chopped
½ teaspoons salt
teaspoon pepper
ard-cooked egg yolk for garnish, sieved
essing:
cup mayonnaise
tablespoons sour cream
tablespoon chili sauce
tablespoon capers
teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
teaspoon dry mustard

lace lemon juice in bowl with the vocados and mash to a smooth consistency.

Reserve some leaves of spinach line serving plate or bowl. Blanch nd drain the remaining spinach. hen chop it and add to the avocado ixture. Add onion, egg, salt, and epper. Mound mixture on a bed of served spinach. Garnish with eved egg yolk.

Combine dressing ingredients and rve with salad. Serves 6.

LEBANESE APPETIZER MEATBALLS

new seasoning for meatballs.

lb. ground beef
lb. ground lamb
cloves garlic, crushed
cup chopped onions
cup chopped pine nuts
cup chopped parsley
teaspoon salt
teaspoon thyme
teaspoon curry powder
teaspoon allspice
teaspoon pepper
egg
cup olive oil
bunch radishes, cut into roses
green pepper rings
Vatercress

ombine beef, lamb, garlic, onions, ine nuts, parsley, salt, seasonings, nd egg in a bowl and work mixture ith hands until well blended. hape into 1-in. balls.

Heat olive oil in a large skillet. dd the meatballs and cook for 10 inutes or until brown and desired oneness is reached. Shake pan occasionally to turn them. Makes 24.

Garnish with radish roses, green epper rings, and watercress.

ARMENIAN SALAD

A delightful dressing with an unusual combination of mint and dill.

alad:
cucumbers, peeled and diced into ½-in. pieces
bunch radishes, sliced
⅓ cup sliced pimiento stuffed olives
⅓ cup sliced pitted black olives
bunch scallions, sliced
Dressing:
⅓ cup olive oil
tablespoons tarragon vinegar
teaspoons chopped mint
teaspoons chopped dill
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup salted sunflower seeds

ombine cucumbers, radishes, green nd black olives, and scallions.

Combine all the dressing ingredients except sunflower seeds in a ar with a tight-fitting lid and shake ntil blended. Pour over salad and hill. Just before serving sprinkle ith the sunflower seeds. Serves 6.

NEW FOR FALL

Hot Fudge Sundae Cake



Quick. Easy. Delicious.

Three little words for a new dessert that will earn you great big smiles.

Mix it up in just minutes. Then bake. All in one pan.

What you get is what you see. Luscious chocolate cake that makes its own gooey hot fudge sauce. Just top with your favorite ice cream and spoon the sauce over. Delicious!

You can depend on Gold Medal® flour recipes. Because they're created in the Betty Crocker Kitchens and home tested.

Make this a Gold Medal Fall. The recipe's in this Gold Medal sack.



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HUNGARIAN ROULADES

This has a rich, moist stuffing.

½ cup chopped onion
2 cloves garlic, crushed
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ lb. ground pork
½ cup dry bread crumbs
¼ cup chopped parsley
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon marjoram
½ teaspoon rosemary
1 egg, beaten
1 flank steak (3 lbs.), split lengthwise
1½ cups beef broth
⅓ cup red wine vinegar
1 bay leaf
3 tablespoons flour
⅓ cup water
½ cup sour cream
Cherry tomatoes—optional garnish

Sauté onion and garlic in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Place in a bowl with pork, crumbs, parsley, salt, pepper, marjoram, rosemary, and egg; blend evenly. Pound steak thin and cut into 3 x 4½-in. strips. Place 2 tablespoons pork mix on end of each strip; roll and secure with a pick. Brown roulades in remaining butter, then add broth, vinegar, bay leaf. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, cover and simmer for 1¼ hours. Remove roulades. Strain drippings and return to skillet. Blend flour with water, add to skillet and boil one minute, stirring constantly. Reduce heat. Stir in sour cream. Serve over roulades. *(continued)*

Great go-togethers!

Rice-A-Roni and Kikkoman

Kikko Roni Cornish



Prepare 1 pkg. Long Grain and Wild Rice-A-Roni with *only* 2 cups water and 2 Tbsp. Kikkoman Soy Sauce. Add ¼ cup diced celery and 1 (2 oz.) can mushrooms, drained. Cool. Stuff and truss 6 (1¼ lb.) Cornish hens. Bake 1¼ hrs. at 350°F. Baste 4 times with mixture of ½ cup Kikkoman, ½ cup orange marmalade and 1 tsp. dry mustard.

Kikko Roni Burger

Combine 1 lb. ground beef, 2 Tbsp. Kikkoman Soy Sauce, ½ tsp. sugar and ½ cup chopped onion. Shape into 12 meatballs. Brown in 10" skillet with 1 Tbsp. oil. Stir in 2½ cups water, 2 Tbsp. sherry, 1 Tbsp. Kikkoman and 1 pkg. Long Grain and Wild Rice-A-Roni. Bring to boil, cover and simmer 30 minutes.





Combine Long Grain & Wild Rice-A-Roni and Kikkoman—the nation's flavor leaders—in these simple and delicious recipes. Get creative with other Rice-A-Roni favorites. And, in addition to Kikkoman Soy Sauce, try the zesty zing of Kikkoman Teriyaki Sauce.

ADVENTURER *continued*

CHINESE PORK WITH BABY CORN

We pay our respects to the current popularity of Szechwan cooking.

3 tablespoons soy sauce
3 tablespoons dry sherry
5 tablespoons peanut oil
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 teaspoons sugar
3 lbs. lean pork chops, bones removed and pork cut into ¾-in. cubes
1-1½ teaspoons crushed red pepper
1 can (1 lb. 4 oz.) baby corn, drained
⅓ cup sliced water chestnuts
3 cups shredded Chinese cabbage

Blend soy sauce, sherry, 1 tablespoon of the peanut oil, cornstarch, and sugar. Add the pork cubes and allow to marinate for 15 minutes.

Heat remaining peanut oil and red pepper in a large skillet or wok. Add pork and cook over medium-high heat for 5 minutes, stirring often to prevent sticking. Add corn and water chestnuts and cook for 3 minutes more. Add 1½ cups cabbage and cook an additional 2 minutes. Remove mixture from pan. Keep warm. Quickly sauté remaining cabbage and use to line the bottom of serving dish. Serves 6.

GREEK LAMB PIES

Look for phyllo pastry in frozen food counters of specialty food stores.

½ cup chopped onion
2 cloves garlic, crushed
½ cup butter
1 tablespoon chopped mint
1 tablespoon chopped dill plus ■ few sprigs for garnish
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 cup tomato sauce
½ cup water
2 lbs. lamb cut into ½-in. cubes
1 can (14 oz.) artichoke hearts, drained and halved
1 cup feta cheese, crumbled
1 cup mushrooms, sliced
18 sheets phyllo pastry, each approximately 16 x 12 in.
1 egg yolk, beaten

To prepare filling:
Sauté onion and garlic in 2 tablespoons butter for a few minutes. Add mint, dill, salt, pepper, ½ cup tomato sauce, ½ cup water and boil. Add lamb and artichoke hearts. Cover, simmer for 30 minutes.

Remove lamb and artichokes with a slotted spoon and place in a bowl. Add cheese and set aside.

To prepare sauce:
Add remaining tomato sauce to cooking liquid and boil to reduce.

Sauté mushrooms in 2 tablespoons butter and add to sauce. Keep warm.

To assemble pies:
Preheat oven to 400°. Melt remaining butter in a small saucepan. Keep phyllo pastry sheets covered with a clean, damp towel until used. Place a sheet of pastry on a flat surface and brush it with melted butter. Arrange a second sheet on top of the first and brush with butter. Top with a third sheet of pastry. Fold the sheets in half crosswise. Divide lamb mixture into 6 portions. Place one portion in center of each of the pastry sheets. Fold one long edge of the pastry across the filling and bring the opposite side over the first fold. Brush with melted butter and fold over edges to form a packet. Repeat.

Place the pies on a baking sheet and brush them with egg yolk. Bake in a 400° over for 15-20 minutes.

JAPANESE TEMPURA

You haven't tried tempura Start here, with our version.

Batter:
1 cup flour
1 cup water
1 egg
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
Oil for deep frying
Dipping Sauce:
1 cup chicken broth
½ cup sugar
½ cup soy sauce
¼ cup dry sherry
2 cloves garlic, crushed
2 teaspoons chopped fresh ginger
Vegetables:
1 bunch parsley, rinsed and dried
1 bunch watercress, rinsed and dr
½ pound mushrooms, cleaned
6 carrots, pared and cut into julien strips
3 sweet potatoes, pared and cut in ¼-in. slices
1 small eggplant, cut into ¼-in. sli then quartered

Combine batter ingredients bowl and mix together with a beater or on low speed of el mixer. Place in refrigerator least 15 minutes. If batter seer thick before using, simply add water. Batter should cling to h of wooden spoon or chopstick flow off in large drops.

Heat oil in a large saucep Dutch oven to 375°.

Combine sauce ingredients small saucepan and bring to a Strain into serving dish.

Dip vegetables in the batte until golden. Keep warm unt have been fried. Serve with sa

RUSSIAN KASHA

The sour cream is vital to the of this dish.

1 egg, beaten
1 cup uncooked kasha
1½ teaspoons salt
1½ teaspoons thyme
½ teaspoon marjoram
⅓ cup butter or margarine
2-2½ cups boiling water
1 cup sliced mushrooms
½ cup sliced celery
1 onion, sliced
½ cup sour cream

Mix the egg with the kasha small bowl. Transfer to a skillet and heat until dry, st constantly. Add the salt, t marjoram, and ¼ cup butter o garine and 2 cups boiling wate to moisten all, then cover and mer for 20 minutes.

Sauté mushrooms, celery, in butter for 5 minutes.

Add vegetables to partially c kasha, along with ½ cup boilin ter if mixture seems dry. Simm minutes longer.

Place in serving dish and ga with dollops of sour cream. Ser

AUSTRALIAN PARSNIPS

This is one of the most imagin recipes of the month.

2 lbs. parsnips, pared
¼ cup butter or margarine
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons lemon rind
1 teaspoon ground mace
1 cup finely chopped walnuts
¼ cup flour
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 egg beaten with 1 tablespoon mil
1 cup dry bread crumbs
Oil for deep frying
Parsley

Place parsnips in boiling salte ter and cook covered for 15-20

or until soft. Drain. Place par- in a bowl with the butter or arine, salt, pepper, lemon rind, mace. Beat until mixture is onsistency of whipped pota- Blend in walnuts, flour, and ey. Cool mixture. Using one spoon of the mixture for each shape in hands, dip in egg, roll ead crumbs.

hen all have been prepared, fry golden in oil that has been d to 350-375°. Serve hot, gar- d with parsley. Serves 6.

SPANISH FRENCH TOAST

Spanish call this a dessert.

ces white bread
p milk
s
p sugar
spoon ground mace
spoon lemon rind
blespoons butter or margarine
p sweet sherry
p confectioners' sugar
p toasted sliced almonds

each piece of bread with a large ond shaped cookie cutter.

mbine milk, eggs, sugar, mace, lemon rind in a flat bowl. Beat a wire whisk until blended.

at butter or margarine in a skillet. Dip bread into milk- mixture and fry on both sides golden. Remove from heat and with the sherry. Keep warm all have been fried.

ft confectioners' sugar over . Sprinkle with almonds. es 6.

CELANDIC SNOW PEAK CAKE

ntion all lemon cake lovers!

cups butter, softened
spoons grated lemon rind
cups sugar
easpoons vanilla extract
gs
cups sifted all-purpose flour
spoon baking powder
spoon cinnamon
easpoon salt
g:
up sugar
g
blespoons butter
blespoons lemon juice
spoons lemon rind
ngue Topping:
g whites
easpoon cream of tartar
up sugar
up chopped walnuts

heat oven to 350°.

rease two 9-inch square pans.

ream 1½ cups butter and lemon until well blended. Gradually sugar and cream until mixture mes light, about 5-6 minutes. in vanilla. Add eggs one at a , beating after each one.

ft flour, baking powder, cinna- , and salt together and stir in. ide batter between two prepared s and bake in preheated oven for minutes. Cool on racks for 10 utes, then remove from pans.

o make filling: Combine ingredi- in top of a double boiler and over boiling water, stirring con- tly until thick. Chill.

o prepare topping: Beat egg es with cream of tartar until ture becomes frothy. Gradually sugar and beat until it is stiff.

o assemble cake: Place lemon ng between the two layers. Swirl ingue on top and sides. Sprinkle nuts on sides. Place under broil- ntil peaks brown. Serves 6.

Make something beautiful.

With the sunny flavor of plump California Apricots and the lively taste of Miracle Whip Salad Dressing from Kraft. Miracle Whip's special blend of spices gives just the right touch of difference to this cool and colorful frozen salad. Canned Apricots add their own delightful taste, plus a generous helping of Vitamin A in every golden bite. So whip up this refreshing frozen salad. With Miracle Whip and California Apricots, it's a beautiful thing.



Honey Apricot Fruit Freeze

1 30-oz can apricot halves
½ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
2 tablespoons honey
⅓ cup slivered almonds, toasted
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Lettuce
Maraschino cherries
Mint

Drain apricots, reserving syrup and six apricot halves; cut remaining apricots in half. Combine salad dressing, honey, 2 T. syrup, apricots and almonds; fold in whipped cream. Pour into 9-inch pie plate; freeze. Arrange halved apricots on top of pie. Garnish with cherry and mint. Serve on lettuce. 8 to 10 servings.

For additional apricot recipes, write California Apricot Advisory Board, 1295 Boulevard Way, Walnut Creek, California 94595.

KRAFT Division of Kraftco Corporation

Apricots. The Beauty Fruit.

DANISH CONES

Each dessert is a miniature work of art.

¼ cup plus 2 tablespoons butter
⅓ cup superfine sugar
2 eggs
¾ cup flour
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
¼ teaspoon ground cardamom
1 cup heavy cream, whipped and sweetened to taste
1 cup frozen blueberries, thawed

Preheat oven to 400°. Grease two cookie sheets with 1 tablespoon butter each.

Add sugar to ¼ cup melted butter in a saucepan or bowl and stir to blend. Beat in eggs, one at a time, then blend in flour. Add lemon rind and cardamom.

Using 2-3 tablespoons for each cone, spread mixture into a 5-6 inch round, using bottom of spoon to smooth it out. Prepare three on the first cookie sheet and bake for 5 minutes or until edges begin to turn brown.

While first batch is cooking prepare second cookie sheet in same manner.

Quickly remove rounds with a spatula. Roll while still hot into a cone shape and place in glass.

Fill cones with the whipped cream and top with blueberries. Serves 6.

Soup.



1. Green Pea Soup, canned.

2. Oyster Bisque. Canned or your favorite recipe.

3. Canned Minestrone.

4. Consommé. Canned or your own

5. Canned Tomato Soup.

Souper.

een Pea Soup, canned. Make with ½ vater and ½ can milk. Add 2 Tb. fresh n juice. Garnish with slivers of n peel. It's nice enough ompany.

2. Oyster Bisque. Canned or your favorite recipe. Garnish with lemon slices and a grating of nutmeg. Beautiful.

. Canned Minestrone. lake with water. Add 7 oz. can of tuna, 2 t. rated lemon peel nd 2 t. fresh lemon uice. Makes great tasting earty soup.

4. Consommé. Canned or your own. Add 1 to 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice and 5 Tb. dry sherry per can diluted soup. Float thin slices of lemon on top. It's a classic!

5. Canned Tomato Soup. Make with water. Add 2 Tb. brown sugar, 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice, and ½ to 1 t. curry powder. You've made it potage.

Sunkist® lemons turn the trick.

Sunkist is a trademark of Sunkist Growers, Inc. ©1973.

continued from page 97

Fabric Covered Trays and Tray Stands. To cover your trays, select a fabric that is not too heavy or too stiff. Muslin or percale is the perfect weight, and has enough "give" so that it can be eased over the curves.

The simpler the lines of the tray, the easier it will be to cover neatly. We used Scandinavian teak-finished wood trays that curve gently up at the edges. The same tray is available in a natural beech finish and also in papier-mâché.

Before cutting fabric, position it on the tray so that the pattern of the fabric is centered. Add an extra 1½" all around to turn over the rim and glue to the back of the tray. Measure and cut carefully. If you are covering more than one tray, cut fabric for all at the same time, making sure that the pattern repeat falls in the same place on each section. Fold cut sections of fabric in quarters, wrong side out.

Measure the tray, and mark the center with intersecting lines to guide you. Use a white pencil if the tray has a dark finish.

Use a brush to spread adhesive (Sobo, Elmer's, or Mod Podge) evenly over the surface of the tray. Place the fabric on the tray, with the folded edges against your guide lines. Unfold, and smooth it to the glued surface, working from the center to the edges; make sure that it adheres along the curves.

Turn the tray over and slash the fabric allowance at the corners so that you can glue it neatly to the tray. Apply adhesive 1½" in along one straight edge, and smooth the fabric over the adhesive. Do all straight edges before you do the corners. Apply adhesive to the corner of the tray, and also to the slashed fabric allowance; some of those little flaps of fabric are going to be smoothed down over other flaps, and you want them to be firmly in place. Press flaps down at corners, working on one corner at a time. If you wish, you can cover the reverse side of the tray with fabric too, following the directions given for covering the surface of the tray. Cut the fabric to fit exactly, and spread the adhesive out to the rim.

When dry, coat with clear polyurethane.

The tray stands are folding ones with canvas seats. Since one usually has a choice of frame and canvas color, select one that fits your scheme. Cut fabric wide enough to allow a hem under of ½" along the front and back edge of seat, and long enough to staple to frame at same place canvas is stapled or tacked. Turn under seam allowance, and machine stitch. Press smooth, then staple to the stool.

Clock-Work Timetables

Here are the preparation timetables and details for our three convenience-food-menus.

KING CRABMEAT APPETIZER
BREADED VEAL WITH
CAPICOLA AND CHEESE
SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE
ITALIAN-STYLE VEGETABLES
CHEESECAKE WITH FRUIT SAUCE

1. Preheat oven to 450°.

2. Then defrost 3 packages (6-oz. each) king crabmeat under cool running water.

3. Defrost 1 package (17 oz.) cream cheese cake according to package directions.

4. Thaw frozen spaghetti from 6 packages (8½ oz. each) prepared breaded veal entree with spaghetti in tomato sauce. Arrange spaghetti in shallow baking dish. Cover and bake in a 450° oven for 10 minutes.

5. Remove frozen veal from trays, arrange in a shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese. Layer and bake with spaghetti the last 40 minutes. During the last 15 minutes of baking time, arrange 6 slices (1-oz. each) capicola and 6 slices (½-oz. each) mozzarella cheese on veal. When ready to serve, arrange spaghetti on a large platter, top with veal, and garnish with parsley.

6. Meanwhile, arrange crabmeat chunks on a lettuce-lined plate. Serve with bottled cocktail sauce poured into a small bowl. Garnish with parsley.

7. Cook 2 packages (10-oz. each) frozen Italian-style vegetables in sauce according to package directions. Spoon into a serving bowl.

8. Thaw 1 package (10 oz.) frozen mixed fruit in quick-thaw pouch according to package directions. Spoon over the cheesecake before serving. Serves 6.

POTATO PUFFS WITH
CAVIAR AND SOUR CREAM
LOBSTER NEWBURG
IN PATTY SHELLS
BROCCOLI ON RICE PILAF
BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING
WITH LADYFINGERS

1. Thaw 2 bowls (17½ oz. e frozen butterscotch-flavor puddin the refrigerator for 24 hours or bowl of cold water for 4 hours.

2. Thaw 1 dessert decorator (6¾ frozen whipped topping in the re erator for 4 to 5 hours.

3. Preheat oven to 450°.

4. Bake 1 package (10 oz.) fr patty shells according to packag rections.

5. Meanwhile, arrange 1 packa oz.) ladyfingers in a compote dish. Combine terscotch pudding wi tablespoon rum and s into dish. Garnish whipped topping and ¼ toasted sliced almonds. frigerate until serving

6. Bring a large p water to a boil.

7. Prepare sour c dip by combining 1 sour cream and 1 jar (4 red caviar in a small

8. Spread 1 packag oz.) frozen potato puffs jelly roll pan. Bake a rected on package in a oven for 12-14 mi Keep warm until rea serve. Arrange potato a plate around the dip. toothpicks available.

9. Place 2 pouches (each) broccoli spears f in butter sauce, 2 po (12 oz. each) frozen pilaf and 3 pouches (6 each) frozen lobster burg in the boiling w Cook according to the tions on the packages.

10. Arrange broccol the center of a rice ring on a platter. Ga with three lemon slice

11. Spoon lobster burg into patty shells garnish with water Serves 6.

BAKED STUFFED CLA
FRIED CHICKEN WIT
CREAMY GRAVY
CANDIED SWEET POTAT
CAULIFLOWER AND
SNOW PEA SALAD
CHOCOLATE CREAM P

1. Preheat oven to

2. In separate sauc cook 1 package (10 oz. zen cauliflower and 1 age (7 oz.) frozen sno pods according to pa directions. Drain; co with ¼ cup bottled oi vinegar dressing, add tablespoon each ch parsley and pimiento range in salad bowl and

3. Heat 2 packages (11 oz. baked stuffed clams in a 400° ov 40 minutes (cooking times have adapted in this timetable to allo chicken and clams to be bake gether).

4. Heat 1 package (2 lb.) f fried chicken along with the cla the oven for about 35 minutes.

5. Prepare 2 packages (12 oz. frozen candied sweet potatoes in let according to package direc Spoon onto a serving plate and ga with parsley.

6. Prepare 1 package (1¾

(continued on page

Shrimp gives a new seaside flavor to Lipton California Dip.

LiptonCaliforniaDipcan be as many different dips as you want to make it.

Just add something else you love to the basic recipe.

Like fresh vegetables. Or cheese. Or shrimp, as in this recipe.



Shrimp California Dip

2 cups Lipton California Dip: Blend 1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix with 1 pint dairy sour cream.
1 cup finely chopped cooked shrimp (or substitute any other seafood you want)
¼ cup catsup
In medium bowl, blend Lipton California Dip, shrimp and catsup. Chill. Makes about 2½ cups dip.



General Electric Ranges with P-7® self-cleaning ovens are made for people who love to cook, but hate to clean.





If, at heart, you're a real cook, but a very impatient cleaning woman, feast your eyes on these GE Ranges. They make cooking a joy and cleaning a cinch.

Like GE's self-cleaning P-7 Ovens. Set the controls to "Clean" and the ovens automatically clean themselves completely. Top, bottom, sides, racks.

Even nooks and crannies you couldn't get to if you had to do it yourself. All that's left is maybe a little ash.

Yet all that cleaning only costs about 10¢. A lot less than a can of oven cleaner.

Sparkling P-7 Ovens. You'll like the way they make your kitchen look—and feel. Because they're so well insulated, more heat stays in the oven when baking, helping the kitchen stay cooler.

Each of these ranges comes with a P-7 Oven. (There are lots more P-7 Oven Ranges in almost every size.) And each comes with Calrod® Surface Units, for even heat all over the bottom of your pans. Now all you do when you decide to replace your range is choose which of these other features you want, too.

The eye-level oven

Why bend over to see what's doing? Model J785 has an eye-level oven with a shiny picture window. When it's time to clean it, just put the removable panels in the P-7 Oven down below.



The wall oven Model JK19R

The eye-level oven Model J785

The Microwave Cooking Center

The wall oven

If you're looking for a new oven only, how about GE Model JK19R? To help you cook good things, it has a rotisserie and automatic meat thermometer, and, of course, the oven is self-cleaning.

The Microwave Cooking Center

It's a special range made only by the General Electric Company. A complete cooking center all in one range. The self-cleaning P-7 Oven does both microwave and conventional cooking. So you can have your choice. Or even use both at once. You can cook foods up to 4 times faster using the microwave energy and brown with conventional heat at the same time.

Customer Care... Service Everywhere.™ This is our pledge that wherever you are, or go, in the U.S.A., you'll find a qualified GE serviceman nearby. Should you ever need him.

P-7 self-cleaning ovens. Another reason why General Electric is America's #1 Major Appliance Value.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

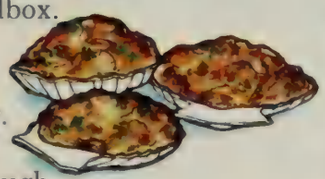


©1973 RALSTON PURINA COMPANY

Would you be embarrassed to serve tuna to dinner guests?

Maybe you think of tuna as just a staple. Something to have on the shelf when you forget to take a steak out of the freezer in time. Or when the troops troop in after seizing the sandbox.

If so, you're not exactly wrong.
But you're not exactly right either.



A delicacy? A delicacy.

If tuna weren't so inexpensive, it would be considered a delicacy. Throughout history, tuna, like lobster and crabmeat, has been the fare of kings and noblemen.

Take Tuna St. Jacques. We suggest you try it on company next time—with a green salad and a good Chablis or Mâcon Blanc.

We also suggest you use a good tuna. In fact, get Chicken of the Sea and go all the way. Our chefs certainly do.



Fussy is as fussy does.

Like all good cooks, they start with the best. But they don't stop there. Take filleting. It's all done by hand. To make sure only *prime* fillet goes into the can. And they're pretty fussy about grading, color and things like that.

Fussy may be an understatement. They're tyrants.

Nice tyrants, but tyrants.

Such an attitude may be why good cooks buy more Chicken of the Sea than any other tuna. Year after year.

As a staple *and* a delicacy.

Tuna St. Jacques

3 green onions, chopped fine
4 tbsp. butter
4 oz. fresh chopped mushrooms
1 10½-oz. can cream of chicken soup
½ cup dry vermouth
White pepper to taste
Finely chopped parsley
2 7-oz. cans Chicken of the Sea White Meat Tuna, drained and broken into chunks
2 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese
⅓ cup bread crumbs

Preheat oven to 450°. Brown onions and mushrooms in 3 Tb. butter until tender. Remove from heat. Combine soup and vermouth and bring to a boil. Add half of the sauce to onion-mushroom mixture. Spoon equally into 6 buttered sea shells or ramekins. Top with parsley and chunks of tuna. Spoon on the remainder of the sauce. Combine cheese and bread crumbs and sprinkle over each serving. Drizzle a small amount of melted butter over crumbs. Heat in oven 10 minutes or until browned. **Serves six.**





*They also send you Chicken of the Sea Frozen Shrimp . . . which hostesses have always been proud to serve to dinner guests

© 1973 BY ORE-IDA FOODS, INC.

Country Style Dinner Fries® so thick they taste like an Idaho® baker.





There is only one way to serve a juicy two-inch T-bone. Or meaty chops. Or a dinner roast. Team it up with a heaping helping of these man-sized fries from Ore-Ida.

Country Style Dinner Fries® brand, we call them. Big, husky cuts so thick they taste like an Idaho baker. Sizzle them crisp as you want on the outside. The inside will still be nice and fluffy.

When you pick up a bag in your store's freezer section, look for other brands of Ore-Ida fries. Pixie Crinkles®. Shoestrings. Golden Crinkles®. And Golden Fries®.

They're all good eatin' from Boise.



Good eatin' from Boise.

CREAMY SCALLOPED POTATOES

½ cup Ore-Ida frozen Chopped Onions

1 can (10½ ounces) condensed cream of celery or cream of mushroom soup, undiluted

1 package (3 ounces) cream cheese, cut in cubes

4 cups frozen Ore-Ida Country Style Dinner Fries®*

⅓ cup shredded Cheddar cheese

1. Preheat oven to 400 degrees F. Grease a 1½ quart casserole.

2. In 1 quart saucepan, cook frozen onions over medium heat until tender. Stir in undiluted soup and cream cheese cubes, stirring constantly until smooth.

3. In casserole, alternately layer frozen potatoes and hot cream sauce ending with a sauce layer.

4. Cover and bake 45 minutes or until sauce is bubbly and potatoes are tender. Remove from oven and sprinkle with shredded cheese.

Serves 6.

*May also be prepared with the following Ore-Ida products: Potatoes O'Brien, Southern Style Hash Browns, Cottage Fries.

CLOCK-WORK *continued*

chicken gravy mix using 2 cups milk in a saucepan according to package directions. Pour over chicken after placing chicken on a serving platter.

7. Remove a chocolate cream pie (26 oz.) from the freezer to a serving plate to allow it to partially thaw. Garnish with mint sprigs, if desired. Serves 6.

THE COOL ONE

continued from page 102

SCRAMBLED EGGS

12 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine
⅓ cup heavy cream

Beat eggs, salt, and pepper with a fork in a mixing bowl for 20 to 30 seconds to blend yolks and whites.

Heat butter or margarine in a 10-in. heavy-bottomed stainless steel or non-stick skillet over medium heat until just hot enough to sizzle a drop of water. Pour in the egg mixture. As mixture begins to set at bottom and sides, gently lift cooked portions with a spatula so that the thin, uncooked part can flow to the bottom. Avoid constant stirring. Cook until eggs are thickened throughout but still moist, about 5 to 8 minutes. Remove from heat; they will continue to thicken slightly.

As soon as they are of the right consistency, stir in the heavy cream, which will stop the cooking.

Turn out onto a warm, buttered platter. Garnish with parsley sprigs and serve.

Note: If the scrambled eggs must be kept waiting for a short time before being served, the use of a double boiler is recommended. Melt the butter or margarine in the top part of a double boiler set over gently bubbling water. Pour in the beaten eggs. Stir occasionally as they cook, which will take 15 to 20 minutes. When they have reached a soft, creamy consistency turn off the heat, stir in the heavy cream, and cover, allowing the eggs to keep warm over the hot water. Serves 6.

COOK 'N HOLD SCRAMBLED EGGS

¼ cup butter or margarine
12 eggs
1⅓ cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
2 tablespoons instant blending flour

Melt butter or margarine in an electric skillet set at 175°. Combine eggs, milk, salt, pepper, and flour in a large mixing bowl. Beat with rotary beater until smooth and well blended.

Pour eggs into skillet. Increase temperature to 250°. Stir eggs from outside edge toward center, allowing uncooked egg in center to flow to outside. Continue stirring until all the egg has cooked and has a creamy appearance. Lower temperature to 170°. The eggs may be covered and held up to 2 hours. Serves 6.

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more. —Cowper

ORKING WOMAN

ntinued from page 47

streatment is an informed job hunt- Know your rights! Demand them! d if an agency doesn't deliver equate service complain to the Na- nal Employment Association, your te's personnel association, the state man rights commission, the EEOC, Department of Labor or your local ice of Consumer Affairs.

The In Basket

As much as we might want agencies recruit women specifically for top- nelon jobs, only employers may seek rkers of one sex to satisfy their affir- ative action requirements. An agency vertising for "Women in Manage- nt—$10,000-$18,000" is violating Ti- VII.

Morag Simchak of the Department Labor reports that in fiscal 1973 over private employment agencies were nd to have violated the Age Dis- mination in Employment Act—most- through use of illegal advertising.

Last July, the N.Y.C. Commission Human Rights filed a sex and age crimination complaint against four ivate employment agencies for dis- minatory ads.

The Out Basket

For $3 the National Employment sociation will send you the *Private nployment Agencies Directory*, list- member agencies and their special- s. NEA, 2000 K. St. N.W., Washing- n, D.C.

For more information about the *OW-AJC* survey on agencies' re- onses to discriminatory job orders, ite to AJC Women's Division, 15 E. th St., New York, N.Y. 10028.

Today's Woman Placement Service ecializes in jobs for experienced omen in the $10,000-$30,000 range. rector Dee Kampman has on file out 200 job requests for engineers, ancial analysts, tax accountants, ditors, pension specialists, comp- llers, programmers, consultants, and any more. Companies can subscribe *Management Digest* for $30 a year. rite Today's Woman, 21 Charles St., estport, Conn. 06880. **END**

OMPUTER DIET

ntinued from page 58

bsp. salad dressing may be used if so dicated. Where soup is indicated, it ust be water-base type. If toast or ead is designated with an asterisk* lain), use no butter; otherwise ½ pat butter is permitted.

Summary

You now have all the information ou need to start a reducing diet. So t's review the procedure you should llow to develop your own plan.

Step 1. Determine your desirable weight from the table on page 52.

Step 2. Establish your weight loss goal by subtracting your desirable weight from your present weight.

Step 3. Determine your activity level.

Step 4. From the Weight Loss Calorie Table determine your four diet options.

Step 5. Choose the diet option best suited to you and thereby fix the duration of your diet and your calorie intake.

Step 6. Follow the sample menus for your specific diet option.

A Word of Caution

A reducing diet is best supervised by a physician. This is specifically recommended when a great deal of weight needs to be lost or when an individual has an ailment or history of some medical problem. The Weight Loss Calorie Tables cover a wide range of values, and while the values in the table are theoretically possible to attain, they are not necessarily recommended for everyone. The wide ranges shown were computed and included for the sake of completeness. Most physicians recommend that weight loss should be limited to two pounds per week, except for either very large individuals or if the total amount of weight to be lost is relatively small. In these cases an acceptable weight loss rate may be as high as three pounds per week. Most nutritionists feel that reducing diets should not have food intakes below 900 to 1,200 calories. This is because it is difficult to obtain the proper amount of essential nutrients below these levels.

Editor's Note:

All charts in this article are for women only and all menus are for pre-menopausal women. In his book, *The Computer Diet*, Mr. Antonetti lists charts, menus, etc., for men—and post menopausal women.

Kraft announces the flavor of the month. Really zesty Italian!



At Kraft, we think salads ought to be fun!



At Kraft, we think your salad should be just as much fun as your dessert. That's why we make our Italian zesty with bright red bell peppers, extra chips of onion, garlic, and more robust spices than ever before. Shake it, it stays shook. Kraft zesty Italian is great any month of the year, but we think it's especially good right now. It's an Italian with just a bit more spirit, just a dash more excitement. It's just one of twenty fantastic flavors from Kraft. Division of Kraftco Corporation

KRAFT

BIRDS EYE INTRODUCES THE ROMANTIC HAMBURGER.



Now you can turn your humble hamburger into a romantic Italian dinner with Birds Eye® Italian Style Vegetables.

Once your man gets a taste of Italy, you'll want to go further, Japan, Bavaria, Hawaii, the world.

Create more international dinners with other meat, chicken and fish.

The recipes are easy for you to make, the results are hard for your man to resist.

SKILLET BEEF ITALIANO. 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Italian Style Vegetables • 3/4 lb. ground beef • 1 can (8 oz.) spaghetti sauce • 1/2 cup water • 1/8 teaspoon oregano

Brown ground beef in skillet, leaving meat in large chunks. Add spaghetti sauce, water, and oregano. Add vegetables. Bring to a full boil, separate vegetables and stir until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings. SEE COLUMN ON THIS PAGE FOR MORE RECIPES.



WITH OUR VEGETABLES AND YOUR HAMBURGER WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL DINNERS TOGETHER

MORE INTERNATIONAL DINNER RECIPES.

LUAU HAMBURGER. 3/4 lb. ground beef • 2 teaspoons cornstarch • 3/4 cup water • 2 tablespoons catsup • 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Hawaiian Style Vegetables with Pineapple with a Seasoned Sauce

Brown beef well in skillet, leaving meat in large chunks. Blend cornstarch with water and catsup. Add to skillet with vegetables. Bring to full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork, stirring until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings.



SAUTÉED TUNA, JAPANESE STYLE. 1 can (7 oz.) tuna, drained and broken in chunks • 1 tablespoon salad oil • 2 tablespoons water • 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Japanese Style Vegetables with a Seasoned Sauce

Sauté tuna chunks lightly in oil in skillet. Add water and vegetables. Bring to full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with a fork, stirring until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Serve with hot rice. Makes 3 servings.



BEEF BAVARIAN. 3/4 lb. ground beef • 1 teaspoon cornstarch • 1/2 cup water • 1 can (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms, drained • 1 tablespoon steak sauce • 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Bavarian Style Beans and Spaetzle with a Seasoned Sauce

Brown beef well in skillet, leaving meat in large chunks. Blend cornstarch with water. Add to skillet with remaining ingredients. Bring to full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork, stirring until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings.



FRANKFURTERS ALOHA. 6 frankfurters, cut into 1-inch pieces • 2 tablespoons butter or margarine • tablespoons water • 1 package (10 oz Birds Eye® Hawaiian Style Vegetable with Pineapple with a Seasoned Sau

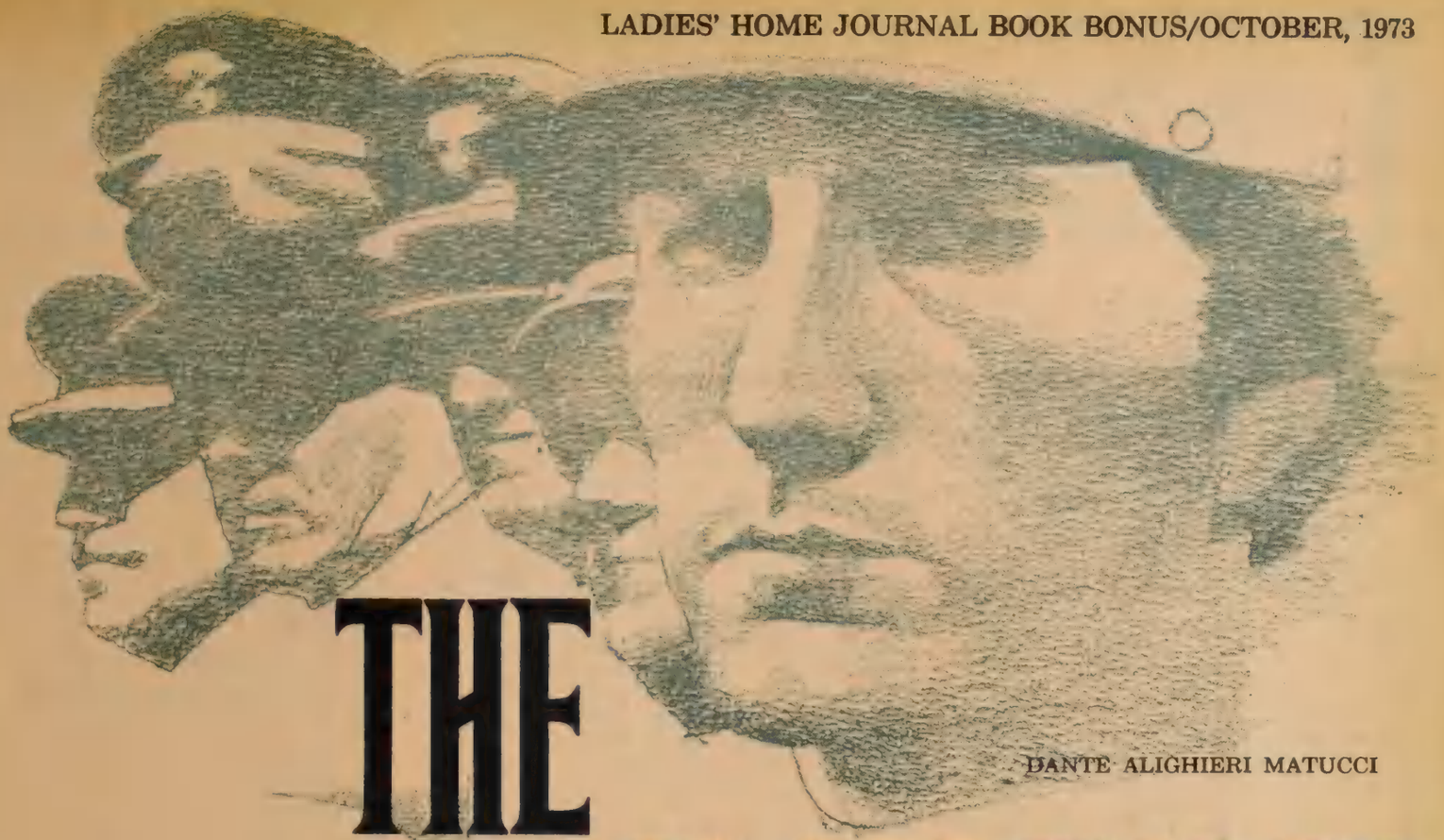
Brown frankfurters in butter in skillet. Add water and vegetables. Bri to a full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork, stirring until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings.



VIKING STYLE GROUND BEEF 3/4 lb. ground beef • 1 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon onion powder • 3 tablespoons milk • 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Danish Style Vegetables with a Seasoned Sauce

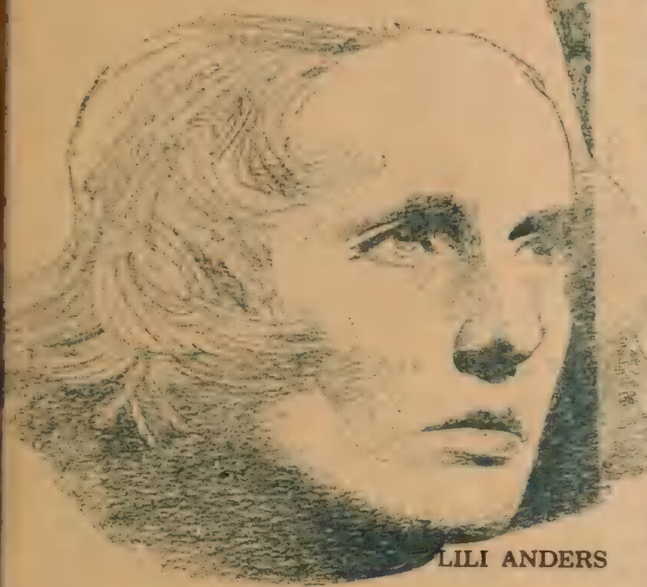
Combine beef, salt, and onion powder. Brown well in skillet. Add milk and vegetables. Bring to a full b over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork, stirring until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings.



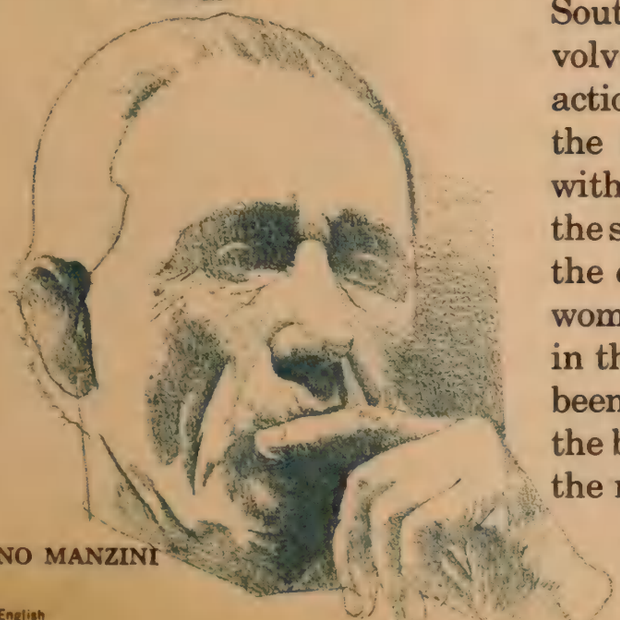


DANTE ALIGHIERI MATUCCI

THE SALAMANDER



LILI ANDERS



BRUNO MANZINI

Part I of a new novel by MORRIS WEST

Morris West's skillfully written books have a way of going into the personal drama behind the headlines. For example, on the publication date of West's "The Shoes of the Fisherman," about the death of a Pope, Pope John XXIII died. "The Ambassador," about a U.S. envoy to South Vietnam, coincided with America's full-scale involvement in Vietnam. In this new tale of intrigue and action, one of the top-selling novelists of our time explores the tensions and drama of modern European politics—with a cast of characters you will not easily forget. Here, the sign of the salamander is a symbol for all who can live in the dazzling inferno of Italian politics. . .of the men and women who work with passion and contend with danger in their pursuit of power. "The Salamander" has already been picked by two major book clubs, and promises to be the big best seller of the Fall. Begin this gripping novel on the next page; you will not be able to resist its suspense.

wing by Mark English

The Italian general had died in bed, by his own hand. Intelligence officer Matucci finds himself swept up into a web of intrigue and adventure—signaled by the sign of the salamander, couched in a bed of flames.

Between midnight and dawn, while his fellow Romans were celebrating the end of Carnival, Massimo, Count Pantaleone, General of the Military Staff, died in his bed. A bachelor in his early sixties, he died alone.

His servant brought the General's coffee at the accustomed hour of seven in the morning and found him lying on his back, fully clothed, gape-mouthed, and staring at the ceiling. The servant set down the coffee carefully, crossed himself, then telephoned the General's aide, Captain Girolamo Carpi.

Carpi telephoned the Director. The Director telephoned me. You will find my name on the Salamander dossier: Dante Alighieri Matucci, Colonel of Carabinieri, seconded for special duty to the Service of Defense Information. Like every other intelligence service, SID spends a huge amount of taxpayers' money perpetuating itself, and somewhat less in scavenging information that hopefully will protect the Republic against invaders, traitors, spies, saboteurs, and political terrorists. You will gather I am skeptical about its value. The Service encourages the loss of innocence; it makes for pliable instruments of policy.

I was appointed to stage a clean exit for the corpse. I needed help. The Army supplied it in the shape of a senior medical officer and a military advocate. We drove together to the General's apartment. Captain Carpi received us. So far, so good. No confusion. No neighbors on the landing. No relatives yet informed.

The medical officer made a cursory examination and decided that the General had died from an overdose of barbiturates, self-administered. He wrote a certificate, countersigned by the military advocate, which stated that the cause of death was cardiac arrest. It was not a false document; simply a convenient one. The General's heart had stopped. A pity it hadn't stopped years ago.

At eight-thirty, a military ambulance arrived and removed the body. I remained in the apartment with Carpi and the servant. The servant made us coffee and while we drank it I questioned him. His answers established a series of simple facts.

The General had dined out. He had returned twenty minutes before midnight and retired immediately to his bedroom. The servant had secured doors and windows, set the burglar alarm and gone to bed. He had risen at six-thirty and made the morning coffee. . . . Visitors? None. . . . Intruders? None. The alarms had not been triggered. Telephone calls, in or out? No way to know. The General would use the private line in his bedroom. The General's demeanor? Normal. That was all. . . .

Carpi closed the door behind him and asked a question:

"What do we tell his friends—and the press?"

"You saw the death certificate: natural causes, cardiac arrest."

"And the autopsy report?"

"My dear Captain, for an ambitious man you are very naïve. There will be no autopsy. The General's body has been taken to a mortuary where it will be prepared for a brief lying-in-state. We want him mourned as a noble servant of the Republic. Then we want him forgotten. You can help us there."

"How?"

"Your patron is dead. You did well for us. You deserve a better appointment. I'd suggest something far away from Rome. You will find promotion a lot quicker in places like that. . . . And, Captain?"

"Yes?"

"You will remember that you are in a very delicate position. You agreed to spy on a superior officer. We of SID are grateful; but the slightest indiscretion would damage your career, and might well expose you to great personal danger."

"I understand."

"Please try to be sad at the funeral. . . . *Ciao!*"

Carpi went out, wrapping the rags of his dignity around him. He was one of those weak, handsome fellows who always need, and generally attract, a patron—and who will always betray him to a more potent one. I had used him to report on Pantaleone's movements.

The Pantaleone affair had all the makings of a political time bomb. The irony was that not one in a thousand citizens of the Republic would recognize the name. Of those who did, not one in ten would understand the magnitude of the conspiracy that had been built around it. The Director understood; so did I. I had dossiers on all the principal participants. They were not criminals—at least not yet. They were all high men—ministers, deputies, industrialists, service officers, bureaucrats—who looked to a day when the confusions of Italy—unstable government, industrial unrest, a faltering economy, an inept bureaucracy, and a frustrated people—would bring the country to the brink of revolution.

On that day, which was closer than many people imagined, the conspirators hoped to seize power and present themselves to a bewildered populace as the saviors of the Republic and the conservators of good order and human rights.

Their figurehead had been named for a long time: General Massimo Pantaleone. Now the General had removed himself from the scene. Why had he done it? Who, or what, had nudged him toward the final act; and why again? Was there a new man waiting in the wings? I was commissioned to answer all these questions; and the margin of error was very slim indeed.

Even a hint that an investigation was in progress would split the country down the middle. If the press got half an idea that a dubious document had been notarized by the Army, there would be headlines in every newspaper. There would be barricades in the streets within a day: one could not rule out even mutiny in the armed services, whose political loyalties were deeply divided between Left and Right. I had made no idle threat to Captain Carpi. If he tried to sell himself or his information to new masters, an accident would be speedily arranged for him. Meanwhile, I had my own work to do.

I began to comb the apartment for papers. I opened drawers and cupboards and tested each one for secret hiding places. It would take hours of work to sift and analyze it all—and be of very little value in the end. The General was too old a fox to have left dangerous documents lying about his house.

Still, I could not afford to take risks; I made a final circuit, upending cups and vases, prising up the felt beds of the jewel cases. Even so, I nearly missed the card.

It was lying on its edge against the skirting board, behind the bedside table; a small rectangle of stiff pasteboard with a design on one side and an inscription on the other. Both the design and the inscription had been done by hand in black India ink. The design was a salamander with a coronet on its head, couched in a bed of flames. The inscription was four words of perfect copperplate: "One fine tomorrow, brother." . . .

I decided to refer it to the specialists.

Then I decided it was time for a private chat with the servant. I found him in the kitchen, a dejected old man ruminating over an uncertain future. I consoled him with the thought that the General had probably remembered him in his will, and that, at least, he was entitled to severance pay from the deceased's estate. He brightened then and offered me wine. As we drank together, he became garrulous.

". . . He didn't have to be a soldier, you know. The Pantaleone family always had money running out of their ears. Not that they were free with it. Probably that's why they stayed rich. Lands, apartment buildings, the villa on Ponza—of course she's got that now."

"Who has?"

"You know—the Polish woman. The one he had dinner with last night. What's her name? . . . Anders. She's been his girl friend for years. I knew about her, of course. Sometimes I went to her place to deliver things for the General. Good-looking woman, not over the hill yet, either. Which reminds me. . . . Someone ought to tell her what's happened."

"I'll do that. Where does she live?"

The question was a blind. I knew the answer and a great deal more about Lili Anders.

"Parioli. The address is in the General's wallet."

"I'll find it."

"Hey! You're not taking any of the General's stuff away, are you? I'm responsible."

"I'm taking all his papers, and I'll borrow a valise to carry them."

"But why?"

"A matter of security. We can't leave confidential documents lying around."

"If you say so. . . . There's nothing wrong, is there?"

"Nothing at all. Normal procedure with an important man like the General."

"Who's going to make all the arrangements, tell his friends, that sort of thing?"

"The Army."

"So, what do I do? Just sit around here?"

"There's one thing you could do. People will telephone. Take their names and numbers and we'll arrange for someone to call them back. . . . I meant to ask you something else. Where did the General dine last night?"

"At the Chess Club."

"You're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. I always had to know where he was. Sometimes there were calls from Headquarters or from the Ministry."

"I'll be on my way." I picked up the bag of documents and walked out to my car, tossed the documents onto the seat, and drove back to the office.

I dumped the bag of documents on my desk and shouted for my senior clerk to sort and collate them. Then I climbed the flight of stairs to the forensic laboratory to see old Stefanelli, a tiny wizened fellow with wispy locks and yellow teeth and skin like old leather. He must have been ten years past retirement age, but still managed by a combination of patronage and sheer talent to hang on to his job. When I came in, puffing and sour-faced, he greeted me exuberantly.

"Eh, Colonel! What have you got for Steffi today?"

I fished out the salamander card and handed it to him. "I want a full reading on that: paper, penmanship, the meaning of the symbol, and any prints you can lift."

Stefanelli studied the card intently for a few moments. "The card itself is made from Japanese stock—fine quality bonded rice. The penmanship—fantastic! So beautiful it makes you want to cry! I haven't seen anything like it since Aldo the Calligrapher died in 1935. We have to go to the files to find who's in practice now. . . . The design? Well . . . it's obviously a salamander, the beast that lives in the fire. What it means here, I don't know. It could be a trademark. It could be a member's card for a club. It could be adapted from a coat of arms. I'll put it up to Solimbene. He knows every coat of arms in Europe. Where did you get this, Colonel?"

"General Pantaleone died last night. I found it in his bedroom."

"Pantaleone? That old Fascist! What do

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ou suppose could have happened to him?"

"Suicide."

"That smells bad."

"So, Steffi, for the present, this business is etween you and me and the Director. Dead ilence until I tell you."

Stefanelli grinned and laid a bony forefinger n his nose—the gesture of knowing and agreeng to a conspiracy.

Now I was at a loose end. I could make no sense f the Pantaleone documents until they were isted and collated with the General's dossier. The Director was the only man to whom I could alk freely and he was out of the office. I drove ut to Parioli to see Lili Anders.

Her apartment was on the third floor of a new ondominium, all aluminum and glass, with a orter in livery and an elevator paneled in walut. The place had cost, according to the lady's lossier, sixty million lire; the upkeep according o the contract was a hundred and twenty thouand a month. The elderly housekeeper who confronted me was laconic and hostile.

"Yes?"

"Matucci. Carabinieri. I wish to see the Signora Anders."

"You'll have to come back later. The Signora s asleep."

"I'm afraid I must ask you to wake her. My usiness is urgent."

I offered my identification card; she took it nd read it slowly, line by line, then swept me nto the hallway like a pile of dust and left me.

A few minutes later, Lili Anders made her ntrance. For a woman in her middle thirties she was singularly well preserved. For a woman who had just been sleeping, she was beautifully turned out; every blonde hair in place. Her greeting was polite but cool.

"You wished to see me?"

"Privately, if that is possible."

She led me into the salon and closed the door. "You are, I believe from the Carabinieri."

"I am Colonel Matucci."

"And the reason for this visit?"

"A painful matter, I'm afraid. I regret to inform you that General Pantaleone died early this morning."

She did not weep. She did not cry out. She stared at me, wide-eyed and trembling. I talked to her, quietly:

"It's always a shock. If you want to cry, go ahead."

"I will not cry. He was kind to me but I have no tears for him."

" There is something else you should know. He died by his own hand."

"With him it was always possible."

"Why do you say that?"

"There were too many dark places in his life, Colonel; too many secrets; too many people lying in wait for him."

"Did he tell you that?"

"No. I knew. He had been moody for a long time, a month or more."

"And last night?"

"One thing only. During dinner a waiter brought him a message. He left me at the table and went outside. He was away about five minutes. Nothing more was said. Later, when he brought me home, I invited him in. Sometimes he stayed the night, sometimes he didn't. This time he said he had work to finish at home. It was normal. I didn't argue."

I took out the photocopy of the salamander card and handed it to her.

"Have you seen this before? Or anything like it?"

She studied it intently for a few moments and then shook her head. "Not that I can remember. I'm sorry."

"Please, dear lady! You must, in no sense, reproach yourself. You have had a grievous shock. I have to distress you still further. It is my duty to warn you that from this moment you stand in grave personal danger. You have been for a long time the mistress of an important man, whom certain elements have considered an explosive man. Even if the General told you nothing, others will believe he told you everything. Inevitably, therefore, you will come under surveillance, under pressure, possibly even under threat."

"From whom?"

"From extremists of the Right and of the Left, persons who are trained to use violence as a political weapon."

"But I have nothing to tell! I lived a woman's life with a man who needed comfort and affection. His other life, whatever it was, I did not share."

She was shaken now. I leaned back in the chair and admonished her.

"I wish I could believe you. But I know you, Lili Anders. I know you from your first birthday in Warsaw to your latest dispatch to one Colomba, who is a printer and bookbinder in Milan. You identified yourself, as usual, by the code word 'Falcone.' All the members of your network are called by bird names, are they not? Relax now, I'm not going to eat you. I admire a good professional. But you are a problem, a real problem."

"What happens to me now?"

"As I see it at this moment there are two alternatives. I could take you into custody on charges of conspiracy and espionage. Or I could leave you free, on certain conditions, to continue your comfortable life in Rome. Which would you prefer?"

"I'm tired of the game, Colonel. I'd like to be out of it."

"That's the problem, Lili. You can't get out. You can only change sides."

"Which means?"

"Full information on the network and all your activities, and a contract with us as a double agent."

"Can you protect me?"

"As long as you're useful, yes."

"I was a good mistress, Colonel. I gave value for money."

"Let's try some more questions then. What was your directive?"

"To give early warning of any attempt at a coup d'etat by neo-Fascist groups, and of actions designed to provoke it."

"Such as?"

Lili, known as "Falcone," was tired of the game. But she knew now she couldn't get out—she could only change sides. And so she came to the General's funeral—but under surveillance.

"Acts of violence planned against police or Carabinieri during labor demonstrations, bomb attacks that could be attributed to Maoist or Marxist groups, shifts of influence or changes of political groups."

"Had there been any such changes recently?"

"No . . . at least not to my knowledge."

"Then why was the General depressed?"

"I don't know. I was trying to find out."

"Political pressures—blackmail?"

"I had the feeling that it was a personal and not a political matter."

"What gave you that impression?"

"Oh, odd remarks. He had a habit of saying something cryptic; then passing immediately to another subject. One night, for example, he said: 'There is no simple future for me, Lili, because my past is too complicated.' Another time he quoted from the Bible: 'A man's enemies are those of his own household.' . . . Things like that."

"Anything else?"

"I'm trying to remember. . . . Oh, yes, about three weeks ago he took me to the opera at the Phoenix Theater. He explained that the phoenix was a fabulous bird that rose again, alive, from its own ashes; then he said that there was another animal more fabulous and more dangerous —the salamander that lived in fire and could survive the hottest flames. . . . Wait! That's your card . . ."

"What else did he say about the salamander?"

"Nothing. Some friends joined us. The subject was dropped."

"Let's leave it then. From now on you will be under constant surveillance. There is my card with day and night numbers. You'll be notified of the date of the funeral. I'd like you to be there."

"Please, no!"

"Please, yes! I want tears, Lili. I want deep grief and black mourning. Be good now. And there's a prize for every tear you shed at the Requiem." . . .

The obsequies of Massimo Count Pantaleone, General of the Military Staff, made a splendid piece of theater. The Mass was attended by the Vice-President of the Republic, ministers of the Council, senior officers of all services, representatives of NATO and the Diplomatic Corps, relatives and friends of the deceased, family retainers, press men, photographers, and a motley array of Romans, countrymen, and casual tourists. Lili Anders was there, heavily veiled and leaning on the arm of Captain Carpi.

I was among the mourners, too; but I was less concerned with the ceremonies than with the efforts of my camera crew to produce a clear photograph of every person at the funeral.

At three-thirty in the afternoon I went back to the forensic laboratory to talk to Stefanelli. The old fellow was jumping like a grasshopper.

"I showed the card to Solimbene and he recognized it at first glance. The crowned salamander is the emblem of Francis the First. I've retained Solimbene to get us a list of existing Italian families who use the symbol. The inscription makes no sense yet; but we're coming to it. How's that, eh! Not bad for just forty-eight hours of work."

"I'm happy, Steffi. But we need a lot more. Fingerprints for instance."

"I'm sorry, Colonel. The only ones we've been able to lift belong to the late lamented General. How was the funeral?"

"Beautiful, Steffi. I cried all through it! And the eloquence! . . ."

Stefanelli crossed hands on his bony chest and rolled his eyes heavenward. "If he's in heaven, I hope never to go there. . . . Have you read today's papers?"

The obituaries were, like the obsequies, an exercise in grandiloquence. The right wing was fulsome; the center was respectful and only mildly censorious of the General's Fascist period; the left achieved a kind of poetry of abuse. I was drowsy so I began leafing through the newspaper, while Stefanelli added a spicy commentary.

". . . Now, here's a pretty thing: 'The Principessa Faubiani presents her summer collection!' You know about her, don't you? Came from Argentina originally, married young Prince Faubiani, and then petitioned for separation. That way she kept her freedom and the title. Since then she's had a new protector every couple of years—old ones now, and all rich."

"And what's your interest in fashion, Steffi?"

"My wife runs a boutique for rich tourists."

"You crafty old devil!"

"I'm a lucky man, Colonel. I married for love and got money for my old age as well. Also the staff is decorative and the gossip's always interesting. . . . Which reminds me. Pantaleone is supposed to have a brother floating around somewhere."

"Not in my dossier, Steffi. The old Count, Massimo, had two daughters in the first three years of his marriage and a son about ten years later. The son, our General, was the only male issue. That's the record, verified at Central Registry."

"Well, I agree she's not as official as the Cen-

Bruno was a sturdy one. "I know that intelligence services can become instruments of tyranny," he said. "I know that they tend to corrupt the people who work in them. . ." He stalked out of the room, impossible to frighten.

tral Registry, but the old Baroness Schwarzburg has been a client of my wife's for years. According to her story the Count bred himself a son from the girls' governess. He paid her off and she married someone else who gave the boy a name, though what the name was the Baroness couldn't remember. Anyway, it's a note in the margin, if you're interested."

"Not really, Steffi. Now, if you could find me a suicide note or a blackmail letter that would tell me why Pantaleone killed himself, I'd be much happier. It's nearly five. The funeral photographs should be ready."

The photographs were not ready, and the Chief of Photographic Records was liverish and unhappy. Could I not see that the enlargers were working overtime, and even with three photographers and two photo-file experts, it would take hours yet to identify all the personages?

After ten minutes of snappish dialogue, I gave up in disgust and went back to my own office. The documents I had brought from the General's apartment were all indexed and filed, and number one clerk had made some interesting discoveries.

"Brokers' advice notes, Colonel. All sales. The General has unloaded about eighty-million lire worth of prime stock in the last four weeks. Question: Where did the proceeds go? Not into his bank, because there's his last statement, issued a week ago. . . . Now come to this little piece. It's a handwritten note from Emilio del Giudice in Florence. You know him; a big name, a heavy dealer in important art works. Here's what he says: 'Strongly advise against any transactions that involve you personally in a commitment to export works from the Pantaleone collection.' "

"What else have we got?"

"Here is the General's key ring with a key to a safe-deposit box at the Bank of Rome. I'd like to see the inside of that."

"We will—as soon as the banks open in the morning."

"His lawyer is howling for us to release the documents."

"I'll worry about him later. If you want me in the next hour, I'll be at the Chess Club. After that, at home."

The Chess Club of Rome is an institution almost as sacred as the Hunt Club. You tread softly and speak in muted tones, so as not to disturb the ghosts who still inhabit the place, kings and princes, dukes, barons, counts, and all their consorts. In the dining room you are awed by an afflatus of whispers, the talk of men who deal with great affairs like money and statecraft and spheres of commercial influence. And you will look in vain for chess players, although it is rumored that they do exist, cloistered in some secret cell.

It was still only eight-thirty and the guests were sparse. The Secretary was unusually urbane and the head porter was disposed to be as helpful as possible.

The head porter was very definite. "The General was called from the dining room. A senior member of the Club had asked to speak with him in private. He waited in the card room."

"And who was this member?"

"A gentleman from Bologna. The Cavaliere Bruno Manzini. He's in the Club now. Came in about twenty minutes ago with the Principessa Faubiani."

"Could you tell me something about the Cavaliere? Anything you feel could be useful?"

"I could, sir, but that sort of request should be addressed to the Secretary."

"Of course. My compliments on your discretion. Would you give the Cavaliere my card and ask him to spare me a few moments?"

In any company the Cavaliere Manzini would have been an impressive figure. He must have been nearly seventy years old; his hair was snow white, brushed back in a lion's mane; but his back was straight as a pine, his eyes bright and humorous. His clothes were modish, and he carried himself with the air of a man accustomed to deference. He did not offer his hand but announced himself formally.

"I am Manzini. I understand you wished to see me. May I see your identification?"

I handed him the document. He read it carefully, passed it back.

"Thank you, Colonel. Now, your question."

"You were, I believe, a friend of General Pantaleone?"

"Not a friend, Colonel, an acquaintance. I had small respect for him, none at all for his politics."

"How would you define his politics?"

"Fascist and opportunist."

"On the night before he died, the General dined here with a lady. I understand you had a conversation with him. May I know the substance of it?"

"Certainly. I am the client of an art dealer in Florence. His name is del Giudice. He had told me that Pantaleone was about to sell the family collection. I was interested in certain items; I told Pantaleone I would like to negotiate with him directly. It would save us both money. May I know the reason for these inquiries?"

"At this moment, sir, I am not at liberty to disclose it. May I ask you to keep this conversation private?"

"No, you may not! I gave no prior promise of secrecy. I stand upon my right to discuss it or not, as I please, and with whom I please."

"You know, at least, that the SID deals with highly sensitive matters, both political and military?"

"My dear Colonel, please! I'm an old man. I lost my milk teeth years ago. I have no taste for spies, provocateurs, or those who treat with them. I know that intelligence services can become instruments of tyranny. I know that they tend to corrupt the people who work in them. If you have no more questions, I trust that you will excuse me. . . . Good evening."

He stalked out of the room, stiff as a grenadier and I let out a long sigh of relief. This was a sturdy one, hard to coax, impossible to frighten. But there were important questions still open. Why would Pantaleone, with suicide on his mind, engage in the long and tedious business of selling an estate? It was enough for one day and more than enough. I walked out of the Club into a soft spring rain, prised my car out of the courtyard and drove reluctantly homeward, to a hot dinner, a tepid hour of television, and a cold bed afterward.

At eleven-thirty, Lili Anders telephoned in panic. Her network contact had called and summoned her to a night club rendezvous. What should she do? I told her to keep the rendezvous, rehearsed her three times in her story, and then spent an anxious fifteen minutes trying to regroup my surveillance team.

At nine-thirty next morning I sat in conference with a senior official of the Bank of Rome. The Pantaleone strongbox was empty. The General's lawyer, Dr. Sergio Bandinelli, had taken possession of its contents under an existing authority. I acknowledged defeat and went back to my office, where I signed an official request for Dr. Sergio Bandinelli to wait on me within forty-eight hours. Then I spread the funeral photographs on the desk and settled down to examine them against the accompanying checklist. It was not the names or the personages that interested me so much as the juxtapositions: who was talking to whom. Sometimes, by a thousand to one chance, one saw a sign given or a message passed from hand to hand. At the end of an hour I was left with one small surprise.

The surprise was Cavaliere Manzini. He appeared in three shots, once talking to a cardinal, once with the Minister of Finance, and the third time standing beside an elderly peasant who was listed as employed at the Villa Pantaleone. For a man who had small respect for Pantaleone, it was a singular gesture. I wondered why he had troubled to make it.

I was still chewing on that thought when the boys from the surveillance team presented themselves with their tapes of Lili Anders' night-club meeting.

"We followed them back to Anders' apartment, Colonel. The contact dropped her there and drove off. Giorgio followed him."

"Who was the contact?"

"Picchio . . . the woodpecker. I've got it here: Woodpecker asked what the General died of. She replied a heart attack. Who brought her the news? A Colonel of Carabinieri. What was his name? Matucci. Had he asked any significant questions? Only about Pantaleone's movements and contacts on the night of his death. She had told him the truth, there was nothing to hide. Woodpecker asked who were the General's heirs. She didn't know. She had never seen his will. Did she know the General's lawyer? No. Had she ever met a Major-General Leporello?"

"He's one of ours, for God's sake."

"It shook me a little too, Colonel."

"What did Lili say?"

"She'd never heard of him. What would her next assignment be? Sit tight, await further contact and instructions. That's it, Colonel."

This was the name of the game. You walked your feet off. You cruised around smoky clubs. You waded through reams of useless information until you came up with one fragment of fact that began or completed a whole mosaic. I had one now: Why was Woodpecker, a Polish agent, interested in Marcantonio Leporello, Major-General of the Carabinieri?

The Director of the Defense Information Service was a character in his own right. In the Service they called him the old fox. I had another name for him: the chameleon. One moment you saw him plain, the next you lost him against the political undergrowth. He had the manners of a prince and the mind of a chess player. He was inordinately rich, generous to those he liked and ruthless to those he did not. He insisted that I, Dante Alighieri Matucci, was one of those he liked; one of the few he respected. We had clashed often. He had tempted me, more than once, but I had sniffed at the bait and turned away from it with a grin and a shrug. If the Director wanted to play games, I had a few of my own, with rather complicated rules.

I was playing one now. Major-General Leporello was a big man in the Carabinieri. I wanted to know whether the Director was big enough to handle him if ever there were a need. So, without ceremony, I put the question:

"Woodpecker is interested in Leporello. Why?"

"Isn't it your job to tell me?"

"No, sir, not yet. Leporello's dossier is marked 'Reserved to Director.' "

"Forgive me, I'd forgotten. Let me see now. General Leporello has spent the last five months abroad on a study mission."

"Studying what?"

"Riot control and counterinsurgency."

"Do you know the General personally, sir?"

"Yes. He's a sound man."

"Vulnerable?"

"He's a patriot, a devout Catholic, a Christian Democrat, and financially independent. I doubt he could be bought or frightened."

"Seduced?"

"By what, Colonel?"

"The ultimate infirmity—ambition. The man who devises the strategy of counterrevolution might just suddenly decide that he wants to

it into practice on his own account."
"You're in unicorn country, Matucci."
"Half our lives, we deal with fables. Some-
es the fables come true."
"In Leporello's case, I think not. However, let
play with the idea. I'll come back to you. For
moment, no action."
was hardly back in my office when my secre-
y announced that Dr. Sergio Bandinelli was
iting to see me. The lawyer was short, fussy,
l irascible.
"I am here to protest the illegal seizure of my
nt's papers and to require their immediate
ivery into my hands."
"No problem at all. You may take the papers
h you when you leave. But I wish to solicit
r assistance in a matter of importance. Gen-
l Pantaleone was an important man. His
th has political consequences. I am directed
study those consequences. I am interested,
refore, in every aspect of the General's activi-
s. He was engaged in liquidating his estate,
ling shares, preparing to disperse his art col-
tion. Why?"
"I cannot tell you that."
"I am afraid you must."
"No, Colonel. Legal privilege."
"Before you invoke it, let me tell you some-
ng else. Your late client maintained relations
th a member of a foreign espionage network.
. . . when you refuse to disclose what has
ppened to large sums of money, you put your-
f in some jeopardy. Crime is involved, a threat
the security of the State. I ask you again.
hat happened to the money?"
"I was instructed to reinvest it."
"Where?"
"Abroad. In Switzerland and in Brazil for the
st part."
"Such export of funds requires approval from
e Ministry of Finance. Did you have it?"
"Well, no . . . but the nature of the trans-
tion . . ."
"The transaction would involve intermediaries
o have safe channels for currency export.
ey charge five percent for their services. For
is, they guarantee immunity to the client. It
esn't hold water and you know it. You can be
arged with conspiracy to circumvent the law.
hy was Pantaleone exporting funds?"
"In sum, he was afraid. He had joined himself
th the new Fascists as their military advisor
d as commander in chief in case of an over-
row of the State. Their provocative tactics
rried him. He felt they were not strong
ough and that, if they tried, it would lead to
vil war. So the Movement began to lose faith in
ntaleone. They wanted to move him out in
vor of a bolder man."
"A military man?"
"Obviously. If they were provoking a disturb-
ce, they had to be able to offer military action
suppress it. That's the whole point of provoca-
on."
"So, the General was frightened. Of a rival or
something else?"
"Of action against himself. Damage to his
putation. Some kind of revelation of his past."
"Blackmail, in fact?"
"Yes. About a week ago he received a com-
unication by messenger. It consisted of a very
mplete and accurate biography which, if it had
er been published, would have damaged his
putation beyond repair."
"He showed it to you?"
"Yes. He asked whether there might be any
efense against publication or any means of
acing the author. I advised him there was not."
"But a threat of publication was made?"
"I read it so."
"Read what?"
"A card, attached to the typescript."
I laid the salamander card on the table before
im.
"This card?"
"Yes, that's the one. Where did you get it?"
"I found it in the General's bedroom. What
appened to the biography?"
"He lodged it in his strongbox at the bank."
"Which you emptied yesterday."
"Yes."
"I want it. I want all his documents."
"I'll give them to you, happily—on a judge's order. Without it, no."
"Doctor Bandinelli, you've stepped outside the law and put yourself and your privileges in jeopardy. However, I'm prepared to make a bargain with you. I'll send a man with you now to assemble every paper you hold on the Pantaleone family. He will list the papers, then lock and seal them in your safe. Tomorrow I will come to your office and go through them with you. That way you keep your privilege and I my information. Agreed?"
"I seem to have no choice."
"Good. You can sign for the papers we hold and take them back with you. When you go home this evening, leave the key of your office with my man. He will spend the night there."
"Why?"
"Protection. Politics is a risky business these days."
I gave him for guardian a junior agent, one Giampiero Calvi. I issued a set of simple instructions. During the night he would call the duty officer at headquarters every hour on the hour.
Then, because I was tired, I decided to mix business with pleasure. I called Lili Anders and told her that, in line of duty, I would call on her at eight-thirty for a cocktail and take her out to dinner afterward. My intentions? Dear Madam, those of a colleague and collaborator; no more, no less.
I walked down the corridor to chat with my associate Rigoli, who concerns himself with the movements and the security of public and not-so-public officials. He told me that Major-General Leporello was presently in Rome, lodged at the Hassler, and engaged in a series of conferences. I called the hotel and, after a brief passage at arms with a junior aide, was put through to the General.
"General, this is Colonel Matucci, SID."
"Yes?"
"An urgent matter. I should like to see you."
"I am busy until six. I can spare you half an hour after that. Call me from the lobby. Suite 10."

During the war, one of the most important partisan groups was led by a man who called himself the Salamander. There had been talk of a calling card that was pinned to the chest of the band's victims.

"Thank you, sir."
I made one more call, this time to a curious little office which feeds to the press and to private subscribers news of the comings and goings of celebrities. My contact there is a busty Dane whose information is always accurate.
"Faubiani . . .? Well, old Manzini's in town, so she's doing the fashion rounds with him. Tonight Fosco is displaying jewelry. Faubiani will probably be there. It's a buffet supper at Fosco's, eight-thirty until the champagne runs out. If you want a ticket I can let you have mine."
"You're an angel, Inger. *Ciao.*"
At eighteen hundred hours precisely, I telephoned Major-General Leporello from the front desk of the Hassler. He commanded me to wait until his aide came to fetch me. The aide, I noted, was a muscular young blood with red hair and freckles. He was respectful but laconic, and he wanted to see my card before we moved from the lobby. Leporello was a surprise. He was a tall man, blond and ruddy, more German than Latin. His chest was broad, his belly flat. His gestures were restrained and his manner brisk and businesslike. He had no sense of humor at all.
"What do you wish to discuss, Colonel?"
"Matters arising out of the death of General Pantaleone."
"Such as?"
"This card, sir. It was attached to a set of records that were delivered to Pantaleone before his death. Incriminating documents of the General's past life."
"Blackmail?"
"We believe so."
"Where are they now?"
"In his lawyer's office, in custody of an officer of the SID."
"The card?"
"Is our only clue to the identity of the blackmailer."
"The symbol?"
"A salamander."
"That's odd."
"Why, sir?"
"During the war, one of the most important partisan groups was led by a man who called himself the Salamander."
"What was his real name?"
"I don't know. My memory is vague, but I seem to remember some talk of a calling card pinned to the chest of victims of the band."
"Was this a Marxist group?"
"Most groups in the North had real or imputed connections with the Marxists."
"Did you ever work with such groups, General?"
"I? Never. My loyalties were to the crown. I disliked the Fascists, I loathed the Germans; but even for that I could not make myself a turncoat soldier. Today I am able to be both honest and proud."
"I am sure you are, sir. You are also a natural target for the terrorists of the left."
"I must presume so."
"Which brings me to the real purpose of my visit; which is to inform you that you are under surveillance by at least one network of foreign agents. The news is, General, that this group regards you as a possible successor to General Pantaleone as military and political leader in the event of a right-wing coup."
"Which is nonsense, of course . . ."
"Of course, sir. But it does make you vulnerable."
"To what?"
"To blackmail or assassination."
"Blackmail, Colonel? Quite impossible I assure you. My life is an open book. As for attempts on my life, these have been foreseen, and security measures arranged to protect me and my family. I am more concerned by the suggestion that I might have political ambitions. I have none. I believe in hierarchy and order. I see myself only as a servant of duly constituted authority."
"I understand perfectly, sir."
"A question, Colonel. Have you discussed this matter with your Director?"
"I have."
"His opinion?"
"That no action is required by SID. I have, in fact, exceeded my brief by seeking this interview with you."
"Why did you seek it, then?"
"We are colleagues, General, you and I. We are members of the same corps. I felt that a point of honor was involved. I decided to act on my own and at my own risk."
"What risk, Colonel?"
"Well . . . to put it gently, the Director is a very formidable character."
For the first time, Leporello relaxed. He leaned back in his chair and surveyed me with grim approval.
"You impress me, Colonel. If you need a friend in the Service, you have one in me. I shall instruct my staff that you may have instant access to me at any time."
"That is very generous, sir."
"Not at all. We have a common aim: the security and stability of the Republic. Today we need strong men who are prepared to risk themselves in public service. I judge that you are such

a one. If ever you felt an inclination to join my personal staff, I should be happy to have you."

"Thank you, sir."

He shook my hand and ushered me out.

In the gardens outside I stopped the car and sat for twenty minutes trying to make sense of the encounter. Leporello was tempting me into an alliance with a promise of friendship and advocacy. An alliance pointed to a strategy; a strategy pointed to a goal. What goal? It was too late and too early for Dante Alighieri Matucci to read the future. I started the car and drove through the dappled alleys of the gardens to drink cocktails with Lili Anders.

Lili was changed, in some subtle fashion that I could define only by details; the hair more softly brushed, the clothes more modish and extravagant, her manner more relaxed and confident. When I commented on the changes, Lili smiled and shrugged.

"I am my own woman now. You are changed, too, I think—at least, it somehow seems that way."

This is the age of the assassins, Lili," he said. "It's a madness, and I'm at the center of it. So are you. I thought, just for an hour, perhaps, there could be a zone of quiet in the eye of the hurricane."

"How?"

"More human, perhaps. Less professional. How am I to call you, Colonel?"

"My name is Dante Alighieri."

"Dante was a very somber man. You?"

"Sometimes. Not tonight."

"What is different about tonight?"

"There is business to be done; but I would still like us to enjoy ourselves."

"That's hardly possible is it?"

"Why not?"

"Because, Dante Alighieri, you own me. You direct me like a puppet. I have no choice of what or how I may enjoy. . . . Your drink, Master."

"You're being rough with me, Lili. I'm not your master."

"Then what are you?"

"Would you believe me if I told you?"

"I might."

"It's very simple. I'm a self-indulgent man who likes pretty women."

"Now tell me the rest of it."

"I'm tired and I want to laugh. I'm puzzled and I want to stop thinking. I'm scared and I don't really want to ask why."

"You, scared?"

"Yes. This is the age of the assassins, Lili—the age of the fanatics and the destroyers. They want a new world. They'll tear down twenty centuries of civilization to achieve it. It's a madness, Lili, and I'm at the center of it. So are you. I thought, just for an hour perhaps, there might be a zone of quiet in the eye of the hurricane. I was a fool. Forget it."

"Even if you mean only half of it, I'll believe you. And I'm not insulted."

I wasn't sure I believed myself; but I wanted to feel like a man who could face the sunlight without shame. I drew her hand to my lips and kissed it lightly. Twenty minutes later we were driving down to Fosco's and we joined the gathering hand in hand, like lovers.

The presentation of Fosco's spring collection was a gala occasion. The best titles in Rome staged a slow pavane around the showcases. An army of handsome young waiters distributed champagne and canapés; and even the security guards contrived to look like Milanese captains of industry. We snared two glasses of champagne and a pair of catalogues and began our circuit of the exhibits. We were halfway round the gathering when Lili tugged at my sleeve. She was pointing to No. 63; its description read:

> Salamander. Brooch in the form of an heraldic beast. Ornamented with rubies. Adapted from a calligraphic design. Commissioned by Cav. Bruno Manzini, Bologna.

The piece itself was twenty feet away, laid on a bed of black velvet in a small showcase. It was not a gaudy jewel, but the craftsman had preserved the character of the original calligraphy, so that when I compared it with the card there was no doubt that the designs were identical.

I drew Lili away from the showcase into the crush of people round the buffet. At the same moment, the Cavaliere Bruno Manzini entered the gallery with the Principessa Faubiani at his side and a small retinue of friends in attendance.

Leaving Lili at the buffet, I made my way to the entrance, where a young security guard was standing. I flashed my card at him.

"Carabinieri. This is important. We can't afford a mistake. You will take me to Fosco's private office. I'll give you a note to the Cavaliere Bruno Manzini. You will escort him to the office, then leave us alone. Stay outside the door and let no one in while we're talking—clear?"

He led me to Fosco's office. I scribbled a note to Manzini on the house notepaper.

He was with me in three minutes, cool and condescending as ever. He demanded that I state my business and be done with it.

"My business is still the late General Pantaleone. Shortly before he died, he received a communication which was, in effect, a dossier of his past life."

"And what has that to do with me?"

"Attached to the dossier was this card. You will note the design—a crowned salamander. We have established that the design corresponds exactly with exhibit No. 63 in the Fosco catalogue. We are confident you will wish to explain the connection."

"Why should I wish to explain it, Colonel?"

"A matter of national security is involved."

"What do you want from me, Colonel?"

"At this stage an informal discussion."

"Quite impossible. I am occupied with friends."

"Later then. At your hotel, perhaps?"

"My dear Colonel, I am seventy years old. By midnight I am near to dying. You would get no sense out of me at all. Say nine in the morning at the Grand Hotel, and I'll do my best to enlighten you. Now, may I be excused?"

"Some questions before you go, Cavaliere. The salamander, what does it signify?"

"Survival. It was my code name during the war. The rest is too long to tell you now."

"The beginning of it then, if you please."

"The beginning and the end, Colonel. Pantaleone was my half-brother. Only he happened to be conceived on the right side of the blanket."

I stared at him, open-mouthed like an idiot. He smiled at my discomfiture and made a small gesture of deprecation.

"Please! I am not trying to make theater, only to show you that we do need time to be clear with each other. Until tomorrow, Colonel."

It was still only ten-thirty. I rescued Lili from the crush at the buffet and carted her off to dinner at a place I knew in Trastevere, where the food was honest, the wine honorable, and the waiters were proud to serve you. There was music, too; a skinny, plaintive fellow with a guitar, who would come to your table. This was one place where I was myself—whoever that might be. I accepted everyone at face value. I used no one. I paid the score and was welcome in the house.

When we were settled at the table Lili leaned across to me and laid her hands on mine.

"You look different now, Dante Alighieri."

"How?"

"At Fosco's you were tight, wary, like a fox. Now you are loose, free. You greet people like human beings."

"I may get drunk and sing."

"And who will drive us back across the river?"

"Perhaps we won't go back—ever again."

It was a happy thought and we nursed it with all sorts of fantasies through dinner. We embroidered it with the music of the plaintive one as he perched on the stool next to Lili, and played her his repertoire.

Midnight came and we were still singing. At one-thirty in the morning we were vaguely drunk, and the waiters had begun to wilt; so we wandered out toward the riverside parking lot. Lili said, drowsily: "I don't want to go home."

"So let's drive out along the ring-road. There's a place I know . . . I have to make a phone call first."

"There's no escape, is there?"

"We escaped tonight."

"So we did. But you still have to telephone. . . ."

"Please, Lili."

"Please, just kiss me. . . ."

My evening of liberty ended with that kiss. I called Headquarters from the corner phone booth. The duty officer told me agent Calvi had not made his hourly call. What did I want done about it? I ordered two cars of our mobile squadron, one to pick up Stefanelli, one to meet me at the lawyer's office. I flagged a passing taxi, bundled Lili into it and sent her home. Then I climbed into my own car and drove like a madman across the sleeping city.

The office of Doctor Sergio Bandinelli, the advocate, was on the fifth floor of a large modern block. When I arrived, one car of the mobile squadron was already parked outside the entrance. The second, carrying Steffi and his little black bag, came hurtling round the corner a few seconds later. Before we entered the building, I gave a few sharp directions to the squadron leaders: this was a high security matter; no police, no press, no curious sightseers; two men standing by the cars, one on guard with the porter, three to accompany Steffi and myself to the fifth floor. Bandinelli's office was in darkness, the door was closed but unlocked. I entered first and switched on the lights.

Doctor Bandinelli lay stretched on a leather settee. Agent Giampiero Calvi was seated in a chair behind the desk, head pillowed on his arms. On the desk beside him was a loaded pistol and a flask of coffee. The coffee was warm. The two men were stone cold. Old Steffi sniffed the air, made a brief examination of the bodies and pronounced his verdict.

"Dead. Cyanic acid gas."

I examined the safe. The seals were broken; the door was open, the Pantaleone papers gone.

The first problem was to get the two bodies out of the building without fuss or comment. We emptied Bandinelli's pockets and Calvi's as well. The boys of the mobile squadron carried the bodies into the elevator, rode them to the ground floor and bundled them into the waiting cars like a pair of drunks. One car drove Bandinelli's remains to the casualty department of the Policlinico; the other deposited Calvi at the Hospital of the Blue Sisters. In each case the story was the same; the mobile squadron had found a man lying dead in an alley. They were consigning him to the hospital while they pursued inquiries as to his identity.

I finished Calvi's coffee while I examined the entries in his notebook:

> 23.36 hrs. Made final check of fifth floor.
> 24.00 " Telephoned duty officer H.Q.
> 00.37 " Bandinelli telephoned. He wished pass by office for late night conference with two clients, explained it as a police matter. He would not disturb me, but would use outer office for conference. Since my instructions referred only to custody of safe and contents, I had no authority to refuse him access to his own office. I agreed.

The entries ended at that point, which left me with a vital question: Had Bandinelli come to the office under duress, or had he come as an accomplice who was liquidated when his usefulness was ended?

The porter knew nothing, had seen no one. All tenants had pass keys to the front door. Non-tenants were refused admission unless they were identified as cleaners or contractors.

". . . So, in fact, Steffi, anyone with a pass key could bring a whole army into the building, with no one any the wiser?"

"That's the size of it, Colonel. This is a professional job, neat, tranquil, simple as walking. But which do you want? The liquidators or the people who paid them? This is not police work, friend; it's intelligence analysis. So why don't you pour me some coffee, Colonel, and let's discuss the candidates."

The Cavaliere Bruno Manzini received me in a suite large enough to house a division of infantry. His morning face was benign. His manners impeccable. He was even solicitous for my health.

"You look a little peaked this morning, Colonel. A late night?"

"A long one, Cavaliere. I haven't been to bed yet."

"My dear fellow! Had I known, we could have made a later appointment."

"Kind of you, but I need whatever information you can give me. Why were you blackmailing your brother?"

"Blackmail? My dear Matucci, since the war I have become inordinately rich. I could have bought and sold him twenty times over. I was threatening him with public disgrace! If he had persisted in this crazy politic of his, I should have exposed him without mercy."

"Instead you killed him."

"I beg your pardon?"

"He died of an overdose of drugs—self-administered."

"A fact which was not made public. Why?"

"Bluntly, for fear of a political scandal which might lead to civil disorder."

"Now I could make the scandal."

"Will you?"

"No. It would defeat my purpose; which is the same as yours. To avoid political disruption and civil violence."

"Next question then. If the document you sent your brother fell into other hands, what use could be made of it?"

"Now that he is dead, very little. Why do you ask?"

"Because all the Pantaleone papers were stolen last night from the offices of Doctor Sergio Bandinelli. Bandinelli and one of our agents were murdered."

"There was no news of this in the press."

"Nor will there be, unless you choose to release it."

He stared at me in blank disbelief. "You, a serving officer, have just admitted to falsifying the records of a suicide and . . . and concealing two murders! How do you know that I will not lift this telephone and call the press—some of which I own—and splash the news all over the world?"

"I don't know, Cavaliere. I'm gambling."

"Then you're a madman."

"Let's say I trust you because you despise the trade I'm in and make no secret of it. Now, can we go on? Cavaliere, what would you expect to find in the Pantaleone papers that would be worth two lives and the risk of the crime itself?"

"In the family papers themselves, very little. There would be title deeds, business transactions, wills, settlements, old correspondence, some of it scandalous perhaps, but of interest only to the social historian. In my brother's personal papers—? Well, let's think of him as a political soldier, playing a power game. He would assemble dossiers on friends and enemies alike. But murder . . . ? I don't see it. Everybody in Italy knows a little dirt—or a lot—about the man next door. There must be something else."

"For example . . . ?"

"Plans, more likely. The tactics and strategy of a coup d'etat. Even your own service might do murder for such things."

"In this case they didn't."

"Now I am going to give you a piece of information which you do not yet possess. At eight o'clock yesterday evening I signed, on behalf of one of my companies, a procurement contract with the Government. The contract calls for the urgent supply of large quantities of riot-control equipment. The specifications were drawn up by Major-General Marcantonio Leporello; and the

The letter that had been thrust through the mail slot had not been franked. The security-section man gave him the news that a standard letter-bomb could kill its recipient and maim anyone else in the room.

equipment will be used by troops under his command. If I were a new Fascist or an old one, if I were looking for a new leader, I should be very ready to bargain with Marcantonio Leporello."

"It seems to me, Cavaliere, you're something more than a businessman."

"I'm a salamander, Colonel—a perennial survivor. Let me offer you a small reassurance. I shall write you a name and an address. If you go there you will hear part of the truth about me. If it satisfies you, you will come to see me in Bologna."

He took a business card from his wallet, wrote a name and address on the back of it and handed it to me. The name was Raquela Rabin; the address, a street near the Theater of Marcellus. He gave no explanation. I did not ask for one. We shook hands; he led me to the door and held it open for me.

When I hit the street, it was exactly ten o'clock. All of a sudden I was maudlin tired, rocking on my feet. I climbed into my car and drove, in a perilous daze, all the way to Parioli. I hammered on Lili's door and almost fell into her arms when she opened it herself. She asked no questions but led me by the hand into the bedroom. I don't know what I said; but she hushed me like a child and drew the covers over me and let me collapse into sleep.

That sleep was a journey to the underworld, so deep I could not hope to escape from the nightmares that beset me. I woke, sweating and trembling, with the sheets knotted about me like a shroud. I was marked now—by Leporello as a man who must be bought or seduced, by Manzini as a collaborator, useful one moment, dispensable at the twitch of an eyebrow. I was in danger because I knew too much. I was exposed because I could do too little.

Lili could be picked off, too: by her own people, if not mine. I had pulled in Woodpecker. His network was in disorder. Lili was compromised. I lifted the bedside phone and called Stefanelli's house.

"Steffi, the roof's falling in. Have you got a spare room?"

"For you?"

"No. To store a very sensitive package."

"Eh-Eh-Eh. . . ! Where do I collect it?"

"I'll bring it to you."

"Thank you for nothing, dear friend."

I had just put the phone down when Lili came in, frowning and solicitous.

"I thought you were talking in your sleep. Earlier you were shouting and groaning."

"I had bad dreams, Lili."

"You look like a bad dream. What happened after you left me last night?"

"Don't ask. Just listen to me. Lili, it's condition red for you. I want to try to get you out of the country into Switzerland. That needs time and planning. So I'm taking you to a safe house. You stay there until I'm ready to move you. Yes or no?"

I felt the sudden tension in her hands; saw the suspicion in her eyes.

"If I say no . . .?"

"You get killed by your own people or jailed by mine."

"I don't believe it. Last night . . ."

"Last night was a million years ago. While you and I were singing two men were murdered—one of them mine, the other Pantaleone's lawyer. I arrested Woodpecker at four this morning. His network is broken. You're compromised. I can't protect you more than a few days; and I'm putting myself at risk to do it."

"Why?"

"Just to prove something to myself. You've got fifteen minutes; which is about how long it will take me to shower and dress."

At that moment the doorbell chimed. I rolled out of bed and crept from the bedroom into the hallway. A letter had been thrust through the mail slot. I bent to pick it up and then drew back. The address was typed. The stamp was Italian. But it had not been franked by a post office. I left it there, walked back into the bedroom and telephoned a friend in the security section of Posts and Telegraphs. He gave me the cheerful news that a normal letter-bomb contained enough explosive to kill the man who opened it and maim anyone else in a normal-sized room. He promised to have an expert on the doorstep in thirty minutes. I told him I couldn't wait that long. He told me to call the police and put a man on guard until the expert arrived. I dialed the police emergency service of the Carabinieri.

Five minutes later a squad car pulled up at the entrance to the apartments and the two-man crew came in at a run. The officer was cool and efficient. He would call the explosives squad to handle the letter as well as check my car for booby traps. I commandeered his car and his driver to deliver the lady and myself to the Excelsior Hotel.

We took off at speed and he dropped us diagonally opposite the hotel. We waited five minutes, then walked through the maze of alleys to Steffi's house. Steffi received us with characteristic flourish. He clucked over Lili, showered her with compliments, insisted on settling her into her room himself and then stormed downstairs to give me the rough edge of his tongue.

"Matucci, you're a madman! That little baggage upstairs is dangerous! When the Director hears of this—and he will—you'll be cooked. SID Colonel sells out to Polish Agent!"

"Steffi, have you heard of Raquela Rabin?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I have an introduction. I'd like to know some-

Raquela Rabin was frail, white-haired, pale as milk, almost transparent, so that you felt the wind might blow her away. Matucci felt oddly diminished in her presence. She was a woman who had suffered everything.

thing about her before we meet, if possible."

For a moment he stared at me, blank-faced and hostile, an old man ravaged by time and history.

". . . Fifteen came back from Auschwitz, Colonel. Raquela Rabin was the only woman. In the ghetto, when you say her name, you say it with respect. She did not have to go away; she had powerful protectors. But when the trucks came she was here. She was an artist, Matucci, an angel voice, one of the greatest of her time. When you see her you will say she is older than I, but she is still only sixty-six. Everything that should not happen to a woman happened to her.

Whatever she tells you, you will believe without question. You will not mix her in this stinking business of ours. Understand that!"

"Easy, Steffi . . . Easy!"

"Now you will tell me, who gave you this introduction?"

"Bruno Manzini."

"Why?"

"He said that if Raquela Rabin spoke well of him I might be prepared to trust him. I need that, Steffi. A wise friend would help. A strong one might lend me courage. I'm running out of it, Steffi, because I don't know what to believe any more. I don't even know who I am."

He cocked his head like a parrot and surveyed me with grudging approval. "So! History is being made. You don't know who you are? Who does? But sure as breathing, you'd better see what's being done to you. You refuse to come to terms with yourself. You don't want to decide what you are—a patriot or a mercenary. When you stake your life, what are you staking it for—or against?"

Steffi asked him what he was staking his life against. He replied: "Maybe for a dream . . . I don't know. Maybe against a madness I smell every day in the streets. The land is the center of it, somehow. This is home."

"Maybe for a dream, Steffi. . . . I don't know. Maybe against a madness I smell every day in the streets. The land is the center of it somehow. This is home. And I don't want it trampled by jackboots, or desecrated by mindless mobs."

"You're the man who knows the underside of politics. You have to decide how you will use that knowledge."

"I'm not paid to use it—only to collect it."

"You collect it, but you filter it, too. To what end?"

"What do we all want? A quiet life. Some dignity in our living and dying."

"Not enough! Not half enough! Look . . . !"

"Be quiet, old man!" Lili challenged him from the doorway, cold and angry. "Let him find his own answers in his own time."

"He has no time. He robbed himself when he gave it to you."

"I am here to give it back. May I sit down, please?"

Steffi pointed to the chair and she sat down between us. "I accept to be here because I am afraid. I don't want to be killed. I don't want to spend the rest of my life in a Roman prison. But I am not a beggar. I can pay for what you give me."

"You were not asked to pay."

"No; but I will." She turned to me and laid her hands on mine. "There's something I haven't told you. Massimo Pantaleone did not leave all his documents in the bank."

"Where are the rest?"

"In his villa on Ponza."

"What are they, Lili?"

"Microfilms and maps."

"But you didn't tell Woodpecker or any of your own people?"

"No. I had no control over what Woodpecker might do. If he stole the stuff, I was finished. Only Massimo and I could possibly know the hiding place."

"Could you describe it to me?"

"No. I would have to take you there."

"That means new arrangements. You have to wait here while we make them. Don't leave the house, Lili. I'll be back in an hour or so."

Raquela Rabin was frail, white-haired, pale as milk, almost transparent, so that you felt the wind might blow her away. She sat erect and calm, listening in silence while I explained who I was and why I had come. When I had finished, she seemed to lapse into meditation like an ancient pythoness waiting for the spirit of divination to animate her. I felt oddly diminished—an ignorant neophyte in the presence of a woman who had seen and suffered everything.

"Do you know why Bruno sent you to me?"

"No, Madam."

"We were lovers for a long time. Not happy lovers always, because I was famous and courted and Bruno was haunted by his own past: a mother who was a once-famous courtesan, a father who lavished money on him, but was never prepared to acknowledge him. But the love was there. It is still there."

"Even though you were taken; and he stayed."

"We had parted long before. I went of my own free will. He stayed to fight against those who had taken me. He is still fighting."

"Can I trust Bruno Manzini?"

"To be what he is, yes."

"What is he, Madam?"

"A man who has built himself, cell by cell, from nothing. He is very strong, very faithful. What he promises he will do, however much it costs him. Trust my Bruno, but not blindly, because then he would have no respect for you. Argue with him, fight him, friend to friend. You may not convince him; you may even end up as adversaries; but he will never betray you."

"Thank you, Madam."

"Thank you for coming. I wish peace on your house and in your heart."

When I called the Director his aide told me he had been called to an urgent conference at the Ministry. Was there a message? None that I could deliver safely on an open line. He should tell the Director that there were new developments in my current investigation and that I would be out of contact for forty-eight hours.

I was faced now with a problem in space and time.

The papers stolen from Bandinelli's office were now in the hands of persons unknown. By now it would be clear that the codex was incomplete. The hunters would be on the prowl again and by simple logic they must come back, sooner or later, to Lili Anders and to the villa she had shared with Pantaleone.

By the time I got back to Steffi's house it was five-thirty. I put through a priority call to a certain Colonel Carl Malinowski at NATO headquarters in Naples. Malinowski is an agreeable American—sometimes too agreeable for his own good. Two years ago I managed to prise him out of an embarrassing situation that involved his Neapolitan girl friend and a Russian agent operating in the naval dock areas. Malinowski owed me a favor. I needed it now, in the shape of the big launch he used for parties and seduction and that could do twenty-five knots in any reasonable sea.

Malinowski was happy to oblige. He had a new girl friend who would appreciate the outing. Better still, if we cared to drive down to Naples tonight, he would feed us dinner and offer us a bed in his own apartment.

Major Carl Malinowski of the United States Marines was a tonic for our jaded spirits. He was six feet tall, all brawn and muscle, with a big laugh and a magnolia drawl. His new girl was a Swede, culled from the summer crop of tourists and blooming after the transplant. He took one look at Lili and shouted his approval to the neighborhood.

"Dante, my boy, this is a real Southern-style woman! Helga, why don't you take Lili and get her settled while Dante and I build some drinks." He clamped an iron fist on my shoulder and steered me to the bar. "Tell me now, Colonel, sir, is this business or pleasure?"

"Business, Carl. Get us to Ponza, get us back fast."

"In this weather it's three hours each way."

"Fine."

"Expecting trouble?"

"An outside chance."

"I read you, Colonel, sir. So tonight we have ourselves a love-in. Tomorrow we hit the beach at Ponza!"

We dined like kings on caviar and beefsteak and Neapolitan ice cream, told bawdy stories and sprawled on the rug, drowsing to taped music. Sometime after midnight we paired off and went to bed, and I must tell you there is no bed in all the world more comfortable, more apt for love-making, than a big brass Neapolitan matrimonial bed.

It was a good night for both of us. We did what pleased us and we pleased each other. We were glad, we were grateful, and, for a while, not solitary. I have told it badly; I might have used the same words for a dozen encounters. But this time there was a difference, a sense of consequence if not yet of commitment. There was another difference, too: I was disposed to be sentimental afterward, while Lili would have none of it.

She told me so, bluntly, as we stood together on the after deck of the launch and watched the green cone of Ischia fade against the dawn.

"Dante, sometimes you treat me as if I had no brains at all. I know what's at stake. If the material at the villa is important, it puts power into your hands."

"What are you trying to say, Lili?"

"That you need me, like you need the Pantaleone records, as a bargaining card. I understand that. I accept it. But, you insult me when you try to dress the thing up like a confidence trick. Your friend Steffi was right. You always refuse to come to terms with yourself."

"Let's have it clear, Lili. I made a treaty with you. So far I've honored it. So far, you're free and protected."

"Let's not argue then. You write the script; you say the words; you pull the strings; and when the play's over, Lili the puppet is packed up in her box. Just so we know, my love."

"If that's the way you read it—fine! Right or wrong, it doesn't change anything. . . . Let's go up on the bridge."

"I'd like to be alone for a while."

"This is business, Lili."

"At your service, Colonel."

Malinowski welcomed us with a blue-eyed smile, all health and innocence, and spread on the chart table a small-scale map of Ponza. On this, Lili identified the site of the villa, a small promontory on the eastern shore of the island. The villa was noted in the Pilot as a landmark for mariners: ". . . a large square building of gray stone, due east of which the pillars and arches of a Roman ruin are clearly visible. In winds W to NW the southern inlet offers fair shelter to small vessels." I asked Lili:

Let's not argue, then," said Lili, wanting it to be clear. "You write the script; you pull the strings; and when the play's over, Lili the puppet is packed up in her box. Just so we know, my love."

"The villa itself. Any servants?"

"No. Out of season it's closed up. A village family comes in once a week to clean. But we don't have to go near the villa. What we want is there, in the ruins."

"Why the ruins?"

"You will see when you get there."

"Can you overlook the ruins from the house?"

"Only the top of them. Our domain is walled all the way round. The ruins are legally on government land, part of the shoreline. Now if you don't want me any more, I think I'll lie down in the saloon. I'm feeling a little seasick."

We raised Ponza in a squall of wind and driving rain. Lili and I draped ourselves in oilskins and scrambled *(continued on page 136)*

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into a dinghy. Carl handed me a rifle and after the customary struggle to start the outboard we motored through a choppy surf to the beach.

The beach was deserted. On the promontory itself there was no sign of life. The track which led to the ruins was steep and slippery, and at one point we were scrambling on hands and knees. By the time we reached the top I was breathless and irritable. I was convinced that either Pantaleone was mad or Lili had deliberately led me on a fool's errand. I said as much—and heatedly—to Lili.

She took me by the hand and led me through an archway into the shelter of a vault which had, somehow, withstood the ravages of the centuries. The place smelled of stale droppings and seaspray. Lili threw back the hood of her oilskins and stood, hands on hips, surveying the shadowy interior.

"You think Massimo was crazy? Think again. The villa is left all winter. Servants poke into everything when the owner is away. Look around. Go on, examine! What do you see?"

The brickwork of the walls revealed nothing. I walked the floor testing for hollow spaces beneath it. Again nothing. Lili stood there grinning at me in triumph. Then she moved to a small sunken patch of floor, where the rain, driving in through the archway, had created a puddle. She knelt down and with her bare hands pried up a small triangular piece of marble.

"Like a bath plug, eh, Dante?"

She plunged her fingers into the aperture and drew out a long aluminum tube such as architects use for plans and specifications. Then she replaced the marble plug and handed the tube to me.

"It is exactly as we left it. The maps are rolled inside. The microfilms are in small capsules."

"There's nothing else?"

"Nothing."

"Let's go. You carry this."

I released the safety catch on the rifle and made for the entrance to the vault. Halfway to the entrance I stopped to scan the narrow vista framed by the archway. So far, so good. I moved closer so that the vista widened and the upper courses of the wall became visible and then the top of it. Then I heard a shout.

"You in there! Come out with your hands up. This is the Carabinieri."

I turned back to Lili and snatched the tube from her.

"Stay close to me. Do nothing, say nothing, unless I tell you. We're going out now."

Holding the rifle and the tube high above my head, I walked through the archway with Lili at my heels. Twenty yards from the entrance there were five men, two on one side, three on the other. They were in uniform and armed with submachine guns. I recognized the leader immediately: the freckle-faced redhead, aide to General Leporello.

The troops began to close in, guns cocked and ready. I let them come to within five meters before I halted them in my parade-ground style. Then I told them:

"I will identify myself in proper form. I am Matucci, Dante Alighieri, Colonel in the Service of Defense Information. The person accompanying me is Anders, Lili, in my custody and assisting me in my investigation. Now we shall lower our hands, and the officer in command will explain this situation to me."

The red-headed leader approached, gave me a tentative salute and presented himself.

"Roditi, Matteo, Captain, aide to Major General Leporello. May I see your papers please, sir?"

I fished them out from under the oilskins and handed them to him. He made a great play of reading them, then handed them back.

"Thank you, sir. The situation, sir, is as follows. I am under orders from General Leporello to maintain surveillance of the Villa Pantaleone and its environs and to inhibit any attempt to remove papers or property."

"May I see those orders please, Captain."

"Certainly, sir."

He handed them to me and I took a little longer than I needed to study them. "It would appear, Captain, that you have misread these orders. They refer specifically and exclusively to, and I quote, 'the villa and the domain dependent thereon which is called the Villa Pantaleone.' That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will note that the land on which we are now standing, and the ruins at my back, are outside the domain of the Villa Pantaleone and are, in fact, government property. Correct?"

"Correct, sir."

"Therefore you have exceeded y orders. You have impeded a senior cer of the Service of Defense Infor tion in the discharge of highly se duties. You have placed him and person in his custody at considera risk. You do see that."

"Respectfully, I submit the dan was minimal."

"No doubt that submission will considered at the proper time place. Anything else, Captain?"

"No, sir."

"My compliments to G eral Leporello. I shall te phone him on my return Rome. Come, Miss Ande Walk in front of me, pleas

It is hard to make a dig fied exit with four guns your back. By the time reached the launch we w both in shock. Carl v charging seaward at twen five knots before I h poured our first brandy.

After a while Lili lay qu on the settee and the su of the sea made her slee I poured myself anot brandy, stripped the se from the metal tube and amined the contents: a of overlay maps on tra parent paper and half dozen metal capsules, ea containing a spool of mic film. The maps were ea to interpret. They show the positions of police pos military installations, co munication centers, traf control points, military p jection equipment. Howev I borrowed the chart e larger from the bridge a was able to establish th the microfilms were of doc ments and letters and no inal rolls and lists of figur I had no doubt at all th they supplied the best po sible motive for the murde in Dr. Bandinelli's offi and were, in fact, the blu prints of a coup d'etat. sealed them back in the container and went up the bridge to talk to Carl.

"How much fuel have y got, Carl?"

"Plenty. Why?"

"Enough to get us in Ostia?"

"Ostia! That wasn't on t schedule at all!"

"I know, Carl. But cou you get us there? I've ju identified a murderer and could have been murder ourselves."

"So, we go to Ostia. Take five while lay me a course."

"Can you give me an estimated tim of arrival?"

"I'll give it to you firm."

"Then I'd like to make a ship-t shore radio call."

"Can do. Sit tight now, while I pla with my slide rule."

While Carl was doing his arithmeti I jotted down the coded message th would convey to the Director my im mediate needs: a car and an arme escort to meet us at Ostia, an emerge cy conference immediately on our a rival in Rome, safe *(continue*





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lodgings, and an agent to guard Lili Anders until her future was decided. Forty minutes later I had the Director's answer.

"Communication acknowledged. Arrangements agreed."

We do have code words for thanks and commendations. He didn't use them. Under the circumstances I could hardly blame him.

In any event, the Director was extremely civil. He was a little frosty at first; but he thawed like an ice-block in whiskey when I handed over the maps and microfilms and made my first verbal report. He approved, without reserve, my concern for Lili Anders; in proof whereof he lodged her, in state and under a fictional name, at the Grand Hotel.

He invited me to dinner at his apartment. He sat with me through a private screening of the microfilms and was sedulous to weigh my opinions of the documents and the personages named therein. He read the maps with me and agreed with the major points of my interpretation. At the end of the session he brought out his best brandy and offered me the rewards of virtue.

"This Lili Anders . . . She has done us a service. But she could be an embarrassment. Let's get her out of the country—tomorrow."

"Thank you, sir."

"Now, let's talk about your own f ture. How much leave have you a cumulated?"

"About four months."

"I'd like you to take it now. Aft you return from leave, I propose to d tach you for extended studies wi friendly agencies abroad. You will ha the best possible introductions, a ve flexible brief, and your pay and allo ances will be supplemented by a ge erous grant. How does that sound?"

"Like an obituary notice."

The Director smiled and spread h hands in a gesture of deprecation.

"There are always alternatives, b I do not think they would recommen themselves to an intelligent man. could, for example, retain you on t Leporello investigation; in which cas you would be at constant risk, an abra sive element, a prime target for assa sination. You know too much. You la the authority and the experience make use of the knowledge. So, becaus I respect you and because I should lik to be in a position to recall you at a appropriate moment, I immobilize yo I offer you as a propitiatory victim the powerful people whose names know. I buy myself time to deal wi them by the classic formula: divide a rule. Since I do not often choose to e plain myself, I am paying you a con pliment I believe you merit. . . . Well

"I'd like to pay you a complimen too, sir. I think you're very civilized. couldn't ask for a more stylish funeral.

"Excellent! More brandy?"

"Thank you."

"Now, as to details. As from this mo ment you are officially on vacation fo four months, and relieved of all dutie and responsibilities in the Service—ex cept one. You will escort Lili Anders t Zurich tomorrow morning. Your flig has been booked. A hotel reservatio has been made for you at the Baur a Lac. I shall hand you the tickets an the necessary currency before yo leave tonight. You will remain outsid Italy for at least a month. After tha you may make whatever arrangement you chose for the rest of your vacatio If you choose to divert yourself wit the lady—to whom obviously you ha some attachment—that is your bus ness. The Service has no further inte est in her, provided she doesn't t to re-enter the Republic. Questions?

"No. A minor worry. I'd hate t spend a long vacation waiting for bullet in the back."

"I thought we had covered that. Th whole purpose of the tactic is to demon strate that you are no longer a threa to Leporello. There is a danger perio however: from the moment you leav this house until you take off for Zuric tomorrow. So I've assigned a two-ma team to cover for all your movements They've already packed your clothe and delivered the suitcases to th Grand Hotel. Your room adjoins tha of Miss Lili Anders. You will leave th hotel together at eight-thirty. Muc simpler from a security point of view.

"Of course."

"Now . . . two air tickets, ten thou sand Swiss francs in varying denomi nations, and an order on the Unio Bank in Zurich for another twenty thousand. That's a bonus, with m thanks. That's all, I think. The car i waiting. I wish you a pleasant trip. S long, Matucci—golden dreams."

We parted with a handshake, firm

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fraternal. A Sicilian bodyguard orted me to the ground floor and ded me into the care of two junior eagues, who drove me to the Grand tel. They bade me good night and red like lackeys from the presence prince.

Perhaps they were right. I was the nce's man, bought and endowed. His ney was in my pockets. His gift was eping next door. Never once had he gested that I was making a slave's gain. He knew it, of course. So did Which is why, much as I wanted her, ould not go to Lili, but instead lay ssed and wakeful until dawn.

Then I abandoned the futile exercise d went to Lili Anders. When I exined that she was to be set at liberty Switzerland she was hysterically deited. When I told her I would go h her it was Christmas and all her thdays rolled into one. After that I d no heart to tell her the price.

At eight-thirty, with no bills to pay, were led from the foyer into an offil limousine. At nine-fifteen we were nducted into the V.I.P. lounge at micini Airport and held in comfort til fifteen minutes before take-off. en, spurning the crush of common velers, we were escorted to the airft and deposited in a pair of firstss seats. Our agent hovered over us til the moment before the doors were sed. Five minutes later we were airne in the care of the Swiss. We sted each other in champagne. Then ell asleep and did not wake until we re on the final approach to Kloten rport in Zurich.

When we arrived at the Baur au Lac found that the Director had provid against all contingencies. We were ommodated in separate rooms, each mmunicating with a large salon, aady furnished with flowers, fruit, uor. There was also a telegram from Director: "Second Samuel Seven ue." I deciphered the joke from the ble on my bedside table: "The Lord ve him rest from all his enemies."

Later in the day a second telegram rived, two words only: "Tekel Stefalli." I didn't need the Bible for that e. I remembered the riddle from my uth: "Tekel: Thou art weighed in e balance and found wanting." By en the joke was bitter. I had to make end of it. I told Lili the truth.

". . . Everything the Director says is ue and yet it all adds up to a lie. nich you still cannot disprove. He ys he wants to divide and rule. But ppose he doesn't? Suppose he wants unite and conquer. I've given him e means to do it. And he paid me for em; with you, with a long holiday, th a sinecure that half the men in the rvice would give their eyes for."

"Why did you accept the payment, ante Alighieri?" There was no reroach in the question...or compassion.

"I don't know. . . . Yes, I do know! ast night I dined with him and enyed him. After dinner we worked tother on the documents and I respect1 him, because he respected me. So hen he asked me to step out of the icture, and gave me his reasons, I had respect those, too. Then, after I had greed, he had to show me how clever was, how he knew in advance that I ust consent. Suddenly, I was not a an any more, I was . . ."

"A puppet, my love! It's a bitter experience, isn't it?" *(continued)*

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4 Seasons Woman

"I think it's funny, very funny! I'm a clown puppet, Lili. That is his final triumph, don't you see? He's spread the news all round the Service. Why else would Steffi send me that telegram? What a beautiful comedy!"

"I'd like to see the end of it."

"This is the end, Lili. Don't you understand that?"

"It's the end he wrote. I think there's a better one. The puppet becomes a man and rides out to confront his enemy. Where's your wallet?"

"In the bedroom, why?"

"There's a card in it, remember? A salamander and an inscription: 'One fine tomorrow, brother!' A good motto, don't you think? Get the card, my love. And find the telephone number of the Cavaliere Bruno Manzini. I think you should call him in Bologna."

The idea was seductive. But I was still gunshy and suspicious of any new entanglement. Through Raquela Rabin, Manzini had offered me proof of good faith. But, if he betrayed me, then I was lost beyond redemption.

I argued this with Lili. She abolished my doubts with a simple challenge:

"What have you to lose? Nothing. What have you to gain? At best a powerful friend. At least an alliance of interest that you can dissolve at will. Most important, you will have begun to fight. Telephone him now!"

To make the call was easy. To speak to the Cavaliere was only less difficult than having a Sunday chat with the Pope. I was passed from telephonist to secretary to an assistant before he came on the line. I told him:

"Cavaliere, yesterday I recovered certain records from Ponza. I delivered them to my superior. I am now on four months' leave and will later be transferred to other activities in the Service. I am under orders not to return to Italy for a month and I am lodged at the Baur au Lac in Zurich."

There was a moment's silence, then a series of brusque questions:

"Have you yourself examined the records?"

"Yes."

"Important?"

"As you suggested in Rome."

"Do you need assistance, financial or otherwise?"

"I need the man whom Raquela Rabin recommended to me, provided, of course, he is still available."

"He is. He will be with you tomorrow evening. . . ."

"Thank you, Cavaliere. . . . Good night."

Lili came and put her arms around me and we held each other close while she whispered the words over and over like an incantation:

"One fine tomorrow, brother . . . one fine tomorrow . . ."

At eight-thirty the next evening the Cavaliere Bruno Manzini received me at the Dolder Grand Hotel. His greeting was warm and smiling.

"I have ordered dinner to be served here in half an hour, Colonel. I thought you would trust me to choose the menu. Now, tell me everything that has happened since we met in Rome."

I recited all the facts without gloss or interpretation, up to and including my arrival in Zurich with Lili Anders, and the relationship that had begun to mature between us. When I had finished, he sat a long time in silence and then began to question me.

"You are convinced that Major-General Leporello has allied himself with the neo-Fascists?"

"I am convinced that he was and is a candidate for such an alliance. I cannot prove he has concluded it."

"You infer, therefore, that he ordered, or connived, the Bandinelli murders and the theft of the Pantaleone papers."

"I state that there is a case to be investigated."

"And the evidence in support?"

"Leporello knew, from me, where the papers were, and the steps that had been taken to guard them. If and when the papers came into his possession he would have known instantly that they were incomplete. He would—and in fact he did—take steps to trace the remainder, to wit the microfilms and the maps on Ponza. His aide was there, armed with an authority signed by Leporello."

"And why would he be stupid enough to sign an order that would incriminate him and his aide?"

"He could justify it quite simply as an investigative measure under his own counterinsurgency program."

"What is the ground of dispute between you and your Director?"

"There are several. I asked for an investigation of Leporello. He deferred it. I disobeyed a direct order and made contact with Leporello."

"So your Director was perfectly justified in taking you off the investigation."

"If he did it on disciplinary groun yes."

"You suggest he had other reasons

"He stated them clearly: I lack the authority and experience to d with a complex situation; I was a c venient victim who would buy h time."

"Good reasons or bad?"

"Eminently sound."

"So what is your quarrel with him

"I have no quarrel. I have no obj tion that I can validly s tain. But . . . I do not tr him. And I'm frighten now. I know too much. I an easy target."

"And who would want eliminate you?"

"The Director for o Leporello for another."

"Or both, working gether."

"That's the real nigh mare. Pantaleone, your ha brother, had the first blu prints for a military cou and they are still very f midable. With Leporello a the Director acting in c cert they could be twice formidable, very quickly."

"And when you called yesterday, what did y think I could do about it?"

"I thought you might a vise me how to stay ali and use the knowledge have to prevent a co d'etat."

"What knowledge do y have, Matucci?"

"I know every name the microfilms. I could r produce every document. could reconstruct every ma I have a photographic me ory, Cavaliere. I'll back for ninety percent accuracy

"Does the Director kn that?"

"Yes."

"Then he told you t truth. You are a natural vi tim."

"And you, Cavaliere?"

"We are natural alli However, there is one co dition."

"Yes?"

"This Lili Anders. . . She is a danger to you, a embarrassment for me. P her off and forget her."

"I can't do that, Cav liere."

"I insist on it, if we are work together."

"You offer me the san stale bargain as the Dire tor. Submit and be safe. I' sorry. The market's close No deal. Now if you'll excuse me, I dispense myself from dinner."

"You will not dispense yourse Colonel. You will stay and humor m if only because I'm thirty years old than you and I have some excuse f bad manners."

"I beg your pardon."

"I offered you a shabby contract, m friend. Had you consented, I wou have sold you myself to the assassin . . . Now, ring the bell, please. I thi we are ready to eat."

The concluding part of The Sal mander *will appear next month.*

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MATCHLESS MIXER

inued from page 95

to Make a Topiary Tree. You will
l a large styrofoam ball, 12, 10 or 8″
liameter, a length of 1″ diameter
el, a terra-cotta flower pot of a size
is in proportion to the size sty-
am ball being used. To hold the
el steady in the pot, use firmly
ped earth, clay, or plaster of paris.
will also need a large bunch of
on leaves, a good supply of small
isible" hairpins, and plenty of
hpicks.

ssemble the tree in advance. Cut
el to suitable length, then stain,
nt, or wrap with florist tape. Cover
drainage hole in the flower pot,
ter and anchor the dowel, filling the
three-quarters full. Press the styro-
n ball on top end of the dowel so it
eld firmly.

n the day you will be using the tree,
r the styrofoam ball with lemon
es. Place the first row of leaves,
nted end down, encircling the dowel
he bottom of the ball. Use a small
pin at each end of the leaves on
first row. Place the second row of
es with their ends overlapping the
row, and pin only at the stem end
he leaf. Continue pinning leaves in
s until the entire ball is covered.
ce vegetables around the dowel in
flower pot, and dot the leaf-covered
with cherry tomatoes, using tooth-
ks to attach them. Use this same
nique with mushrooms, cauliflower
s, carrot rounds, or any other min-
re vegetables.

Make Napkins From a Sheet. Re-
ve the stitching from the hem and
ding, or, if the heading is of a
trasting fabric, cut it off. Press
n and heading so they are flat.
napkins 17½″ x 17½″; this will
e a finished napkin of 16½″ x 16½″
r hemming. From a twin flat sheet,
u can cut 24 napkins. Hem napkins
hand or machine as you prefer.

Matchless Mixer Recipes

rk-Ahead Tips. The secret to
ing money and time on a big
ty like the one we show on page
is to *plan ahead.* That way you
n start shopping early—a few
ngs picked up here and there
kes it possible to hide at least
ne of the cost more or less pain-
sly. You can also save a lot of
ne if you plan your menu so as to include dishes that can be made far ahead. We've planned our menu this way, and give the plan here. You'll have your own feelings about how to do it; the important thing is the principle involved: *Plan ahead.*

6 Weeks in Advance

1. *Scandinavian Pork Pâté*—bake and freeze, covered, in mold. Thaw in refrigerator day before party. Unmold, brush with currant jelly.
2. *Beef Piccalilli Strips*—sauté beef and freeze. Thaw in refrigerator the day before party and combine with remaining ingredients.
3. *Glazed Lamb*—cook and freeze. The day before party, thaw in refrigerator. Before serving, press parsley-lemon rind onto lamb.

4 Weeks in Advance

1. *Ham and Clam Puffs*—bake and fill puffs and freeze. On day of party, remove puffs from freezer, and place in a 350° oven for 20 minutes to thaw.
2. *Duck à l'Orange Terrine*—bake and freeze. Allow to thaw in refrigerator three days before party. Prepare topping decoration one day in advance.
3. *Chicken and Pear Mousse*—prepare mold, chill, then freeze. Unmold and allow to thaw in the refrigerator overnight.

3 Days in Advance

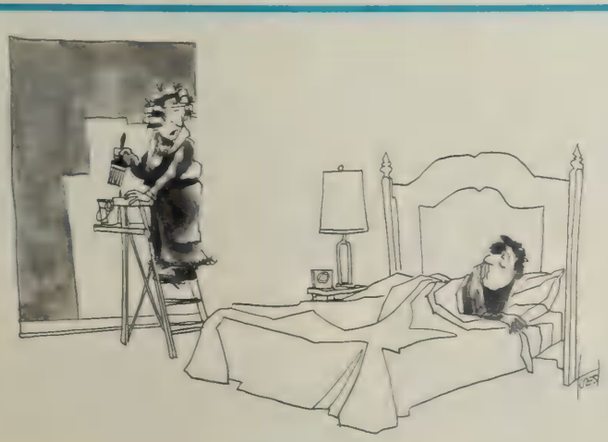
Arrange for additional refrigeration either by renting or making arrangements with neighbors.
Stuffed Tomatoes and Tart Shells—partially bake tart shells. Bake filled tomatoes and fill tart shells. Refrigerate.

2 Days in Advance

1. *Smoked Trout in Wine Aspic*—fillet, bone, and remove skin from trout. Cover and refrigerate. Day before party, prepare gelatin and decorate trout. Hard cook eggs; then on the day of the party arrange trout, eggs, and tomatoes on platter.
2. *Pickled Beets*—prepare, cover, and refrigerate until serving time.
3. *Tuna and Lentils*—prepare mixture, except for sieved eggs. Cover and refrigerate. On day of party, add sieved eggs before serving.
4. *Ratatouille*—prepare, cover, and refrigerate until serving time.

1 Day in Advance

1. *Zucchini Boats*—parboil zucchini shells and prepare *(continued)*



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MATCHLESS MIXER *continued*

filling mixture. Refrigerate separately; fill shells on day of party.
2. *Asparagus and Gruyère Vinaigrette*—Prepare and marinate overnight.

On the Big Day

1. *Crudités* – prepare vegetables, place in ice water until ready to arrange with sour cream and caviar.
2. *Crab and Avocado Quarters*—prepare and refrigerate until serving time.
3. *Baby Shrimp Boats*—prepare and refrigerate until serving time.

CHICKEN AND PEAR MOUSSE

Instead of crackers for this aristocratic spread, we used small slices of apple and pear.

2½ cups milk
4 eggs, separated
4 packages unflavored gelatin
4-5 cups chopped cooked chicken (about 2½ lbs.)
3 cups chopped pear
1 cup chopped onion
1 cup mayonnaise
¼ cup chopped parsley
¼ cup lemon juice
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon basil
½ teaspoon pepper
2 cups heavy cream, stiffly beaten

Heat 1½ cups of the milk in the top of a double boiler until a film forms on the surface.

In a medium bowl, beat egg yolks until lemon colored and thick. Add heated milk gradually and pour back into the top of the double boiler.

Simmer over a very low heat, stirring continuously until custard thickens slightly and coats a spoon. Remove from heat and cool.

Sprinkle gelatin over 1 cup cold milk to soften, about 2-3 minutes. Dissolve in a saucepan over medium heat. Cool.

Combine in a large bowl custard, gelatin, chicken, pear, onion, mayonnaise, parsley, lemon juice, salt, basil, pepper.

Beat egg whites until stiff. Gently fold chicken mixture into beaten cream and egg whites. Fold into a greased 12-cup mold or two 6-cup molds.

Chill until firm. Serve with thinly sliced apple and pear wedges. Serves 12-20.

Note: This may be made in advance and frozen.

CRUDITÉS WITH SOUR CREAM AND CAVIAR

Arrange seasonal fresh vegetab of your choice, such as carrot, cumber, and cauliflower on skewe Stand them in a pitcher. Serve w sour cream, red and black caviar.

SMOKED TROUT IN WINE ASPIC

Use canned or fresh fish for t handsome dish.

3 cups cold water
3 packages unflavored gelatin
3 bay leaves
½ teaspoon tarragon
½ teaspoon thyme
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
2 cups dry white wine
3 lbs. smoked trout
Sprigs of dill
Scallion tops cut into 4-in. slivers
4 hard-cooked eggs, quartered
4 tomatoes, quartered

Sprinkle gelatin over cold water a medium saucepan to soften, minutes. Wrap bay leaves, tarrag and thyme in cheesecloth. Tie w string. Add to the saucepan w remaining seasonings. Place o medium heat to dissolve gelat Add wine.

Cool in the refrigerator abou hour until the gelatin is the c sistency of egg white. Fillet, bo skin trout. Place trout on a w rack. Arrange dill and scallion ir design on each fillet. Brush or spo gelatin over trout. Chill until set.

Pour remaining gelatin into jelly roll pan. Chill until set, abo 30 minutes. Cut into ½-in. squar Arrange trout on a platter. Arran aspic cubes, egg, and tomato qu ters around trout.

Serves 16 for a buffet.

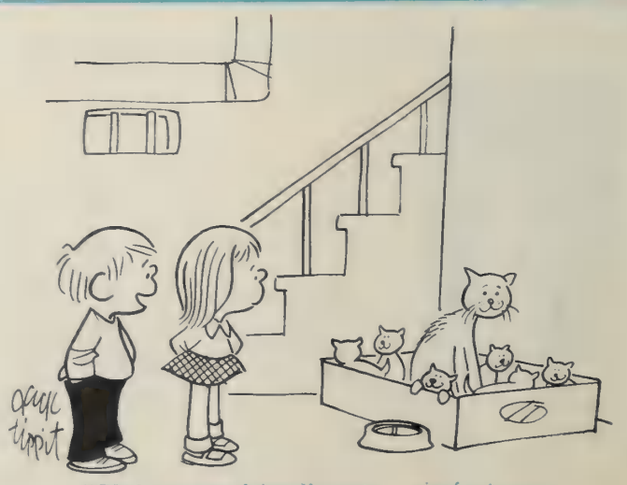
SCANDINAVIAN PORK PÂTÉ

We're particularly proud of t fast pâté. It deserves a blue ribb for looks, taste, and speed.

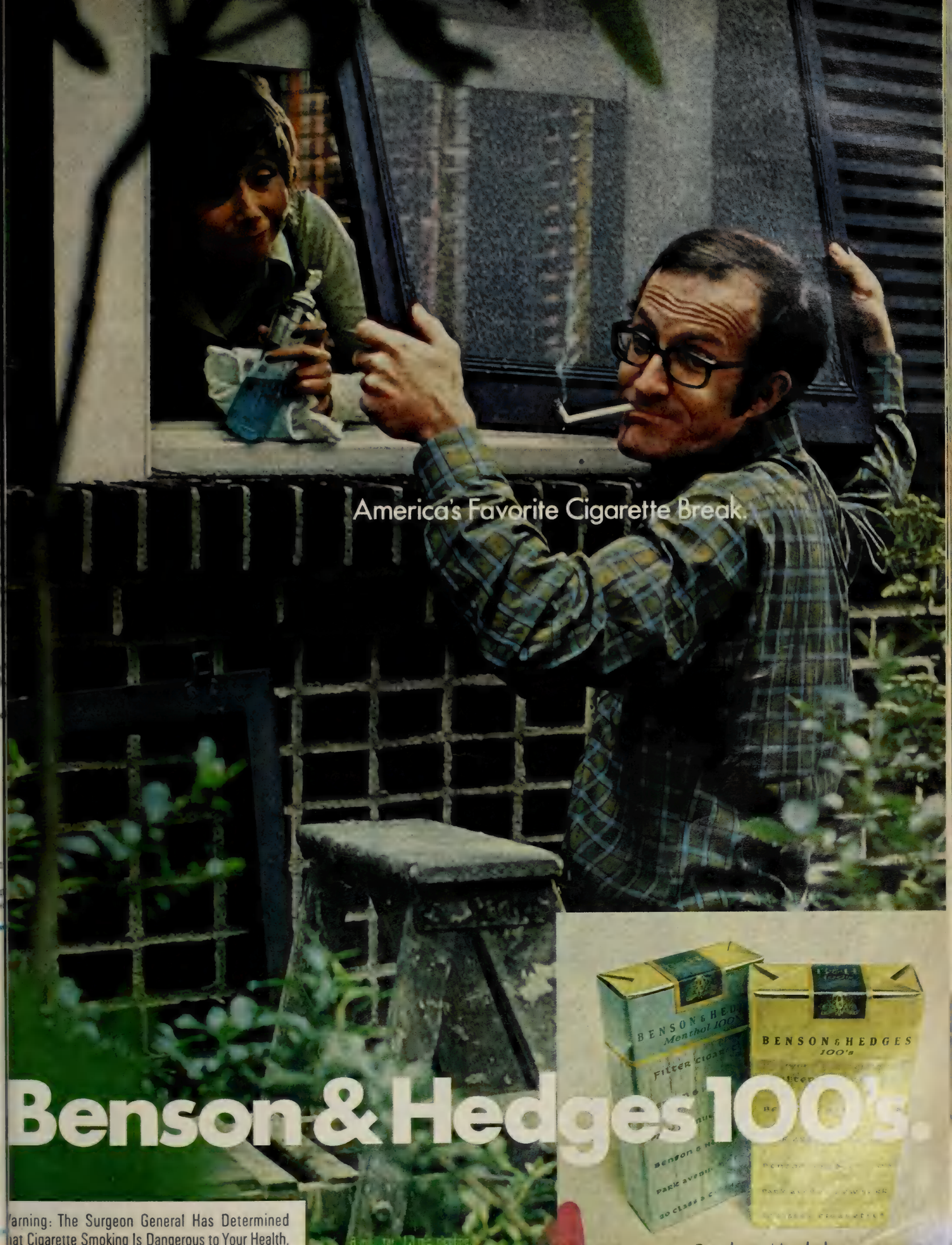
1 can (16 oz.) sauerkraut, drained and chopped
4 cups chopped apples
1 lb. ground pork
1 lb. ground pork fat or 1 lb. additional ground pork
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon lemon rind
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon mace
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 egg
½ cup red currant jelly, sieved

Preheat oven to 375°. Grease an cup ring mold.

In a large bowl combine all ingr dients except currant *(continue*



"She's a very friendly cat . . . in fact, my father says that's part of her problem."



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*Eight-piece set with aluminum interiors pictured.



MATCHLESS MIXER

continued

jelly, stirring until well blended. Pack into the mold and bake 1 hour at 375°. Cool 20 minutes. Unmold onto platter. Cool.

Brush with jelly. Chill until serving time. Serve with fingers of rye bread and jellied cranberries. Serves 10-15.

Note: This can be made in advance and frozen.

BEEF PICCALILLI STRIPS

Any "inexpensive" cut of beef will do for this recipe.

1 lb. beef, cut into 3x½x½-in. strips
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 cup sliced celery heart
½ cup mayonnaise
⅓ cup piccalilli tomato relish
¼ cup capers
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 drops aromatic bitters
6 strips pimiento

In a skillet sauté beef strips in oil over medium heat until brown. Remove from heat and cool.

In a medium bowl combine beef, celery, mayonnaise, relish, capers, salt, pepper, bitters, and pimiento strips. Chill until serving. Serves 5-6.

ZUCCHINI BOATS

A Middle Eastern flavor, with raisins and pine nuts. Also good hot.

10 small zucchini
1 lb. ground lamb or beef
2 cups sliced tomato
1½ cups sliced onion
1 cup canned chick peas
1 cup raisins (optional)
4 oz. pine nuts (¾ cup)
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon curry powder
½ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons vinegar
4 oz. grated Parmesan (1⅓ cups)

Slice each zucchini in half lengthwise. Scoop out inside pulp and chop coarsely. Set aside.

In a large saucepan bring 2 quarts water to a boil. Add zucchini shells and simmer until partially tender but firm.

Drain in colander and place on paper towels.

In a large skillet add zucchini pulp, lamb, tomato, onion, chick peas, raisins, pine nuts, salt, cinnamon, curry powder, and pepper. Sauté, stirring occasionally, over medium heat about 15 minutes or until tender.

Stir in vinegar and grated Parmesan. Fill each zucchini shell with filling and chill until serving time. Makes 20 shells.

HAM AND CLAM PUFFS

We just happened on this combination of ham and clam. We love it.

Puffs:
2 cups water
1 cup butter
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
6 eggs
Clam Filling:
1 can (5½ oz.) minced clams, drained
½ lb. cooked ham, chopped
1 cup sour cream
1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
⅓ cup finely chopped onion
2 teaspoons anchovy paste
½ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup chopped parsley

To prepare puffs: Preheat oven to 400°. In a medium saucepan bring water and butter to a boil. Remove from heat and add flour and salt all at once, stirring in quickly with a wooden spoon until a smooth paste forms. Add each egg separately, stirring with the wooden spoon until mixture is completely smooth and elastic and comes away from the sides of the saucepan. Spoon by teaspoonfuls or pipe out on 3 greased cookie sheets.

Bake in a 400° oven for 15 minutes; turn heat down to 300° for 10-15 additional minutes. Remove from oven and cool.

To prepare clam filling: In a medium bowl combine clams, ham, sour cream, mayonnaise, Parmesan cheese, onion, anchovy paste, and pepper. Set aside. Slice each puff in half and fill with a tablespoonful of filling. Refrigerate until serving time. May be heated in a 350° oven if desired. Garnish with parsley. Makes 4 dozen.

PICKLED BEETS

No buffet is complete without the

4 cans (16 oz. each) baby beets (approx. 6-7 cups)
3 cups cider vinegar
1½ cups sliced onion
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon celery salt
1 teaspoon thyme
3 bay leaves

Drain beets, reserving 3 cups b juice. Combine beet juice, vineg onion, sugar, salt, celery salt, thy and bay leaves in a medium sau pan; bring to a boil.

In a large bowl combine brine w beets. Marinate overnight or u serving. Makes 2 quarts.

RATATOUILLE

This is by now a classic, a must any buffet. Our recipe is a cinch

1 cup olive oil
⅓ cup wine vinegar
5 cloves garlic, crushed
2½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon basil
2 lbs. (5 cups) peeled and cubed eggplant
1 lb. (4 cups) sliced tomato
1 lb. (1½ cups) sliced green pepper
½ lb. (1½ cups) sliced onion

In a large skillet heat oil, vine garlic, salt, pepper, and basil. vegetables and sauté until te (about 20 minutes), turning of Chill. Serve at room temperat Makes 2 quarts.

True love is like ghosts, whic everybody talks about and fe have seen.

—La Rochefoucau



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TUNA AND LENTILS

alk about simple . . . !

cups dry or 4 cups cooked lentils
cans (6½ oz. each) tuna fish or
cans (4⅜ oz. each) sardines
cups sliced celery
½ cups mayonnaise
can (16 oz.) canellini beans, drained
cup chopped onion
cup wine-flavored vinegar
hard-cooked eggs, sieved
tablespoons lemon and pepper seasoning

ombine all ingredients in a large owl. Chill until serving time. erves 6-8.

ASPARAGUS AND GRUYÈRE VINAIGRETTE

'e have no objection to this being nger food.

lb. Gruyère cheese
packages (10 oz. each) frozen asparagus, thawed
cup red wine vinegar
cup olive oil
tablespoons snipped chives
teaspoon salt
-¼ teaspoon crushed red pepper
cloves garlic, crushed

ut Gruyère into ½ in. x 3 in. icks. Arrange with asparagus in hallow dish.

In a small bowl combine vinegar, il, chives, salt, red pepper, and rushed garlic. Pour over Gruyère nd asparagus and allow to mari- ate at least one night. Serves 6-8.

CRAB AND AVOCADO QUARTERS

good example of how versatile hese recipes are—you could use this or a luncheon dish or an appetizer.

avocados
½ cup lemon juice
packages (6 oz. each) frozen crabmeat, thawed
cup mayonnaise
cup sour cream
cup peeled, diced cucumber
oz. crumbled blue cheese
⅓ cup sliced scallions
hard-cooked eggs, chopped
teaspoons salt
teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon basil
¼ teaspoon rosemary
head Boston lettuce
lemons, sliced

Halve, then quarter the avocados, arefully removing the pits. Brush he inside of each quarter with lem- on juice. Set aside.

In a large bowl combine crabmeat, nayonnaise, sour cream, cucumber, blue cheese, scallions, cooked egg, salt, mustard, pepper, basil, and rosemary. Place a leaf of lettuce on each avocado quarter. Fill with a spoonful of crabmeat mixture. Garnish with a lemon slice. Set in the refrigerator until serving time. Makes 32 quarters.

BABY SHRIMP BOATS

Almost too pretty to eat.

10 slices white bread
1 cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon anchovy paste
2 cans (14 oz. each) artichoke hearts, drained
2 jars (4½ oz. each) baby shrimp
½ cup (10-12) radishes, sliced
¼ cup capers

Preheat oven to 400°.

Using a 1½-inch round cookie cutter cut out 30 circles, three rounds from each slice of bread. Place on a cookie sheet and bake in the oven 20 minutes or until golden.

In a small bowl, combine mayonnaise and anchovy paste. Spoon the mixture into a pastry bag that has been fitted with a very small star tip.

Slice bottoms of artichokes enough to make flat. Arrange on toasted bread rounds. Pipe a star of mayonnaise on each artichoke. Arrange garnish on each with two radish slices placed upright between leaves of artichoke to form a "V." Add 1 shrimp and a few capers between radish slices. Serve immediately or keep in refrigerator 2-3 hours. Makes 30 canapés.

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DUCK A L'ORANGE TERRINE

Slice it, scoop it, spread it—whatever, this is a wonderfully rich dish that may become one of your favorite party recipes.

1 package (10 oz.) pie crust mix
1 duck (4 lb.) cooked, boned, chopped, reserving 1 cup fat
1 lb. chicken livers, ground
1 lb. sweet sausage, casing removed
1 lb. bacon, chopped
2 cups orange juice
¼ cup brandy
1 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon orange rind
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon ground ginger
Topping:
½ cup water
1½ tablespoons unflavored gelatin
½ teaspoon salt
½ orange, cut into half cartwheels

To prepare crust: Prepare pie crust mix according to package directions. Roll out, then shape into an 8-cup terrine, cutting *(continued)*

remaining dough from the terrine edge. Roll out remaining dough and cut into 6 10 x 10 x ¾-in. strips. Braid 3 together, making 2 braids. Arrange around the edge of the terrine. Make leaves for the joining points. Refrigerate.

Preheat oven to 325°.

To prepare filling: In a large bowl combine duck, duck fat, chicken livers, sausage, bacon, ½ cup orange juice, brandy, salt, orange rind, pepper, and ginger until well blended. Pack into the terrine carefully. Bake for 3 hours. Remove from oven and cool completely.

To prepare topping: Pour 1½ cups orange juice and water into saucepan. Sprinkle unflavored gelatin and salt over water to soften, 2 minutes. Dissolve over medium heat. Chill about 1 hour or until the consistency of unbeaten egg whites. Arrange orange cartwheels over top of terrine and pour thickened gelatin over terrine. Refrigerate 30-45 minutes or until set. Serves 6-8.

SOUFFLÉ TOMATOES AND TARTS

A variation on the quickie theme.

8 large tomatoes
1 package (10 oz.) frozen spinach, thawed
½ cup chopped onion
4 eggs, separated
1 cup light cream
1 cup Cheshire or Cheddar cheese, grated
2 teaspoons anchovy paste
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
10 partially baked unsweetened tart shells

Cut a slice from top of tomatoes. Scoop inside of tomatoes into a medium skillet. Add spinach and onion and simmer uncovered over medium heat until all moisture has evaporated.

Heat light cream in the top of a double boiler over boiling water until a film forms on top. In a medium bowl beat egg yolks until light and thick. Add heated cream gradually and pour back into the top of the double boiler. Simmer over a very low heat, stirring constantly, until custard thickens slightly and coats a spoon. Remove from heat. Stir in tomato and spinach mixture, cheese, anchovy paste, salt, pepper, nutmeg. Cool. Preheat oven to 400°.

Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold into custard mixture. Spoon into hollowed tomatoes and tart shells. Bake 15 minutes. Turn heat down to 300° and bake 10-15 additional minutes. Serves 8-10.

GLAZED LAMB

The secret of this lamb dish is in the zesty glaze.

4½-5 lb. leg of lamb
6 cloves garlic, crushed
½ cup dark molasses
½ cup wine vinegar
½ teaspoon black pepper
½ cup chopped parsley
⅓ cup lemon rind

Preheat oven to 350°. Rub lamb with 1 clove crushed garlic. Place in a shallow roasting pan and roast 1½ hours.

In a small bowl combine molasses, vinegar, pepper, and 3 cloves crushed garlic.

After 1½ hours roasting remove lamb and pour over molasses mixture. Cover loosely with aluminum foil. Roast an additional hour, basting with marinade every 15 minutes.

Refrigerate overnight or until drippings have gelatinized.

In a small bowl combine parsley, lemon rind, and remaining 2 cloves crushed garlic.

When it's time to serve, spread jellied drippings over lamb and spread parsley mixture over jelly. Serves 6-8. END

TAPESTRY

By Robin Sheetman

My love has stars and forests in his eyes,
bright constellations shining over trees
that tower old against the ancient skies
like ships anchored in the fading seas:
his mouth, a seabird, resting on the wind
whose shadow flies across the silver night
knowing the joy its freedom-wings can send,
with terror mingled when it blocks the light.
The fastened and the flying in his heart
are somehow woven so to make a whole
of every separate, single-gathered part,
that as a tapestry becomes his soul.
Shadow and star, embraced in one design,
where love and passion linger and combine.



ERTAIN SECRETS

ntinued from page 105

ey would have too much privacy and o much time to hang out in Harmon's us.

"Why is Page going on this trip?"

"They're in love."

"Uh."

"Mom, you don't like Harmon."

"I may like him when he's forty." I y to be strictly honest with Carrie. "I don't like his boots with the toes out. I don't like his bus, it's too old to be so souped up; or his manners because he has none. I grant he's masculine and his eyes are blue . . ."

Carrie laughs when I say things like "I grant you." Then she sobered. "Honest—I don't know if she even likes Harmon."

"Then why has she become involved with him? This could really damage Page's life."

Carrie was pale, all her dusky bloom bleached out. "If I can get her to listen, will you talk her out of going, Mother?"

"I'll try, Carrie," I said.

Fast as a flicker, Carrie was off the grass, running up the brick walk to slide back the terrace door into the house. To Carrie, the decision to act and the action are inseparable. I flattened down again; the worst was yet to come. If only it were time for Harry to come home. Harry is my husband, Carrie's father, and we keep no secrets from him.



Page appeared on the lawn. Carrie must have had her stashed in a closet, just waiting permission to produce her. I thought, If Page is so willing to talk to me, it is possible she isn't madly anxious to go camping with Harmon. Significantly, Carrie herself did not reappear. She would give me every chance to be persuasive and Page every chance to be persuaded.

"Hello, Page," I said. She sat, illuminated like a Bible angel, in one of the heart-backed soda chairs at our little iron table on the terrace. "You are looking very well," I said. I knew she would hate to be called pretty.

But pretty she is, with wide blue eyes. Tan and gold highlights brighten her hair; her forehead is classically white and rounded. The nostrils of her small nose are fluted, her lips cupid-bowed. From her round white neck, her body descends in sumptuous planes. She said, "Mrs. Milon, I'm not quite sure why I'm here."

"We're both here under Carrie's thumb," I said. Then, "Page, there is something you can do for me."

"Sure, Mrs. Milon." Page is a good girl, as sweet of character as of face.

"Explain to me why you are going camping with Harmon."

"Carrie was not supposed to tell you." But there was neither real surprise nor indignation in her voice.

I said, "I have promised not to tell your mother."

"Well then okay, I guess. We're going to Buck Creek to go fishing. In Harmon's bus."

The bus is a shabby white box on wheels; it is curtained and overlaid with decals of big flat flowers. I had seen it traveling blindly down the streets of Damson, threatening to topple over at each corner, shivering at stop signs. Though I'd never seen the interior, I imagined it to be wickedly convenient.

"You and Harmon are going alone?"

"Yes."

"Maybe you'd be willing to give up the idea, Page?"

"No way," Page said calmly. "Even if you tell my mother."

"Page, this will make a scandal in Damson. Someone is sure to see you at Buck Creek or on the road and everybody knows Harmon's bus. You know what they'll think you're doing?"

"Who cares?" she said.

Dear silly gallantry, so like her mother's. I was stricter than I had dared be with Daisy. "If you know what they think you will be doing, will you be doing it, Page?"

"What do you mean?" Like a rabbit, blonde and curled, alarmed, Page pushed back from the table.

I followed her with a pointing finger. "When a girl goes off somewhere with a man, she's promising something!"

"That's old-fashioned." The anger was mostly panic, I thought. "It's just old people and dirty minds."

They are the same, generation after generation the laws of biology aren't meant for them. "Does Harmon understand?" I asked Page. "You have told him you're going with him only for the ride? That he's not allowed any . . . making out?"

"Yes," Page said, but I saw from the look of memo-taking in her eyes that any instructions to Harmon were to take place in the future. *(continued)*

"How about consulting with your mother?"

She came to angry life; here is where the child lives, I thought. The center of her existence is her rage against her mother. "My mother wouldn't understand a word we've said. She doesn't know a thing about kids or life. She is a terrible straight. If my mother was more like you maybe I could talk to her. She's a . . . she's a . . ." There were tears in the beautiful eyes. "She's a drag!" She walked away without looking back, into the house.

Oh Daisy, I thought, is this what you want? To be misunderstood by your only child. If only she could remember the year before she was born . . .

In Paris, 1955, Americans were still fairly popular. Suez had not yet happened. Some afterglow of the liberation of France remained, enough so that our troupe of young dancers—we called ourselves *Les Jeunes Filles Américaines*—found steady employment. We were neither talented nor untalented, just young, full of energy and personal excitement. Audiences were pleased with us. For three months we had been dancing at a theater restaurant on Montparnasse called the Chou-Fly. The management felt it had found a gold mine and proposed to keep us on indefinitely. We had begun to feel more French than the French, and we never expected to go home.

Daisy Persons and I, Frances Green, had been born in Damson, Iowa, and after our freshman year at the University of Iowa we had run away together. We bought the least expensive passage on a French ship, and only when we were too far away to be followed did we inform our families of our safety. (I have told Carrie not to think runaways and dropouts are anything new!)

Back home, Daisy and I had been Miss Madeleine's star dancing pupils; we were sure we could star anywhere. The brilliantly attractive Daisy immediately landed a job with the already established *Jeunes Filles*. When one of the *Filles* had to return to the United States, Daisy wedged me in.

I was just a quiet brunette, but Daisy was sensational. Her hair, wild and yellow, blew into petals if you were poetic-minded, and her dark eyes were round as daisy centers. She could laugh so that everyone laughed with her, whether they knew the cause or not.

Daisy did everything she had read about in books that were old-fashioned even then; she drank champagne out of her own slipper, though I told her someone else was supposed to do it. She danced on tabletops, and she would have had herself baked into a pie if she'd thought of it. She visited every *boîte* in Paris and began to raise her own little prominence, the Daisy who always wore a daisy—pinned to her dress, on her hat, in her hand. The Parisians loved her. She was the newest vogue, the acknowledged star of the Chou-Fly. Her prospective loves were lined up in ranks; she adored and ignored them all.

It was a nice American kid from Indiana who seduced Daisy. Not that she thought of it that way. She considered that they had fallen in love and that, of course, when she signaled, they would marry. His name was Royce Reinach.

My guy, Harry, didn't think Royce was any great bargain. Harry Milon was a veteran of the war, still lost from his own country, and I think he first liked me because I am so mid-American. He hung around, protectively, and after a while I began to expect his care and lean on it. There are many ways of falling in love, and I told Carrie her parents found one of the best.

Anyway, Harry was not satisfied with Royce Reinach. He big-brothered Daisy at a tactful distance and asked me to tell her to watch out for her boyfriend. I told Daisy and Daisy laughed and spent more of the wrong hours with Royce, and after a while Daisy was crying in the *salle de bain* down the hall from our hotel room.

Daisy was going to have a baby and far from flooding Royce with joy and tenderness, the expectation made him decide to return to the United States to prepare for his junior year at Tulane.

I was already in love with Harry, but I began then to respect him. He hunted up Royce and set forth that he was to marry Daisy and stay married until the child was born, at which time she would divorce him. Harry used every persuasion, including an operative German gun he had picked up on a Normandy beach. He was prepared to make it a good old-fashioned shotgun wedding, and when Royce realized this, he let Harry take him and Daisy through all the complicated French forms. Finally, with Harry and me as witnesses, Royce and Daisy were married in a civil ceremony at Neuilly.

Royce returned to the states. Daisy's baby, Page, was born in Paris; she kept her promise and divorced Royce immediately afterwards. She never saw him again. With her child, the young "widow" returned to Damson, Iowa, like a wounded bird coming back to the nest.

After that, Daisy seemed to live in an eternal condition of self-punishment. At first I thought I could help her. After Harry and I were married in Paris we came back to my hometown. Harry didn't have a hometown and he made my roots his. Anyway, he wanted to practice small-town law. He's a judge now, which is as it should be.

I reached out to my friend Daisy, but she was deep in her own unhappiness. Her father was dead and her mother so suspicious of Daisy's story that she took the marriage license to the high school French teacher to find out if it was valid. Daisy never forgave her mother that, and I think she worried, too, that Mrs. Persons would investigate the "death" of Royce.

As soon as she could Daisy opened a dance studio. She moved with Page to a small house and settled down to a strict, manless, loveless existence. She skewered back her yellow hair and, though she grew trim with exercise, remained severe and unsmiling. She poured her life into Page's. Her most pressing concern was that Page grow up to be a "good" girl. As Page developed, Daisy tightened her hold on her daughter, checked her phone conversations, and read the notes tucked into her school books.

For awhile, Page was as sweet and docile as Sleeping Beauty. But when she got to senior high school and puberty flushed over her, she chafed under the reins and bucked them. My own Carrie has been an easier child to raise. So far she suffers little from the trauma of the teens. Of course neither Harry nor I ever told her about our Parisian life. Daisy had begged me never to tell anyone what had happened in France. She asked me never to mention *Les Jeunes Filles Américaines* to anyone at home and to put away my souvenirs—the snapshots we were always making, the menu cards and the corsage ribbons. It was as if she wanted to blot out that whole time completely. Having received my promise, she grew ever cooler and more distant.

Harry and I would have liked to see Daisy every day, to supply Page with the "aunthood" and "unclehood" we wanted to protect her with. But Daisy found us too great a reminder of the past. She made it clear that the kindest thing we could do was stay away.



'hat isn't easy in a small town like nson. There is PTA, the supermar- the pediatrician, and church. We quently ran into each other; Daisy I nodded and smiled. Occasionally roke through the barriers, rang her rbell and went in for a ginger ale. isy was pleasant, never cordial. I ght have been any other Damson ther. She never interfered in the ndship between Page and Carrie, a ationship that sprang up of itself at sery school. Neither did she foster t friendship.

Once, when Carrie was about ten rs old, Daisy phoned me. "I don't nk you ought to let Carrie smear her s with that stuff. There's plenty of e."

said, "It's just candy lipstick. She ys dress up. Daisy, you remember used to dress up."

"Do me a favor, Fan," Daisy said. ever say 'remember' to me again!" These were the most personal words isy had addressed to me in years. ushed to retake our old footing. "I'll ver say or do anything you don't nt me to, Daisy. But Daisy—for ge's sake—let her know you as you lly are. Fun-loving, happy, bright ."

"That's not how I am," Daisy said. am a woman with a job to do for a ild. In order to do it right, I'll sacri- e her favorable opinion—even her af- tion—if I must. Fun-loving, hah!"

I began to think it was that other aisy in Paris who was the happy ac- dent. Maybe the true, real Daisy as sober and rigid. Certainly Daisy's other had been dour, her father quiet d stern. Daisy in Paris had had a ief blooming, like a morning glory, d had closed up tight in the after- on of her life.

So we went back to being nice, polite amson ladies. I did not claim my iendship with Daisy again; I am busy, ntented, and—let's face it—fairly lazy d careless, too. Some of the happiest emories of a lifetime can concern the erson down the block you never spend me with anymore. And it is hard to best friends all alone.

But I never really replaced Daisy in y life, the gaiety and rash prankish- ess of her as she used to be. The Daisy ho had known the languor of sex, the ipe sweetness of surrender, even to the rong man in the wrong way. If that oman still existed she would know ow to stop a stupid and innocent oung girl from floundering around ith a boy equally stupid and not so nnocent.

Ought I to hotfoot it down to Daisy's ouse and disclose Page's plans?

But if I betray Page and through her, arrie, do I surrender too much? As ar as Page is concerned, I think it night be better for her to hate me than o proceed with this stupid fishing trip. o "save" Page I'd be glad to make the acrifice.

And then what would I seem to Car- ie? My daughter's confidence in me s one of the sweet dividends of my ife.

That evening I asked Harry if I ought to keep the secret or talk to Daisy. Sometimes the way he looks at me, kindly, amusedly, it's as though he stroked my head. "Damned if you do, damned if you don't, Fan," he said. "I've got no answers. Only this." He kissed me.

School was out and Page went nowhere.

Carrie had an afternoon job at the Clamadge's pool. Pool-sitting, she called it, making sure the younger children wore their orange vests and the older ones came out before they froze. Carrie has a junior lifesaver diploma; she gets fifty cents an hour just for lounging around and blowing a whistle. It was cream.

I like Carrie to be on her own. I never ask questions beyond the talisman of each day's homecoming, "Everything okay?"

Day after June day everything was okay.

Then one late afternoon Carrie came home and said, "Page was supposed to show up at Clamadge's pool today but she didn't."

I said, "Maybe Page has had enough sun. You certainly have."

"Maybe I'll just run down to Page's house and see if she's home," Carrie said over her shoulder.

"Maybe you just won't till after dinner."

Carrie creamed her slim, browning legs with lotion. "Mom," she said, dreamily, as though she spoke from some other world. I know that tone, it means she is finally going to open a subject she has many times considered and for which she has finally jacked up the courage, "Mom, *(continued)*

merry christmas

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downstairs you have a bunch of old photo albums?"

I returned the skin conditioner to its shelf. "I guess so," I said.

"There are some pictures of you in tights and leotards. Like dancing costumes for practicing. And some with velvet tops and sequins. Is the one with black hair you? The one with blonde hair looks sort of like Mrs. Reinach. One day, Page and I were looking at those pictures and that's what we thought."

I came about, full face. I sat on the cushioned laundry hamper. Keep a secret for sixteen years and leave a photograph album available to snitch? I blushed like a tomato. I had put away my souvenirs, but not carefully enough.

"Carrie," I said, "when did you and Page look at those snapshots?

"A long time ago. Like I was twelve and Page was thirteen."

Now I remembered the album itself, an early gift of Harry's, with Notre Dame in tapestry on the cover. I said, "What did you and Page think of the pictures?"

Bosom to thigh Carrie was wrapped in a white towel, a beautiful little nymph. "At first we thought it was a costume party, but there were lots of pictures and lots of costumes. And lots of girls, like a chorus. Were you and Mrs. Reinach dancing in France? At least the words were French at the bottom."

Les Jeunes Fille Américaines. "We were in Paris."

"Well, that's what we thought. I guess I'll go put some clothes on."

"Carrie . . . wait . . . when you saw the pictures, were you surprised?"

She was polite about being detained, and she considered the question fully. "I guess you were thinner then than you are now."

It was as though someone yelled, "Surprise!" at the party but the honored guest had not shown up. It was like designing for a ball that turned out to have been held last week. It was such a crashing letdown that I gasped.

"Wasn't Page surprised? Her mother was so beautiful. Wasn't she amazed to see her as a dancer?"

"Honest, she didn't say if she was surprised or not."

I moved between Carrie and the door, remembering a picture of Daisy laughing, naked shouldered, her half-breasts exquisite. "Didn't Page understand what her mother was really like? Not uptight. A happy, gorgeous girl."

Gently, Carrie edged around me to open the door. "It was more like a story we read. In a way we knew it was you and Mrs. Reinach, in a way we didn't believe it." Perhaps she understood that I expected more, for she smiled and said, "It was interesting, though."

She closed the door behind her. I had a feeling that the earth was falling away. The generations stood each on its own cloud in the uncrossable sky. Out of reach. No child really believes his parent lived before he himself was born.

I let slip a few tears, washed my face, and went out to the terrace to find Harry at home and Carrie gone.

"Carrie's worried about Page, I guess," I said. "She didn't show up today when she was supposed to. I think Page has gone—or Carrie thinks she has gone—on this far-famed camping trip with Harmon." I took Harry's hand; it always seems to be there when I need it. "Harry, what shall we do?"

"Tell you what we'll do, Fan honey. Sit right here and watch the flowers grow."

Daisy came at us, blazing, not ten minutes later. She ran through the house, left all the doors open behind her and, at the terrace, pulled me to my feet.

"Fan! How did you dare not tell me Page was planning . . . this?"

She wore a plain little summer print dress, but her body under it was still notable. Her smoky yellow hair was ruffled, her skin glistened, and her eyes were bright with anger. "Answer me. Fan! Tell me!"

"Oh, Daisy," I said, stricken. "I guess I never really believed Page would do this silly thing. I am so sorry. I thought—"

"No matter what you thought, why didn't you tell me?"

"I promised Carrie. And after all it was Carrie who told you. She broke the promise she made me take."

I saw, suddenly, in that untracked sky of the generations, on that free-floating cloud, that Daisy and I stood together. As, at their unreachable distance from us, Carrie and Page were together. Our children are not available to us. It is like trying to lasso a calf on the next hill. But no matter what, I would never be out of the reach of Daisy, nor she of me. Together we shared the memories and the hopes, the past and the future of our own time.

I went to Daisy and put my arm around her. I said, "Cry here!"

She cried and I swayed with her in my arms, making soothing sounds. Harry patted me as he went by into the house; he stopped then and patted Daisy, too. The daylight-saving sun was on its way to setting as we stood there, two women who were still girls to each other.

Meanwhile, unnoticed, Carrie had returned. She touched me on the arm and I looked down at her face with its peach-brushed cheeks. I said, "What is it, honey?"

"Mom, tell Mrs. Reinach that Page is home."

Daisy blew her nose and looked at Carrie. "What about Page?"

"Harmon's bus got stuck with engine trouble on the way out of town, so Page went home. She's sorry, Mrs. Reinach. Please don't punish her." A plea for her friend, her equal on the cloud.

"Daisy," I said, "she's fine. Don't go rushing home now. Stay and have a drink with us. How about champagne in a shoe?"

Daisy said, still sniffling, "Do you have French champagne? Fan . . . What did I ever do without you?"

"You did what I did. Raised a child who's about to get going on her own."

When Daisy left, Carrie crept out on the terrace for whatever she had coming to her. She sat on Harry's chaise, her legs folded under—a garden elf.

I said, "You're kind of a small rat, Carrie, to put me under oath not to tell Page's mother and then do it yourself."

"I guess I never thought you could keep a secret, Mom. I thought if Page really left town with Harmon you'd go right to her mother. I got scared, so I told her myself."

"When the bus broke down and Page went home, what did Harmon do?"

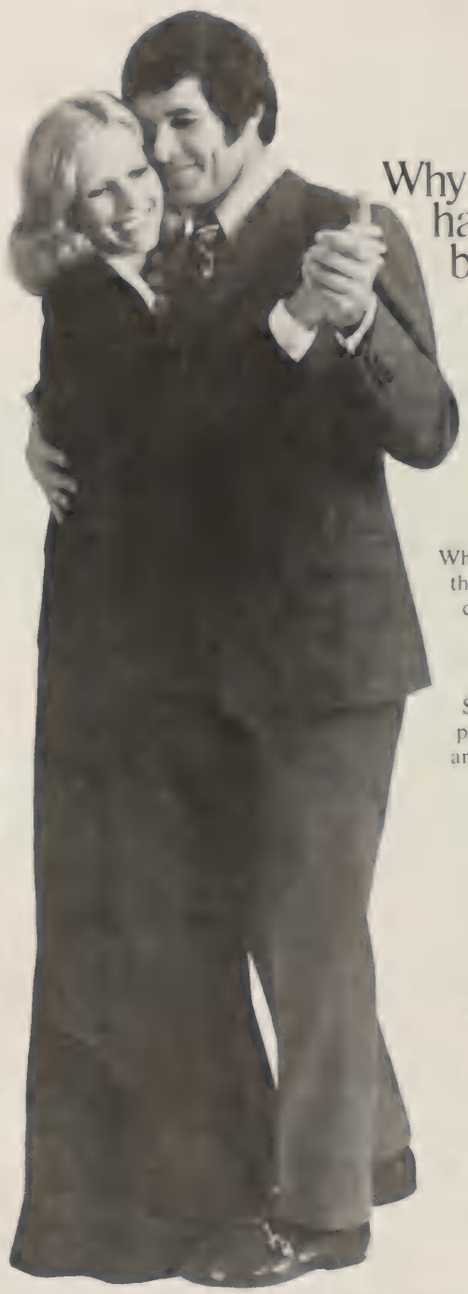
"Oh, the bus didn't really get stuck," she said. "Page changed her mind, so she made Harmon drop her off and she ran all the way home. Harmon . . . He just went on to Buck Creek. Fishing."

So much for the great seduction; the foiled villain fails to gnash his teeth, just drives on to the catfish and suckers.

"Mom," Carrie said, "naturally Page doesn't want her mother to know she went chicken. It's a real deadly secret."

I smiled and shook my head. Daisy deserved to know Page had stayed virtuous on purpose, not by accident.

Oh magnificent, terrifying little girls. How much they will learn from their own unreachable daughters keeping secrets across the undated skies of time. I could have wept for them had I not been laughing to remember, startled, that I am a daughter, too. **END**



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CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

continued from page 74

Everybody stared at the mark on the leg like victims of mass hypnosis.

"I must say," Virginia added, "it's probably one of the finest pieces of forgery I've ever seen. It will probably come to have a value almost as great as the original."

The dinner that night was not marked by animated conversation. All four of them ate with a faintly distracted air, like people in the dark who think they've heard a key in the lock. The odd thing was that dinner that night was rather better than usual. It was, in fact, sensational, as though Clara had suddenly been struck by culinary genius. It was not, however, Clara's culinary genius that had provided this dinner. It was the genius of the chef at Château d'Angers, and the resulting French splendor had been surreptitiously commanded by Martha, brought by two waiters in a cab and slipped into the kitchen, hot, juicy, and tempting, at seven o'clock. Only Martha and Clara knew. Even Charles didn't have a suspicion. But now, nobody even noticed. They ate the *gigot en croute* in its pink perfection, and neither Charles nor Bill could have said later whether they'd had lamb or lobster. Virginia noticed, but certainly wasn't going to mention it. And of course what Martha noticed was that no one else noticed.

The bridge game didn't go much better than the dinner. All four played with a marked lack of brilliance on the William and Mary gateleg table. There was little conversation and that little was mainly of the "Oh, I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking," variety.

Once, right in the middle of the bidding, Bill suddenly looked at Virginia and said, "How do you know so much about furniture all of a sudden?"

"Oh, I really don't," Virginia said. "You know I'm no expert. I'm probably wrong. I'm sure I'm wrong. But don't you remember? I've been assigned to that big furniture account we just got? Well, I've had to learn an awful lot. Mostly all I've *done* for weeks and weeks is to read everything there is to know about furniture. I've had to. You see, that company specializes in fine reproductions."

Bill frowned slightly. He couldn't remember her mentioning it, but then, he thought guiltily, so often when she told him about her work, he really didn't pay enough attention, and his thoughts would wander to his own problems. Usually he was content just to admire the finished ads she brought home from time to time.

Somehow, without anyone saying anything, the evening ended early.

After Bill and Virginia had left, Martha went in the kitchen to see if the Château d'Angers had collected its equipment and that all evidence had been removed. Clara was still up.

"I told you, Mrs. Davis," she said. "Nobody likes that fancy French cooking. They hardly ate a thing. People really like good plain American food. Give them a good steak, I always say."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," Martha said vaguely. "Well, goodnight Clara."

The next morning Virginia sat at her desk in her office, frowning in concentration. She was trying to think up a new Sun-Brite Shampoo ("Don't dull your hair with ordinary shampoos—drench it in Spring Sunlight") campaign.

Every now and then she stopped for a minute and a smile broke through the frown.

"I'm really rotten," she thought happily. "Some day I'll tell them," she promised herself, "but not just yet."

She forced herself to return to her shampoo commercial. She really *did* know a lot about shampoo. **END**

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THE ROMANTIC

continued from page 98

All recipes pictured on page

SHRIMP SKEWERS IN CAULIFLOWER

Serve with cocktails or as a first course. It's a grand showpiece.

CAULIFLOWER BOUQUET

2 heads cauliflower
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tomatoes, peeled and chopped
3 cups beef bouillon
1 cup white wine
½ cup olive oil
¼ cup white vinegar
¼ cup finely chopped shallots
4 garlic cloves, finely chopped
2 sprigs parsley
2 bay leaves
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon thyme leaves
Skewers:
10-12 8-in. wooden skewers
1 lb. shrimp, cooked, peeled, leaving tails on
10-12 cherry tomatoes
1 can (3½ oz.) pitted large black olives
2 lemons, thinly sliced
Parsley

Cut leaves off both cauliflowe Leave one whole and cut the ot into flowerettes. Rinse in cold wa containing 2 tablespoons vinegar

Place cauliflower in a deep sau pan. Add all remaining ingredie except skewer ingredients. Co and simmer 30 minutes. Cool.

To assemble: Place whole cau flower on serving platter. On ea skewer insert a cauliflower flow ette, one cherry tomato, one oli and one shrimp. Ins skewers into whole cau flower as shown in p ture. Arrange remaini shrimp, lemon slices, a parsley around platter.

Strain cooking liquid i to a sauceboat; serve wi cauliflower. Serves 6–8.

PEACH-GLAZED DUCK

We use orange rind as lovely flowery garnish f this duck.

Roasting Duck:
2 ducks, 4-5 lbs. each
8 3x¼-in. strips of orange rind
2 cans (1 lb. 14 oz. each) peach slices, drained
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
Glaze:
¼ cup strained peach jam
¼ cup honey
Sauce:
1 tablespoon butter
2 carrots, finely diced
1 medium onion, finely diced
1 tablespoon all-purpose flou
1½ cups white wine
2 cups beef bouillon
¼ cup chopped shallots
4 garlic cloves, finely chopped
1½ tablespoons tomato paste
2 beef bouillon cubes
2 sprigs parsley
2 bay leaves
1 2-in. long piece of celery
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon Madeira
1 tablespoon Cognac
Caramel:
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon water
¼ cup vinegar

Preheat oven to 350°.

To Roast Ducks: Clean ducks, set necks, gizzards and livers aside; pat dry. Place 3 strips of orange rind, 3 peach slices, ½ teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper in each duck. Truss. Prick ducks along lower part of breast and thighs.

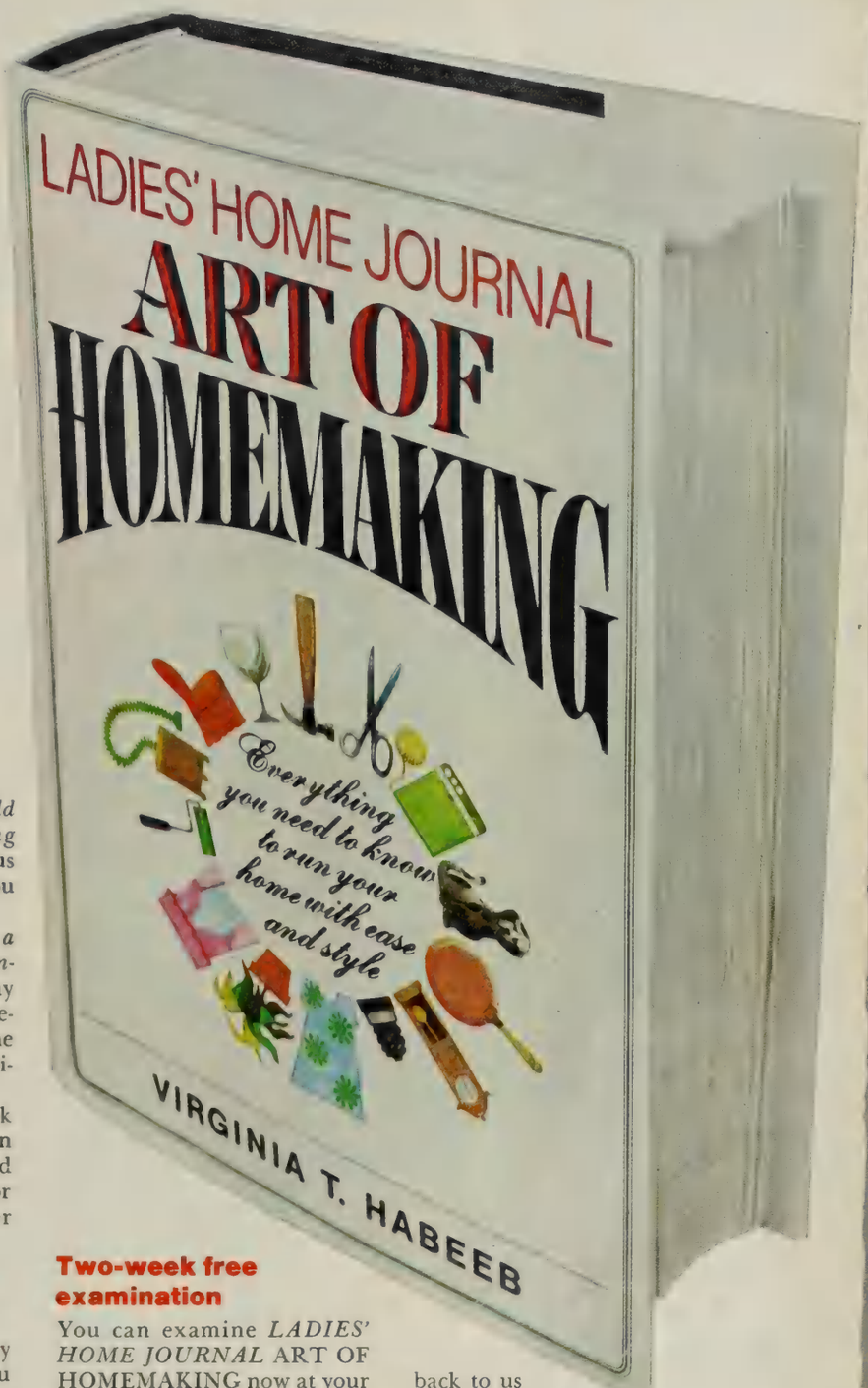
Place ducks, breasts up, on rack in roasting pan. Roast 15 minutes at 350°. Remove fat from pan. Turn ducks on side, cover lightly with foil and roast 15 more minutes. Remove fat and turn ducks on other side. Keep covered and roast another 15 minutes. Return ducks to breast up position and roast 15 minutes more.

Remove foil and roast another 30 to 40 minutes, rotating ducks from side to side and occasionally removing accumulated fat. Ducks are done when last drops of liquid drained from cavity are pale pink—total cooking time 1½-1¾ hours.

To Prepare Glaze: Combine peach jam, honey, and ½ teaspoon salt for glaze. Brush glaze *(continued)*

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on ducks for last 5 minutes of roasting time.

To Prepare Sauce: While ducks are roasting, prepare sauce. In a medium heavy saucepan melt butter. Sauté necks and gizzards until brown. Add carrots and onions and sauté until golden. Add flour. When it has turned coffee color, add 8 peach slices, 2 strips orange rind, 1 cup white wine, and all remaining ingredients except Madeira and Cognac. Cover and simmer ½ hour.

To Prepare Caramel: In a small saucepan combine sugar and water. Boil until mixture is golden. Immediately remove from heat and add vinegar. Set aside.

Remove sauce from heat and add chopped duck liver. Pass sauce through a sieve. Add 2 teaspoons caramel liquid, Madeira and Cognac.

In a medium saucepan combine remaining peach slices and ½ cup of white wine. Simmer 5 minutes. Add to sauce.

Arrange ducks on serving platter. Garnish with orange rind flowers. Serve with sauce. Serves 6-8.

Note: To make orange flowers, peel a salad orange with a potato peeler in a circular strip. Wrap the orange peel around itself until you have a flower of desired size. Tuck flowers around ducks on platter.

PUREE OF GREEN BEANS ON ARTICHOKES

Hard to believe something so pretty —and good—could be so easy and so much fun.

1 lb. fresh string beans
3 tablespoons butter, melted
½ teaspoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon cornstarch (optional)
1 can (14 oz.) artichoke bottoms
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Bring a large saucepan of salted water to a boil. Add string beans, cover and simmer 15 minutes. Cool beans immediately in cold water.

Cut beans into ¼-inch pieces. Purée in blender with butter, lemon juice, and salt. For stiffer consistency (if you wish to pipe purée using a pastry bag) add 1 tablespoon cornstarch combined with 1 tablespoon water.

Heat purée in one saucepan and artichoke bottoms in another.

Top each artichoke bottom with purée. Sprinkle with parsley and grated lemon rind. Serves 6-8.

We served with one package (16 oz.) white and wild rice mix cooked with ½ cup blanched slivered almonds according to directions.

ENDIVE-WATERCRESS SALAD

We like this salad served after *the main course. It deserves a place of its own.*

3 medium endive
½ bunch watercress
Salad Dressing:
1½ tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup olive oil
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
½ tablespoon finely chopped shallots
½ teaspoon finely chopped garlic

Rinse endive and watercress well. Separate leaves of endive, slice several leaves crosswise. Save remainder to line salad bowl. Remove coarse stems from the watercress.

Toss endive slices and watercress with dressing in a salad bowl or arrange in the center of the endive lined bowl. Serves 6-8.

To Prepare Salad Dressing: In a small bowl, dissolve salt and pepper in vinegar. Mix in all other ingredients.

PETITE ORANGE BABAS

A theatrical finale.

5 tablespoons butter, melted
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
1 cup sifted cake flour
¼ cup lukewarm water
1 tablespoon sugar
1 cake (½ oz.) fresh yeast or
1 pkg. (¼ oz.) dry yeast
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1½ cups sugar
2½ cups water
⅔ cup orange liqueur
1½ cups strained apricot preserves
3 candied cherries
½ cup light corn syrup

Preheat oven to 425°.

Brush 6 individual (3 oz.) decorative molds with one tablespoon melted butter. Set remaining ¼ cup butter aside.

Combine flours in a mixing bowl. Make a well in center and put in ¼ cup water, 1 tablespoon sugar, yeast, and salt. When yeast is dissolved add eggs and slowly blend in flour with wooden spoon. Beat vigorously until smooth and air bubbles form. Slowly add melted butter, beating until dough is shiny. Spoon into molds, filling them halfway.

Cover molds with a towel and set in a warm spot (85°) until dough rises to top of molds, about 30 minutes to 1 hour.

Bake for 15 minutes at 425°.

RECIPES TESTED IN THE LHJ KITCHENS

Ruth Lauman, Manager
Jean Aultman
Claudia T. Kinsey
Laura Lexa

Combine 1½ cups sugar and 2 cups water and boil until sugar is completely dissolved.

When babas are done, unmold on cooling rack. Put rack on top of large bowl. Slowly pour sugar syrup over babas. Once you have poured all the syrup, pour on ¼ cup orange liqueur. Transfer syrup, which has accumulated in bowl, back into saucepan and pour over babas until they have absorbed all the syrup.

Heat ½ cup apricot preserves. Using a brush, glaze babas with preserves. Decorate each with half a candied cherry. For a more festive look, decorate with kumquat halves and mint leaves as pictured.

Combine 1 cup apricot preserves, corn syrup, ½ cup water and heat in a chafing dish. Add 2 tablespoons orange liqueur.

To serve, heat remaining orange liqueur, pour over sauce in chafing dish, ignite at table, and pour over babas. Serves 6.

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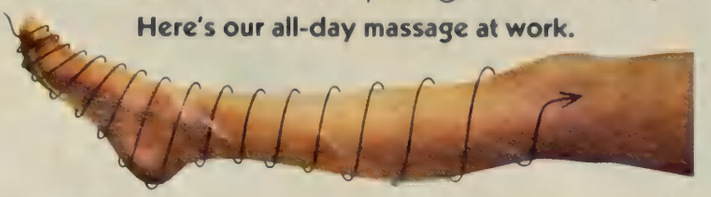
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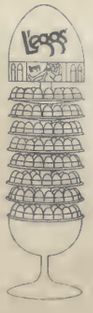
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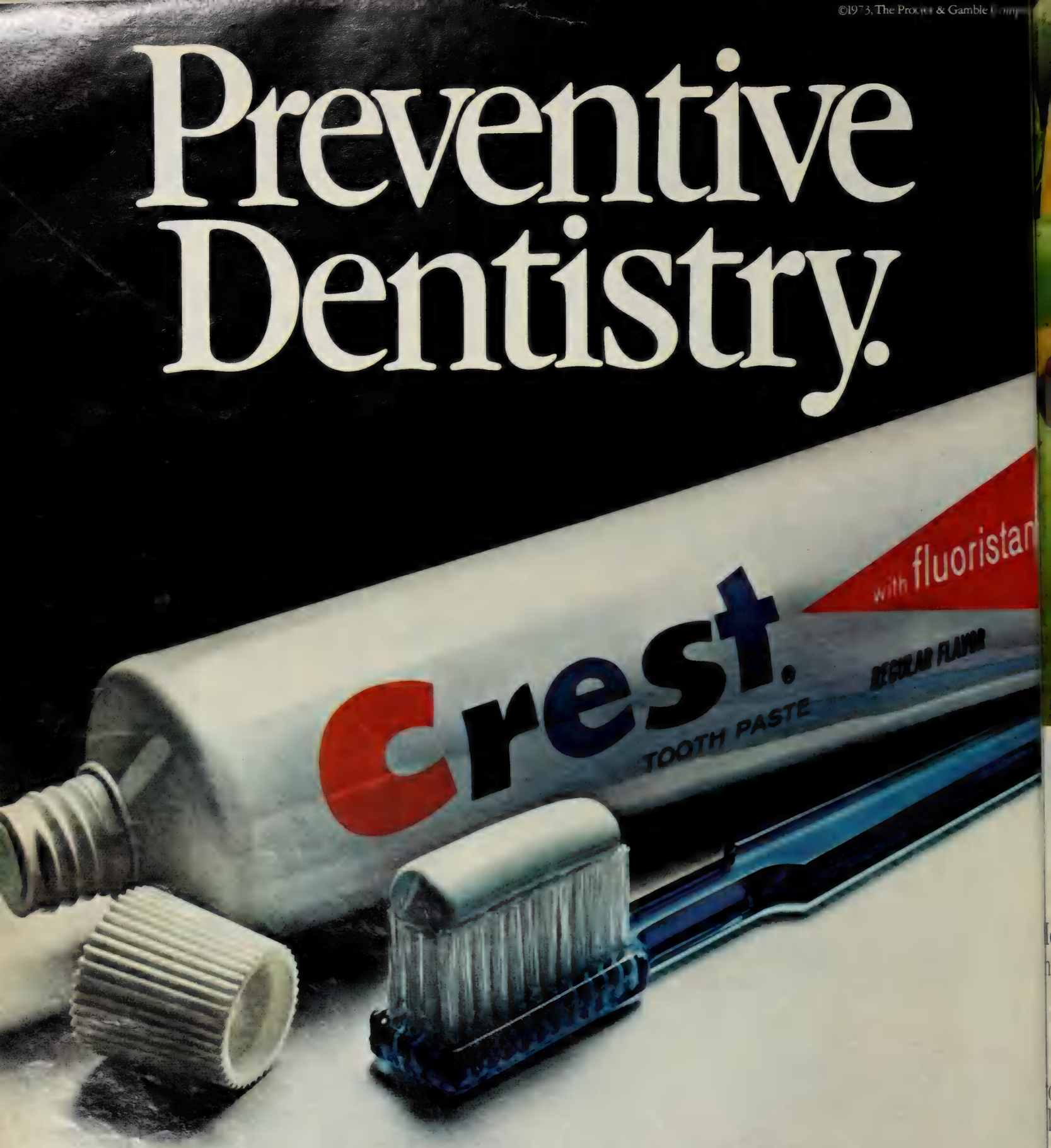
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inued from page 17

lessness is destructive to the crea- of the peace and calm most couples e.

oth Elizabeth and Richard are now he treacherous, tricky forties. In fourth decade of life, many seem- y contented couples become sud- ly, painfully aware that youth has ped away, that opportunities for realization are on the wane. Fre- ntly, they snatch at any chance for ety and change. Church-going hus- ds elope with 19-year-old secre- es. Plumpish, garden-club member es join gym clubs, lose weight, and r consciousness-raising groups. either Elizabeth Taylor or Richard ton experience these sensations re their July separation? They n't say.

lizabeth and Richard have earned e money than they can ever spend. hard has a trust fund to insure his ire. Elizabeth has a separate trust d to insure hers. Trust funds have been established for each of their dren—Elizabeth's three, Richard's , and 11-year-old Maria, Elizabeth's pted daughter.

y repute, the Burtons are affec- nate, modern, undemanding parents. y enjoy the company of their mixed of youngsters when it is available. the children are now more or less their own—Elizabeth's oldest son, is separated from his wife, is the ner of a girl, and the other children nd boarding schools. Richard's ghters Kate and Jessica are both n-agers. At this juncture, the chil- n can hardly aid or hinder the rse that their parents' marriage l take.

For a woman long proclaimed the st beautiful woman in the world, zabeth Taylor seems singularly king in physical vanity—unless llenged by another beauty. In 1965 joyously gained 20 pounds to play role of the 52-year old harridan in *o's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* She s then 33 years old.

She has been photographed in fash- nable restaurants with a thrown-to- her, tossed-salad look. However, zabeth is likely to patronize one of top designers if she scents feminine npetition at a scheduled social affair. the appointed date, she is assisted her maid into her gown and dia- nds, applies her makeup, and whirls ay in her limousine to be declared e fairest of them all."

According to close friends, Richard now back on the wagon (he has mittedly been on and off many times ring the marriage). Elizabeth, at es a heavy social drinker, is drink- considerably less. Both have opped unflattering poundage. Cur- ling the intake of alcohol would, of urse, be a solid asset in maintaining eir marriage. Immoderate drinking n mask or exaggerate marriage prob- ms and can unleash many bitter rds which inevitably inflict lasting, nnecessary wounds.

One might speculate that Elizabeth aylor, queen bee from childhood on- rd, may expect too much of mar- ge in general and of Richard Burton particular. I have wondered whether, moments of feeling misunderstood neglected by Richard, she has lowed her fantasies to stray backward to Mike Todd, the ghost of her dreams. The brief Taylor-Todd marriage ended tragically during the honeymoon stage: Mike Todd died too soon to offend or disappoint the young Elizabeth. In fantasy, does she compare Mike Todd's enduring perfections, forever preserved in her memory, with the human failings of a very much alive Richard Burton? If this is so, how can Richard win?

Did Richard ever think back to a more serene period in *his* life? Sybil Burton has invariably been described as "witty and great fun." Others have said, "Syb is wise, calm, soothing and comfortable to be with—a warm, motherly kind of woman." Perhaps Richard, who has never publicly expressed discontent with his present lot, occasionally pondered the contrast between his first and second wife. He might recall at times that Sybil happily gave up her career to further his. He also might recall his lifelong ambition to be a truly fine actor who one day would be knighted by the Queen in recognition of his work. His headlines nine years ago with Elizabeth—as now—have put that life's dream a little further from his grasp.

As we discussed the probable outcome of the marriage, one of the Burton's closest friends candidly informed me that a divorce was financially out of the

continued

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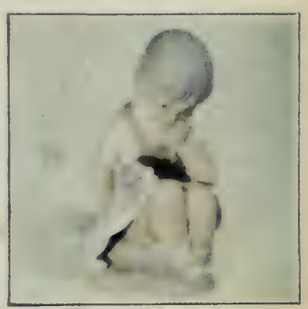


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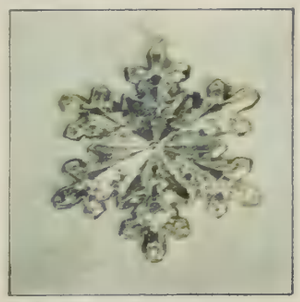

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E 94: Paneling and tabletop of silver gray ont Barnboard, kiln dried boards that have stained and distressed to resemble weath- siding, by Haynes Brothers, Inc., The Old England Mill, Wilmington, Vt. On the table, plates, sauce boats, and pitcher in Sun- al pattern; yellow oval and round platters in n pattern; oblong, square, and round serv- ishes in Klita blue, all Arabia earthenware. serving pieces in Palisander pattern, all by Lauffer Co. Oval and round platters in etale, an alloy that can go from oven to , by Wilton.

CLOCK-WORK HOSTESS
E 96: Pillow covers made of Tomettis pat- (#1288); drapery of Ferrandez pattern 278), trays and seats of folding stools covered lbaut pattern (#1359), all 52" wide French ns, $13.50 yd.; and, banding trays, border ern (#25280 rust), $3 yd., all from La Prov- de Pierre Deux, 378 Bleecker St., N.Y.C. ner plate, $19.65, and teacup with saucer, 20, in Pincio Red pattern china from Ginori Avenue, 711 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Peer Gynt inental champagne goblet, and Grand Ba- pattern sterling silver flatware, both by ace. Rug in Quilting Bee pattern, 100% n, from Leon Capel®, 919 Third Ave., N.Y.C.

ROMANTIC
E 98: At left—Old Guilford pattern 21" tray in silverplate (holding ducks), and nd Baroque pattern sterling tablespoon, both Wallace Silversmiths. At right—Tablecloth e from peach Qiana damask (#33755), 54" 100% nylon, from F. Schumacher & Co®, Third Ave., N.Y.C. Dessert plates and cups saucers in Westchester pattern by Lenox, and saucer champagne goblets in Pendant ern by Lenox Crystal. Chafing dish, footed stand, both in Baroque pattern, coffee pot Old Guilford pattern, and serving tongs are rplate; dessert spoon and fork in Grand orian pattern are sterling; all by Wallace rsmiths.

ADVENTURER
E 100: 10. French faience dinner and salad e. Argent shape in sunny yellow by Long- mps for R. F. Brodegaard Division of Sigma keting Systems. Water, wine, and sherbet es in nut brown Hoffman House pattern by erial Glass Corp. Sterling silver flatware in an Weave pattern by Wallace Silversmiths. French faience dinner and salad plates, by Lone- and saucer in Moustiers pattern by Long- mps for R. F. Brodegaard Division of Sigma keting Systems. Water goblet in Argus pat- flint glass by Fostoria Glass Co. Sterling or flatware in Grand Colonial pattern by llace Silversmiths. 12 French faience dinner salad plates in Olerys pattern, by Lone- mps for R. F. Brodegaard Division of Sigma keting Systems. Water and wine glasses in per Provincial pattern by Imperial Glass o. 1". Oval platter, 21½" and Queen Anne 1, 10" dia., in Armetale by Wilton. rough decorators.

E COOL ONE
GE 102: Basket, holding oranges, $3.49, from ma, 415 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 60-oz. Glass Ten- containing orange juice, $8; 48-oz. heat re- ant Glass Flask, filled with coffee, $10, and e and small sections of a Super Stacker, ding coffee beans and whipped cream, $5 (in- ding lid, not shown), all from the Creative ss Collection by Corning. Bread board, $7.95, white crock (has cork lid, not shown) $2, m The Pottery Barn, 431 Tenth Ave., N.Y.C. stocrat pattern on-the-rocks glasses, filled h spreads for bread, $8 a boxed set of four, Fostoria Glass Co., Moundsville, West ginia.

GE 103: Stretched on the wall, Angola pat- n (ANG—1794), 52½" wide cotton, and made tablecloth, Devon pattern (DEV—1521), wide cotton, both from Woodson Wall- ers® 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C. Stacked in the board, plates, dessert bowls, cups and saucers Snowhite Regency pattern by Johnson Broth- Bianca vegetable bowls, $7.75 ea.; Bianca ad bowl, $4.75; mixing bowl, $2.75; large plat- $4.35; covered oval baker, $6.90; souffle hes in assorted sizes, $1.20 to $7.90 ea.; oden pepper mill, $4.75, and salt shaker, 95, and on the table, a Swiss Stack jug, 75, all from The Pottery Barn, 231 Tenth N.Y.C. Stainless steel flatware in American onial pattern by Oneida Silversmiths Ltd. skets in various sizes, 95¢ to $7.49, from ma, 415 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Carousel perma- t press napkins, 65¢; Belgian linen, 35¢, k in Grand Victorian pattern are sterling; all Wallace Silversmiths.

THIS MARRIAGE *continued*

question. "Tax-wise, Elizabeth and Richard have gone beyond the point of no return," claimed the friend. "If they tried to divide their holdings—not to mention Elizabeth's fabulous jewels—at this point, they would likely wind up bankrupt and in bondage to their lawyers." Elizabeth's statement during the separation tends to back up the friend's claim. Said Elizabeth, "Our marriage has turned into a gigantic commercial enterprise."

So those, like me, who wished the Burtons to remain together, took solace in the fact that, despite the odds against it, the marriage just couldn't break up. But we all were wrong.

Only 11 days after their headlined reunion in Rome, the Burtons announced through their spokesman, John Springer, that their reconciliation was not working and that they had asked their lawyer, Aaron Frosch, to "take steps toward legally concluding their marriage." Each spoke by phone with Frosch, who would file suit in Switzerland, where Elizabeth and Richard are recognized as legal residents.

Spokesman Springer also announced that there were no third parties involved, and that Burton's reportedly heavy drinking habits were "not a factor" in the divorce. The couple is "very amiable toward each other" and have not yet agreed upon the grounds for divorce. "Most likely, it will be incompatibility or something of that sort," said Springer, who added, "They are not going to fight each other."

As I am writing this story, neither Elizabeth nor Richard has made a public statement about the divorce. Reports had Elizabeth living at the Grand Hotel in Rome, getting ready to make a film (prophetically entitled *The Driver's Seat)*. Richard was still living in the villa of Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti, where the Burtons had gone after their reconciliation. Richard was scheduled to start a film, *The Voyage*, which Ponti would produce. Considering the mercurial nature of the Burtons, the possibility of a reconciliation cannot be dismissed.

So the love that nine years ago was strong enough to face scandal, censure from the Vatican, and the Congress of the United States, seems to have gone the way of other marriages that couldn't be saved. Those who say, "I told you so," as well as those, like me, who wanted the Burtons to prove that love conquers all, must listen to what Rev. Leonard Mason, who married Elizabeth and Richard in an Ontario, Canada, hotel room, has to say: "I'm surprised that the marriage lasted so long. We must rejoice that it lasted so long. Nine years is a whole lifetime for some of these film people." **END**

ONE-FOURTH JEW *continued from page 91*

Then deep changes took place in my interior life; my goals underwent a profound transformation, and in 1951 I left to enter a theological seminary.

There for the first time I learned Judaism, in classes devoted to the Old Testament. I visited a different Conservative or Reform synagogue every Friday night, because I wanted to participate in worship with Jews. I had a vision of universal love outside the strictures of my own religious doctrines and practices. I asked myself: Why does religion separate people instead of unite them? Why must universal love give way, in the priorities of organized religion, to erecting high walls between people in whom God's spirit dwells?

The years passed. I graduated from seminary, was ordained, and began to serve my first parish—in the slum of a Midwestern city. Across the street from my church was a small, very poor Orthodox synagogue. I was asked to turn on the lights inside the synagogue every Saturday (Sabbath) morning, thereby becoming a *shabbath goy*—a Gentile who performs this sort of task for religious Jews who are not allowed to do such things.

When I left the parish to become a college chaplain, I found myself involved in pragmatic interaction with an altogether different group of Jews: students and professors. A few became intimate friends. One graduate student and I held long discussions, during which he explained the dynamics of his personal faith. "Auschwitz and the simple truth that the Jewish people still exist are the central religious facts in my life," he said. "I can't adjust my thinking to a truth that encompasses both of them. Hope seems to betray a black truth that is truer than hope. Yet I simply can't live without hope." He spoke of Yom Kippur, the Jewish Day of Atonement that will be celebrated Oct. 6. "There is a long blast on the shofar [the ram's horn]. It represents in pure, straight, legendary terms the slamming shut of the gates of heaven. Even on Yom Kippur, however, I always give myself an escape clause. It seems inevitable that I'll get it together on that last moment when my lack of perfect faith will be taken back and forgiven."

Soon I entered actively into the turmoil of the civil rights era. I went to jail with Jews. We faced death together on moonlit stretches of lonely Southern country roads in the cause of equal rights for blacks. A rabbi who was with me said that his participation was directly related to the teaching of the Torah that any and all suffering was his suffering, his concern. This reminded me of Jesus' words in the New Testament: "For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in: naked and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me." It seemed to me that the rabbi and I shared consciences that had been nourished by a common Judeo-Christian heritage. "Let justice roll down like waters!" the prophet Amos cried.

Today an understanding of Jewish worship enriches my life and adds a new dimension to it. The celebration of Jewishness as a life force touches me deeply. Recently my odyssey took me to Israel. I spent an hour with David Ben-Gurion; it was a bit like chatting with George Washington. I visited synagogues, studied Jewish ritual and art, met Soviet Jewish emigrants to Israel, dined on kosher food, climbed to the top of Masada, walked in the sand by the sea at Ashkelon, drove along the Golan Heights, and gazed down at the Sea of Galilee *(continued)*



SEVEN FLAIRFUL WAYS TO BUCK INFLATION

BY CAROLE HARRIS

The cost of living may concern you but it need not lay you low. Be ingenious. Devise wily ways to outwit those inevitable price hikes. Here are ideas for luxurious low-cost meals and other inflation-fighting tricks.



1. **Go fishing...for finny bargains.** You may never have heard of turbot or ocean perch but they can save you a bundle. Cooked with an onion and Herb-Ox Bouillon Cube sauce they can out-gourmet steak — at a third of the cost, or less.

2. **Don't be too proud** to haunt the bargain tables. Bananas with tawny skins, cucumbers or grapefruit with a dent often wind up there.

3. **Make taste-of-meat sauces for pennies.** Sautee an onion in a skitter of oil, thicken slightly, then add a few Herb-Ox beef flavored Bouillon Cubes dissolved in a little boiling water. Pour over cooked noodles, spaghetti, vegetables. Delicious!

4. **More inflation-fighters. Free** inspired recipes for adding rich, hearty flavor without buying a smidgin of meat. Herb-Ox Bouillon Cubes work the wonder. Send name and address to Pure Food Co., Dept. L1, Mamaroneck, N.Y. 10543.

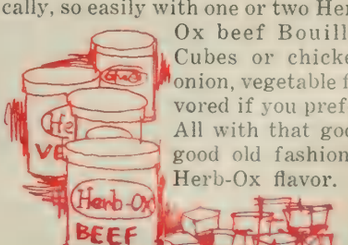


5. **Economize by being "extravagant".** Herb-Ox Bouillon cubes and a pound of mushrooms will dress up sauces, stews, vegetables for days.

6. **Car pool it to the supermarket** . . . and on other errands. It's a neighborly thing to do. And, my how you save on gas!



7. **Make any main dish, sauce, vegetable taste meaty,** so economically, so easily with one or two Herb-Ox beef Bouillon Cubes or chicken, onion, vegetable flavored if you prefer. All with that good, good old fashioned Herb-Ox flavor.





Running With Me, Jesus? He received me graciously. Suddenly, I glanced at the clock and I realized that I was late for another pressing appointment. I must depart immediately.

"I must run," I said.

"God has placed a curse on you for writing that book," he said levelly, with only the slightest suggestion of a smile at the corners of his eyes. "God will make you 'run' forever."

I laughed first, then he joined in. I shall not forget our meeting, especially when I am harassed, under pressure, and running.

When I take a sober look at Jews and Christians, I perceive that I want each to respect the other—and the other's diversity. Let me be quite honest: I do not think that it is good for people to be absorbed in a melting pot. Distinctive characteristics, when these are mutually understood and joyfully celebrated, are useful tools in reaching fullness of life.

How, then, do I assess the meaning in my life of being one-fourth a Jew?

First, it reminds me of the essential mystery of living. Look beneath the smooth outer façade of *any* life, including your own, and you will surely find the pieces of a mosaic.

Second, it allows me to feel kinship with a religion and a culture different from my own.

Third, it creates blood ties, and therefore a commitment of radical sharing that calls for my loyalty and a concrete expression of my love. The human family is drawn closer together in the intimacy of what *can* be shared.

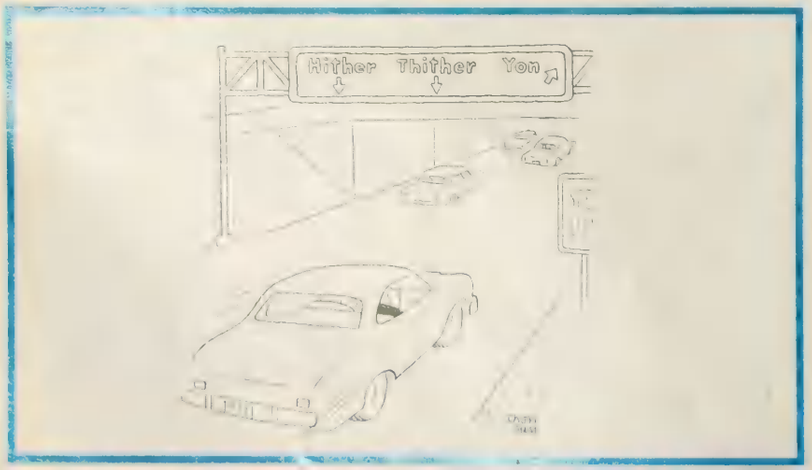
Fourth, it enlightens me. For I become aware that religion need not build high and impenetrable walls between people. Instead it can assert the universality of faith, hope, and love. While deeply respecting the uniqueness of people and their variances, religion can remind us all that we are brethren living under one God. **END**

ONE-FOURTH JEW *continued*

In Jerusalem I stood past midnight before the Western Wall of the Temple of Solomon—the sacred Wailing Wall. The lines of a letter—written at the conclusion of the Six-Day War and later published in the popular Israeli book *The Seventh Day*—expressed poignant feelings with which I found myself able to identify. "As I stood weeping by the Wall, there wept with me my father, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather . . . I caressed its stones. I felt the warmth of those Jewish hearts which had warmed them with a warmth that will forever endure."

Beneath the ancient stones of Israel lurk ever-present reminders of Jesus' life as a Jew. Atop the Mount of Olives, I was dramatically aware that Jesus also had stood there. On the Via Dolorosa, and in Capernaum, Nazareth, and Bethlehem, I became aware in countless ways of the background of Jesus.

While visiting in Israel I found personal friendship, compassion, and humor. One afternoon I chatted with a Jewish theologian in his Jerusalem home. I had been introduced to him as the author of a book entitled *Are You*



RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

APPETIZERS
Asparagus and Gruyere Vinaigrette, p. 145
Baby Shrimp Boats ■ 145
Beef Piccalilli Strips, p. 144
Ham and Clam Puffs, p. 144
King Crabmeat Appetizer ■ 120
Lebanese Appetizer Meatballs, p. 115
Potato Puffs with Caviar and Sour Cream, p. 120
Scandinavian Pork Pâté, p. 142
Shrimp California Dip, p. 120

DESSERTS
Blender Applesauce, p. 114
Butterscotch Pudding with Ladyfingers, p. 120
Chocolate-Covered Apples, p. 114
Danish Cones, p. 117
Honey Apricot Fruit Freeze, p. 117
Icelandic Snow Peak Cake, p. 117
Petite Orange Babas, p. 154
Spanish French Toast, p. 117

MAIN ENTREES
Bar-B-Que "Flat-Jacks," p. 1
Breaded Veal with Capacola and Cheese, ■ 120
Chicken and Pear Mousse, ■ 142
Chinese Pork with Baby Corn, p. 116
Cook 'N Hold Scrambled Eggs, p. 124
Duck a L'Orange Terrine, ■ 145
Fried Chicken with Creamy Gravy, ■ 120
Glazed Lamb, p. 146
Greek Lamb Pies, p. 116
Hungarian Roulades, p. 115
Kikko Roni Burger, p. 116
Kikko Roni Cornish, p. 116
Luncheon Stuffed Ham Ring, p. 114
Marjoram Short Ribs and Vegetables, p. 114
Peach-Glazed Duck, p. 152
Scrambled Eggs, p. 124
Smoked Trout in Wine Aspic, p. 142
Tuna St. Jacques, p. 123

MISCELLANEOUS
Marjoram Butter, p. 114
Marjoram Cheese, p. 114
Marjoram Stuffing, p. 114
Russian Kasha, p. 116

SALADS
Apples Marjoram, p. 114
Armenian Salad, p. 115
Austrian Avocado-and-Spinach Salad, p. 115
Cauliflower and Snow Pea Salad, p. 120
Crab and Avocado Quarters, p. 145
Endive-Watercress Salad, p. 154
Marjoram Fruit Salad, p. 114
Pickled Beets, p. 144
Sippin' Cider Ring Mold, p. 114
Tuna and Lentils, p. 145

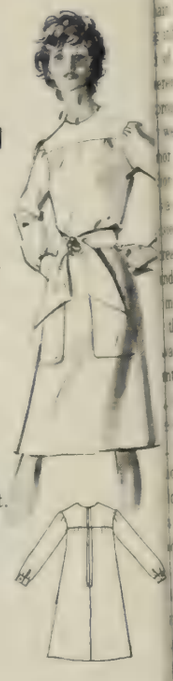
VEGETABLE ENTREES
Australian Parsnips, p. 116
Creamy Scalloped Potatoes ■ 124
Japanese Tempura, p. 116
Potatoes Marjoram, p. 114
Purée of Green Beans and Rice Amandine, p. 154
Ratatouille, p. 144
Soufflé Tomatoes and Tarts, p. 146
Zucchini Boats, p. 144

Two ways to go pretty from

FASHION

PRINTED PATTERN

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SIZE 14 ☐	SIZE 14 ☐
SIZE 16 ☐	SIZE 16 ☐
SIZE 18 ☐	

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Name _____ Please print — it prevents errors

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Be sure to include your Zip Code.

LHJ 10

AL GUIDE

ued from page 62

ddition to the extreme emergen-
at pose an immediate threat to
e encounter other accidents and
s almost daily, all capable of
g varying degrees of discomfort.

cerations, Abrasions, and Contusions

break in the normal integrity of
n, or any crushing injury to the
nd underlying soft tissue, carries
ain hazards: the threat of intro-
infection into the body and the
of later disfigurement or even
erence with function as a result
roper healing and scarring. Ordi-
we do not worry too much about
or *laceration* (or cut), a small
on (a scraping wound that de-
a small area of skin), or a minor
sion (a crushing blow that may
eak the skin but squashes it and
nderlying connective tissue). For
minor injuries we need do little
than wash the wound with soap
ater, press it with a sterile dress-
ntil any minor degree of bleeding
and then cover it with a small
dressing to keep it clean until it
But obviously all such injuries
ot minor. In particular, a doctor
d see anyone with the following
of lacerations or abrasions:

erations of the fingers, hand or
We depend too heavily upon the
ndicapped use of our hands and
s to risk any long-term disruption
nction because of improper treat-
of a hand or wrist wound.

erations of the face. Almost any
ation of the face is going to involve
of the facial muscles as well—the
layer of muscles responsible for
redibly subtle nuances of facial
ession. Thus, any laceration of the
should be treated as soon as pos-
by a physician. In the case of se-
facial lacerations, a plastic sur-
may also be called in consultation.

cerations of the scalp. Because all
of the scalp are abundantly sup-
with blood vessels, even a super-
scalp laceration may cause bleed-
ing of hemorrhagic proportions. In addition, because the scalp and the hair itself are normally covered with bacteria, scalp wounds tend to be particularly vulnerable to contamination and require special cleansing. Bleeding from a scalp wound is relatively easy to control by applying firm pressure with a gauze pad or clean cloth directly over the wound, but once the bleeding is under control the victim should be brought to a doctor as quickly as possible.

Puncture wounds. Wounds such as those caused by stepping on a nail, being jabbed by a dry branch, or deeply pricked with a large splinter, should at least be called to a doctor's attention. This kind of injury can introduce tetanus bacilli into the body, thus leading to serious, and possibly fatal, infection. During recent years it has been demonstrated repeatedly that immunization against tetanus has a surprisingly long period of effectiveness. Thus, the administration of tetanus boosters following puncture wounds may well be overdone. Indeed, it is often the patient or the patient's parents who insist upon the tetanus booster, and the doctor complies even though he is perfectly aware that it is not really necessary.

First-aid care of minor lacerations or abrasions is first directed to control of bleeding, then cleaning the wound of as much dirt and debris as possible, and finally treatment for shock if it occurs. As with major wounds, bleeding control is best accomplished by applying pressure over the wound, but sometimes a minor laceration can most easily be cleaned by *permitting* bleeding briefly while the injured part is held under running water. Minor lacerations can often be held in good position after cleaning by using a Band-Aid or "butterfly bandage" to push the edges of the wound together.

Contusions. In many injuries the skin may not be broken, yet crushing damage is done to the underlying connective tissue. Such injuries may be so minor that nothing need be done. When larger blood vessels are torn, there may be marked pain and swelling in the injured tissue, with more persistent and extensive bruising. Extravasation of blood in the tissue can be slowed by applying an ice pack to the injured area and preventing motion that may stimulate further bleeding. Once any active bleeding has stopped and the injured area has been rested for 24 hours, application of hot moist packs, or soaking in a hot tub for 20 minutes at a time three or four times a day, will speed the breakdown and absorption of the extravasated blood. It is well, however, to have a doctor check any but the more minor contusions. Occasionally extensive bleeding deep in a muscle forms a large clotted mass or *hematoma.* In such an event, the doctor may think it advisable to incise and remove the hematoma to permit speedy healing.

Fractured Bones

Most fractures occur as a result of a fall, a blow, or unexpected twisting motion of the body, and the following cardinal signs are usually present when a bone is broken:

1. Severe or persisting pain in an injured area, usually aggravated by motion.

2. Abrupt, dramatic swelling of a painful area of injury.

continued on page 166

IONADE

Arthur Cavanaugh

child
ng child's games
e violet dusk.
. Red Light
fast, no, stop,
Light!
you caught hard
hat cruel game.

e child
ring lemonade
crossroad's stand.
ring refreshment
for gain
ing at the travelers
wing them to be
se who pass on.

ittle child
not cry
night comes to wrap you
oft blue gowns.
k up, little child,
r heart is that star
for the lost, like me.

The Fun Begins When The Lights Go Off!

Christmas Ornaments Glow in the Dark, Cost Five Cents! Won't Shatter, Wear Out, or Burn Out! Guaranteed!

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Magi-Glo ornaments will brighten your Christmas, year after year after year! That's because your Magi-Glo ornaments can't wear out or burn out! Magi-Glo's microscopic energy units can be charged and recharged *indefinitely!* And they require no batteries or electrical connections!

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Sorry! No C.O.D.'s!
PRINT name and address

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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Proudly we present the first edition, limited run of 'The Little Workers' Collection. Here are the most precious, most endearing art prints we have ever sold. This first printing is certain to be sold out quickly because we have priced these lithographs at the amazing low price of just one dollar . . . Each magnificent art print is a full 9" x 12" reproduced on heavy stock in beautiful color that will add a touch of sunshine and joy to any setting. To avoid disappointment, please rush $1.00 plus 25¢ postage and handling or send only $2.00 for 3 sets.

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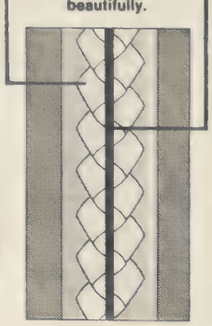
MINUTE CURL ONDULATOR

the hairdresser in a comb!

Now forget curling irons, heat setters, ugly rollers! Simply comb in beautiful waves and curls in minutes—even if you never did your own hair before!



Magic Action Ondulator Comb has 2 rows of pliable plastic interlocking teeth. The revolutionary, unique new method with exclusive micro-grooves to instantly curl your hair beautifully.





Special Introductory Price $2.98

The secret of "Minute Curl" is a special comb called an ondulator—with an ingeniously designed double row of teeth. It's made expressly to train your hair into beautiful natural looking waves and curls as you comb it—give you flattering coiffure without the high cost of a beauty salon visit—and in a fraction of the time! Great for men's hair-styling, too—helps you get that natural look women love.

The ondulator comb is 9" long in black plastic. It comes with a bottle of special curling lotion sufficient for 3 to 4 glamourous coiffures – extra lotion may be ordered as needed. And the complete "Minute Curl" set—comb and lotion—is only $2.98—sold on a money back guarantee! So mail the no risk coupon now!

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Yes, send me "MINUTE CURL" sets—comb and lotion—at the special introductory price of only $2.98. If I'm not delighted, I may return the comb and unused lotion and you will refund the full purchase price (except postage and handling).

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Hurry! First shipment limited! If you want to try "Longhair" at our introductory price of only $7.98 a bottle, you'd better act now! Mail the no risk coupon now—if you're not delighted with your new glamorous full length hair, the silky swinging body after 14 days trial, return the unused portion—or even the empty bottle – and we'll refund the purchase price.

Avoid disappointment—don't delay! Haven't you got an important date coming up soon – a date where your hair could be your most important feature?

Come in or Mail No Risk Coupon
Strawberry Hill, Dept. LH-10
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Check or money order, no COD's, please. Please include $.50 to partially cover postage and handling.

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The JOURNAL STORE

LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



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Treat your precious little bundle to tasty meats, cooked fruits, and fresh vegetables. Designed by a doctor to prepare such goodness, "happy baby food grinder" is small, compact, and unbreakable. Easy to clean and sterilize. Processes healthful fresh foods for babies 2 to 14 months in seconds. White. $5.45 plus 80¢ hdlg. House of Minnel, 6103-E Deerpath Rd., Batavia, IL 60510.

THE WORLD'S FASTEST, MOST SUCCESSFUL WAIST SHAPER EVER



"I lost 6 inches off my waistline in only 21 days



doing just one five minute exercise–and didn't even have to give up eating the foods I love."

"I never thought it would happen to me...but it did. I got fat.

"As a former fashion model, I'd always taken pretty good care of myself because if I didn't look good, I didn't work. But when I got married, and didn't need a job, it was a different story.

"For about 5 years I neglected my body, and ended up a mess. And worst of all, I looked about 10 years older than I really was. So I decided that it was time to do something drastic. I tried a few of those 'effortless exercisers' but, of course, they didn't do a thing.

"Then I heard about Joe Weider's 5 Minute Slimming Plan. After just 21 days on the plan, my weight dropped from 143 lbs. to 129. And my waist went from a sloppy 31" to a nice, trim 25", just about what it was when I was modeling. I can't thank the Weider 5 Minute Slimming Plan enough. It gave me back my youth." **Aleta Hopkins**

What is this ingenious 5 minute body shaper plan?

The Weider "5-Minute Body Shaper" plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE. **That's all you do!** This one 5-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waistline and Hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look)—as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning stored calories and releasing excess water — while reshaping your chest, shoulders, arms and hips, as well as firming up your legs and gut — YOUR TOTAL BODY!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts . . . or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 ounces and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

How much can you expect to lose in 14 days?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14-day period, you can expect to lose up to 4 inches from your waistline and up to 10 pounds from your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. It also shapes you up — from head to toes. For a "5-Minute Exerciser — it sure does a lot."

Here's what the experts say:

"Doctors have always known, exercise done while lying on the back, virtually eliminates strain while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market." RICHARD TYLER, Chiropractor

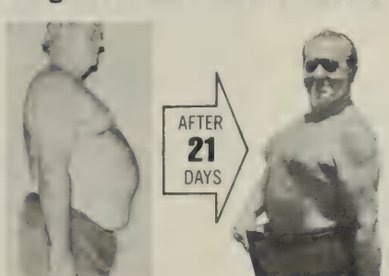
"Beats jogging and working out in gyms — and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days." JIM HANLEY, famous athletic coach

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 32 lbs. of excess weight using it." PIERRE GRAVEL, D.C.

*Exposing effortless exercisers

Reader's Digest (September, 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree . . . there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body . . . **you must work the inches off!**

Living Proof of Fantastic Results



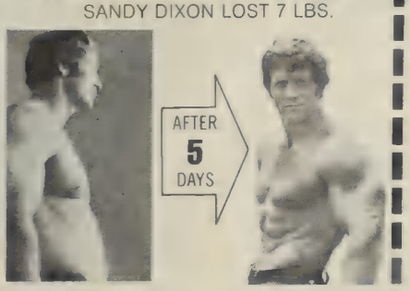
BEFORE **WAIST 44"** AFTER **WAIST 38"**

MICHAEL BENEDICT (AGE 55) LOST 22 LBS.



BEFORE **WAIST 30"** AFTER **WAIST 25"**

SANDY DIXON LOST 7 LBS.



BEFORE **WAIST 36"** AFTER **WAIST 33"**

KEN WALLER (AGE 26) LOST 6 LBS.

'5' Minute BODY SHAPER

The Figure Shaper that *Works*

NO GIMMICKS, NO CATCHES MONEY BACK GUARANTEE OFFER

Because this isn't a "gimmick" plan — and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers" — I make you this

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Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper"?

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Weight Just 16 oz.

See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or return lightweight Body Shaper (small enough to fit into pouch shown) for a full 100% refund!

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"5" Minute Body Shaper
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Dear Joe: Rush me your 5 minute Body Shaper and Slimmers Course in plain wrapper, with your money back guarantee offer!

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Pat. Pend. © 1973 Body Persuasion System, Inc.

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ce-skating in Winter, going fishing in Spring, picking daisies in Summer, gathering leaves in Fall. These e some of the things that Norman Rockwell loved to aint. And like all his work, they tell a story . . . the veryday experiences of everyday people . . . with just e right detail that captures the moment for all time.

For the last fifty years Norman Rockwell has been ainting and illustrating America as he saw it . . . with eat love and boundless good humor. In 1916, at 21, ockwell sold his first cover to The Saturday Evening ost. This was the start of a three way love affair etween Rockwell, America, and the Post which was o continue decade after decade.

For millions upon millions of us, Rockwell aught forever the feeling and meaning of ur lives. And while America changed from group of small towns to a more urbanized ay of life, Rockwell never lost his en- usiasm for the simple and real experiences at so many of us shared during this period. ow you can go back and relive these times ith the artist himself.



See Young America Growing Up

NORMAN ROCKWELL: Illustrator you ill see young America while it is still largely mall town. The young schoolboy drawing on wooden fence, the salesman enjoying a rief swim in the ole swimming hole he little girl having her hair cut while er mother cries in the background . . these are some of the many xperiences you will share with orman Rockwell.

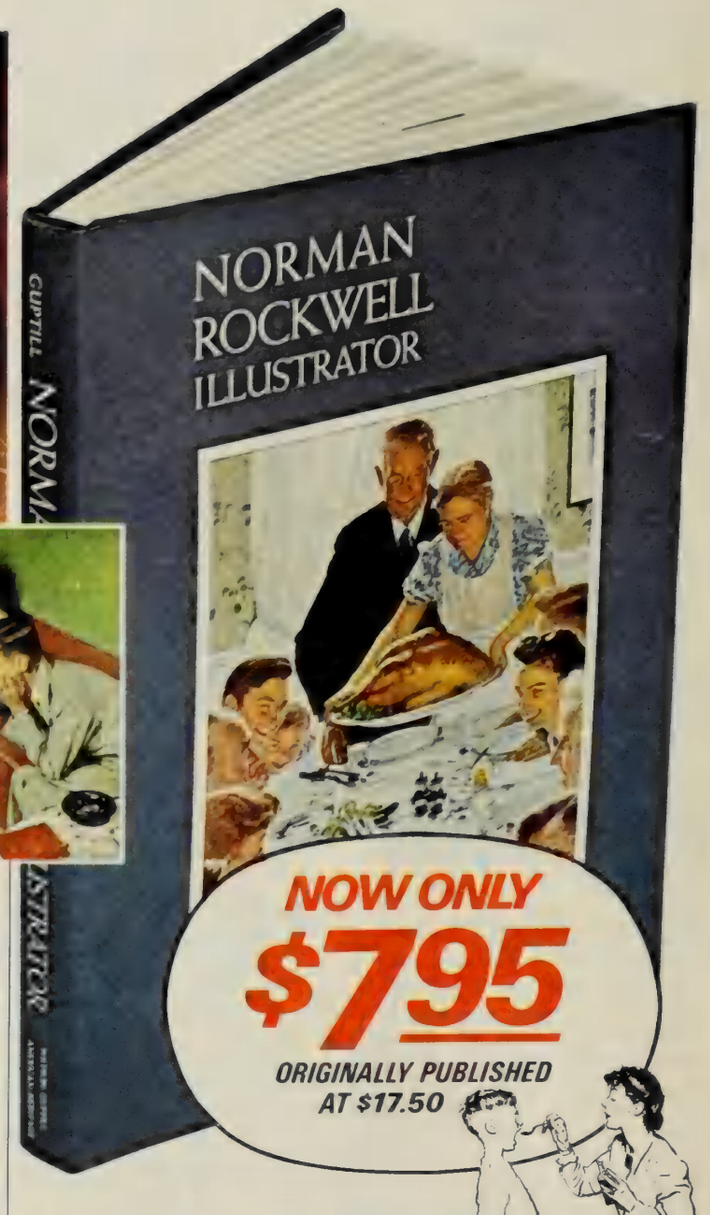
There are over 437 illustrations, 3 in full color, including repro- uctions of over 250 covers that ockwell did for The Saturday vening Post. You will come to know ockwell, the man and the artist. ou will be given a glimpse of the rtist at work. You will see how he lives, ndeed you will meet his family and his friends. And ou will be able to follow the artist as he transforms an dea into a drawing (or several drawings) and how e then turns his drawings into a full color painting.

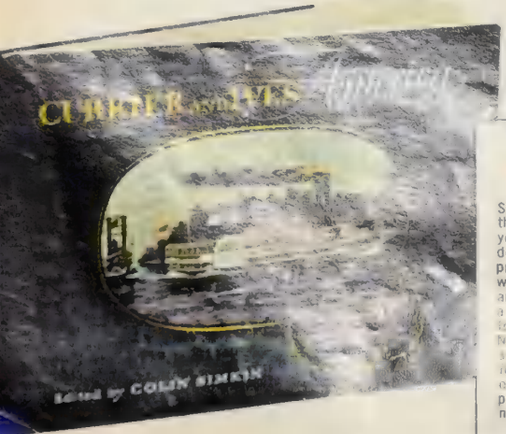
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LOSE WEIGHT

And Still Enjoy Delicious Satisfying Meals

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You've probably tried other diets that worked at first, but failed in the long run! You grew tired of bland, dull-tasting food that left you unsatisfied. Sooner or later you broke the rules and indulged yourself. And, naturally, the weight you had gone to so much trouble to lose came back!

A natural protein concentrate is the key to this great-tasting, low-calorie Diet. When you follow the Miralin Program, you eat low-calorie meals and still enjoy the delicious taste normally found in sugar-rich, high-calorie foods. How does the Program combine calorie reduction with great taste? The answer is the Miralin Program's unique Miracle Fruit Drop. The Drop contains a natural protein concentrate — extracted from the berries of a tropical plant — that sharpens your taste for about an hour. When you chew a Drop before mealtime, you taste rich, satisfying flavors in low-calorie foods. Do you know that the average American eats more than one hundred pounds of sugar a year? Many foods get their good taste from sugar. Most canned fruits, ketchup, even fruit-flavored yogurt contain sugar . . . and so do many other popular foods on supermarket shelves. The Miralin recipes and menu plans let you reduce your sugar intake, but the flavor-enhancing and sweetening qualities of the Miracle Fruit Drop put back the great taste you want! All of the easy-to-follow recipes have been tested for taste satisfaction in typical households.

An extensive selection of weekly menu plans. Different people need to lose different amounts of weight. And because different people should lose weight at different rates, the Miralin Diet Program offers a variety of menu plans . . . all balanced for nutritional content. You select the one that's right for you. If you have any questions, ask your physician.

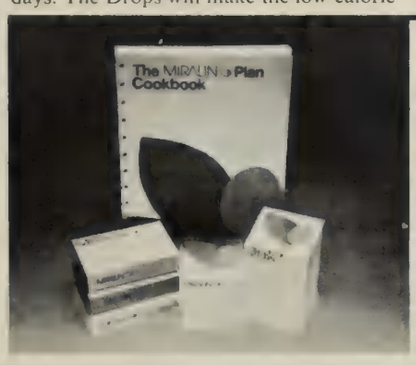
You'll discover that you don't have to sacrifice flavor and sweetness in order to lose weight! From appetizer to dessert, the Miralin Diet invites you to eat some of the most delicious meals you've ever eaten — diet or no diet. The menu plans are calculated for you to eat fewer calories than you ate before, but they provide satisfying taste sensations that help you forget the urge to eat fattening foods.

Put yourself on the Miralin Diet Program now! We want you to experience the Miralin Diet . . . and decide for yourself if this isn't the best-tasting, most enjoyable Diet you've ever followed!

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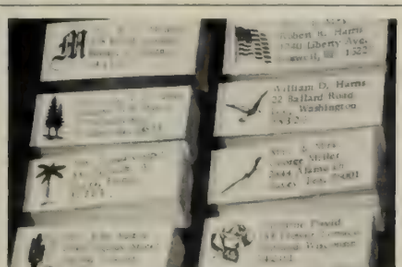
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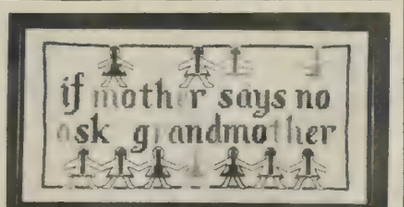
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Grandmother Sampler (shown) $3.75
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Hold your portable T.V. right where you want it without awkward tables or stands. Takes any width up to 14" deep. 17" high. Black decorator pole has spring tension rod to adjust to 7½ to 8½ ft. ceiling heights. Can be set up in Hi or Low position. Hi position is great for reclining watchers!

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Send square negative, color or b&w, for new Borderless Snapshot Christmas Cards. (If no neg., send photo and add $1.50 for color, add $1.00 black and white; slides add 75¢.) Vellum envelopes included! Money-back guarantee (Sorry, Trim Line Cards cannot be made from 110 pocket film or photos larger than 5 x 7.)

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Dept. C83

Here's my snapshot or negative which will be returned unharmed. I've checked my order below and enclose payment, under money-back guarantee

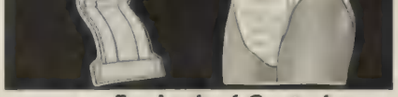
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Actual size 2½" x 3½"



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Wallet Photos cannot be printed from 126 or 110 slides or negatives, but they can be made from 126 and 110 prints.

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Box 609, San Fran., Ca. 94101
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Keystone, Dept. [redacted]

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Wow—it's the cat's meow! A real zingy 2 x 3 ft. poster featuring an irresistible pussycat to bring forth many a smile. Just for kicks, send this gag poster to all your "loser" friends, boss or relatives. Hang in den, office, dormitory or any wall to make it 90% happier. Rich black background with playful cat that beckons you to "Hang in there, Baby" . . . the zaniest poster of all! **$2.00** + .25¢ post.

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WAIST-AWAY™ Helps Trim Stomach Bulges the scientific way

Reducing belts may come and belts may go, but our WAIST-AWAY belt that started it all, continues to trim bulging waistlines long after the imitators have fallen by the wayside. That's because the WAIST-AWAY method is a basically sound, scientific method that works for everyone. The WAIST-AWAY belt was the first with the tested and proved reducing principle that *athletes have used successfully* for years.

It took a champion athlete to develop the WAIST-AWAY Belt. Athletes in training have used rubber "sweat suits" to lose bulk fast. All that was needed was to find a way to concentrate the body's heating effect on the area bulging with fat.

ALL BELTS ARE NOT THE SAME

ALL "reducing belts" are not made with the same materials and design as the WAIST-AWAY. Some imitate, but none can duplicate the original WAIST-AWAY design. Note these important differences.

WAIST-AWAY is made of the same soft, rubber-like composition that the athletes use. This is the most effective material to make your body heat sweat away the excess moisture that adds to bulky fat. And it's the most comfortable to wear next to your body. Not a cheap elastic or cloth.

REDUCES—DOESN'T JUST HOLD IN

Some belts just hold you in like a corset while you wear them. Waist-Away Belt plus our exercise program actually trims down the bulge, doesn't just squeeze it in.

WAIST-AWAY's special construction creates a soothing massage effect that relieves back and waist tensions. The heating effect developed by WAIST-AWAY helps ease backache and stiffness.

The WAIST-AWAY Belt works on a simple, scientific principle. You don't have to wear cumbersome weights. WAIST-AWAY is perfectly safe. There are no vibrating devices in WAIST-AWAY. Do the Waist-Away exercise, then you do whatever you wish while you wear it, do housework, jog or just sit and watch TV.

Entertainers have found the WAIST-AWAY a wonderful help. Athletes, businessmen, housewives and career girls have enjoyed those benefits, too.

10-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Whatever method of reducing you have tried without success, don't give up. Order a WAIST-AWAY belt today on our money-back guarantee. You risk nothing.

VIBRA SALES INC., Dept. LHJ-103,
342 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

Send me the following belts (indicate quantity):

men's WAIST-AWAY Belts (waist measurement ") at $9.95 [ ]
women's WAIST-AWAY Belts (waist measurement ") at $9.95 [ ]

Shipping & Handling $1.00
Total Price $
N.Y. State residents add local sales tax (New York City 7%) $
(No. C.O.D.) I enclose
☐ check ☐ money order for $

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

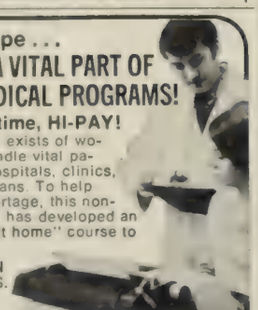
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from any color photo (8x10 or smaller), color neg., or slide (ret.)

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Finest quality photographic paper. Add 25¢ per selection for postage and handling, and extra 50¢ for First Class Service.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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Wildest party idea of the year. When a guest sits on your "john" seat, a laughing voice says "Hey! I'm working down here," and other embarrassing comments and sounds. Battery operated unit is hidden from view when in use. The sound tape speaks out whenever there is pressure on the seat. $5.00 plus 75c mailing.

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1974 Cat Lover's Calendar

READY NOW!



13 beautiful, full color cat pictures plus cat lore and cat care tips. 4 x 5½" desk size. Plastic bound, flip-over pages. Easily a $1.00 value. Send your name and address and only 60¢ in coin (or 50¢ and T/C seal from Tidy Cat Sanitary Cat Box filler bag — available at your grocers) to Tidy Cat, Box A, Cassopolis, Michigan 49031.





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Unclaimed: $1 billion cash

Right now Uncle Sam wants to send $25, $50, $100, $1000 or more to millions of Americans, young & old. Your check may be waiting.

It's true. At this very moment Uncle Sam is holding checks totaling more than One Billion Dollars, just waiting for people to claim their share. There are checks for kids in school. For young married women. For working people. For retired people.

The Coupons Below tell how much you've got coming and how to collect



DOES THE GOVERNMENT REALLY WANT TO SEND YOU THE MONEY?

Yes! They'll gladly pay you every cent that's due you. But you have to apply for it. You have to know whom to ask. And what to ask for. Social Security Administrator Michael Belloise said, "It's *your* money we're trying to pay you; shouldn't you be coming to *us* for it?"

Nine out of 10 working people have invested their earnings in Social Security (the most valuable asset most people have), yet practically nobody knows how much money is in their account. Or when and how they can collect it. If you don't know how much is in your account. The coupon below on the left will tell you—to the last penny!

And you don't have to be retired to collect, because Social Security is shelling out $13 billion a year to people whose average age is only 30! Over a million others are now eligible for cash payments, and most of them don't even know they have money coming to them. Mail the coupon on the right to discover how to get every cent that's waiting for you.



Two out of three working people actually overpay their Social Security taxes so, if you've changed jobs last year, the chances are 2 out of 3 you've got a check coming to you right now. Thousands of others, young and old are entitled to other checks, but haven't applied for them. They can get up to a full year's back payments amounting to thousands of dollars.

HUGE LUMP SUM PAYMENTS

If you're already collecting Social Security, you may be cheating yourself and entitled to a huge lump sum payment. We'll show you how to figure it out.

Congress has just passed new legislation to go into effect January 1974. They've added brand new pay-offs. Made Social Security more generous for those already getting pensions. Created new possibilities for younger people. Now's the time to find out all the facts. It means cash in your pocket!

There are special benefits for veterans only, for pregnant women, for some students, for young mothers, for parents, for children, for disabled or divorced or widowed men and women — even for employed breadwinners! You could get some cash even if you've never paid a penny into the Social Security pot! We'll explain how to do it . . .all quite legally.

FANTASTIC $400 GUARANTEE!

The information in "How to Make Social Security Pay Off! can mean hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars to you and your family. Yet it costs you only $4. And comes to you with this amazing guarantee:

If you don't agree that this report isn't worth at least 100 times its price in Social Security benefits, send it back to us for a full and complete refund any time within 30 days.

To find out how much you've already paid into the Social Security kitty, and to find out and collect every cent that's coming to you . . . just complete the coupons, below. Send them both, with just $4 in cash, check or money order to: BUCKNELL PRESS, 75 East 55th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Special report tells HOW TO GET YOUR MONEY

One coupon on this page will bring you, by 1st class return mail, our detailed 72-page report entitled: "How to Make Social Security Pay Off!" It points out what you can collect for . . . and how to go about getting it—no matter how old or young you are.

The other Coupon will be forwarded to the right government office. They'll tell you the exact amount of your earnings that are now in your Social Security account.

In clear, easy-to-understand detail, our exclusive personalized report will answer all your questions. Tell what you can get now and what your retirement benefits should be. Explain all the other benefits you may qualify for. Simple charts, diagrams and step-by-step examples show you how to figure out all possible ways you can claim Social Security funds.

It is a valuable document you'll want to keep with your other important papers. Included is a special section in which you record the value of your account today and space to record your future payments year by year.

Another important section reveals how to include income from savings, pensions, and other income to your Social Security so you can easily see the total amount you will have to live on when you retire.

BUCKNELL PRESS
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ANSWERS ALL THESE QUESTIONS AND MORE

- What special benefits are for Veterans only?
- How to collect in one lump sum.
- How to increase your present checks.
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This COUPON tells exactly how much is in your own Social Security Account today. **This COUPON tells how to collect what's your right now.**



REQUEST FOR STATEMENT OF EARNINGS

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER

DATE OF BIRTH — MONTH | DAY | YEAR

NAME { MISS / MRS. / MR. } _____

STREET & NUMBER _____

CITY & STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

Print Name and Address In Ink Or Use Typewriter

SIGN YOUR NAME HERE (DO NOT PRINT) _____

Sign your own name only. Under the law, information in your social security record is confidential and anyone who signs another person's name can be prosecuted.

If you have changed your name from that shown on your social security card, please copy your name above exactly as it appears on your card.

BUCKNELL PRESS 02
75 East 55th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes rush me your 72-page report, *"How to Make Social Security Pay Off!"* @ only $4. If I don't agree it is worth at least 100 times as much. I may return it within 30 days for a full refund. I'll still get a confidential statement of my Social Security account, even if I return the book. Make check or Money Order payable to "BUCKNELL." New York Residents add sales tax.

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CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

continued from page 159

3. Limitation of motion of a body part, usually because attempted motion causes a sharp increase in pain.

4. Shortening or distortion of a limb, or some other change in the normal contour of an injured area.

First Aid for Fractures. The treatment of any fracture is largely a matter of common sense:

1. Avoid use of the injured region unless it is absolutely essential. There is no way, of course, to avoid "use" of a fractured rib; the best that can be done is to strap or splint the injured side of the chest in order to minimize movement during respiration. In general, however, the victim of a fracture or even a suspected fracture should be kept immobile.

2. Whenever possible, use a soft, bulky material for supportive splinting to prevent movement. A folded pillow, for example, is excellent for splinting a fractured arm or leg. Well-padded splints of wood may also be used, but in any case the ligatures used to tie the splint should not be so tight that they impair circulation.

3. Do not try to "reduce" a fracture (return the bones to their normal position) by means of traction unless you are fully prepared to apply that traction continuously until the victim reaches a hospital for treatment. If a major blood vessel has escaped injury, it may be severed by sharp bone fragments if traction is applied and then later released.

4. *Never* attempt to reduce or set an open fracture; that is, a fracture in which a fragment of bone has penetrated the overlying skin. It will merely compound the doctor's problem by introducing bacteria from the skin surface deep into the wound. Any significant amount of bleeding should be controlled and the wound covered closely with a clean cloth or sterile bandage.

5. Take protective measures against shock. The victim should be reassured and kept quiet and warm with his head slightly lower than the rest of his body. Mild analgesics such as aspirin and *small* amounts of hot coffee or tea can be given if the victim is conscious.

In addition to fractures, a number of other injuries to bone, joint or muscle may arise from falls, blows, and excessive use or sudden wrenching of various parts of the body.

Dislocations

Virtually any joint in the body may be dislocated. Dislocations can usually be recognized by marked distortion of the normal body contours in the injured area, by severe pain and swelling of the joint area, and by inability to use the joint normally. First-aid treatment should be confined to immobilizing the injured joint with padded splints or cloth bindings, keeping the victim warm and at rest to help combat shock, and then transporting him to medical aid as quickly as possible. The longer the joint remains dislocated, the greater the risk of damage to nerves and circulation.

Sprains

Hard-working, weight-bearing joints are the most commonly sprained, particularly the ankle, the knee, the wrist, or the thumb. Sprains by definition, are less serious injuries than fractures or dislocations; bone is not fractured and the normal functioning position of the joint has not been disrupted. Despite this, ligaments supporting the injured joint have been torn, so that the joint is rendered weak and unstable until healing occurs. In addition, there may be bleeding into the joint or adjacent soft tissue, swelling, and considerable pain. First-aid treatment is directed to supporting and immobilizing the injured joint and to minimizing swelling. This is most safely accomplished by the use of adhesive plaster or an elastic roller bandage to provide pressure and supportive protection to the joint. *Care must be taken not to cut off circulation by tight circular strapping around a limb.* Ice packs applied to the joint during the first 24 hours will help control swelling. Thereafter hot soaks or hot moist packs applied for 20 minutes three or four times a day will promote healing. The joint should be rested until the acute pain subsides; then motion and weight-bearing can be cautiously resumed *with the strapping still in place.* A doctor should be consulted and X-rays taken to rule out possible fractures in the case of any severe sprain.



Be Prepared in Advance for the Common Emergencies

The best insurance that anyone can have in coping with an emergency, large or small, is advance knowledge and training. Everyone from the age of twelve on up should have the benefit of a comprehensive course in first-aid techniques. And it is a good idea to have a refresher course at five-year intervals to keep up to date with changes.

In addition, everyone should own a good first-aid manual for handy reference, and a copy should be carried in the car and on camping trips. An excellent first-aid instruction manual can be obtained for a small fee by writing to the American Medical Association, 535 N. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois. An equally fine manual can be obtained from the American Red Cross, and the Boy Scout Handbook available in most bookstores contains a brief but comprehensive section of first-aid instructions.

Finally, a small but basic first-aid kit should be readily available in your home, car, and in a hiking pack. Kits bearing the approval of the American Red Cross can be obtained quite inexpensively or you can make up your own. Necessary basics:

Sterile Dressing Materials
- Adhesive dressing—assorted sizes
- 2 × 2″ sterile gauze pads—1 dozen, individually wrapped
- 4 × 4″ sterile gauze pads—½ dozen, individually wrapped
- 2 × 4″ "nonstick" sterile pads (Telfa)—½ dozen, individually wrapped

Bandaging Materials
- 2″ gauze roller bandage—one 6-yard roll
- 4″ gauze roller bandage—one 6-yard roll
- 1″ adhesive tape—one 1-yard roll
- 2″ adhesive tape—one 1-yard roll

Supporting Materials
- 2″ and 4″ elastic (Ace) bandages
- One triangular bandage (1 square yard clean sheeting or muslin, folded diagonally, for use as sling or wrapper)

Additional Items
- 1 pair bandage scissors
- 1 pair tweezers (surgical quality)
- 1 snakebite kit
- Sunburn ointment
- Small bottle germicidal soap
- Small vial tincture of merthiolate
- First-aid manual

Every home should have an up-to-date list of emergency names and telephone numbers. Among these should be the numbers for your doctor, the nearest hospital emergency room, a nearby ambulance service, the local police and fire departments, and Poison Control Center. Keep a copy near the phone, and one taped to the back of the medicine cabinet door. Then be sure that everyone in the family, including children, knows where these numbers are listed and why. In addition, all baby-sitters should be carefully instructed as to where these numbers are posted, as well as where parents can be reached in an emergency. **END**

IES' HOME THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN NOVEMBER 1973

JOURNAL

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By Jim Bishop
FAMOUS AMERICANS RECALL
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She conked out, but her hair held up.

Final Net® holds hair 3 times longe
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Final Net® holds up longer than you do.

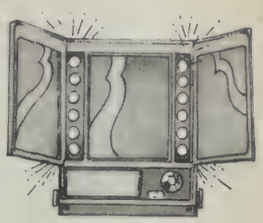
THE NEW BEAUTY: Machine Made

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Putting on make-up the old way can be a waste of time and mascara. You run the risk of under or overdoing it – because life isn't lit like a bathroom.

Clairol's new way – the True-to-Light® III – lets you make up in the light you'll be seen in. To make the most of your time and face.

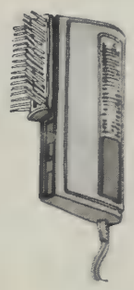






The old way you fidget under the dryer, go dirty, wear a scarf or stay home with a wet head. Aren't you tired of planning your week around your hair?

Clairol's Air Brush* Styling Dryer makes hair wash-and-wear! It's the fast way to get today's more natural looks, or speed up your setting routine.

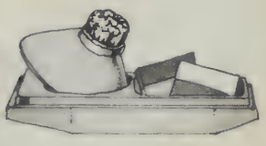






Washing the old way can leave your skin grimy. (Dab a cotton ball in witch hazel and run it over your face and neck. See? Your poor, polluted pores!)

The Skin Machine* Automatic Cleansing Brush scrubs your face the way a wash cloth can't. (Beauty bonus: clean skin seems to need less make-up.)







The old way means choosing between sleep and no sleep; swimming or no swimming; hiding under a hat or looking wired for sound at the supermarket.

Clairol's 3-Way Mist Hairsetter gives you the look you want when you want. Conditioned, mist and regular sets that are fast, kind, lasting.



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WHAT'S HAPPENING

BY GENE SHALIT

This month before Christmas, this very November, is bountiful with books and films and home screens bulging with extravagances. So here's a burst of wonders that will have you wondering how you can view it all, read through it all, *go* to it all—a festive pre-Christmas ball with room for every wish and whim.

The Journal Cheers November's TV setup, sated with Specials. A host of stars, and stars who are hosts, and super films, and music and variety, and children's shows, and drama and fancy fun.

Start with a dazzle: Frank Sinatra swings into a razzle of unretirement on his "I'm back, folks" show (Nov. 18). Two days before (16), Sammy Davis, Jr. beats him to it with *Sammy*, a frenzied flee through his 45 years of show biz fizz that would have frazzled a less frenetic fellow. Sammy and Frank are on NBC, so Milton Berle, who's been at it for 60 years, celebrates on ABC Nov. 27 with a bash from Beverly Hills, flowing with funny tributes from tributaries like Sammy Davis (neither does he rest), Lucille Ball, Jack Benny, Jimmy Stewart, Don Rickles (who'll throw in a kind word—the kind that stuns), Art Linkletter, Carroll O'Connor, Walter Matthau—enough already!—But can you get enough of Barbara Streisand or Julie Andrews? They'll take the measure of the musical seen with a pair of Specials on a pair of networks. CBS zings her onto the screen November 2 with Ray Charles and a 150-piece orchestra, which makes the New York Philharmonic look like a combo. And Julie Andrews does her ABC's on November 16 with Perry Como. You've got to hand it to Julie for also inviting the Muppets, those great puppets with a capital M.

November is a treat to remember for children, and here comes the crowd from *B.C.*, one of my favorite comic strips, created by the practically incomparable Johnny Hart. His animated Special (NBC, Nov. 19), *The First Thanksgiving*, will parade the pre-historic characters from *B.C.*, which may stand for Bring Cranberries. . . . The Peanuts gang is stripped into Specials as Snoopy skates on screen Nov. 13 (NBC) with the *Ice Follies*, and the whole Peanuts bag of tricks pours onto the screen (20) with *A Charlie Brown Thanksgiving* (CBS), new this year.

There are dramas all month long—at least they *seem* month-long—would you believe four hours? *Dr. Frankenstein* adopted from Mary Shelley's 1818 novel, *is* a four-hour dramatization, and check this astonishing cast (it took plenty of checks to *get* this cast): James Mason, David McCallum, Agnes Moorehead, Margaret Leighton, Michael Sarrazin, Michael Wilding, Sir Ralph Richardson—it may require four hours just to get them all on screen. So they'll do it on two consecutive nights (November 30, December 1) of two hours each. The other four-hour show—also on NBC—stars William Holden (remember *Sunset Boulevard*?) and the too-long-absent Lee Remick in *The Blue Knight*, based on the Joseph Wambaugh novel. This drama is being divided into four parts, each one hour (13, 14, 15, 16). . . . One of the month's most excitedly awaited programs is the CBS Playhouse 90 production of *Catholics*, adapted from Brian Moore's book of the same title, filmed in Ireland and starring Trevor Howard, Martin Sheen, and Cyril Cusack.

And what a month for first-time movies: *My Fair Lady* (Rex Harrison and the lip-moving Audrey Hepburn), on Thanksgiving night (3 hours, NBC) . . . *Airport* with just about everybody in Hollywood from Helen Hayes to Dean Martin, (3 hours, Nov. 11, ABC) . . . *Bullitt* (Steve McQueen) (2 hours, Nov. 1, CBS). . . . And then bango! another television premiere, Dustin Hoffman, Katharine Ross (where has she *been*?) and Anne Bancroft in *The Graduate* (2 hours, Nov. 8, CBS).

You can see what a crowded month this is and why millions will crowd their sets for Special events. This is the best of the lot, and that's a lot to be best.

The Journal Cheers MOVIES in theaters, where you watch them as they were meant to be watched, uninterrupted and uncut. I especially recommend two: one is a comedy, and the other may have you choking through your smile. The comedy is *Cops and Robbers*, about two cops who are also robbers. They are also Joe Bologna and Cliff Gorman. Amiable pals, who can't make ends meet on their police pay, so they meet in the supermarket and try to check out a caper. They shelve the small stuff, and dream up a ten million dollar Wall Street rip-off. If they can't live on a cop's salary, they'll try keeping up with the Dow-Joneses. They stock up on bonds to turn over the underworld. *Cops and Robbers* is uniformly witty and filled wih a sardonic view of blue-collar life. . . . *Bang the Drum Slowly* is a lovely film, based on a novel by Mark Harris. The title comes from the sweet Western ballad "The Streets of Laredo,"—the line that goes: "O, bang the drum slowly, and play the fife lowly, play the dead march as they carry me on." This is the story of two young friends—major league baseball players—a superstar pitcher, played by Michael Moriarty, and a tobacco-chewing catcher, who just hasn't got it, played by Robert DeNiro. DeNiro is dying. No one knows about it except Moriarty, and they hide it in public. The setting is baseball, but even if you don't care about baseball, you'll care a good deal about these friends, which makes the movie a good deal. DeNiro's performance is extraordinary. He has absorbed every nuance of his character: the rural Georgia speech, the cadence of his movements, his tobacco chewing, the bewilderment in his eyes, his acceptance of being the dummy on whom the other players and coaches play tricks. You're not likely to see a more human, more moving movie this season. I can sum it up in one sentence combining the language of the movies and the language of baseball: *Bang the Drum Slowly* is a clean hit.

The Journal Cheers BOOKS bound to be read. Craft books have been booming this year. Canvasing this season's offerings, needlepoint and crewel lead in popularity. Lizabeth Perrone's *Needlepoint Workbook* is an oversize volume with 40 "actual size" designs that you can trace directly onto a canvas to make your own pattern. Very good if you want to save money. You can make all 40 designs in this book for less money than it would cost for a single commercial needlepoint kit, and that's no petty point.

Here are two unusual craft books for everyone who feels guilty about throwing away those glass bottles piling up in the kitchen or can't bear to part with empty tin cans. All you need for using those toss-outs are books like *Creative Bottle Cutting* by B. Kay Fraser, or Lucy Sargeant's *Tincraft*. Miss Fraser shows you how to turn old wine bottles and pop bottles into decorative creations from candlesticks to fish bowls. Meanwhile, Miss Sargeant, with her shears, snips out snappy wind chimes, sconces, and all sorts of pleasantries from empty cans. Think you can do it? You sure can!

Taking great pictures is no snap, but for the photographers of *Life* it was an every-week happening. And the can't-forgets of that glorious and lamented picture magazine

(continued on page 120)



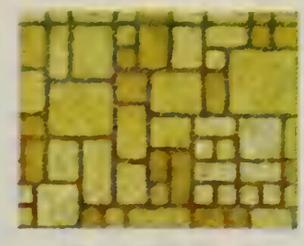
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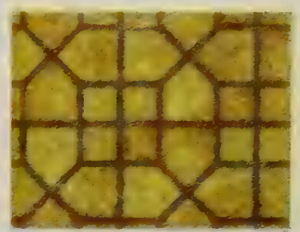
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ARTICLES

13 Princess Anne: Sneak Preview of a Royal Wedding *Steffi Fields*
26 Sinatra: An American Classic *Norman Rockwell and Rosalind Russell*
30 Bebe: An Intimate Look at President Nixon's Closest Friend *Winzola McLendon*
54 "I Was There the Night Marilyn Monroe Died" *George Carpozi, Jr.*
71 Grandma Moses: An Album of Holiday Paintings
76 Caroline Kennedy at 16 *Maud Shaw with Peter Whittle*
77 November 22, 1963: The End of Camelot *Jim Bishop*
118 American Primitive Painting Competition

BOOK BONUS

123 The Salamander, Part 2 *Morris West*

FICTION

78 She Slammed the Door Behind Me *Eileen Jensen*

REGULAR FEATURES

4 What's Happening *Gene Shalit*
8 Medicine Today *David Zimmerman*
12 Can This Marriage Be Saved? *Betty Hannah Hoffman*
36 What Sex Fantasies Mean *Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.*
38 Bringing Up Children: In Defense of Fairytales *Bruno Bettelheim, Ph.D.*
40 Spending Your Money *Sylvia Porter*
44 Amy Vanderbilt
46 The Working Woman *Letty Cottin Pogrebin*
52 Ralph Nader Reports on Platform Shoes
142 The Journal Store

FOOD

82 The Dough That Does It All!
84 Thanksgiving with the Waltons
86 What's For Dessert? Would You Believe Vegetables! *Arlene Wanderman*
88 The Journal Food Sampler
100 Recipe Index

PATTERNS

80 Made for Christmas *Nora O'Leary*
131 "Church in the Wildwood" Stitchery Kit

BEAUTY

60 Suzy Parker's Holiday Beauty Book *Sally Obre*



PAGE 18



PAGE 54



PAGE 60



PAGE 76



PAGE 84

ARTICLES
MARY FIORE
JOYCE KUH
GINI KOPECKY
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BOOKS AND FICTION
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Hair & Beauty · By Joan Clair

By now you probably have your new fall wardrobe all planned. The fashion editors tell us turbans are madly chic this year. We say fine, but let's face it—*sometimes* you have to take them off. So we still think your hair is more important than any new clothes or hats you can buy. So start this season right, with a good salon haircut, and here are some more ways to be nice to your very important hair.

Let yourself glow. Now there's a warm, glowing, golden look for your lips and nails. Clairol's new *Lipgold* and *Nailgold*—six gold-struck shades of lipstick and matching nail color. You can choose Sungold Bronze, Golden Sky Copper, Sunny Pink, Dawn Coral, Sunshine Plum, or Sunset Red. So come on and be a golden girl this autumn.

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MEDICINE TODAY

BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

One of the most hotly debated subjects among dentists is the development of implants—or artificial teeth—that could replac unsightly, uncomfortable dentures. Here is a progress report.

The trend of the future for the 35 million Americans who need or wear often unsightly, often uncomfortable, often frustrating dentures is—perhaps—toward the dental implant. An implant could relieve many of these problems.

Unlike a denture, an implant is designed to stay rigidly fixed in the mouth—resting on or set into the jawbone like a post in the ground. It sticks up through the gumline so that one or many artificial teeth can be attached to it—like a fence to a post. An implant may be as simple as a single plastic tooth tapped down into an extraction socket. Or it may be large and complex enough to support a jaw full of artificial teeth.

If implants would remain firmly in place for reasonably long periods of time—five years is a commonly cited criterion—they could advantageously replace some, though by no means all, dentures. However, much controversy exists over whether implants are worth the possible discomfort and high cost.

Practicing implantologists like Dr. Kenneth Judy of New York City say that tooth implantation now is a clinical procedure that could be made widely available today. The trouble is, Dr. Judy says, only 4,000 of America's 100,000 dentists regularly do implants, and only a few hundred are trained specialists. Teaching dentists to do implants, Dr. Judy says, is essential.

Some colleagues disagree. They say that implants now are strictly experimental—and much must be learned before they are widely used. The National Institute of Dental Research (NIDR) declared recently that it "does not recommend any type of tooth implant for public use." NIDR's clinical director, Dr. George Garrington, recently warned his colleagues that "we have the obligation to protect the public from what may be a dangerous procedure," and added: "I wouldn't recommend an implant for a patient who could wear a denture."

Some toothless people cannot wear dentures because the supportive ridge of their jawbones has wasted away. Fortunately, the durability of the dramatically large implant that may help them has been proved. Even Dr. Garrington concedes that the full-mandibular, su periosteal implant is "a success b any criterion." It is a trestle-lik structure that rests atop the jawbo and reaches from one corner of th mouth to the other. It supports lower bridge full of artificial teet Some of these implants continue serve their owners 20 or more yea after they have been inserted.

They have two major drawback Not all mouths will accept them And they are expensive. Dr. Jud says they cost from $3,000 to $5,00

There are newer, less well-teste implants to support smaller toot less gaps. Typically, says Dr. Judy a person will lose several back teet on one side. A dentist might put i a partial denture. But there is n place to hook it in the back, so wiggles and soon pulls loose th front teeth to which it is clipped.

The answer, Dr. Judy says, ma be to sink an implant into the bon near the back of the jaw as an an chor for the bridge. One such ancho is called the endosteal blade im plant; Dr. Judy says 100,000 hav been inserted in the last severa years and that most patients feel th implants are their own teeth. He say such an implant may cost about $80 to $900—two or three times mor than the equivalent partial denture

The implant blade that is burie in a crevice cut in the jawbone co sists of a lattice of thin metal. Bon soon re-grows through it, anchorin the implant. Dr. Judy says man dentists have patients whose en dosteal implants have lasted fiv years. But, he says, some publishe reports on such implants—by advo cates and detractors—are among th least scientific in dental literature Actually, the blade implant reten tion rate varies widely, from 40 t 90 percent after several years.

"Many of these implants fail in couple of years," says Harvard den tal implant researcher Dr. Leonar Shulman. "We don't think you ca promise anyone anything righ now." Because of these doubts, Dr Shulman says that a dentist mus ask, and an implant patient mus give her informed consent before th procedure is done. "Giving the pa tient some idea of the longevity o the implant you're using is funda mental to informed consent." END

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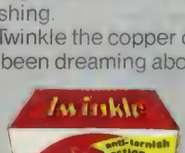


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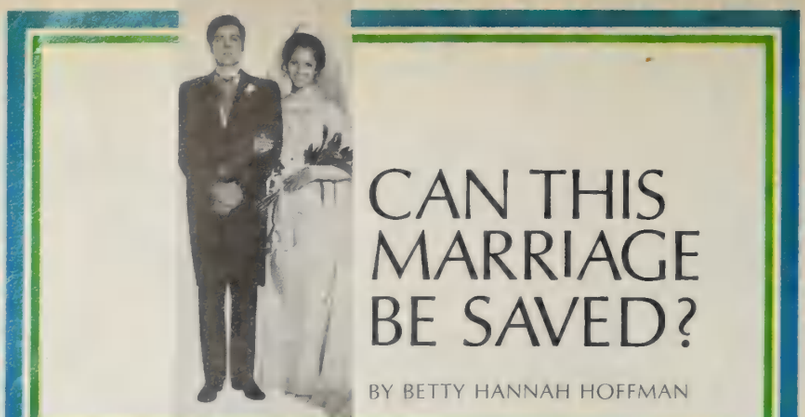
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

BY BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

After 27 years of marriage, what did Vivian have? Two children almost ruined by drugs, and a husband she felt she no longer loved. By Betty Hannah Hoffman.

No one can pretend that every marriage could be successful if the partners tried hard enough to make it so. However, it should be clear that many divorces are not only undesirable, but unnecessary. What is needed is not different marriage partners, but professional counseling to help both husband and wife improve their personalities. Too often, divorce merely turns out into the community two people who are unable to get along with anybody. *This case of Vivian and John seems a good illustration. Offhand, an onlooker might well have said that everything was wrong with this marriage. Would a divorce have solved all the problems of the parents and two children involved? It's not very likely. But in six months of re-education, the Institute was able to produce four good citizens out of four almost hopeless people. The counselor in this case was Dr. Samuel McDill.*

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board of Trustees, American Institute of Family Relations

Vivian talks first

"I don't love my husband," announced Vivian, a slim, fashionably dressed woman who looked far younger than her 47 years. She and her husband had been married for 27 years. "John's a quiet person who can go for days without speaking to any of us, but sometimes he's so hostile he frightens me.

"I love parties, because I adore being with people. John's just the opposite. He'll sit and sulk in the corner all evening. Then, on the way home, he lights into me. 'You were obnoxious tonight,' he'll say. 'You were loud and boisterous, running all over the place.'

"Generally, I burst into tears. 'I was just having a little harmless fun,' I answer. But he'll keep up his tirade all the way home, until I feel weak and dizzy. The last time was the worst of all. 'Knock it off,' he threatened as I sat there sobbing, 'or I'll throw you out of the car and kill you.'

"Another time after a party, he pushed me down on my bed and started shouting at me. Our 22-year-old son Grant came into the room and ordered him to stop. Then father and son began swinging at one another. Our family life has become a horror of fighting, screaming, and terrible threats.

"Often I wonder if I ever really loved John, or if I married him solely to escape from my family. I hated my father, who was an alcoholic and an on-and-off mental patient; and I was deeply ashamed of my poor mother, who worked as a maid to support him and seven children. We lived in a tarpaper shack in the Midwest. When Dad went on one of his drunken rampages, we had to run for our lives. Once he threw a meat cleaver at my brother, and another time he tried to rape my sister—that's when my mother threw him out for good. More than anything else, I wanted to be able to hold up my head, to *be* somebody. I was finally taken in by a foster family who saw that I finished high school in return for housework.

"I met John during World War II, when he was stationed at a nearby base. My foster family encouraged the romance because they thought John had the stability I lacked. I've always had character, but I'm also highly nervous and excitable.

"We went together for six months, then got married. He was sent overseas, and we didn't really begin married life until a year later. In the meantime, I lived with John's family.

"Finally John got out of the Army and went to vocational school on the G.I. bill to learn to be a dental technician. I was delighted to have a place of my own at last. I wanted to make it as pretty as possible. But every dollar I spent was a battle. I also discovered John was a perfectionist. He criticized me if there were lumps in the sugar bowl, or if the silverware wasn't lined up perfectly in the drawer.

"Our love life was poor. For years I was frigid, but I was so ignorant about sex that I thought this was normal. When women friends told me differently, I tried to talk to John about our problem. But he'd just get mad, so I'd go on pretending.

"I was thrilled when I became pregnant. At last, I thought, I would have companionship. By this time John had his first job in a dental laboratory. If there was a rush job he was the first to volunteer to work evenings and weekends.

"During my pregnancy I read everything I could about raising children. I was determined to do everything right; my kids were not going to suffer like I did. But I was not prepared for twins! Grant was cranky and difficult from the start. He was also very homely—not the kind of child you enjoy showing off. Sandra, on the other hand, was a doll—beautiful and sweet-dispositioned.

"I ran myself ragged being a perfect mother; and since John resented paying babysitting fees, I saw little time off. One night I awoke screaming in the middle of the night. I didn't know what was wrong with me. I had to get out of that dark room and ran out into the street where I could see the stars. Gradually I calmed down and John led me back to bed.

"This was the start of my claustrophobia. I still can't get in an elevator by myself, and sitting in an airplane puts me into a panic. It goes back to my childhood, I think, when my father used to punish me by locking me in the cellar for hours at a time. It was absolutely black in there, with slimy mud floors, damp walls, spiders and mice.

"While the twins were young, John continued to work long hours. He left the children's activities entirely much up to me. I drove them to museums, to Little League, to camp outs and music lessons. Sandra had boyfriends from the first grade on. By the eighth grade, she was dating and going to dances. By this time John had acquired his own dental lab, and we had moved to an affluent suburb. The twins' friends came from families with three or four cars and swimming pools.

"Sandra was the perfect daughter—good at sports and studies, popular, beautiful. She could be a headache at times, though. She came staggering home from her first high school dance at two A.M. John and I were naïve we didn't know she'd been drinking until her brother told us. Several weeks later we got a police call in the middle of the night. Our daughter was dead drunk and was being held at the police station. Her date was a boy named Michael. John forbade him ever to come to Sandra or our house again. This was the boy she later married.

"I wasn't too worried—alcoholism something you have to learn to handle. Drugs were something else. My friends and I discussed them often, but we felt this problem could not occur in our lovely community where 90 percent of the high school graduates go on to college.

"It was Sandra's boyfriend Michael who first told us she was smoking pot. When I recovered from the shock, I went straight to the local narcotics squad to ask for advice. A police officer gave Sandra a long lecture, and we *(continued)*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities.

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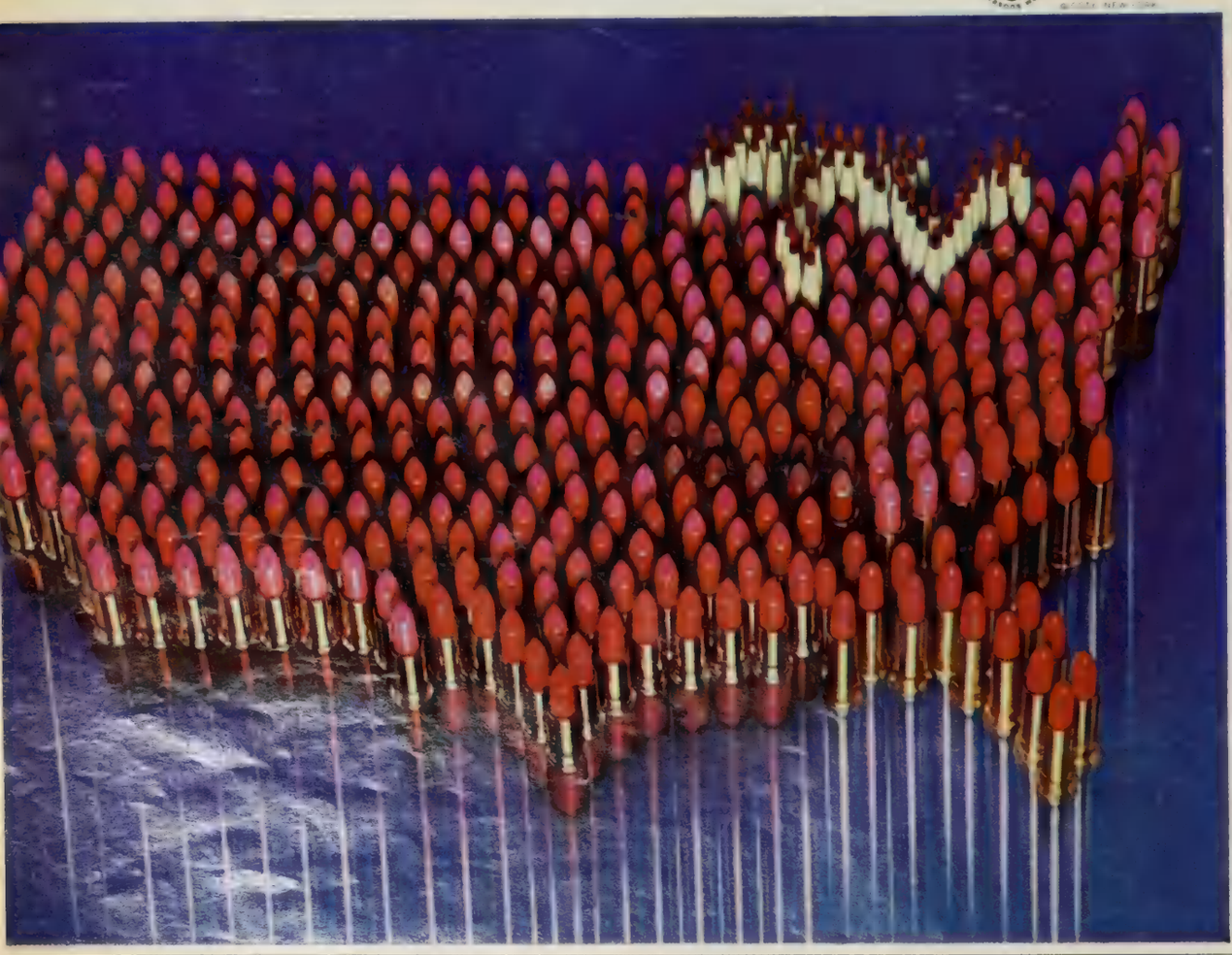
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THIS MARRIAGE *continued*

thought this would be the end of it. But it was only the beginning.

"The more compulsive John became about his work, the more I tried to get into community activities. My days were filled with charity bazaars, club work, and volunteer work at the local hospital. My claustrophobia continued to plague me—along with colitis, backaches, and headaches. At home I was weepy most of the time. My marriage was terrible, yet I was determined to make it succeed.

"One day Sandra said, 'Why don't you try smoking some pot? It might do you good.' John had stopped talking to Sandra by this time. He rarely spoke to Grant and had no time for activities with him. Grant used to plead 'Couldn't we go fishing, Dad?' But his father just sloughed him off, and after awhile Grant stopped asking.

"We had always expected the twins to go to college. But one day soon after high school graduation, Sandra packed her things and moved into a commune. She was 18 and had her own car and job; legally, there was nothing we could do. 'Let her go,' John urged me. 'Give up.' But I couldn't.

"I visited her hippie pad in a run-down section of town. Six or seven spaced-out young people, including my beloved daughter, sat barefoot and dirty on the living-room floor. I pleaded, begged, cried, and threatened for an hour, but Sandra was adamant she wouldn't come home.

"She was then working in a cocktail lounge. Her wages fed the entire commune, since nobody else had a job. I watched her become more emaciated day by day; but John and I had decided not to give her a cent, hoping she would return home. Then Michael moved in with her. This almost killed me. I knew he was on heavy drugs and had been diagnosed as a schizophrenic. When I heard they had left the commune to hitchhike up the coast together, I was hysterical.

"In three weeks she was back again, pregnant. She married Michael and then lost the baby. He began running around with other women, and Sandra moved back home with us. One night she took an overdose of pills; we rushed her to the hospital just in time. She went back to Michael and became pregnant again. Then he was jailed on a burglary charge. Once again she miscarried while living at home with us. She moved out and fell in with a bunch of drug-pushers.

"She still came home sometimes. On one of these occasions, I noticed bruises on her arms. When I looked more closely, I saw they were needle marks. Sandra was shooting heroin.

"By this time it was clear to me that Sandra was trying to destroy herself. I talked to ministers, to psychiatrists, to the police, to other parents. Finally I decided that the only thing to do was to have Sandra committed on a charge of drug abuse, even though she might hate me forever.

"The police came to the house and hauled her off in the paddy wagon. The next day we drove sixty miles to visit her at a state mental hospital. At first she refused to speak to us. But there was hope; she wasn't yet an addict. Four months later she was released, cured.

"Today, at 24, Sandra is married to her second husband—a fine, mature, stable older man—and she is very happy. To look at her, you would never guess she had been on drugs.

"While Sandra was living with

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etter came to her from her twin ther in Vietnam, and I opened it. I read, I began to tremble. Grant on LSD. He lived with us for about ear after his return. John threw out any number of times. But nt always came back.

What finally saved Grant was reli- a. He became a 'reborn Christian.' t this didn't make him any easier to with. 'Renounce the Devil!' he'd e me. His father told him, 'Put us in your own life and I'll believe .' Grant would groan, 'I'm trying, I'm weak, weak, weak.' He at- pted to support himself, but was ally fired after the first few days on b because he tried to convert every- . He also went to college, but over a iod of four years he failed to finish ngle semester.

"The strain became so great that I an drinking. Then John had a near- al heart attack. Both children came ne and we sat in the living room and yed. I felt especially terrible be- se there were times when I had shed my husband were dead.

"My husband's health is all right w, but he's grouchier than ever. Our e life is zero. Grant is driving me ht up the wall. I feel wretched most the time. I wanted so much to do erything right. Why did it all turn t this way?"

John's turn to talk

"I feel I'm on trial here," John be- n defensively. He was short and cky, and wore a dark suit and neat- tterned tie. "I don't like discussing rsonal things, and I don't think our arriage has any big problems. But ivian apparently feels differently.

"The trouble is, we're too different. like to be quiet and stay at home; vian's loud and gabby and loves to ase around. She's extravagant, too, d can't seem to realize that when u own your own business, you have build up your own retirement fund.

"She runs around with a rich social owd and is always shelling out for pensive charity events. Why, she'll end $50 on plants just to decorate the tio for one afternoon.

"There's nothing she loves more than party. I like to sit quietly and watch d listen; but Vivian kicks off her oes and dances in the middle of the or, making a spectacle of herself. I'm ortified at some of the things she ys. She just speaks right out.

"She's always been too easy with the ds. When my father gave a command, erybody jumped. When I didn't obey st enough, he beat me with a razor rap. My kids don't even listen to me. ivian's made all the decisions without en consulting me. When Sandra arted going out with that smart-aleck ichael I forbade her to see him. But ivian liked Michael, and let him sit when I was at work.

"After Sandra left home, I washed y hands of her. But Vivian wouldn't ve up. 'We've got to stick with her she'll kill herself,' she said—and it rned out she was right.

"It was a terrible blow when Grant ok to drugs in the Army. We all got yed up and tense. At the same time, y partner went to the hospital, and I as doing two jobs at once. No wonder ad a heart attack.

"I've been back to work for a month w, and I feel pretty good. Naturally, have to take it easy. I'm 53 years old, after all. I just want to save as much money as I can and retire as soon as possible. If Grant would just get off our necks and Vivian would slow down a bit, everything would be fine."

The counselor speaks

"John was a passive person who gathered all kinds of 'hurt stamps,' then cashed them in for an occasional big blow-up—like the time he threatened to kill his wife. But usually, he would turn all that hurt inward. The dynamite would explode inside him and tear him up, and that's what happened—he had a heart attack.

"Vivian was a strong, outgoing, nervous woman who, like John, bore many scars from a wretched childhood. Vivian had a 'wrong-side-of-the-tracks' complex, and her main goal was to be accepted by the best social set. She became involved in an endless social whirl while John withdrew into his shell. As a result, their home became an emotional desert. The children tried to fill this void, first with drugs and then with religion.

"When Vivian told me she didn't love her husband any longer, we went over the alternatives. She didn't really want a divorce because of the children, and because, at 47, she had no job skills or college education. Her home and garden also meant a great deal to her. *(continued)*

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"Another alternative was to have an air. She was still attractive to men d had even considered a fling with old family friend. But no sooner was e in his car headed for a motel than e knew she couldn't go through with 'Take me home,' she told him, and did.

"We discussed sublimating her unppiness with friends, clubwork, and aring children. 'That's what I'm dog now,' she claimed, 'and it's making a nervous wreck.'

Finally, we talked about the posbility of 'love renewal.' Vivian was ubtful, but promised to keep an open nd if she could get any response om John.

"A good place to start seemed to be eir sex life. When John's doctor asred him there was no risk in having xual relations, he was willing to ake some changes in his usual loveaking routine. Vivian had told me at she was seldom aroused by his replay and usually felt very tense ying so hard to reach a climax.

"I used a Masters and Johnson techque to help John and Vivian learn to lax and enjoy sex. To begin with, hn was instructed to powder and rub wife's feet—nothing else. The next ne, he was to powder and caress her hole body—and she was to do the me for him. He found these things mensely difficult to do, but Vivian as warm and encouraging. Then he as told to touch his wife's body in ne place every day. 'That was grand,' vian commented. She in turn was ven explicit ways to help him main- an erection. Before long, they were th reaching a sexual climax regu-ly.

"The next problem was getting them do other enjoyable things together. hn was under doctor's orders to take three-mile walk every day; Vivian nt along, and they held hands.

"John liked to eat dinner in the ning room, with place mats and the st silver. Vivian was encouraged to rve dinner on two trays in front of e television. This proved far more laxing and conducive to a sense of imacy.

"Once in awhile, John would start cking on Vivian again, like the time found her digging in the garden th an old kitchen spoon. Instead of istling as he berated her, she smiled d said, 'Hey, honey, what's the mat-? It's just a spoon from the dime ore. I couldn't find the trowel.' The xt day John apologized.

"Another time, she dropped and attered an heirloom china dish. John me running out to see what had happened. But instead of rebuking her, he t his arm around her and said, 'Gee, ney, that's too bad.'

"John admitted that Vivian's original attraction for him was that she as such a lot of fun. His resentment her behavior at parties was mainly lousy. He became more tolerant of r high spirits after he accepted his n lack of social graces, and she rned not to pressure him to see peo-e. For a whole year, they didn't go a single party. Now, according to vian, John enjoys people more than er before. He can even appreciate ant and talk to him without becomg angry.

"Grant also came in for therapy. He was in a state of deep depression and high excitability, but gradually his mood swings became less extreme. He suffered from hallucinations and flashbacks for several years after he quit taking LSD. Gradually these symptoms disappeared, and he was able to maintain his religious faith while modifying his zeal. He now has a job in a distant state but telephones home frequently.

" 'Our children can't believe we're the same couple,' Vivian told me. 'We're so sweet and loving. We can even joke together. I used to dread weekends, but now I look forward to just the two of us together. I'm much less nervous, and my aches and pains are gone. I even managed to fly to San Francisco the other day without falling apart after the plane door closed. We no longer fight about money, either. I give a little, he gives a little.'

" 'I've decided that you all like me,' John said with a smile at a recent family gathering. The important thing is that he has finally learned to like himself.

"Now he and Vivian are free to appreciate each other and to find new enjoyment together." END

Dorothy Cameron Disney is on vacation. She will resume writing "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" in two months.



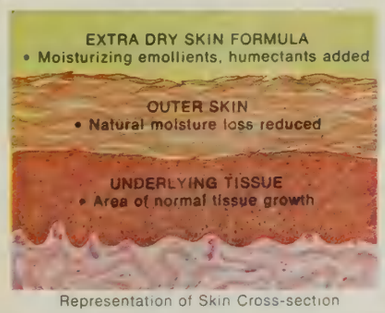
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Princess Anne:



. . . . sneak preview of a royal wedding

On November 14, Princess Anne will marry Captain Mark Phillips in a ceremony rich in royal tradition. But because the 23-year-old daughter of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip is a woman with a mind of her own, it will contain many "firsts." ***By Steffi Fields.***

Every bride is nervous about her wedding day, but few have more reason to be jittery than Britain's 23-year-old Princess Anne. The eyes of the world will be watching when she marries Captain Mark Phillips on November 14th.

Instead of the small, private ceremony Anne had hoped for—in St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle, the royal family's favorite home—she is following what is said to be Queen Elizabeth's wish for a wedding in Westminster Abbey, which has been the site of seven royal marriages (including the Queen's).

Although Anne has acquiesced to a larger, more public ceremony, she is still showing her strong personality and defiance of some traditions. It is her day, and she obviously wants some things to be done her way.

Instead of a covey of bridesmaids (the Queen had six), Anne has chosen only two attendants: her cousin, nine-year-old Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones (daughter of Princess Margaret), as her lone bridesmaid; and her youngest brother, Prince Edward, also nine, as page. The best man will be Captain Eric Grounds, a member of Captain Phillips' regiment of the Queen's Dragoon Guards.

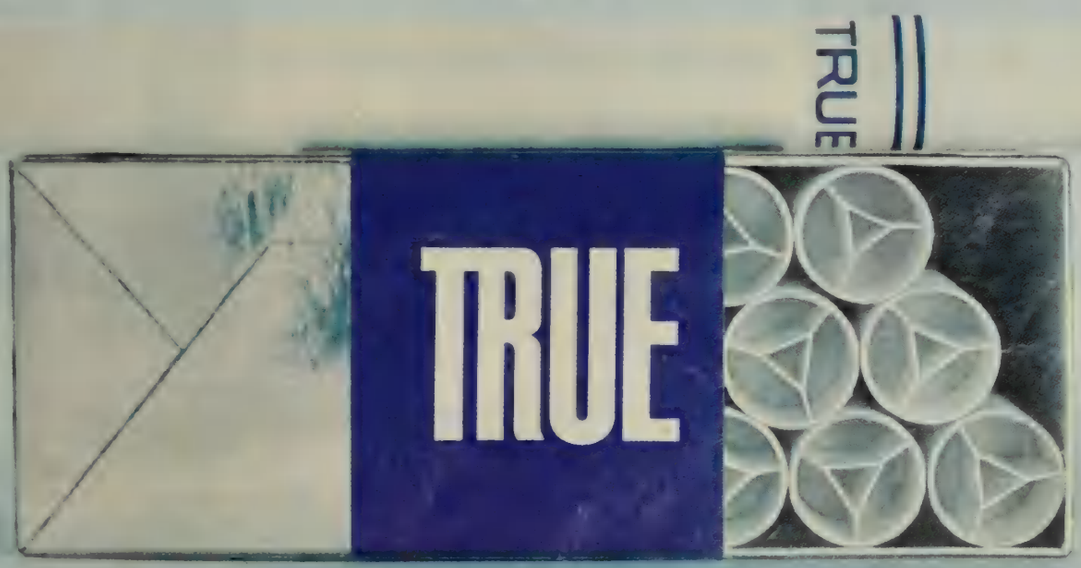
Princess Anne's choice of designer for her wedding gown must have a blow to the Queen's dressmak Hardy Amies and Norman Hartn and to the other designers used b royal family. Anne chose the w who has been making many o clothes the Princess wears daily takes with her on royal visits: Mau Baker, designer of the London r to-wear firm of Susan Small. Wha dress will look like is top secret. the firm has a pattern of her exac from previous dresses, Anne will need one or two fittings for her l gown. The Princess, who adores will almost certainly wear more just a simple veil.

What Mark Phillips will wear secret. When it was discovered tha regiment had no formal dress uni one had to be made. J. Dege & Ltd., who made Captain Phillips' form when he was first commissi fashioned his wedding attire; a s wool tunic with velvet collar and dark blue trousers with two stripes down the sides, and gold epaulettes and special buttons badges on the jacket. He will w gilt, plumed helmet and carry a s

Anne and Mark's wedding ca another example of their wish to the wedding reflect their personal t as much as possible. Although they receive many cakes (indviduals firms ask if they may send them) official cake that the couple will not being baked by any of the that have consistently supplied royal family for a number of years by the Army Catering Corps! army cooks have one major pro to solve: Anne doesn't like the t tional marzipan *(continued on pag*

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I lost 79 pounds and turned into Casanova's dream girl.

by Donna Arnold — as told to Ruth L. McCarthy



At 205 pounds, I had a fat chance of dating the one fire fighter I'd really set my sights for. That's when I decided I'd better find a way to lose weight.

It took me eighteen years to get up to 205 pounds. Then I got a glimpse of the Casanova of the Fire Department, Ricky Arnold, and it took me only nine months to come down off that peak and turn his head. But of course, I needed a little help.

Fortunately, I found it soon after I went to work for the Department in Savannah, Georgia. That was the only place I could get a job, thanks to the kindliness of the Fire Chief.

He saw something beneath all those years of custards, cookies, fried chicken, potatoes and gravy — which is more than they did at another place where I was interviewed. You see, a girl friend and I had tried to get telephone operator positions there, but the supervisor said we were so fat, neither one of us would be able to get between the seats at the switchboard. This upset us so, we both went out and ate away our frustrations.

But to get back to the Fire Department, the girls who worked in the investigation division, like me, were put on the second floor. And I'll tell you, those fire fighters had a ball watching our legs going up the stairs. Why, they never missed a pair — of slim ones anyway.

As for mine, if they bothered to look up, all they saw was oversized knees, rubbing together. That didn't stop me, however, from looking down and developing a crush on Ricky.

At this point, I'd like to say that in every overweight person's life, there comes a moment of decision, motivated by desire or shame or ambition or fear. A moment when a person knows it's time to lose weight. And I knew when I saw Ricky that the only way I was going to get his attention was to take off those pounds.

Past experience told me that reducing pills weren't for me. A girl friend at work, however, had some of those reducing-plan candies, Ayds®, so I tried them. And I liked them so much, I bought a box of the chocolate fudge kind and started on the Ayds plan right away. Incidentally, I read the contents on the box and it was reassuring to learn Ayds contain vitamins and minerals but no drugs.

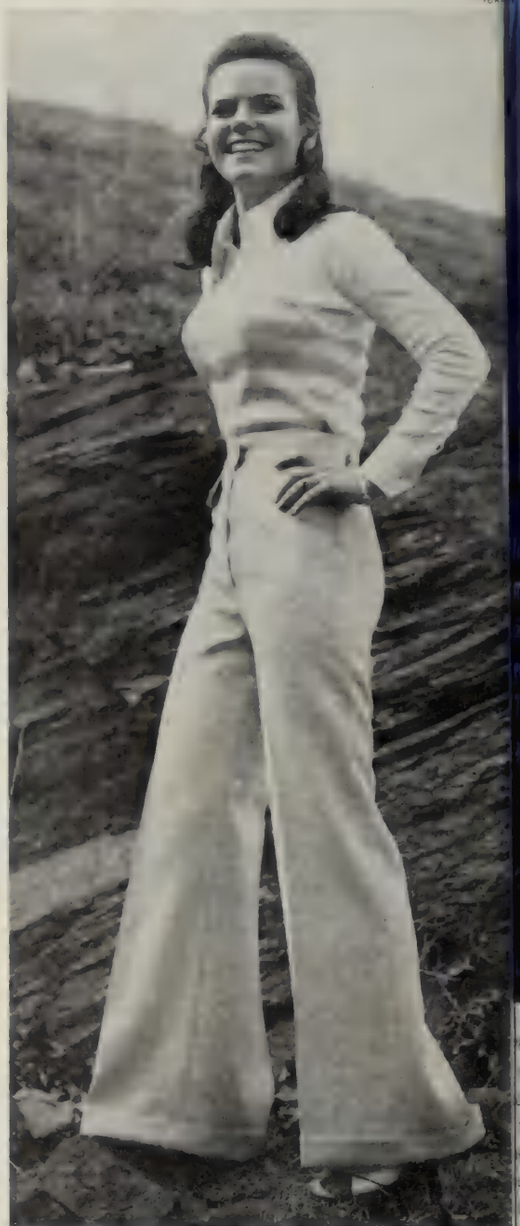
I'd never been a breakfast eater, even though I know that's an important meal. But before lunch, I'd have two Ayds with hot coffee, as the directions say, and they really helped curb my appetite. I was completely satisfied with a salad and maybe meat. For supper, I'd have two more Ayds with coffee, followed by broiled meat, salad again, a vegetable and perhaps fruit. But Ayds were the biggest help to me in the evening, because they kept me from filling up on tons of calories while I watched television. And for someone who was used to eating a hundred miles an hour, that's doing something.

Well, even the first month on the Ayds plan, that weight really started to come off. It must have shown, too, because Ricky actually asked me for a date. He took me to the beach and I felt so wonderful, I refused to eat even a custard. Love had completely taken me over! I was determined that the Ayds plan and I were going to get me my man.

Of course, Ricky still played the field while I was going down, but I was getting to him. When I dropped below 150 pounds, one of his friends asked me out and I went just to make him jealous. And to get back at him for once saying I looked like I had inner tubes under my chin. Well, Rick got so furious at my dating another man, I knew I'd turned the tide.

Anyway, the happy ending is that Rick and I got married a little better than nine months after I'd been on the Ayds plan. I was just below 125 pounds.

Don't think I've given up the plan entirely, though, even now. There is always a box of Ayds ready, if I need them. You see, Rick insists that I get weighed every single day. He checks on me, too, because he won't tolerate my being



As you can see, I've lost just about half of me. I'm n down to 126 pounds and, girls, losing those 79 pounds h won me my man – the Casanova of the firehouse.

over 130 pounds. So I know I have to st between 125 and 130. And the Ayds plan hel keep me there.

Believe me, this is a true story. There a plenty of witnesses. The fire fighters Ricky wor ed with, thirty men per shift with three shift all saw how the Ayds plan worked for me.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5'7"	5'7"
Weight	205 lbs	126 lbs.
Bust	40"	35"
Waist	33"	24"
Hips	43"	34"
Dress size	18	9-11

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used to make the icing stick on wedding cakes, so they will have to find some other ingredient.

The wedding day Princess Anne has chosen had to be well thought out, to make sure all the royal relatives would be present. It is a day with additional significance for other wedding participants—her elder brother, Prince Charles, will be 25 years old that day, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Michael Ramsey, who will perform the service, will be 69.

Although Anne, Mark, and their families are carefully consulted, the person responsible for the actual organization of the wedding is Lord Maclean, the Lord Chamberlain of the Queen's Household. He drew up the invitation list, and the royal family added or deleted names from it. He also runs the ceremonial aspects of the day. Catering of the Buckingham Palace breakfast that follows the ceremony is the job of the Master of the Household; the transportation of the royal family and the bride falls to the Royal Mews Keeper.

For a princess, even the act of marriage has its special traditions. On July 24th, at a ceremonial meeting of the Privy Council, held at Buckingham Palace, official constitutional consent was given to the marriage. Prime Minister Edward Heath, Harold Wilson, and Jeremy Thorpe, leaders of the three major political parties—Tory, Labor, and Liberal—attended the Council in the presence of the Queen, according to the Royal Marriages Act of 1772. This act requires that consent be given to the marriage under the Great Seal and declared in council.

Since Princess Anne is a possible heir to the throne, the Queen, according to the 201-year-old law, had to inform the government that she proposed to give her consent to the marriage. Then the ministers gave theirs—which was declared in the council.

When Anne arrives with Prince Philip at the Great West Door of the Abbey, she will have had one rehearsal there with Mark. There were three rehearsals scheduled to be held in the Abbey the week before the wedding—one with the bridal couple, one with all the participants, and one for technical personnel.

The ceremonial aspects are expected to be like those of Princess Margaret's wedding 13 years ago, at which Princess Anne was a bridesmaid.

First, the scholars

In the anxious moments before she walks down the aisle, Anne will be preceded into the Abbey by a large number of people, among them the comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's office; the Queen's Scholars (from the Westminster School, whose scholarships were founded by the first Queen Elizabeth 300 years ago); the choir, verger; Canon's verger; the Dean's verger; the Dean of Westminster (Dr. Eric Abbot); the Queen's almsmen; and, finally, the small bridal party.

Mark has been given the option of choosing a title for himself. It is likely he will receive a hereditary peerage so that the Queen's grandchildren can have courtesy titles. He can have a new title created for him, as the Earl of Snowdon did; Mark may use the title of his Wiltshire village, Great Somerford.

Westminster Abbey normally se
500, but since about 2,000 people
expected at the wedding, as well as
and film cameras, the Abbey will
closed for ten days preceding the ce
mony so that the additional chairs a
platforms can be installed.

The bridal couple will probably ha
a large reception-dance at Buckingh
Palace on the eve of their weddin
very likely similar to the one the Que
gave for Princess Margaret and L
Snowdon before their wedding. Pr
cess Anne's wedding day will not
a national holiday, although scho
children are being given the day off

The public will be able to see all t
events of the wedding until the gue
and family return to Buckingham P
ace for the breakfast. There will
two main carriage processions to a
from the Abbey for the ceremony—t
Queen's procession in the State Co
(with the Household Cavalry as
cort), and the bride's procession.

Princess Anne and her father, t
Duke of Edinburgh, will ride togeth
to the Abbey in a glass coach (fai
tale-like, to be sure) drawn by t
gray horses. The coach, bought in 19
by King George V, is maroon, w
blue silk upholstery. It will trave
chosen route to the Abbey for t
service, which begins at 11:30 A.M. a
lasts 50 minutes. Captain Philli
parents will go by car and return in t
Queen's procession.

"Spinster and bachelor"

After the service, the couple and t
bridal party will enter St. Edwar
Chapel to sign the register—among t
ancient tombs of past kings a
queens. The register, according
British tradition, lists Anne as "spi
ster" and Mark as "bachelor." S
gives her name, age, rank, or profe
sion—"Princess of the United Kingdo
of Great Britain and Northern Ir
land," is what Anne will write.

Far away, in Mark's village of Gre
Somerford, the bells of the two loc
churches will ring for the first time
eight years, to celebrate the weddin

After Anne and Mark leave the A
bey, they will ride the glass coach ba
to the Palace, and at 12:35 P.M. star
on the balcony to wave to the crow

They will honeymoon on the roy
yacht *Britannia*, which Princess Ma
garet used on her honeymoon. Th
couple will fly from London to Ba
bados the day after the wedding a
board the ship there. They will crui
in the Caribbean until December 4t

Captain Phillips and Princess An
will end their honeymoon with the
first royal engagement together—a vis
to South America—before flying ba
to London on December 16.

Soon after their return to Englan
Anne and Mark will move into Oa
Grove House, an early 19th-centur
Georgian mansion on the grounds
the royal military academy at Sand
hurst—the British West Point—wher
Captain Phillips will become a junio
instructor in February (his old un
has been assigned to high-risk duty i
Northern Ireland). The house ha
five bedrooms, two bathrooms, a stud
—and a token rent of a mere $1,000
year. A permanent guard will patro
the property. All this is somethin
more than most brides and grooms ca
expect, but then Anne and Mark *ar*
different. **EN**



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SINATRA: AN AMERICAN CLASSIC

BY ROSALIND RUSSELL

*What one word best describes **Frank Sinatra?** "Compassionate," says his close friend **Rosalind Russell.** In this JOURNAL exclusive, the distinguished actress writes a frankly sentimental tribute to the man she calls "the performer of the century," and Norman Rockwell, America's most famous artist, unveils the singer's long-awaited portrait.*

His face may never be part of the frieze at Mount Rushmore, but this legendary Italian-American from Hoboken, N.J., is an appropriate subject for a Norman Rockwell study. Because Frank Sinatra *is* an American classic, a man who has had his ups and his downs but who has never been counted out. The performer of the century, however, did step aside in June, 1971, after completing 58 films, 100 record albums, more than 2,000 individual recordings; and I believe that after three decades of concentrated work his decision to retire was a sincere one. (On Nov. 18, Sinatra comes out of retirement to do a television special for Magnavox on NBC from 8:30 to 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

That June night at the Music Center when I introduced him and announced his "final" appearance, many people questioned my emotion. It came from the fact that I felt it was sad indeed that this talent was literally being silenced by Frank himself —whose voice was, by the way, never better. I thought of the night I heard him in Philadelphia, where he held thousands of people spellbound for over two hours; of the charities for which he sang his heart out to help so many. (I asked him once if he could count the benefits he had done, and he just laughed.)

We drove back from the Music Center that night to my home. Was he really happy now that it was over? "Rosie," replied the Chairman of the Board, "you can't imagine the relief I feel. I did not start, as many people think, singing at a well-known nightclub in New Jersey. I started as a teenager singing in joints on the Jersey Shore for cigarettes and my dinner." (Note to Mom Sinatra: true, your Frankie was well-fed at home, but when "The Voice" developed, so did the ambition to entertain.)

There were multiple reasons for Frank's retirement. I believe that his father's passing had shocked and hurt him deeply. Then, too, he wanted to pause to think things over, to be without pressure for the first time in his active life.

Three generations recognize Francis Albert Sinatra as Frank, Frankie, or just Sinatra. I have known him since 1940, when he sang "I'll Never Smile Again" to my husband Freddie and me during our courting days;

nk was singing with the Tommy sey Band then. He sang the song n, among others, at the 25th wed- anniversary party that he gave Freddie and me—a three-day festi- which no one who attended will forget.

o be Frank's friend is like one of his s: "All or Nothing At All." It is a l, unconditional commitment, a er-fraying security blanket. He a short fuse when it comes to cism of friends he holds in high rd, and he is willing to accept the and the flak. True, he is some- s noisy in his reaction to someone 's abuse because his feelings are nse—as is his sense of justice.

e dislikes women who smoke or k too much or who wear heavy per- e. He dislikes roast lamb, fair- ther friends, green salads, phonies, plainers, and welshers. He enters public place with trepidation. It is st a ritual that some man will leave group, walk over to Frank's table, him on the shoulder and ask, "Are really the lover my wife thinks you " Take my word for it, Frank re- ns patient far longer than he is given credit for.

hen the *Ladies' Home Journal* ested that I do this article, the edi- sked me to describe Sinatra in one d. Without hesitating I responded npassionate." I have never seen refuse a child anything. When udette Colbert's husband was criti- y ill in Barbados, a group of us were Frank's Palm Springs compound, re he spent the entire night arrang- for a plane to fly non-stop to Bar- os—complete with medical staff and nge of crew (required by law) to up Claudette and her husband. r Sammy Davis' serious accident, as Frank who made him dance in. But most of this rarely reaches press.

here are several Frank Sinatras. haps this is what makes him both inating and controversial. He is pestuous, tender, searching, inde- gable, unexpected. As a father, he is ng, generous, always involved. I heard him remark to his daughter he phone one day, "Yes, Nancy, go ad, cut your hair if you feel you'll it." He hung up, shaking his head htly. "You know, Rosie, I never ly left home," he said.

he lover? Of course! Marlene trich once called him "the Mer- s-Benz of men."

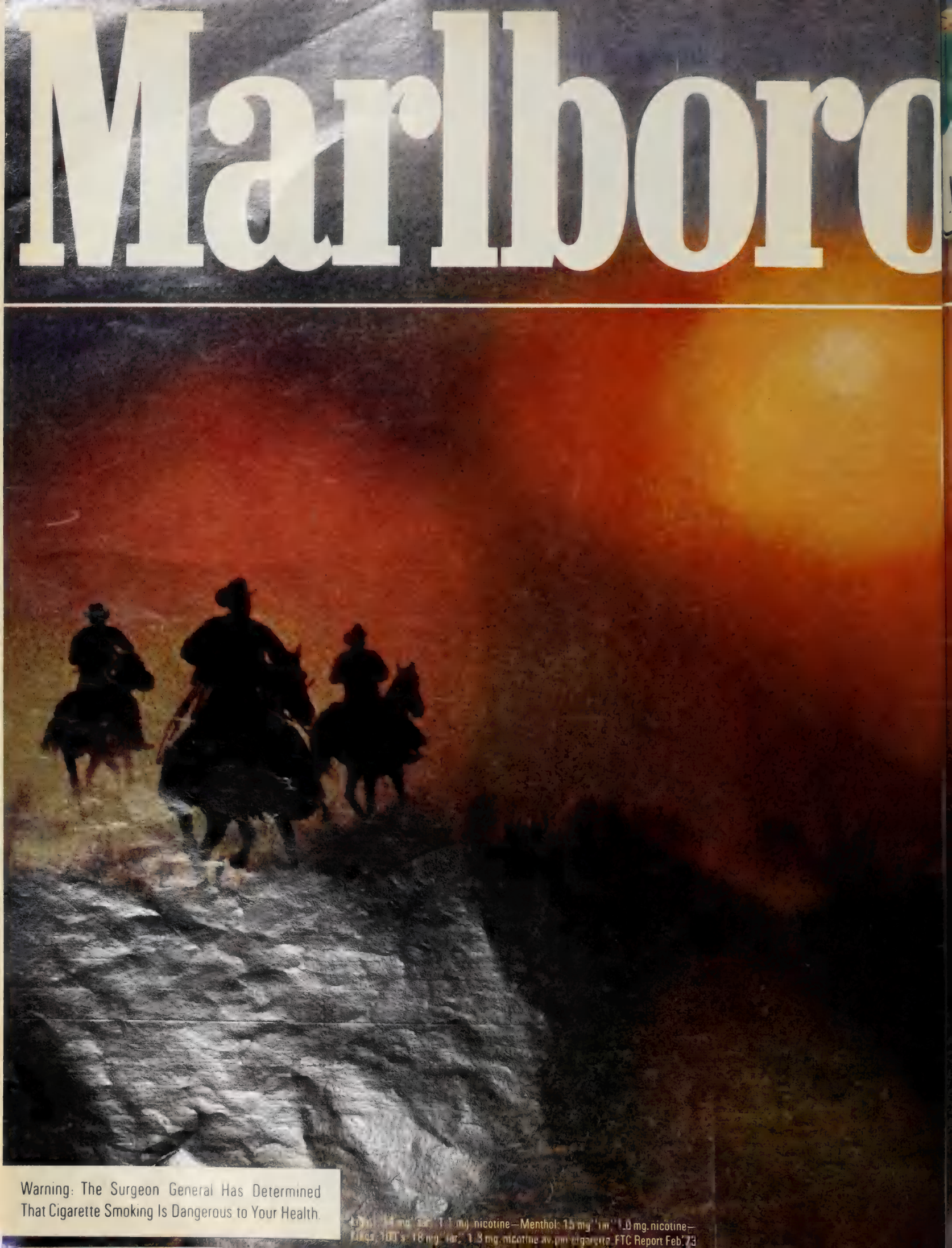
hen there is Sinatra, the practical- er. One night at the compound, my band Freddie asked if he could have e cheese and crackers before retir- "There'll be no night food," said nk. "Lights out!" A half-hour later, heard the wildest racket coming n an ear-shattering bell, and there Frank pushing a serving cart full ood, beer, an assortment of goodies. le is, of course, the perfect host—a at Italian cook, a knitter-together of ple, a constant plate-filler and s-replenisher. He himself is what I a "fake" drinker; more times than he talks more about drinking than actually imbibes. He needs very e sleep. He lets people believe he is nging every night in the week. reas he is often home reading. He an Eric Hoffer buff, a best-seller ict, and has an insatiable interest history. He recently acquired a ce of French Impressionist paint- ings, but as a guess I would say his taste runs from the humor of Hirshfeld to Andrew Wyeth.

Then there is another Frank Sinatra —one he may not like my discussing: Sinatra the loner, the constant observer, a profoundly sensitive man. "My Way" has not always been his way. There have been troublesome times, painful times, which he has harbored within himself and shared with no one.

Then there is Sinatra the American. Some may mock it, as is the fashion today, but deep down he is the original all-American, Fourth of July boy. Maybe it is because his father was an Italian immigrant—a prizefighter whom Frank watched become a respected fire captain. Maybe it is because Frank always knew that he himself never could have happened in any country but this one.

Though his political affiliations may change, his respect for his country does not. He raises and lowers the American flag in front of his house every day. Recently he was invited and welcomed to the White House. President Nixon himself led the applause for Frank Sinatra's after-dinner singing with the comment, "Once in a while there is a moment when there is magic in this room." Excuse me, Mr. President, there is magic in every room, in every life, that Mr. Sinatra has ever touched. END




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BY WINZOLA McLENDON

Mysterious millionaire C. G. "Bebe" Rebozo stands closer to Richard M. Nixon than any other man—but very little is known about Bebe himself. In this JOURNAL exclusive, his friends (and foes) speak out at last.

"BEBE" AN INTIMATE LOOK AT PRESIDENT NIXON'S CLOSEST FRIEND

One Sunday morning early in the Nixon administration, millionaire Florida businessman "Bebe" Rebozo—the President's closest friend—walked into the East Room of the White House, minutes before worship services were to begin. A Presidential aide had saved him a front-row seat, but Rebozo politely refused the gilt chair lined up with those awaiting the First Family. "I'm a back-row sitter," he explained.

But Bebe Rebozo, it turns out, is not a back-row sitter. He is not a Presidential pal in the tradition of John F. Kennedy's buddy Dave Powers, Harry Truman's poker-player cronies, or Dwight Eisenhower's golfing partner George E. Allen. Charles Gregory Rebozo (the name Bebe was given to him by a brother who couldn't say Baby) is much more. His opinions are sought and seriously considered by the President; Rebozo takes an active interest in what's going on in the Nixon White House; and, contrary to published reports, he *does* discuss politics with the President.

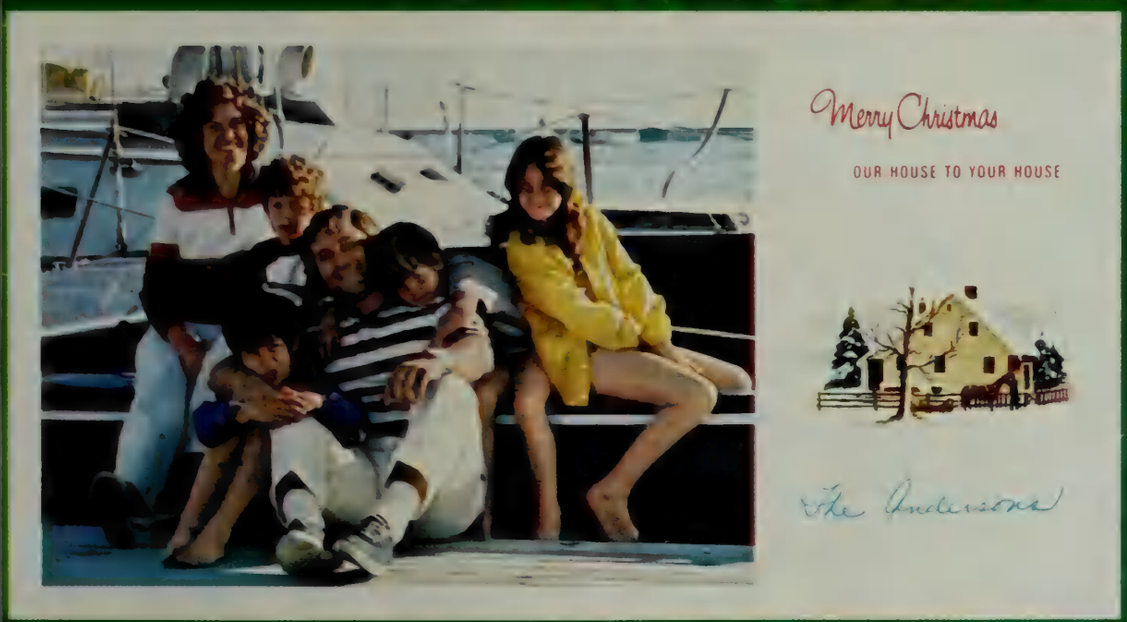
"I first met Bebe in 1966, at Christmas," Nixon son-in-law David Eisenhower recalls. "He was up from Florida seeing the Nixons in New York, and all of us—the Nixons, Tricia and Julie, Bebe and I—went to dinner at Chez Vito. Bebe was joking and keeping everybody loose, and I thought he was a close friend of the family, not unlike Allen was to my grandfather. Later I realized the friendship between Mr. Nixon and Bebe was closer. The difference is that Allen was kind of around on a casual basis; Bebe is a member of the family."

Bebe's there for intimate family celebrations and during times of crisis. ("If there's a problem he comes and cheers up the whole family; he puts an arm around everyone," says White House social secretary Lucy Winchester.) He's there, more often than not, when the President is at Camp David—the Presidential retreat in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains—or at the Western White House in San Clemente, *(continued)*

President Nixon, "Bebe" Rebozo and the President's dog, King Timahoe, at Key Biscayne, Fla. Photograph courtesy of The White House.



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Calif. And he's always there in Florida. Bebe's house on Key Biscayne is one of five one-story stucco dwellings in the Presidential compound; the others are the President's house and those used either for offices or Secret Service headquarters.

Who is Bebe Rebozo? Who is this man who stands closer to the President of the United States than anyone outside his immediate family?

He's a bachelor, 60 years old (just 53 days older than Nixon), the youngest child of poor Cuban immigrants. Like Nixon, Rebozo came up the hard way during the depression, and his rags-to-riches rise smacks of Horatio Alger. Despite his humble origins, Bebe today is board chairman, president, and principal stockholder of the Key Biscayne Bank; he owns a title company, coin laundries, business buildings, vast real estate holdings, and stock in a corporation that controls valuable undeveloped islands in Miami harbor. He's stocky and handsome in a Latin way; his manner is gentlemanly and low-key; his clothes well-tailored and conservative (according to *The New York Times*, he shops for the President, who has the same taste in clothes). His friends say Bebe is gregarious and kind; his detractors call him silent and tough.

Chicken plucker

Rebozo was born in Tampa, Fla., on November 17, 1912, but was raised in Miami. By the time he was in the fourth grade, he already was working to help supplement the family's meager income. Former Florida Senator George Smathers, then a classmate and later a business partner, recalls, "There were nine children and all of them worked after school—delivering papers, mowing lawns, hopping curbs, cleaning out the drugstore." Once Bebe got a job killing and plucking chickens. He loathed it.

Smathers remembers that shortly after Bebe graduated from high school in 1930 he got his first real job, with Pan American as a steward (he qualified because he weighed less than 120 pounds). Bebe lived frugally, saved his money, and quit Pan Am in 1931 with enough capital to buy a filling station—which he sold after a year to take a job chauffeuring a limousine for tourists. Again he hoarded his money, and by 1935 he was able to open Rebozo's Service Station and Auto Supplies.

People who knew him then still marvel at what a go-getter he was. Dr. Kenneth Whitmer, a Miami ophthalmologist who during his internship became one of Bebe's friends, recalls with amusement how Rebozo's energy almost spoiled a summer vacation for Whitmer at his Canadian lodge: "Bebe was used to working hard and getting up early. The first morning he was out of bed at six and trying to get us up with him. That night we put a sedative in his beer; he slept until nine the next day. He just laughed about it when he found out."

All Rebozo's friends who are willing to talk about him—which few of them are—mention teasing or playing jokes on him. Explains one friend: "Anyone who likes to needle people, to kid them, the way Bebe does is bound to get it back. He can take it as well as give it out."

According to former *Laugh-In* producer Paul Keyes, himself a good friend of the President's, "Bebe has a very playful, buddy kind of humor. For instance, if I call him person-to-person the first words I hear on the line are 'Paul who? I don't know any bum named Keyes!' "

One of the best jokes Bebe has played on the Nixons was unintentional. Recently he was asked to select a movie for private viewing by the President and his family. Somehow Rebozo picked one with an "R" rating, thinking it meant "Regular."

David Eisenhower reports that the Nixons sat through the whole thing: "Unlike my grandfather, who was very impatient when he got in a movie—it either measured up in the first five minutes or he walked out—the Nixons always tough it out at the movies, regardless." David adds that Bebe faithfully attends the private family screenings, although he has "this bad hab[it] of sleeping through every movie; he si[ts] in the back row so he can sleep inco[n]spicuously."

During World War II, Bebe was [a] navigator for the Air Transport Com[mand], ferrying planes across the A[t]lantic. Between flights he helped h[is] brother run the service station and [t]ire newly added tire-recap shop. By th[e] time the war was over, the lucrati[ve] tire retreading business had produce[d]



ough money for Bebe to realize his most lifelong dream to own land. hen he was only a paper boy he'd ved $25 and made a deposit on a ce of property at Cape Canaveral, ly to lose it because he couldn't keep the payments. Now he put down yments on what he later said was very good property buy I could buy." nong his partners in various real es- e deals was his old school chum, orge Smathers.

When Smathers successfully ran for Congress in 1948, and for the Senate in 1951, Bebe was one of his top lieutenants. And in 1951, Rebozo met a newly elected U.S. Senator from California named Richard M. Nixon, who was vacationing in Florida.

During that period, Bebe went into the small loan business and soon joined a group of friends in buying Adams Key, long the playground of millionaires (and two U.S. Presidents—Harding and Hoover). In 1969, the government bought the land for a national monument. Bebe also moved into Miami society about this time, making friends with such vacationing celebrities as Billy Graham, Jack Paar, Red Skelton, and Joan Crawford.

Bebe soon gained a reputation as a charming and generous host. According to Tom Wakefield—one of Bebe's lawyers, his longtime friend and business partner—there's nothing Rebozo loves more than to cook dinner for friends. (His specialties are charcoal-broiled steaks, *picadillo*, fried plantains, and black beans with rice.) Today Bebe entertains his personal friends only when the President is not at Key Biscayne.

Handsome—he was voted the best-looking boy in the 1930 Miami High School graduating class—a good dancer, and with plenty of money to spend, Bebe quickly became known as a ladies' man. He always dated women who, according to an envious friend, were beautiful and glamorous. Some were movie stars. "He always had plenty of girls," admits George Smathers. "Now, Bebe gives so much time to the President that it's just difficult for him to keep up his social life." Also, Smathers points out that living in the Presidential compound presents impediments to romance: the Secret Service checks everyone in and out, "and girls don't like to go through all that."

Nixon and old age

Smathers adds with a laugh that "Bebe was quite a ladies' man for a number of years, but I think now the combination of the President and old age—let's say *older* age—has made him one of the elder statesmen in that field." Pat Buchanan, a member of Nixon's staff since 1966, puts it another way: "Bebe is a seasoned campaigner who's in semiretirement as a ladies' man—and I hope my saying that doesn't get me into trouble."

Since Nixon became President, Rebozo has limited his dating to one woman, Jane Lucke, a beautiful brunette divorcée who lives on Key Biscayne. The two are often seen together at local restaurants, and Bebe took her to the White House one evening for a State Dinner.

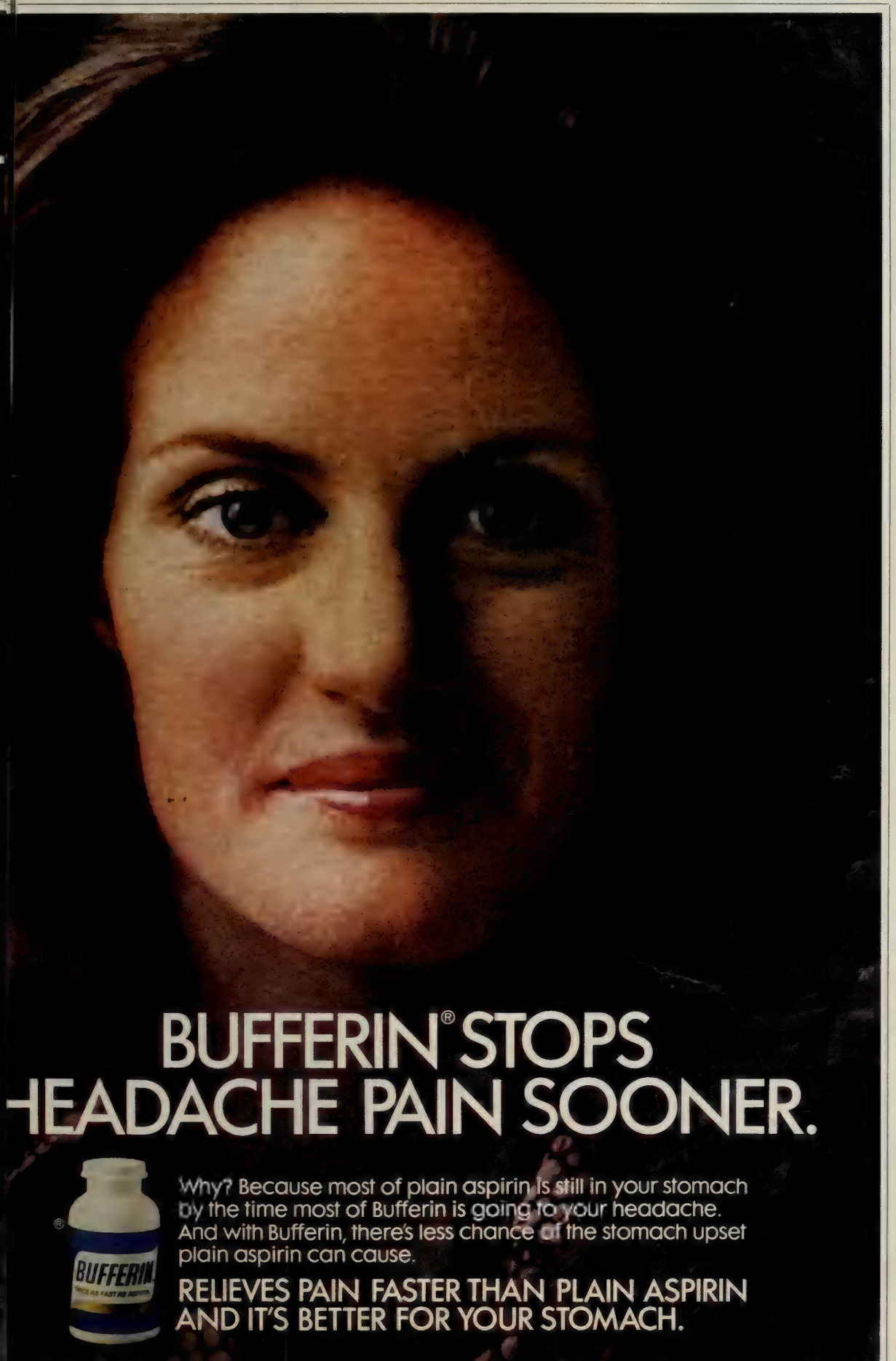
Some people say Jane looks like Bebe's former wife, his high school sweetheart whom he married twice. The first marriage was annulled; the second ended in divorce in 1948. "We just didn't make it," Rebozo once explained. A few years later, Mrs. Rebozo died of cancer. One friend recalls: "Bebe was hurt, hurt badly. That's why he'll never marry again."

As one of the most popular men in Miami, Bebe also played host to several of Smathers' Senate colleagues, including John F. Kennedy, Lyndon B. Johnson (Bebe still has an engraved wristwatch Lady Bird gave him), and Richard Nixon. He liked all of Smathers' friends, but in Bebe's own words, he and Nixon "just hit it off."

Bebe's friends smile knowingly when they read press reports that Rebozo is a non-political man who is not likely to bring up world or domestic issues. Or that his conversations with the President are light—about sports, or perhaps banter about world events that are not politically important. Rebozo's friends point to his work in the Smathers campaigns, and his close relationships with so many politicians; he is no political novice.

Dr. Robert Keiser is a Miami orthopedic surgeon who has known Bebe since 1937 (Keiser successfully treated Rebozo when his back was broken in a 1964 airplane crash).

"He knows more about politics than is apparent on the surface," Keiser says. "You just can't be associated as closely as he has been with politicians without absorbing some *(continued)*





Do You Look Too Old to Land the Job You Want?

You're beginning to wonder. Now that the children are old enough, you'd like the stimulation and challenge of a job. Being a wife and mother no longer takes up all your time and energies. You know how many young secretaries, salesgirls and junior executives there are. You worry that perhaps you look too old to fit into the picture. So you're a little afraid to re-enter the working world.

Relax. You know you have the ability, and hiring departments will recognize your worth. But, it's true, looking your youngest probably wouldn't hurt either your job chances or your self-confidence.

Share the secret of younger-looking women from round the world who know the benefits of a remarkable beauty fluid. Now discover for yourself this world-renowned blend, known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion. Your complexion can be softer, more supple and younger-looking from the very first day you use this skin-loving liquid.



Faithful users apply Oil of Olay, created by beauty researchers to help preserve a youthful look, at least twice each day. At night the blend softens and silkens your complexion as you sleep. In the morning, Oil of Olay is a near-perfect makeup base, quickly absorbed and non-greasy, to let cosmetics stay fresh for hours.

Oil of Olay, with its wealth of natural moisture, tropical oils and other emollients, helps soothe away the dryness that accents those little lines and wrinkles that make you look older. The blend works to maintain the oil-moisture balance needed if your complexion is to look its youngest. And, to keep you looking your particular best, the fluid helps retain your skin's own moisture as well.

You will find the precious blend at your drugstore. Wouldn't it be a great idea for you and Oil of Olay to go to work together?

Beauty Hints

Women who live a fast-paced life, often shower, then towel briskly. If this is your pattern, next time, pat yourself nearly dry, and apply Oil of Olay on your still-moist skin. Then ten minutes of feet-up rest. You can't help looking and feeling refreshed after such a relaxing routine.

* * *

You'll want to redo your face at lunch hour to feel refreshed and to know you'll always look your best, even during the waning hours of the day. Always carry a bottle of Oil of Olay to soothe on before you apply your afternoon makeup. Don't be surprised if some of the other women ask what you're using and perhaps want to try your Oil of Olay. Good news has a way of traveling fast.

* * *

After a long day on the job, you deserve pampering. You've earned it. Take a bath, then soothe on Oil of Olay®. You'll feel refreshed for the pleasures of the evening ahead.

all seasons woman

of the political knowledge and know-how. I don't think you could fool Bebe too much about politics and its ramifications. I'm sure he talks politics with the President."

Pat Buchanan also knocks down the popular belief that Bebe is non-political and that the President never discusses anything of substance with him: "The portrait of Bebe Rebozo that comes across in the media is false. Bebe is not an intellectual in today's sense of the word. But he is a very intelligent, savvy individual who has excellent political sense and judgment and a sensitivity to people. On his own he would make a hell of a politician. He's a likable guy—likability and loyalty are two great, indispensable qualities in a political man. Bebe's a self-made man, and very often such a man is a great deal more in touch with the thinking of a vast majority of Americans than those silver spoon boys. Bebe's an ideal sounding board for the President."

Sometimes Bebe has ideas of his own. "He calls me with suggestions," one White House aide reveals, adding, "No, I can't say what they are, they're confidential." And Herb Klein, who resigned as the White House director of communications earlier this year, remembers, "Bebe called me about once a month with suggestions and with information to pass on."

Further confirmation that Bebe and the President do discuss politics comes from David Eisenhower: "Inevitably we talk politics a lot within the family. If Bebe's there when we're discussing politics he voices his opinions when asked; he's part of the gang."

He also was "part of the gang" throughout Nixon's vice presidency and he was the only "outsider" with the family in California on the night of November 8, 1960, when Nixon lost the Presidency to John Kennedy; a few days later the Nixon family came to Key Biscayne to relax—with Bebe—from the hectic campaign and the trauma of losing.

During the years Nixon was out of office, the friendship flourished. Bebe and Nixon indulged in their shared love of sports (as spectators), music, Broadway shows, good restaurants, long, leisurely drives (preferably in an open car), trips on Bebe's boat, a travel. They traveled around the wo together, and to Europe several tim One friend recalls that Bebe was w Nixon when he had an audience w the Pope several years ago.

The Nixon daughters, Julie a Tricia, started thinking of Bebe as favorite uncle. Like other rich uncl Bebe does a lot for his "nieces": he cently bought the $125,000 house Maryland where Julie and David l and leased it to them for an undisclo sum.

As fond as he is of Julie and Dav Bebe doesn't loan his houseboat, *Co lobo II*, to them anymore—not sin David ran it aground in Biscayne B the day after he was commissioned ensign in the Navy. "Now he hoar that thing," David declares. "I kid h and say, 'Look, I've had three years the Navy, I'm an officer of the deck a I can handle it now.' But he just giv me a big smile, pats me on the ba says, 'I know you can,' and grabs t wheel himself."

David also reveals that "Bebe is great shape for a guy his age. Som times we arm-wrestle. He has t strongest arms and hands; he can b anyone. I've never seen him lose arm-wrestling or hand-squeezing c test." As far as David knows, howev Bebe doesn't arm-wrestle the Pre dent.

Prospering Bebe

In the 1960's, Bebe continued prosper. In 1962 he received a $80,0 Small Business Administration loa with a $214 million rent guarantee, f an all-Cuban shopping center; he b came the owner of several self-servi laundries; and in 1964 he opened t Key Biscayne Bank (Nixon broke t ground with a gilded shovel).

From the beginning, almost all Bebe's financial deals were with peop he knew. According to Dr. Keiser, Be likes to share his business as well as l social life with his friends. "There m be a few exceptions, but usually sor of his friends are associated with him

At one time Bebe and George Smat ers were in so many businesses togeth that they insured each other. "Actual it started as a joke," Smathers explai "Bebe had a little seaplane, and

(continued on page 4



"What gives with you? You never want to do anything that sounds like fun!!"



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Let your hair experience one of them tonight.



WHAT SEX FANTASIES MEAN

BY THEODORE I. RUBIN, M.D.

Almost all men and women have fantasies, especially about sex. In this column, Dr. Rubin explains why the human mind is capable of fantasy—and what common female sex fantasies mean.

The human mind is the most complicated and magnificent structure ever devised. The mind is much more than a brain and a spinal cord; it is the sum total of an entire human being, including internal organs, glands, bones, muscles, blood vessels, nerves, eyes, ears, nose, skin—absolutely everything. The brain and the spinal cord transmit messages and directions to the rest of the body, which, in turn, directs enormous quantities of information to the brain. These transmissions lead to choices or decisions that then lead to actions and experiences.

I like to think of the human mind as a passionate tape recorder, because it digests, records, and transmits enormous quantities of information and feelings. The mind begins to record at birth and never stops until death. Unlike a mechanical or electronic recorder, the mind is a creative device—capable of fantasy. And the ingenious mind can produce fantasies in the form of thoughts, ideas, sounds, visions, and feelings that have been seen and felt only by the mind. And because the mind is so sensitive and so rich in experience, it can produce an endless variety of fantasies, many of which are incredible when compared to the everyday world in which the person having the fantasy lives.

Almost all people with normal brain function fantasize a great deal of the time, even while they are involved in the most complicated business. Producing fantasies is so common that—like breathing—we are often unaware that we are doing it.

Fantasies may involve people, places, things, or ourselves exclusively; they may be short, long, or even continuous, like a soap opera. A fantasy can be purely intellectual, or full of emotion. Some fantasies are well thought out, with a complicated plot; others can burst on the scene and seem to be completely out of context with whatever may be going on in the individual's private life at the moment. Fantasies can have a deadening or anesthetizing function, while others will produce overt feelings such as laughter, tears, rage, or hysteria.

Since all fantasies, like dreams, are born of the person's experiences, feelings, desires, or frustrations, they—like dreams—always have meaning and usually serve some important function. It is impossible, however, to understand the meaning and function of fantasies (or dreams) unless one knows a great deal about the inner life of the person in question. Human beings are highly symbolic creatures, and fantasies and dreams are full of symbolic meaning. And while many of us may share similar symbols, each of us has our own symbolic language. Psychoanalysts spend years getting to know and understand a patient's "symbol language" because only then can a fantasy or dream give valuable insights into the patient. For example: a fantasy about yelling or fighting may be symbolic of hostility or repressed rage to one person, while the same "fighting" fantasy can mean a desire for contact and healthy emotional friction to another. A fantasy about flowers and bees can represent a return to nature to one person, or represent sexual needs to another.

Fantasies serve a variety of functions. They may be an attempt to escape unpleasantness, to resolve a problem, to stimulate, to repress feelings, to explore one's desires, to express emotions (because the person may be afraid to express them openly), or to prepare for participation in some activity. Fantasies are not action, and it is important to remember that very few fantasies are ever translated into actions.

Many people are terrified by fantasies because they apply the same standards and judgments to fantasies as they do to real life and real actions. This inability to accept fantasies for what they are only leads to more terror, self-hate, and increased inability to understand fantasies. Repression of the fantasy itself or strong feelings—will only lead to more bizarre fantasies.

Sexual fantasies are very common, and psychoanalysts believe that any man or woman can and does have any number of sexual fantasies on any given day. Perhaps this is nature's way of keeping us highly sensual and in constant readiness for sexual reception, since the most primitive and basic function of sex is the procreation and perpetuation of the species.

Generally there are three broad categories of sexual fantasies:

1. Fantasies that are overtly sexual and are born of sexual feelings, needs, and desires.

2. Fantasies that, on the surface, demonstrate no sexual content at all, but are truly sexual on a deeper level. These fantasies often occur in people who attempt to repress sexual feelings. For example, a woman may constantly fantasize about men walking in deep tunnels or houses—as an expression of sexual intercourse.

3. Fantasies that are overtly sexual, but are used to hide nonsexual feelings. For example: A woman may have sadistic sexual fantasies to hide feelings of rage and a desire for vindictive triumph. It is important to point out that conversion of nonsexual feelings into sexual fantasies is common because we express much of ourselves and how we relate by the manner and ways we prefer sex. A very gentle man, for instance, who is cruel and indifferent in bed, often subconsciously harbors repressed hatred and fear of women.

Given the privacy of one's own fantasy world—without the establishment's judgments about what constitutes acceptable and nonacceptable sex practice—many women have fantasies that would be considered perverted. This is due in large part to the high degree of repression that exists in our society today. Nice but healthy women do have healthy desires—and when these desires are ignored or repressed, they often result in exaggerated fantasy. It is the very society that insists on maximum repression which produces fantasies loaded with subjects that society taboos.

Sexual feelings and needs are extremely powerful, as well they should be to insure continuance of the species, and these feelings must be expressed, if only in fantasy, no matter what society says.

Oversimplification of fantasy interpretations can lead to misunderstanding. One must know the inner workings of a person to understand his or her fantasy life. However, here are some common characteristics of female fantasies. These characteristics may exist singly or in combination, and the mind in which they exist may or may not be aware of their purpose:

1. A woman's sex fantasies are usually more intricate and imaginative than those of a man. This is due in part to our culture, which fosters more sexual repression in women than in men. However, it is mainly because a woman's sexual life is more closely interwoven with love. The integration of sex and love makes for fantasies filled with romance and complicated plots. Men tend to have simple fantasies directly involved with the physical mechanics of sex.

2. Fantasies involving desire and admiration by multiple lovers are sometimes connected to the person's need to prove her sexual appeal.

3. Some women repress all their feelings to such a deep degree that they use sexual fantasy and sexual activity to generate feelings in general. Since sexual feelings are among the strongest of human emotions, they are used as "starters" for other feelings.

4. Highly romantic fantasies a used to compensate for sexual liv that are lacking in warmth and affe tion. Romantic fantasies are also form of revenge against an uncari husband and a substitute for actu extramarital activity.

5. Fantasies of great person degradation are used to remove dilute inhibiting or paralyzing fe ings of purity. Women who are ove whelmed with the feeling that th must be nice, clean, and pure mu wallow in symbolic or literal fil in order to come down to huma levels and become free enough experience sexual feelings.

6. Anti-conventional sexual fa tasies are often used to express r bellion against parental authority powerful religious scruples.

7. Women who are afraid to fe warmth toward either sex will ha both heterosexual and homosexu fantasies.

8. Sadomasochistic sexual fant sies usually express feelings of a gressiveness, hostility, and a ne to manipulate and to be manip lated. Inflicting pain on others—a on oneself—can also be an attem to awaken otherwise "dead" fe ings. The combination of pain a sex produces very strong stimu tion in direct proportion to the d gree of paralyzed feelings. I do n believe that a woman's masochist fantasies are due to women's i herent passivity. There are mar healthy women who are more a sertive than men.

9. Continuous, serial-like fant tasies are characteristic of extrem ly lonely women who have no rel tionships with men.

10. Stimulating fantasies are use to satisfy yearnings for the forbi den incestuous desires of childhoo

11. Fantasies of sex with com plete strangers are an expression rebellion against family respons bility, work, and boredom.

12. Fantasies of sex with muc younger men tend to produce fee ings of youth and to stimulate mem ories of past encounters.

The combinations and permut tions of fantasies are tremendou and their meanings, as I've state are not always apparent. Fantasi are only evil if we subject them conventional value judgment. Fa tasies are almost always harmles and often represent outlets to hel people feel better. As with all psy chological phenomena, understand ing is possible only if we mix obse vation with compassion. EN

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin an swers questions on your persona marriage, family, and emotiona problems. The doctor is a wel known psychoanalyst who practice in New York and is the author o Lisa and David *and* The Thin Boo by a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist. *Hi new book is* Emergency Roo Diary. *If you have questions for D Rubin to answer in his colum please address them to him in car of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lex ington Ave., New York, N.Y. 1002 We regret that only letters selecte for use in the column can b answered.*


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"I've never been happier."

"The kids are doing well. We have a beautiful grandchild. Charlie and I get to spend more time together than ever. And he still treats me in that very special way. It really pays to take care of yourself."

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Take care of yourself. Take Geritol.



BRINGING UP CHILDREN

BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

What can such fairytales as *Hansel and Gretel* and *Little Red Riding Hood* teach children about the real world? More than pare think, says this noted child psychologist. Second of two parts.

Like all great art, fairytales both delight and instruct; their special genius is that they do so in terms that speak directly to all children. The child's major task as she grows up is to bring some order into the inner chaos of her mind, so that she can achieve congruence between it and the external world. The only way a child can hope to get some control over her internal mental processes is to externalize them. Her mind is a rapidly expanding collection of ill-assorted facets: it contains some correct impressions of reality, and a great many more impressions completely elaborated by fantasy. This sorting-out of the facets of life is a hard job, one that a child can't do all on her own; fairytales offer her important help by giving her figures onto which she can externalize her destructive wishes—figures she can identify with, and that can serve as ideals for her personal attachments.

If all the child's wishful thinking gets embodied in a good fairy; all her destructive wishes in an evil witch; all her fears in a voracious wolf; all the demands of her conscience in a wise man encountered on an adventure; all her jealous anger in some animal that pecks out the eyes of her arch rivals—then the child can finally begin to sort out her contradictory tendencies. Once this separation of her inner and conflicting strivings starts, the child is less and less engulfed by unmanageable chaos.

There is a right time for certain growth experiences, and early childhood is the time to learn to bridge the immense gap between these inner experiences and the real world. Fairytales may seem senseless, fantastic, scary, and totally unbelievable to the adult who was deprived of myth and fantasy in his or her own childhood. Such an adult is put off by such tales because she had never achieved satisfactory integration of the two worlds of reality and imagination; of inner energies and rational order.

In *Little Red Riding Hood*, for example, the kindly grandmother is suddenly replaced by the rapacious wolf who threatens to destroy the child. How silly a transformation this is when viewed objectively—and how frightening to the child! We might want to characterize transformation as unnecessa scary, and contrary to all poss reality. But when viewed from child's ways of experiencing, really any more scary than the den transformation of her ki Grandma into a figure who threa the child's sense of self when hu ating her for a pants-wetting dent? To the youngster, Gran is no longer the same person was just a moment before; she become an ogre. How can some who was so very kind, who brou presents and was more understa ing and tolerant and uncritical t even the child's own mother, s denly act in such a radically ferent fashion? Unable to see congruence between the differ manifestations, the child truly periences Grandma as two separ entities—the loving and the thre ening. She is indeed Grandma the wolf. By dividing her up, to speak, the child can preserve image of the good grandmoth If she changes into a wolf, w that's certainly scary; but youngster need not compromise vision of Grandma's benevolen And in any case, as the story t the child, the wolf is a passing m ifestation; Grandma will return umphant.

Similarly, although Mother most often the all-giving protect she can also be transformed into cruel stepmother if she is so evil to deny the youngster something feels to be crucial to her happine Or, in the other direction, Mom can become as potent a good fo as a fairy godmother. Left alo for a few hours, a child can f as cruelly abused as though sh suffered a lifetime of neglect a rejection. Then, suddenly, her e istence turns into complete bliss her mother appears in the doorwa

Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, one of t world's most distinguished chi psychologists, recently retired aft 30 years as Professor of Psycholo and Psychiatry at the University Chicago and Director of the Son Shankman Orthogenic School f chronically disturbed children. H has written many books about ch dren—their psychological develo ment and problems.

ling and bringing some little pres-
What could be more magical than
t? How could something so simple
e the power to radically alter a
ld's life, unless there were magic
olved?

Radical transformations are experi-
ed by the child on all sides, although
do not share these perceptions. But
sider the child's dealings with in-
mate objects: some object—a shoe-
or a toy—utterly frustrates the
d to the degree that she feels herself
mplete dullard. Then in a moment,
f by magic, the object becomes obe-
nt and does her bidding; from being
most dejected of humans she be-
nes the happiest. Does this not prove
magic character of the object?
te a few fairytales relate how find-
a magic object changes the hero's
; with its help the dullard turns out
rter than his favored siblings.

While fairytales invariably point the
to a better future, they find their
e in the process of change, rather
n describing the exact details of the
s eventually to be gained. The sto-
start where the child is at the time,
l show her where she has to go—with
phasis on the process itself. Fairy-
s can even show the child the way
ough that thorniest of thickets, the
lipal period.

n the throes of Oedipal conflict, a
ng boy resents his father—who
nds in the way of the child's exclu-
possession of the mother. The boy
nts his mother to admire *him* as the
atest hero of all; that means that
nehow he has to get Father out of the
v. This creates anxiety in the child,
ause without Father to protect and
e care of them, what will happen to
family?

You can tell a small boy until you are
e in the face that he will some day
w up, marry, and be like his father.
is realistic advice offers no relief
m the pressures the child feels right
v. The fairytale tells the child how
can live with his conflicts; it offers
fantasies he could hardly invent for
nself under the pressures of his pre-
upation. The fairytale offers the ex-
ple of the little, unnoticed boy who
s out into the world and makes a
at success of life. Details may dif-
but the basic plot is always the
ne: the unlikely hero proves him-
f through slaying dragons, solving
dles, and living by his wits and good-
s until eventually he finds the beau-
l princess, marries her, and lives
pily ever after. No little boy has
r failed to see himself in the starring
e. So when the child wishes to do
ay with his father, and feels guilty
l anxious about it, the fairytale tells
n: it is not your father you want to
rid of to gain Mother for yourself;
at you really have in mind is to slay
evil dragon. And further, it is not
other you want for yourself, but a
rvelous and wonderful woman you
ven't met yet.

t's characteristic of such stories that
dragon slayer and his beautiful
ncess have no children after their
rriage. If offspring are mentioned,
usually a late interpolation by
meone who thought the story would
come more enjoyable or realistic if
ldren were mentioned. But the real
ld isn't interested in those details; he
esn't want to have sex or children
th the princess. Not sex, because
t's a very problematic concept for
him, if he knows much about it at all. And certainly not children—the point has been to get the princess for himself; it should be just the two of them, living happily forever after.

Such a fairytale permits the child to live out his Oedipal wishes in fantasy, without any guilt or any need to consider sex and its consequences. Thus he can much better manage living through the Oedipal period with his real parents. If Mother disappoints him, there is still the fairy princess in the back of his mind. Since everything takes place in a never-never-land, the child can love his real father even better after having discharged all his anger at Daddy through the fantasy of destroying the dragon.

Hansel and Gretel is just one of many tales involving children who try to find a better home in a little house in the woods, only to meet unexpected and sometimes overwhelming dangers. *Snow White* is another example—even her good friends the dwarfs could not protect Snow White against swallowing the poisoned apple. Red Riding Hood, too, came to temporary grief by venturing into dangerous territory. The message is essentially the same: the dangers of the wider world cannot be denied, nor can they be avoided with certainty. But by facing up to such dangers one matures and is enriched. Snow

(continued on page 51)





Remember how good those barbecued steaks tasted last summer? Remember how you helped get them that way?

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Just brush on Kitchen Bouquet before you broil. Its special blend with delicate herbs and spices will help give your steak a thin, crisp crust outside while it helps seal in the good meat juices inside. Just like it did on the barbecue.

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SYLVIA PORTER

SPENDING YOUR MONEY

Life Insurance Policies

What are the different advantages of term insurance and whole life insurance? My husband and I are trying to decide whether or not we should take out an insurance policy and, if so, what kind and how large a policy.

Term insurance provides financial protection in the event of the loss of the breadwinner's life *only*, and is the least expensive form. If the breadwinner dies, the beneficiary collects the full face value of the policy—$5,000, or $10,000, or $50,000, or whatever the sum is.

Whole life is considerably more costly than term. It offers not only protection against the breadwinner's death but also a "bank account in an insurance policy," which serves as a forced savings account. This is referred to as "cash value." Neither type is "always best" for everybody; both are sound forms of financial protection; either may be right for *you*, depending on your economic circumstances and your ability to save and invest money.

If you choose whole life insurance, however, shop carefully for the best deal. In a Pennsylvania study of insurance policies not long ago, the State's Insurance Commissioner, Herbert Denenberg, found costly variations of more than 300 percent between comparable whole life policies!

Older Generation Incomes

My husband's parents just sold their house, bought an expensive camper, and are taking off the day after Christmas for a winter vacation "in the sun," no matter where the sun is. They're both in their late 50's and are having the time of their lives. All these stories about older people being "old" make me sick!

All those stories also make very poor economic sense, as you seem to have realized instinctively. To back up your instincts and to give your husband's parents even more of a lift, here are some hard and startling facts:

The income of the 25 million families and unrelated individuals in the 55-and-over bracket in the U.S. totals $200 billion a year, almost 15 percent more than the income going to the 20 million spending units under age 35. The 55-and-over group outnumber the younger generation—and outearn that age group too.

The over-55 group head 25 percent of all families earning $15 or more a year as against 16 per accounted for by the under-35 eration. They are also more affl

An imposing 28 percent of all money available for discretio spending is in the hands of the and-over generation as against percent in the hands of the yo More than twice as many who not been young for many years money to spend on what they when they want it. While the sponsibilities of the young are looning, theirs are diminish They are supporting less than 5 cent of the nation's children, w families under 35 are suppor substantially more than a third

While the young are looking a children, making mortgage p ments, and investing in dura goods, they have already paid their houses and have had for s time thoroughly adequate inv tories of furniture, appliances, The young homeowner is pay roughly 40 percent more for she than his older neighbor—but h not living better and, on the c trary, is not even as well housed

What's more, a vital fact is t 25 percent of all married men o 55 have wives who are under 55 situation which is likely to per and which greatly enhances "potential" spending of this gro

Accurate Meat Prices

Am I correct in assuming that packaged meats you find at the permarket meat counter are alm always carefully weighed and ac rately priced? Or do you think I just naïve?

You could be a little on the na side. New York City's aggressi Department of Consumer Affairs h been conducting a continuous p gram of meat checking for sho weight violations (punishable, in dentally, by a fine up to $100) a in one such shopping trip fou shortweights ranging from .07 lb. .23 lb. and overcharges ranging fro 5¢ to 69¢ per package.

If any doubt about the weight the meat you buy, reweigh it on t scales your supermarket provid (remembering that 3.5 lbs. is 3 lb 8 oz., not 3 lbs. 5 oz.). *(continue*

Miss Porter welcomes questio from readers. Those of general inte est will be answered in this colum as space permits.

It's a dinner side dish.
It's part of breakfast.
It's dessert.
It's delicious.



It's Stouffer's Escalloped Apples.

And if you're tired of the same old vegetables, it's just what you need for a refreshing new taste at dinner.

Or, try its tart, fresh, sugar-glazed flavor on morning waffles or pancakes. And as a delectable dessert, alone or with ice cream.

We make 12 scrumptiously different Side Dishes. And, of all of them, our Escalloped Apples is probably the most versatile.

Be a little daring and try it.
We know what you'll say when you do.
Mmmmmmm.



Something different.
Side Dishes from Stouffer's.

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Used Cars

I have bought at least a dozen used cars in the first 45 years of my life and at least a dozen times I've gotten burned one way or another. Is there *any* way a used car buyer can protect himself in this particular marketplace?

There are many ways you can protect yourself—the most important of which is also the most obvious: deal only with a reputable seller.

Here, in addition, is a "profile" of the "burned" used car buyer, based on an analysis of hundreds of complaints by the Westchester (N.Y.) Better Business Bureau.

The buyer who is most likely to get burned is one who failed to have his own mechanic—or an independent mechanic—inspect the car before he bought it; failed to take the car for a test drive; failed to find out in detail what kind of guarantee there was on the car, and failed to take into account the probable high cost of future repairs—particularly on cars loaded with complicated accessories.

Do *you* fit this profile? If you do in any way, correct the error and you will protect yourself.

Explaining Options

In the final pages of our local paper recently, I've noticed daily ads for "Puts" and "Calls." What does this mean?

These are trading devices in the broad field of options and while you may not know what they mean in Wall Street jargon, you almost surely understand options in other areas. For instance, it's commonplace for a person to take an "option" to buy, say, a house within a specified period of time at a specified price and to pay a set amount of money for that option. If you did this and then you didn't buy the house within the specified time, you would lose the option money.

In the securities business, a "call" option is a contract that gives you the right to buy 100 shares of a given stock at a fixed price (usually the price of the stock on the day the option contract is made) for a fixed period of time. The period usually runs six months and 10 days (for tax reasons) but can run 35, 65, 95 days, or some other length of time.

You pay a premium for the option, usually running to about 10 to 15 percent of the value of the stock for a six months, 10-day option; If you want an option on 100 shares of a $50 stock, you might pay a premium of $500 to $750.

A put option is the reverse of a call option. Here, you have the privilege of selling 100 shares of stock at a fixed price within the option period. Put options usually cost a few percentage points less than call options and are not nearly as popular. While there are many reasons why people buy options, the main one is that it gives an investor who thinks a stock will move sharply up or down a chance to make a sizable profit on the move while limiting the amount of possible loss.

Taxable Tips

I am getting my first job as a beauty parlor operator. Will the tips I get from customers be non-taxable gifts? Or will they be compensation which I must then report as income?

The latter. Tips given for services must be reported as income. Examples are tips to hairdressers, barbers, waiters, cab drivers, etc.

Financing College

We're facing the problem of how to finance our son's first year of college, starting in January. We have some savings and he is able to contribute some from his summer job earnings. But he'll also have to have a college loan, with the amount probably based on our particular financial situation and income bracket. How can we estimate how big a loan we can reasonably expect?

The details on each income bracket and various other factors—such as the number of other dependent children you have—are spelled out in a free booklet published by the College Scholarship Service of the College Entrance Examination Board, entitled *Meeting College Costs in 1974-75—a Guide for Students and Parents*. Copies of this booklet are available at high school guidance offices throughout the country and/or college financial aid offices. Get a copy of this booklet at once.

Here is a rundown of amounts parents in various brackets might be expected to contribute toward the education of their children. "Adjusted effective income" is what's left of family income after deductions for certain expenses such as medical expenses, income taxes, cost of dependent relatives living at home, major debts such as unpaid medical expenses, plus "retirement allowance." You can quickly estimate your own situation from table.

Adjusted Effective Income	Number of Dependent Child	
	1	2
$ 5,000	$ 62	-
7,000	626	249
9,000	1,185	793
11,000	1,737	1,322
13,000	2,495	1,924
15,000	3,527	2,754
17,000	4,627	3,829
19,000	5,727	4,929
21,000	6,827	6,029
23,000	7,927	7,129
25,000	9,027	8,229

Effects of ZPG

What would be the strictly economic effects on our country if we were lucky (and smart) enough to achieve Zero Population Growth?

A first fundamental point is that, even if we maintained today's no-growth birth rate, it would take decades actually to achieve "absolute" ZPG. Here are a few of the key trends we would be likely to see:

- More goods and services focused on the needs and wants of older Americans;
- Less stress on schools—and school construction costs—with relatively fewer children to educate;
- More women going to work as their relatively smaller broods fly the coop;
- Less emphasis on quantity and more stress on *quality* of the things and services we buy—ranging from vacations to automobiles, private education, home equipment, etc.

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So easy to use because Jenéen is a liquid. It comes in the convenient new eight-ounce bottle as well as pre-measured packettes. Just add water. Jenéen's special formula helps remove odor-causing bacteria. Yet it's gentle. All you're left with is a clean, refreshed scent. And a beautiful feeling.

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ted me to ride with him—but I ldn't do it. It had a broken propel- he'd wired together, and I told him as going to take insurance out on to protect my investment in him. said then he'd take some out on me. week after we bought the policies crashed—it was that wired-up pro- er. He broke his back and took off of his ear [it was later repaired by tic surgery]." When Smathers fi- y was allowed to see Rebozo in the pital, the first thing Bebe said was, u thought you were going to get insurance money, didn't you?"

During the 1968 Wisconsin primary, ozo made aides change Nixon's e when Bebe saw it was the same e and vintage as the one he cracked "Bebe was very protective of the sident and insisted he was not to be hat plane the next time it went up," Buchanan recalls. "So they put the sident and Bebe on the press plane, C3, and moved the press, Ray Price, me—we were both speech writers— he old plane." Buchanan now jokes "Bebe must have thought the press speech writers were expendable." ixon's final decision to run for Pres- nt again was made at Bebe's house arly 1968. Nixon went back there ing the campaign—to rest and re- his energy. Pat Buchanan remem- s, "We would campaign five days, nsively, day and night, 18 hours a . Mr. Nixon would speak in any nber of places, make personal ap- rances, have interviews, until he bone tired. Then about two in the rning we would go to the airport, nb aboard a Lear jet, and head for ami. C. G. Rebozo would be there, was always there, waiting to take us n all-night diner where we'd have ig bowl of chili and a milk shake be- e heading off to Key Biscayne for a days of rest. It was delightful."

Like other Rebozo friends, Richard on has been his business partner at ious times. Bebe talked him into go- into a land investment deal on Fish- sland (in Miami harbor) after Nix- left the vice-presidency. When Nix- was inaugurated in 1969, he sold his re of the island at an estimated 0,000 profit. Also through his friend- ship with Bebe, Nixon bought two lots in a Key Biscayne development (according to reports, at a large discount after posing for publicity pictures). Nixon sold the property earlier this year—at a profit of more than 90 percent.

Perhaps more important to Nixon than real estate profits was his introduction—through Rebozo—to Chicago insurance man W. Clement Stone. Stone later reportedly poured a total of $2.8 million into Nixon's 1968 campaign, and another $2 million to help re-elect him in 1972.

Enter, the aerosol king

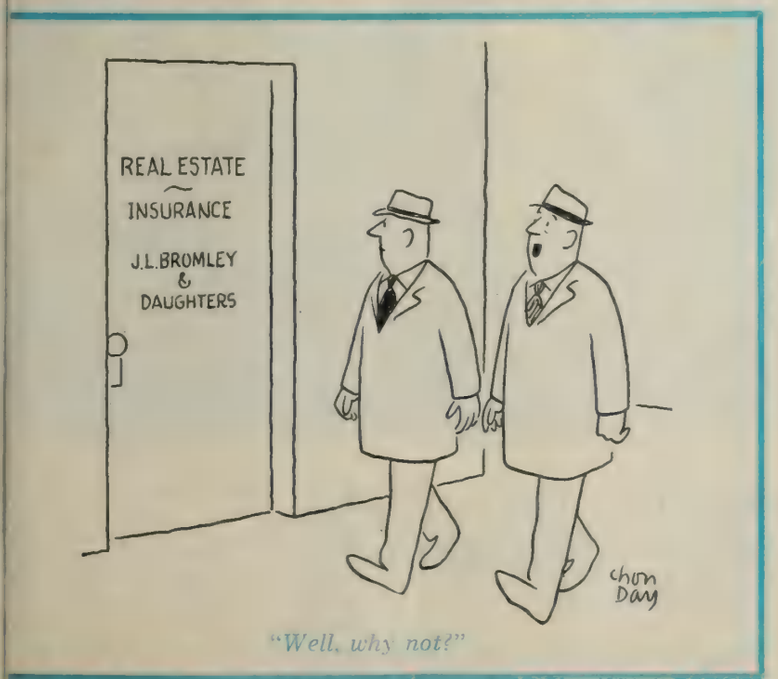
It was also through Bebe that Nixon met "aerosol king" Robert Abplanalp. Abplanalp, who is reportedly worth $250 million, is said to have donated around $100,000 to Nixon's 1968 campaign and, with Bebe, largely financed the Nixon house in San Clemente by paying over a million dollars for most of the grounds. Abplanalp also owns one of the houses in the Presidential compound at Key Biscayne and leases it to the government for $18,000 a year. The President vacations often on Grand Cay, Abplanalp's private island in the Bahamas.

From time to time charges are made that Bebe has profited financially from having influential friends (Smathers, Nixon, and others). Representative Wright Patman (D., Texas) has complained about Bebe's Small Business Administration loan for that all-Cuban shopping center. There also have been questions about a $233,315 contract by the National Park Service for work on Everglades National Park land, and on the sale of the Adams Key property.

Bebe's friends indignantly deny any wrongdoing on his part. "*Newsday* spent six months trying to prove something wrong with Bebe's business affairs and they couldn't find a thing," Rose Mary Woods, executive assistant and personal secretary to the President, declares angrily.

"I'm just so sick of seeing all this smear campaign leveled against Bebe," Dr. Keiser says. "He is a very sincere person, an honest person. I don't think he has ever pulled any dishonest, shady

(continued on page 138)



"Well, why not?"



Unretouched photo. Model has varicose veins.

New Bauer & Black Elastic Hosiery gives you extra compression for real relief

Don't let the sleek good looks of Bauer & Black Elastic Hosiery and Panty Hose fool you.

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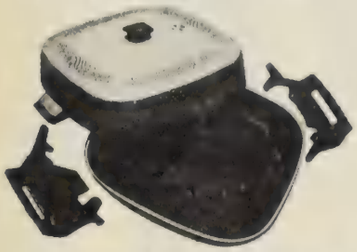
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GIFT GUIDE

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Get a GE Buffet Skillet and eat happily ever after. It's the only thing you need to braise, stew, fry, roast, pan broil, bake, simmer, steam, sauté, warm and hold!

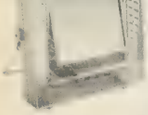


And you can pop it in the dishwasher. Cord and probe come out at the push of a button and legs and handle snap off. Just like that. Easy.

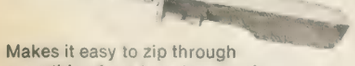
If you hate curlers and love curls, get yourself a GE Speedsetter. GE rollers are tangle-free. So smooth and easy to roll up. You get the fastest set you can imagine. There are 6 Jumbos, 10 Mediums and 4 Smalls, and can be used dry, with conditioner or with mist. Nifty.



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When is an electric knife more than just a meat knife? When it's a GE super sharp slicing knife with the handle that really fits your hand.



Makes it easy to zip through everything from tomatoes to pineapple to turkey to ham to bagels to sandwiches and yes, even to ice cream. Delicious.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



AMY VANDERBILT

Doing the Dishes

Should a hostess do the dishes immediately after the meal or wait until the guests have gone?

If possible, the hostess should not expect her guests to help with the dishes. If she is efficient, she will remove them, perhaps with the aid of one friend who knows her kitchen, allowing the other guests to remain at the table or to move elsewhere for coffee. Dishes that can't be put into the dishwasher immediately may be rinsed and stacked. Sometimes after a party the next morning is the best time to attack the dishes if food has not been allowed to dry on them. If visitors are weekend guests and their help is needed, it could be pleasant to do the dishes together, but preferably not too soon after a meal.

Office Problem

My incompetent boss has been recovering from a heart attack. My co-workers and I wonder what to say to him when he returns. We cannot be cordial; we dislike him too much.

If your criticism is valid, perhaps your employer was under unbearable tension. Often a heart attack is a warning to change one's life style. Greet him pleasantly. He is undoubtedly a frightened man, needing your compassion and support. If you and your co-workers can't give it, allow him time to get replacements and then find other jobs.

Soup and Appetizer

Waiters sometimes discourage me from ordering an appetizer *and* soup. Other times they suggest soup in addition to the appetizer. Is there any rule about this?

Sometimes waiters are rather paternalistic. If they know that the entrée is generous, and that both soup and appetizer might be too much food, they sometimes suggest one or the other. There is no rule about it and you may certainly suit yourself. Only you know your own appetite.

Receiving Line

My husband's position requires my attendance at receptions where I feel shy and ill at ease. Whatever *I* say in the reception line sounds wrong, and what the person next to me says seems perfect. But I never remember what they said!

I am sure they don't remember what they said, either. Hardly anyone hears what is said by people going through a receiving line. I had a friend who experimented by saying something utterly outrageous—"My grandmother broke her leg"—and the bride responded with "Thank you very much." A woman lecturer used to overcome her panic at facing an audience by thinking of them all sitting there naked. Social practice gets you over social shyness. Keep thinking that the people you are meeting are quite as shy as you are. Try to help *them* out, and you'll find yourself blossoming.

Guests' Coats

I moved from the Midwest and notice that here in the East the hostess takes your coat in the hall and you have to go straight into the living room. I was used to having ladies take their coats to a bedroom when they arrived. Which is correct?

Perhaps you have been a guest of people in apartments where space is limited. Usually women guests are shown to the master bedroom or elsewhere. Sometimes there is a room where men may leave their coats, although usually they are placed in the hall closet. If you have the space, I do think it is nice to provide a room where women may leave their things and have the use of a bathroom.

Wedding Anniversary

Would it be proper to enclose an announcement of our 25th wedding anniversary in the fold of our Christmas cards?

Anniversaries are not announced, but if you are having a party to celebrate, the invitation could be enclosed in cards being sent to any people you want to invite.

Snoopy Friends

I entertained friends at a restaurant and ordered drinks and lunch in advance. As we were leaving, two guests picked up the menu and said they wondered what the meal had cost. Will you comment?

It is good manners to show disinterest in the cost of a meal at which one is a guest.

Wearing Hats

I am disappointed that you take the subject of hats so lightly. Don't you think that women look better dressed when they wear hats?

Some women look charming in hats and wear them with style. Othe feel that hats don't suit their pe sonalities or their life style and rar ly wear them—and then only as practical protection against rain cold. There really are no guidelin any more. It has become impossib to legislate the wearing of hats, u less perhaps you are going to a ga den party. Even in Orthodox Jewi Synagogues, where married wom must wear some form of headcove ing, a modern wig is acceptable.

Bridge Substitute

When a couple is asked to substitu in a monthly bridge club, are th obligated to entertain the hosts bridge in their home?

No, because they are doing a fav by substituting. If they find the ho and hostess congenial, however, th may wish to offer them an invitatio

Graduation Announcement

My daughter will graduate from c lege in December with high hono and with two degrees. She wants announce all of this on printed car to be enclosed with my Christm cards. Would this be correct or wou people think I was bragging?

I should think that you would ha a right to brag—although no o would really accuse you of it. Do she suggests.

Gift Problem

When my husband retires, his i come will drop. How can we grac fully discontinue birthday an Christmas gifts to his relative children?

Just as soon as possible, write pr Christmas notes to the parents i volved, saying since you have a ne life it is necessary to make son changes. Ask them to explain to the children that general gift-giving wi have to stop, that you will send the cards or notes, and that you will ha them in your thoughts at Christma Don't be apologetic. Just be frank a kind way.

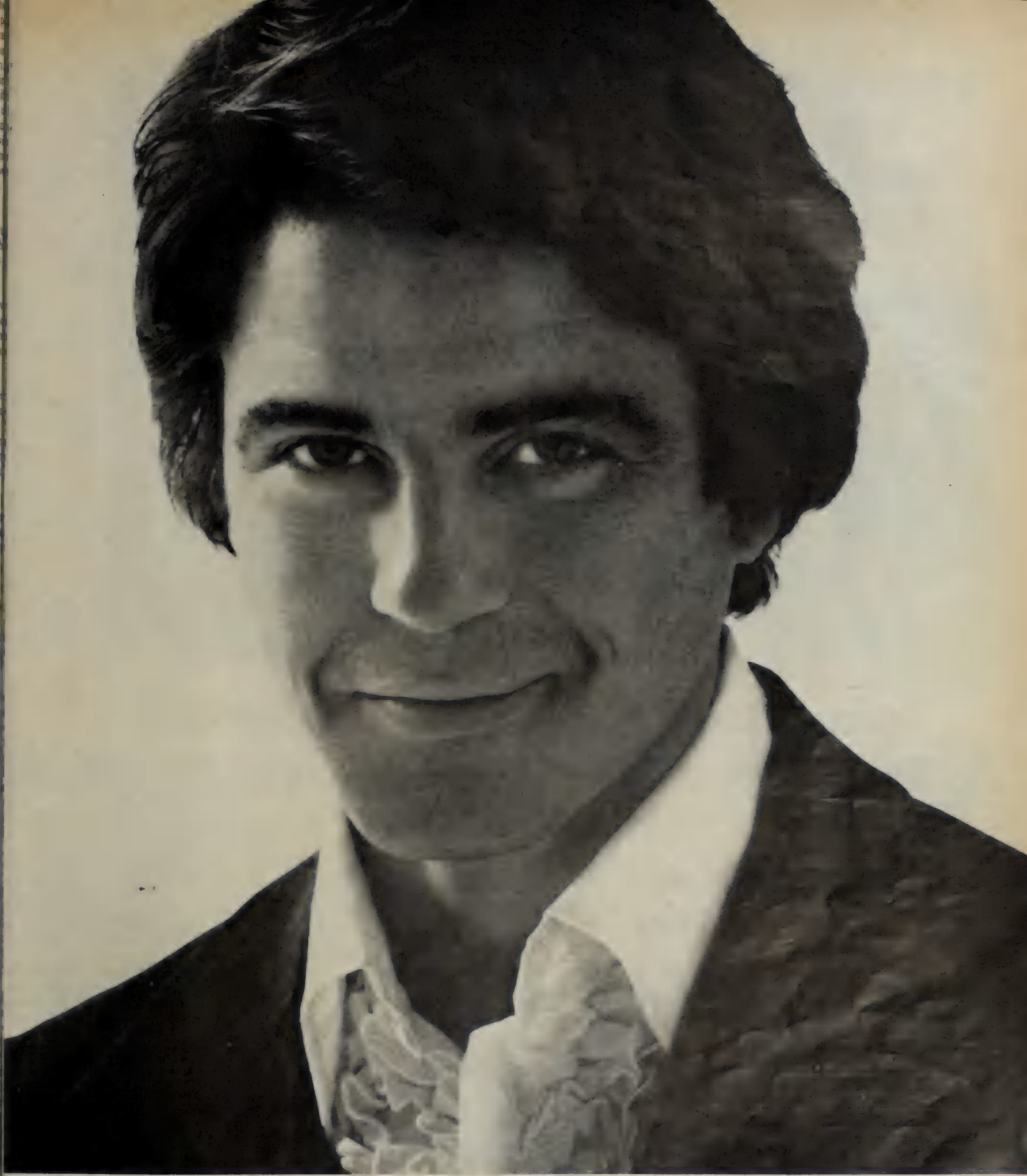
Minister's Wife

When the women at my church ta or refer to the minister's wife (wh is younger than any of us), they ca her by her first name. I feel sh should be given respect and a dressed as Mrs. Brown, not Mar

Things are much more relaxed church these days. Many your clergymen call their parishioners b their first names and many expect be called by their first names, too. think you should follow the custo of the other women, particular since the minister's wife is so muc younger than the rest of you. EN

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes question from readers and answers them this column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL *reader. Miss Vanderbilt's new bookle "Large Parties" (open houses, ann versaries, house warmings, showers Also "Letter Writing," "Engagemer and Wedding Etiquette," and "Tab Manners." Send 75¢ in coin for eac booklet to Miss Amy Vanderbil Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*



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THE WORKING WOMAN

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

Many employers are junking the 9 to 5 work day in favor of flexible schedules that better suit the needs of job-holding women with family responsibilities. Here are some of the options available.

Take your choice. You can work from 9:30 to 3:30 five days a week; from 8 to 6 four days a week; eight hours a day beginning at whatever time you arrive between 6:30 A.M. and 8:30 A.M.; three mornings one week and two afternoons the next; any 25 hours during each week—and other arrangements too numerous to mention.

This is not Utopia. Millions of working people are enjoying such options right now. Many factors account for the growing change in America's employment habits. The work ethic is colliding with the pursuit of leisure. High unemployment levels suggest that jobs must be split so there is enough work to go round. Behaviorists and efficiency experts find that job satisfaction is a prerequisite for worker productivity, and many workers feel dissatisfied with the five-day, 40-hour week. Finally, women—who are entering the job market in unprecedented numbers—cannot make their home responsibilities conform with the standard work schedule.

Responding to these developments, several progressive employers have instituted a variety of alternate work schedules. For example:

Part-time work. For decades women with families have answered ads to sell greeting cards or magazine subscriptions in their "spare time." But now that half of all mothers work and one-third of these choose to work fewer than 40 hours a week, the part-time job has come of age. It means *permanent* jobs in the mainstream of the work force (and not just in the low-paying job categories). It means a humanization of the schedule: responsive to the worker's needs without penalizing the employer's productivity.

▪ A dietitian describes the tandem p/t system that she and another woman had in a Minneapolis hospital: "We worked a schedule of two days one week, three days the next, and then we each had five days off and five days on. Our schedules were made by the employer as if we were one person. We worked out the hours to suit ourselves. With five consecutive days free, each of us had plenty of time for family appointments. Our employer benefited because he had one full-time position filled by two experienced, capable employees. We were paid by the hour, and our vacation and fringe benefits were computed for part-time accordingly."

▪ Catalyst (the non-profit research organization) persuaded the Massachusetts Department of Welfare to hire 50 caseworkers on a part-time basis. A later study showed that while paying half-time wages, the Department got 89 percent of full-time workers' productivity. Furthermore, these half-timers had a lower absentee rate and only one-third the turnover rate of full-timers.

▪ Another Catalyst project paired two teachers in one elementary school class. They shared one full-time salary. One woman worked mornings and the other afternoons, with an hour overlap at lunchtime. The teachers were less tired, more enthusiastic, and grateful to have a partner with whom to discuss students' progress. The school had an automatic back-up substitute to fill in when the "other half" was ill.

▪ Theodore Karger, president of Nowland Organization, a Connecticut consumer research firm, calls his plan "customized schedules." About half his staff are p/t women who do in-depth interviews, code data, and analyze consumer habits. They average 20 hours per week, choose their own hours, take work home during school vacations, and have every convenience—except fringe benefits.

▪ Peter Lewis, president of Progressive Insurance Co. in Cleveland, says that his successful experience with p/t clerks has persuaded him to hire women as p/t claims adjusters, underwriters, and in managerial positions.

▪ Two women lawyers share one full-time position at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. And at Downstate Medical Center in New York City, Dr. Barbara Delano has organized a program extending doctors' internships to either 18 months or two years, to allow time for family life.

▪ Economist Carol Greenwald, Assistant Vice President of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston, works from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. and spends afternoons with her 3-year-old daughter. She depends on the skille operation of her staff and a " management" system worked between herself and another s visor. "I do exactly the same used to do, but for less pay," explains. "I rarely take a break, don't eat lunch on bank and of course I take lots of home." Ms. Greenwald emph that shorter work schedules mu matched by equitable pro- fringe benefits. "Employers ca fer half salary for full vacati simply give half the vacation They can cut insurance benefi half or let the employee pay ha premium. And unless the job more than $12,000 a year, empl need not pay any more in Soci curity. Blue Cross and Blue S are more complicated, but e mists can help employers find formula."

Another problem is beyond control of either employer or ployee: the new tax law allows duction for child-care expense if you are employed during the customary work week or The absurdity of this limitati obvious. Mothers—the very p who want part-time jobs—are workers most likely to need sitters *and* to need the deductic that expense in order to make a time salary pay off.

Adjustable work schedules pay enormous dividends to em ers. Newtime, the employment cy pioneering in flexible-shift puts it strikingly in its ads: "If dame Curie were alive, but only work from 9:30 to 3:15, w you hire her?"

Employers who can answer " to that question will attract quality workers from the po educated and motivated fa women. They'll get more output lower unit costs because part-ti aren't as prone to absenteeism, ness, and turnover. They'll e greater productivity from wo who can maintain a faster pace concentrated period. (Western tric found that production line w ers performed at peak efficiency ing the first four hours of work declined to 50 percent efficienc ward the end of an eight-hour sh And, if they open full-time jo paired part-timers, employers satisfy federal affirmative a plans by employing more wo workers in more challenging job

Four days/40 hours or three d 36 hours. About 1,000 companie erate on a three- or four-day pattern that gives workers a full ary with extra days off. Propon of the short work week cite the of a three- or four-day week with more time for travel, hob chores, and family activities. they note that the 10- or 12-hour lets them *(continued on page*

☐ *Letty Cottin Pogrebin, 34, is thor, wife, and mother of t During her 13-year business ca she rose from file clerk to vice-p ident—and she wrote a best-se book:* How to Make It in a M World. *Although Ms. Pogrebin r all reader letters, she regrets time does not permit her to resp personally.*

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ing: The Surgeon General Has Determined Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Hum drum.



1. Green beans, fresh, canned or frozen.

2. Asparagus, fresh or frozen.

3. Broccoli, fresh or frozen.

4. Zucchini, fresh.

Yum yum.



1. Green beans, fresh, canned or frozen. Combine ⅓ cup butter or margarine, 1 Tb. chopped parsley, 1 t. grated lemon peel and 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Shape into butter pats. Chill. Serve on hot green beans. You'll love it.

. Asparagus, esh or frozen. lake a nifty lemony sauce y fixing a package of white uce mix, according to irections. Add ½ t. grated mon peel, 2 Tb. fresh mon juice, and hot pepper uce to taste. Garnish ith chopped gg yolk.

3. Broccoli, fresh or frozen. Top it with a quicky Hollandaise. Here's how. Melt ½ cup butter or margarine with 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice, ½ t. salt and a dash cayenne. Add slowly to 3 egg yolks, beating constantly.

4. Zucchini, fresh. Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add 1 t. grated lemon peel, 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice and 2 t. instant minced onion. Pour over cooked zucchini. So simple. So good.

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commute when there is minimum traffic.

Objections to these truncated work weeks seem to center on the fatigue factor. Unions assail this inroad into the hard-won eight-hour standard and the concept of paid overtime. Perhaps this is why some firms are becoming even more liberal. Employees of Group Health, Inc., of New York work a four-day week, 8¾ hours a day. In the summer, Bonne Bell, Inc., of Cleveland pays employees for 40 hours—even though they work four days of 8½ hours each.

Workers polled on their preferences seem to choose 4/40 or 3/36 because of the extra free days and the 20 percent or more reduction in commuter fares, child-care expense, and restaurant meals.

Gliding hours or flexi-time. If you're a 9 A.M. person working for a firm where everything starts at 8; if you hate morning stress, rush-hour traffic, and missing weekday teacher conferences, then flexi-time is for you.

Hewlett-Packard Co., with 14,000 employees throughout the country, is pleased with its system, which allows manufacturing workers to arrive any time between 6:30 and 8:30 (office workers come in between 7 and 9). Everyone works eight hours from arrival and there are no time clocks (except for logging overtime).



John Flaherty, personnel manag at Hewlett-Packard's Waltham, Mas division, says that 65 percent of the e ployees "choose to get in and get o early to enjoy the extra hours of da light in summer. And in winter it le them beat the traffic and avoid drivi in the dark during snowstorms."

While employees are free to va their schedules from one day to t next, Mr. Flaherty reports that mo tend to hit on a convenient pattern a keep to it. "Even in production li work we find it works smoothly. Peo are capable of filling in at vario stages on the line. There is alwa someone willing to work overtime someone else who has chosen the lat part of the flexi-time cycle." After o year, the company has detected change in productivity, but there h been a decrease in absences, an i crease in job commitment and work appreciation, and, of course, an end tardiness altogether.

John F. Auderer Laboratories New Orleans has had its dental tec nicians and office staff on flexi-time f 12 years—with a time clock. "Our pe ple are free to arrive whenever th want between 7 and 9 A.M.," says M Auderer. "They're usually waiting ou side at a quarter to 7, and they're eag to work overtime to get time and a ha But I also have women who choose work 20 hours a week and I have offi workers who split one full-time j between them any way they want." M Auderer also gives employees t option of choosing eight Mondays Fridays instead of one five-day vac tion week.

The Nestle Company of Whi Plains, N.Y., works it this way: 8 9:30 A.M.—flexible arrival; 9:30 to 12 fixed work time; 12–1:30 P.M.—flexib lunchtime; 1:30 to 4 P.M.—fixed wo time; 4 to 6 P.M.—flexible departure. she or he has completed the full, 3 hour work-week by 3 P.M. on Frida an employee can start the weeker then and there. Workers plan eac week's schedule one week in advanc with the approval of their supervis Stephen Korsen, manager of publ relations, says that 650 Nestle peop are covered by flexi-time on the hon system, and a survey indicates the strongly favor it.

Union reaction to alternate wo schedules. A brief sampling of opini indicates favorable reaction to flex time (although none of the abov named companies are unionized), a "iffy" reaction to part-time, and negative response to the 4/40 or 3/ schedule.

Leon Stein of the Internation Ladies' Garment Workers Union, says "Organized labor fought hard for th eight-hour day. Four days and 40 hou is no bargain. Talk about a 30-hou week for the same pay and you've g something. In the garment industry it's all piece-work—and in some par of the season our people work a sho week and earn less money whethe they want to or not."

Jim Gary of Local 431 of the Inte national Union of Electrical Worke (up to 50 percent are women) likes th sound of flexi-time, but, "As for th 4/40 week, we maintain that an eigh hour day is enough for most peopl doing physical labor—especially ove the age of 55. Otherwise, they de serve time and a half, even on a fou day schedule."

anny Vitale of the Civil Service loyees Association, which pro- its union dues for members work- 20 hours a week or less, has this to about part-time work: "Hospitals schools depend on part-time em- ees. School districts are lucky to bus drivers willing to work four s a day with dead time in between, afeteria employees available from to six hours a day. For these ers the union has won pro-rated fits and the recognition that they ull-time workers on the part-time dule that the county sets for them."

The Out Basket

ewtime Agency has many potential dame Curies" in all fields looking employers to hire them from 9:30 15. Contact: Ina Torton, Newtime, est 45 St., New York, N.Y.

Days, 40 Hours, edited by Riva , examines the 4/40 trend from , psychological, and economic points. $5 from Bursk & Poor, 22 ley St., Cambridge, Mass.

exible Careers has a bank of y-to-work, qualified applicants ing p/t or flexi-time jobs. Contact: n Schwerin, Flexible Careers, CA, 37 South Wabash, Chicago, Ill.

istaffers wants job orders from nsylvania area employers willing to t flexible work schedules. Contact: ces Goldman, Distaffers, 1130 tern Savings Bldg., Philadelphia,

he 8-Day Week, by John Ward rson (Harper & Row, $6.95) de- es another work pattern: four work, four days leisure, and us- all of the days of the week for ness.

The In Basket

enator John V. Tunney (D., Calif.) Rep. Bella S. Abzug (D., N.Y.) oduced bills to develop flexible rs employment opportunities in the eral Civil Service. **END**

NGING UP CHILDREN

inued from page 39

te eventually meets her prince; Riding Hood learns something im- ant about giving in to temptations ake short cuts; and Hansel and tel find their way back to a happier with their parents. Each of the e tales offers a different solution, each leaves the child richer than if ad not dared to free himself from gerous bondage to his parents and past life. As Red Riding Hood and nsel and Gretel learn, there's no ne in going back home again; ma- tion is not instantaneous. A person ns from having ventured forth, he or she will venture forth again again—until one will take the big into a life of one's own.

n psychoanalytic terms, it is as if child, having worked out his uncon- us inner pressures through magic, le at story's end to return to a more less everyday reality. In telling ytales to their child, parents give a great gift: the sense that they e her inner experiences (embodied he fairytale) as real, worthwhile, ortant. The child gains conviction t what goes on in her mind has been epted by her parents as real and im- tant; and, by implication, that she eal and important. **END**

Deluxe Introductory Offer



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We are very proud to introduce the new, truly elegant "Brahms" pattern in Oneida Community stainless. Here, at last, is the luxurious look of a pierced traditional pattern, crafted of solid stainless. "Brahms" is designed and finished to retain its elegance and set a very special table for years to come.

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Isabella P. Henry My Rose Vinland Chatelaine Via Roma



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(PLEASE CHECK ONE)

☐ Isabella ☐ P. Henry ☐ My Rose ☐ Vinland ☐ Chatelaine ☐ Via Roma

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Limit one place setting per family, please. To assure delivery give zip code. Offer good only within U.S.A. Offer expires January 15, 1974.



RALPH NADER REPORTS

America's most respected consumer advocate turns his attention to the exaggeratedly high platform shoes that are causing a rash of foot injuries among the women who wear them.

As if there were not enough hazards to health and safety in our society, many women today are being injured because their shoes are unsafe. Numerous casualties caused by the exaggeratedly high platform shoe have been reported in the press. For instance:

- A Manhattan woman fell down a flight of stairs after she tripped on the high heel of her platform shoe, fractured a bone in her toe, and was on crutches for six weeks.
- Singer Kay Starr reportedly fell off a pair of backless clogs, broke two bones in her foot, and was in and out of a cast for three months.
- A magazine editor fell while wearing clog-soled sandals, broke several bones in her foot, and spent eight weeks in a cast.

Modern women's shoe styles have outdated the old quip that it's your feet that hurt, not your shoes. More and more doctors are saying just the opposite. Dr. Monroe Jacobs, president of the Podiatry Association of the State of New York, calls the platform shoe "supremely dangerous." Walking in these shoes, says Dr. Nathaniel Gould, past president of the American Orthopedic Foot Society, is literally a "balancing act."

Both doctors say that the major danger comes from combining a high heel with a rigid, thick platform sole which interrupts the normal reflex pattern of walking (most platform shoes do not allow the foot muscles to bend at all). Abnormal strain is placed on the ankles, legs, and hips —and the danger of falling is acute. Even more instability is added when the shoes are designed without backs.

Many platform shoes are made with heels from three to five inches high, and these heels easily catch on curbs or steps. When that happens, says Dr. Jacobs, the pressure on the anklebone is similar to that applied in a skiing fall. Not surprisingly, doctors report that a fracture of the small anklebone is one of the most frequent injuries caused by platform shoes.

The higher the shoe, the greater the danger. But even in a fall from a low platform of one inch it is possible for the foot to turn 45 degrees, according to Dr. Horace DeCotiis, a New York podiatrist. In a fall from a three-inch platform, the possibility is a 90-degree turn. Dr. DeCotiis says that in the last six months he has treated 12 foot injuries "directly attributable to platform shoes."

Dr. Allen Whitney of the Pennsylvania College of Podiatry says that in addition to the danger from falls, high-heeled platform shoes cause backaches and problems related to poor posture. Dr. David Schulefand, a podiatrist in Buffalo, N.Y., and vice president of the New York State Podiatry Association, refers to the "debutante slouch," the pelvic thrust and swayback caused by the effort to keep high-heeled platform shoes on the foot, particularly when the shoes have no back. Pulled muscles can also result.

High heels, of course, are not new. Nor are their problems. When shoes with four-inch spikes and pointed toes were marketed nearly two decades ago, doctors reported an upsurge in cases of hammer toes and other serious toe contractions and distortions. Scientific literature on the effects of shoe styles is limited, but several studies have reported that high heels cause fatigue and sometimes foot injury. One study reported in the *Archives of Physical Medicine* in November 1963 measured the oxygen consumption of women while they were walking in different types of shoes. It was found that high heels made the wearers use significantly more energy than flat shoes.

A study of foot instability in high heels, reported in the *Research Quarterly* of the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation in May 1966, concluded that wearing high heels causes excess fatigue and "may lead to a permanent pronation of the foot."

Another way in which platform shoes can hurt is by causing auto accidents. Mary Anderson, home information specialist for the National Safety Council, has warned women not to wear platform shoes while driving because the thick soles can prevent them from distinguishing the accelerator from the brake. In London, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents recently issued a similar warning to drivers.

There is no reason for women to wear shoes that both distort their feet and cause accidents. And shoes certainly can be designed to be healthier and more comfortable.

Complaining to shoe stores is one way to encourage better shoe design. At least one New York store refused to order more platform shoes after their hazards began to be reported. Unfortunately, this is the rare exception. One woman told me that when she complained about platform shoes, the salesman told her she must have something wrong with her feet. Interviews with shoe salesmen in Washington, D.C., by a researcher for the Health Research Group, found that even those who admitted problems with platform shoes claimed they had no choice but to sell whatever was in stock.

Clearly doctors could play an important role—both in exposing shoes that are poorly designed and in urging the shoe industry to show greater responsiveness to consumers. But though some podiatrists have spoken out, the profession has failed to make forceful enough public statements. If you consult a podiatrist, ask him about the problems caused by current shoe styles and urge him to speak out professionally. Also write the American Podiatry Association, 20 Chevy Chase Circle, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015, to ask what the A.P.A. has done to encourage healthier shoe design.

In addition, if you have had health and safety problems with shoes, send the information to the Consumer Product Safety Commission, 7315 Wisconsin Avenue, Bethesda, Md. 20016. This is the federal agency with authority to set standards for a variety of products, including shoes. **END**

Ralph Nader is America's foremost consumer defender. He is credited with the passage of at least six major laws that imposed new Federal safety standards on cars, meat and poultry products, coal mining, gas pipelines, and radiation from electronic devices. In 1970 Nader founded the Public Interest Research Group, which investigates and researches consumer issues.





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"I WAS THERE THE NIGHT MARILYN MONROE DIED"



In his new book, Marilyn, *Norman Mailer speculates about what happened the night Marilyn Monroe died. But he never spoke to the one person who was actually present: Marilyn's nurse-housekeeper, Eunice Murray (above). Now in this exclusive interview, Mrs. Murray finally clears up the mystery.*

BY GEORGE CARPOZI, JR

Marilyn Monroe died early on the morning of August 5, 1962. The Los Angeles coroner's report attributed her death to an "accidental overdose" of drugs. In the intervening years, however, the hours preceding and immediately following the star's sudden death have become an ever-growing mystery. That mystery was heightened earlier this year with the publication of Norman Mailer's biography, *Marilyn*. In his book, Mailer raised many questions—some old, some new—about Marilyn's death: Was the overdose really accidental? Did Marilyn commit suicide? Was she murdered? Was her death an intricate plot against President John F. Kennedy and his brother Robert (with whom Marilyn was known to be friendly)?

Only one person was with Marilyn the night she died: Eunice Murray—nurse, housekeeper, companion, and friend. Mrs. Murray was and is the only person who can clear up the mystery of what really happened during Marilyn's last hours. Norman Mailer never spoke to Mrs. Murray, but a JOURNAL reporter did. Here, in an exclusive interview, Mrs. Murray speaks out at last—and at length.

In 1961, Marilyn Monroe had suffered a breakdown and had been confined to hospitals in New York City. By November of that year, she was back in Hollywood, living in an apartment, and under the care of a psychiatrist, Ralph R. Greenson, M.D.

Dr. Greenson felt it was important to find someone to stay with his patient. He decided on Mrs. Murray, a psychiatric nurse whom he had known since 1948, when he had purchased his house from Mrs. Murray and her husband. (Mr. Murray died in 1958.) There was another reason for deciding on Mrs. Murray. Marilyn had fallen in love with Dr. Greenson's Spanish-style home—the home he had purchased from the Murrays—and wanted to find one like it for herself. Marilyn had never owned a home of her own and now she wanted one. Mrs. Murray's 10-year background as a nurse-therapist, plus the house-hunting project, made her the perfect choice.

"At the time I met Marilyn in November, 1961," says Mrs. Murray, "she had been very ill and didn't trust anyone. Dr. Greenson knew I was a person who could help Marilyn in her illness and in her search for a house."

What exactly was Mrs. Murray's function? She has most often been referred to as Marilyn Monroe's "housekeeper." Was she merely that?

"No," she says, "housekeeper was the title I was given when Dr. Greenson introduced me to the police who came in after Marilyn died. I was originally retained as a nurse therapist, but as time went by I added many titles: real estate agent, chauffeur, cook—I was everything Marilyn needed. She often said to me, 'I don't know exactly what to call you, Mrs. Murray.'

"When the doctor first sent me to the house, he said 'You are going to meet Marilyn Monroe.' All I knew about Marilyn Monroe was that she was a Hollywood name. After I went to work for her, she was just a person to me—not a star, but a lovely human being. We worked together in the most amazing fashion—based on trust. That was what Marilyn needed most. She knew she could depend on my honesty and my ability; she had a special way of knowing what people had to offer."

Mrs. Murray gave an example of Marilyn's knack of sizing up people. Attorney Mickey Rudin, a brother-in-law of Dr. Greenson, had hired a business secretary for Marilyn. Mrs. Murray recalls: "The secretary had been with Marilyn for only a week when Marilyn told me she would never depend upon her for certain things. Marilyn said, 'She's to be kept only in the office. She's a great business secretary but she's not to be in on any part of my social life.' Marilyn made decisions like that."

During the Christmas holidays, Mrs. Murray went shopping with Marilyn, usually in Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills. "Shopping together gave us a good insight into each other's habits and mannerisms. We began to feel very comfortable with each other. We bought things for [Marilyn's ex-husband] Arthur Miller's two children. Marilyn loved them very much. I could tell that from the way she selected things for them."

In January, 1962, Mrs. Murray found what she thought would be the perfect house for Marilyn at 12305 Fifth Helena Drive in Brentwood. "I didn't tell the real estate agent the house was for Marilyn Monroe. I didn't want him raising the price," she said.

Marilyn went to see the house several times, and when she was sure she liked it, she asked another former husband, Joe DiMaggio, to look at it. Mrs. Murray recalls: "I had met Joe during the Christmas holidays, when I was with Marilyn in her apartment on Doheny Drive in Hollywood. After we took him to see the house—he approved of it—he took me inside and made me promise that I would stay with Marilyn. One of the *(continued*

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reasons Marilyn liked the house was that it needed many changes. We both decided we'd have to remodel the kitchen completely. So we started getting into action. It made a big difference in her life."

In February, Marilyn and Mrs. Murray went to Mexico to search for furnishings. The trip brightened Marilyn considerably. "She wanted to live again," says Mrs. Murray. "She was so keen about the house, and all the decorating and furnishing ideas were hers. She had excellent ideas. I just followed through." In Mexico, Marilyn ordered silver sconces and furniture to be made and shipped air freight. Ironically, some of the furniture didn't arrive until the week after she died.

Initially, Mrs. Murray had consented to work three days a week with Marilyn, but by April, 1962, she says, "I was with her most of the time. I had my own apartment, but I worked and slept at Marilyn's."

In mid-April, 1962, Twentieth Century-Fox summoned Marilyn to star in *Something's Got to Give*, with Dean Martin and Cyd Charisse. Mrs. Murray recalls one memorable evening while Marilyn was being fitted for the costumes for the film.

"Jean Louis had come with the designs for the costumes, and he told Marilyn that she would have to go to the costumers for fittings. Marilyn asked, 'Do I have to?' Jean Louis told Marilyn that if she had a room with long mirrors they could do the fittings at her home. Luckily, a few days before, I'd had all the mirrors installed. She could have her fittings at home, to her. The third time Jean Louis came with his retinue of seamstresses and fitters, Marilyn had a champagne and caviar party for them. It was delightful."

But Marilyn had her troubles with the film. "All I can say about it is that perhaps it was too soon for Marilyn to go back to work. Her confinements in those New York hospitals had been a bad experience for her. And then there'd been a gall bladder operation. She was really in the depths when I started to work with her."

For the President

Despite her depressed condition, Marilyn flew to New York in May, 1962, to sing for President Kennedy in Madison Square Garden. "She liked the idea," said Mrs. Murray, "it was exciting. She knew the President and she wanted to sing 'Happy Birthday' to him. I was at the house when Jean Louis designed the gown she wore. It was quite a strain for her to go to New York. When she came back, she told me she'd lost her chessman. . . ."

Chessman? While in Mexico, Marilyn had bought a chess set: the pawns were Roman centurions. She took one of the pieces with her to New York as a good-luck charm, only to lose it. When she returned home, she asked Mrs. Murray to order a new centurion to replace the one that had vanished.

Marilyn, of course, was eventually fired from *Something's Got to Give*, because of her repeated absences from the set. Remembers Mrs. Murray: "She was very sad about the firing and didn't know what to do about it. However, the firing didn't destroy her. She had lots of alterations to make, changes that just couldn't be done overnight. We had workmen there for weeks at a time—electricians, plumbers, men working in the kitchen; others were putting down carpeting and fixing the fireplace.

"That's another story, the fireplace. It was brick, but behind the brick we had found the most beautiful Spanish tiles. I couldn't have the brick removed while Marilyn was in the house—it was too noisy and dirty a job—so I had it done the first day she was at the studio. When she came home and saw the original tiles, she was thrilled. So you see, the house was important to her; it was proof to her that her life at the studio wasn't all she had. She was excited by all the changes, and delighted in bringing her friends to see the progress."

Who were some of those friends?

"Peter Lawford and his wife, Pat, came over often. I met them only once, but they were there evenings when I was out. Marilyn didn't entertain in the usual sense; she didn't give dinners. Friends just came over and they were served hors d'oeuvres and drinks. Marilyn made an exception one night, however; she served dinner when Dr. Greenson's son and daughter stopped by."

The week before she died, Marilyn was still decorating her new home.

"The Saturday before she passed away, we went to the Mart on Santa Monica Boulevard and had a delightful day. She had bought many things from the owner, Bill Alexander, but he never knew who she really was. That Saturday he discovered she was Marilyn Monroe. She was giggly when she came out to the car. Then we drove to a nursery where Marilyn bought something like $200 worth of plants for her garden. She wanted a Mexican garden and had studied a book I had bought in Mexico about Mexican flowering trees and plants. She pored over that book by the hour. I'm trying to indicate the vitality and interest she put into projects. She was not just marking time; she was doing something, creating."

What happened on the last day of Marilyn's life, Saturday, Aug. 4, 1962?

On Friday night, Mrs. Murray had gone home to her own apartment because Marilyn had had a guest—her friend and press agent, Pat Newcomb. Miss Newcomb had had a touch of bronchitis and Marilyn asked her to come over early on Friday and sun herself by the pool. Miss Newcomb stayed over Friday night. Mrs. Murray returned on Saturday morning.

"I arrived there about 8:30 Saturday morning. Marilyn was up and dressed in a terrycloth robe. Pat was asleep in the guest bedroom. Marilyn and I had some juice; we were sitting in the beautiful breakfast nook. The kitchen had been re-done and it was lovely. We talked for about an hour or so, discussing household things, then Marilyn went back to her bedroom. A while later, a bedside table Marilyn had ordered on one of our shopping sprees was delivered. Marilyn wrote out a check for the table. That's the kind of day it was—quiet, nothing unusual, nothing planned. And when Marilyn wasn't going anyplace, she didn't dress up; she just wore very comfortable clothes—like her terrycloth robe."

Mrs. Murray busied herself with the

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what Marilyn was doing in
room. She imagines that Maril
have been reading.

"I wasn't watching, really
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me, I think, but it didn't bothe
wasn't serious in any sense."

After eating Mrs. Murray
omelet, Pat decided to stay on.
P.M. Dr. Greenson knocked on t
door. Had Marilyn summoned

A call for oxygen

"No," said Mrs. Murray, "
him late that morning—and I st
know why. Marilyn had said so
to me about oxygen. I didn't
stand, but I didn't ask her w
meant. It didn't seem urgent
stuck in my mind, so I telepho
doctor when it was convenient
told Dr. Greenson, 'Marilyn sai
thing about oxygen that I don't
stand. Does it have any special
ing?' He said, 'I don't think so,
stop by later.'"

Dr. Greenson's arrival interru
conversation Mrs. Murray ar
were having in the kitchen. "She
were talking about my planned
Europe. It was to be a vacation.
lyn had approved and she was r
plans to have her cook from Nev
stay at the house when I l
August 15."

"When the doctor came, he sp
Marilyn, and then asked Pat
was leaving. She said, 'Yes, I a
was part of his plan, evidently, th
not stay because Marilyn and sh
had some kind of disagreemer
least I *surmised* that."

Does Mrs. Murray believe th
agreement occurred just befor
spotted Pat leaving for the car?

"Oh, no. It probably hadn't ev
curred that day. But whenever i
it might have affected Marilyn a
moment, but I don't think that
any bearing on what happened l

Dr. Greenson appears to hav
vited Pat to leave. And she did.
was about 6 P.M. Then Dr. Gre
went back into the bedroom to be
Marilyn. A few minutes later, he
out and asked Mrs. Murray if sh
staying the night.

"I said yes. There wasn't any f
of urgency in his request. There w
anything that gave me any idea t
was important that I stay. . . . I h
clues that I should be especially w
ful. When the doctor asked if I
staying, it was more like a point
formation. He wasn't trying to ex
promise from me."

The doctor then left. Mrs. M
thinks it was about 6:15 P.M., but
"Don't hold me to that exact ti
wasn't wearing a watch and w
looking at the clock."

At what time did Mrs. Murray
pare dinner for Marilyn? *(contin*

The first rice recipe that comes complete with a money back guarantee.



With *Uncle Ben's Converted*® Brand Rice you don't need practice to make perfect. You see, Uncle Ben's is the world's best rice. It's made to come out fluffy and separate, or as we say, perfect every time.

In fact we're so sure of our rice that we'll give you your money back for the box of rice if it doesn't come out perfect in this delicious, easy to make recipe, Beef and Pepper Rice Skillet.

To get your money back, just write and tell us what went wrong with our rice. Include the Uncle Ben's box top along with your name and address, and send to: Uncle Ben's Guarantee, P.O. Box 1752, Houston, Texas 77001. This offer expires June 30, 1974.

Uncle Ben's Rice. When it comes to rice recipes, we put our money where your mouth is.

Beef and Pepper Rice Skillet

- 1½ pounds round steak, cut in thin strips
- 2 tablespoons cooking oil
- 1 cup sliced onion
- 1 cup UNCLE BEN'S CONVERTED® Brand Rice
- 1 can (10½ ounces) beef broth
- Water
- 3 tablespoons soy sauce, or to taste
- 2 green peppers, coarsely chopped
- 1 jar (2 ounces) sliced pimiento, drained

Brown beef in oil in 10-inch skillet. Stir in onion, rice, beef broth, one soup can of water and soy sauce. Bring to boil. Reduce heat, cover, and cook over low heat until liquid is absorbed, about 25 minutes. Stir in green pepper and pimiento. Heat through.

Makes 4 to 6 servings.



Uncle Ben's
So perfect we guarantee it.

"She didn't have dinner. She didn't have lunch, either. That's important, because she hadn't eaten—and when you don't eat all day long, you feel spiritless and not too energetic."

Not long after the doctor left, one of the phones rang in the guest bedroom. Marilyn had two phones in the guest bedroom. One was her personal phone; the other was provided and paid for by her studio. Both phones had long extension cords which enabled Marilyn to bring them into her own bedroom when she wanted them there.

Good news from Joe

"I answered the phone and summoned Marilyn, who sat on the floor and talked to Joe DiMaggio, Jr. She was in a very gay mood while she spoke with him. He had given her some good news: he had broken off with a girlfriend of whom Marilyn did not approve. She was very pleased about that. I didn't hear what she was saying, but I heard her laughing. After the call, she phoned Dr. Greenson to tell him about it. Then she walked toward her room. I was in the living room facing her bedroom. She turned and said, 'We won't go for that ride after all.'

"I didn't know what she meant and didn't question it at the time. But the doctor told me later that he had suggested that if she felt restless, she should go for a ride. I would take her because I was also her chauffeur."

Then Marilyn went into her bedroom, taking one of the phones with her, and closed the door. That was the last time Mrs. Murray saw her alive.

In sorting out the events of Marilyn's last night, Peter Lawford later admitted that he had called Marilyn that evening and asked her if she wanted to go out to dinner with him and a press agent. Marilyn had turned him down because she was "sleepy." Did Mrs. Murray remember the call?

"If Mr. Lawford called, it must have been on the phone that Marilyn had in her bedroom. I didn't hear it ring." But Mrs. Murray did hear the other phone, the one in the guest bedroom. It rang about 8:30 and she went in to answer it.

It is important here to point out that in his book, Marilyn, *Norman Mailer writes at length about Marilyn's last moments, of her phone calls to and from her bedroom, and in so doing, quotes Fred Lawrence Guiles, author of a previous Monroe biography,* Norma Jean. *In trying to explain what happened, Mailer writes: "Then comes a time when she must have felt a warning she had taken too many pills. She begins to make calls. It is almost certain she tried to reach Ralph Roberts [her masseur], for his answering service would later report that a call came in 'from a woman who sounded fuzzy-voiced and troubled.' Guiles has it that 'she did get through to' the Easterner or his friend, 'and she told one of the men that she had just taken the last of her Nembutals' [sleeping pills] and that she was about to slip over the line.' One of them attempted to phone Mickey Rudin, Marilyn's Hollywood attorney, but he was out for the evening. Why such indirect means of summoning help were chosen will never be known."*

Though Guiles alludes to "the Easterner," Mailer openly identifies him as Robert F. Kennedy, then Attorney General of the United States.

To answer the phone, Mrs. Murray left her bedroom by passing through a bathroom that led to the guest bedroom. She picked up the receiver.

"The call was from Mickey Rudin who is Dr. Greenson's brother-in-law. He asked, 'Is Marilyn there?'

"I said, 'Yes, shall I call her?' And he said, 'Oh, no, don't bother.' So there was no clue for being alarmed for any reason. I think he also said, 'Is she all right?' And I said, 'As far as I know she is—shall I call her?' And then he said not to bother and hung up."

What did Mrs. Murray think about Rudin asking, "Is she all right?"

"I really didn't think anything of it because he didn't seem to be alarmed."

Mrs. Murray went back to her bedroom and, after reading for a time, she fell asleep.

"I awoke sometime after midnight. I don't know why. I felt that I wanted to get up and wander around. Then I walked out into the hallway and saw the telephone cord still under Marilyn's door. I knew immediately that something was terribly wrong because she hadn't put the telephone to bed. Putting the phones to bed was one of Marilyn's nightly habits.

"Marilyn always got ready for bed by first taking the telephones into the guest bedroom and putting pillows over them so she couldn't possibly be disturbed by their ringing. Then she would go back to her room and draw the draperies. When she lived in her apartment, she had three layers of draperies with a black curtain against the windows to keep any light f coming through. But in her new h she didn't have the black curtain. only had one set of lined linen d eries. We were going to change t when we got around to decorating bedroom. The drapes were closed not stapled as some reports said were. After drawing the curtains, would take some kind of sedative most every night. At that time she using something that *she* said was mild: chloral hydrate."

Chloral hydrate, commonly refe to as "knockout drops," showed u the lethal level of 8 mg. percen Marilyn Monroe's blood sample in icological tests performed during autopsy. A 4.5 mg. percent leve barbiturates also showed up in blood, as well as 13.5 percent pe barbital in her liver.

Lost all touch

"She would take the chloral hyd with a glass of milk or something the sort. But that Saturday night I not see Marilyn taking her sedativ lost all touch with her after she into her bedroom."

Marilyn also wore an eyeshade ear plugs. Once she had these on was ready to go to sleep.

Mrs. Murray says that Mailer others were "wrong" in quoting he having said that Marilyn had pla Sinatra records to help her fall asl

"I never heard a sound from room. If she phoned someone and t heard records playing in the ba ground, that's something else. Bu never heard records."

(continued on page 1






When her muscles hurt

That's when she looks forward to Ben-Gay Lotion. Because Ben-Gay Lotion gives her deep penetrating warmth...to quickly relieve he muscle aches. And also, because lotion feel creamy, rich, smooth, and good.

Ben-Gay Lotion. When you hurt, it helps

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he answers to some uestions frequently asked y our sponsors

you are considering sponsoring a child through the ristian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

What information will I receive about the child nsor?
About two weeks after you become a sponsor, will receive a photograph of your child, a case ory, and a description of the Home or Project re your child is receiving help. You will also ive progress reports, and any additional in- nation you may wish to request.

May I indicate the country, age, and sex of l I wish to sponsor?
Yes, we try to fulfill all requests, but as you imagine, sometimes this is difficult. Many nsors allow us to select a child for them from emergency list.

an I write directly to my child, and will I re- an answer?
Yes, to both questions. When you become a nsor you receive your child's mailing address. can write to your child, and the answer will ranslated by our staff overseas. (Many spon- save the foreign stamps they receive!)

When will I first hear from my child?
ust a few weeks after you become a sponsor, child will write to you.

Why the "Christian" in Christian Children's l?
Because we are an organization staffed by stian people who are committed to the task iving children a chance to grow up in an at- phere of love.

How do I make my sponsorship payments?
You may send your check monthly or annu- You will receive a receipt, along with an tification card and envelope for use when you e your next gift. Your contributions are tax uctible.

s CCF independent or church operated?
ndependent. CCF is incorporated as a non- it organization, with a Board of Directors meet quarterly. We work closely with mis- aries of 41 denominations. No child is refused ance to a Home because of creed, or race.

When was CCF started, and how large is it now?
1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage hina. Today, over 180,000 children are being sted in 60 countries. However, we are not in- sted in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a ge between the American sponsor, and the l being helped overseas.

What benefits do the children receive from my ?
n general, children receive food, clothing, ter, medical care, education, school supplies— love. You will receive detailed information rding to the country where your child lives the type of Project.

How can I be sure that the money I give actually hes the child?
CCF keeps close check on all children through offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes Projects are inspected by our staff. Each ne is required to submit an annual audited ement.

How long does a sponsorship last?
A sponsorship should be for at least one year. of course, we realize financial conditions can ge suddenly, and so you are free to cancel at time. A sponsorship may be carried for as as a person wishes.

May I sponsor a child for less than $12 a month, still receive the child's name, address and ure?
We cannot accept sponsorship for less than a month, but you can become one of our tributors. Your gifts—large or small—will provide emergency medical care, buy milk abandoned babies, or help care for unspon- d children.

May two people share a sponsorship?
A. Yes, and please give both names and addresses of persons sharing the expense of a sponsorship.

Q. May groups sponsor a child?
A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans?
A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, serious illness of one or both parents, or parents just too poor to care for their children.

Q. Where do the children live who are being sponsored?
A. The child you sponsor may live in an orphanage, home for abandoned babies, school for the blind, hospital, nursing home, day care nursery or vocational training center. Or the child may be in one of our Family Helper Projects—a youngster with a widowed mother, impoverished parents or from a broken home. Your support will help keep the child with the family by helping supply food, clothing, school books, family guidance and a variety of services directed by a trained caseworker.

Q. How long do the children remain in the Home or Project?
A. This depends on the country but usually until they are 18. We do everything possible to see that they are equipped to make an adequate living before they go out on their own.

Q. Is it possible for sponsors to legally adopt the child they sponsor?
A. Many people want to take these needy children into their homes, but the majority of them cannot be legally adopted. In all cases it is necessary for the U. S. Immigration and State Welfare authorities to approve legal adoptions. CCF does not handle legal adoptions.

Q. May I visit my child?
A. Yes. Our Homes and Projects around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. Can my child visit me?
A. This decision must be left entirely with the superintendent. If allowed, all traveling expenses and responsibilities are assumed by the sponsor.

Q. Are my letters to the child censored?
A. Absolutely not. Your entire letter is given to the child along with a literal translation in the child's language.

Q. Which would you advise me to send? Packages or a money gift?
A. Money gifts save the cost of mailing a package and insure that the items you wish for your child will be the proper size. Also, goods purchased overseas generally cost less than similar items in the U.S., and avoid excessive duty.

Q. Should I always send a money gift through the Richmond office?
A. Always! It would be extremely difficult for your child to cash a check or exchange currency. The total amount of your gift will be sent to the Home, along with your instructions for its use. This is a service provided for our sponsors, without any deduction for handling.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency?
A. Yes, CCF is registered with the U. S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.

Q. Where do I send my checks?
A. All contributions, whether sponsorship payments or money gifts for your child, should be sent to our Richmond Office and made payable to Christian Children's Fund.



She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only $12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers.

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write to your child and your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month.

I enclose my first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U. S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7

LH 71NO

Suzy Parker's Holiday Beauty Book



Her name is now Mrs. Bradford Dillman, but the face is still Suzy Parker. At 41, she remains devastatingly beautiful. It is all there—the Titian hair, the vibrant blue eyes, and the porcelain skin stretched over the famous Parker bones that once made her the world's most celebrated model. Today she lives with her actor husband and six children in a large Santa Barbara, Calif., house. Like most busy mothers Suzy has had to pare her beauty routine down to a minimum. In the next few pages she shares her collection of quick tricks to help you have a more beautiful holiday.

Photographs by Sherman Weisburd. Hair and makeup by Jon Moran of Ménage à Trois of Beverly Hills, clothes by Bob Mackie/Ray Agayhan.


PARTY DRESSING
So party perfect.
It's the dress to be seen in.
Long black rayon velvet.
Lacy illusion top.
Exclusively ours.
In misses sizes 8 to 18.
For under $38.
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where this came from.
In the Dress Department.
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Not in the Catalog.
Come try on.
Sears
GREAT LOOKING
DRESSES



Every model soon learns the secrets of the quick change; one of the neatest tricks is to always have an assortment of hair ornaments—barrettes, bows, clips—to give a touch of glamour or change of style. It even works for very short hair, as mine now is (right); other ideas below.
1. *Show off a center part with the help of nostalgic rhinestone stars.*
2. *Glamorous contrasts—tousled short hair and an Art Deco barrette. The hair is chin-length, blunt-cut; the part is movable:* **3,** *at the side, held by golden flowers on golden bobby pins;* **4,** *no part at all, hair pulled back and held just below crown with a silver bow-barrette.*
5. *The Garbo Thirties—a fabric camellia tucked behind your ear.*
6. *Soften short hair—show off your best side with a rhinestone heart.*
7. *Gather long hairs' sweeping curves with an elegant tortoise comb.*
8. *One of the youngest looks is to pull a bit of hair straight back, hold in place with a shiny barrette.*



Illustrations by Thea Kliros.

A beautiful way to do your Christmas shopping once. And for all.



Fragrance gifts in keepsake containers to treasure long after the fragrance is gone. Kari, Baroque, MN.
Body Creme Soap and Dish, $6.50.
Fragrance Candle Boutique Set, $6.50.
Perfumed Milk Bath Carafe, $5.00.
Fragrance Lotion Bud Vase, $5.00.
Frosted glass Bath Oil Decanter, $5.00.

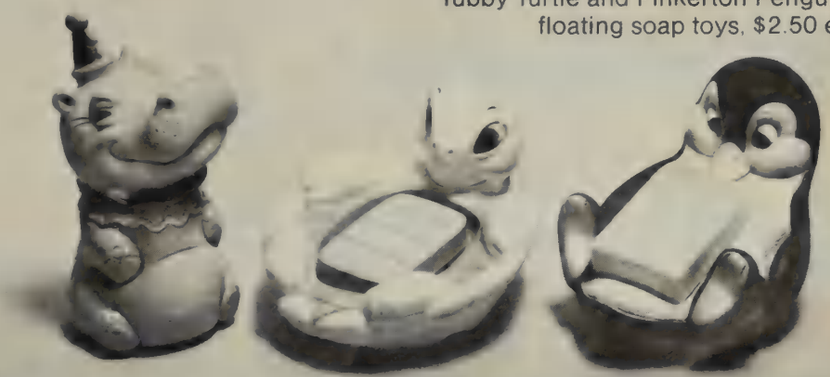


A gallery of captivating men's gifts from Rogue, $2.50 to $10.00.
Cologne in four Roguish scents (Rogue, Chaparral, Spice and Leather) $5.00.
Rogue Shave Lotion Decanter, $10.00.
Rogue Travel Kit, $9.50.

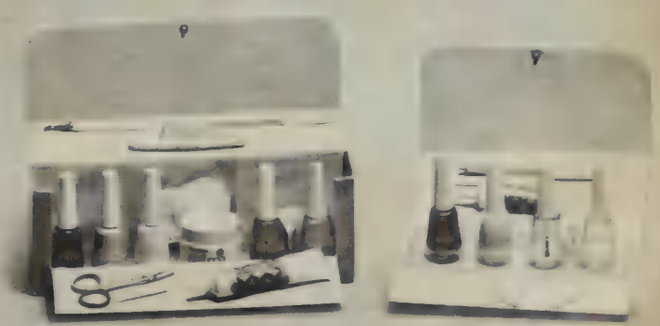
The most beautiful gift wraps of all, from the Merle Norman loungewear collection. Venetian lace trimmed peignoir set, $30.00. Glamorous marabou-cuffed robe, $38.00.



And may all their baths be merry!
Harriett Hippo bubble bath, $2.50.
Tubby Turtle and Pinkerton Penguin III, floating soap toys, $2.50 each.



Everything you need for beautiful nails right at your fingertips. Complete manicure sets. $15.00 and $7.50.



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1

Good makeup begins with healthy skin, which means regular care and treatment. Here are some of my thoughts on the subject—to cover all occasions.

1 *The home sauna for deep pore cleansing. Huddle under a towel over a steaming pot of herb-scented water—we use camomile and rosemary.*



2

2 *After any cleansing, pat dry, apply astringent to close pores, gently massage in a moisturizer around eyes, mouth, neck. Daily is best.*



3

3 *Face masks come in all types: try one of the quickie varieties to give you a rosy glow in just minutes. Tissue off, then rinse in tepid water.*



Crayons are easy to use for eye color. Use the same color for lid and crease, or play with different ones—if you're clever.



Lashes look bigger more naturally by applying plenty of mascara. Tilt head back, apply from lash base out. Tissue prevents smudging.



Everyone makes mistakes—Q-Tips to the rescue. Dab lightly, never pull or rub sensitive skin around eyes.



1 *The secret of good eye makeup is to experiment. Don't be afraid to blend several colors above lid. Learn to use your pinkie.*



2 *Sweep the color out and slightly up to emphasize bones. A Q-Tip can help blend or lighten if you've been heavy-handed.*



3 *Last—a dab of pale highlights, just under the brow, following its natural curl.*



1 *For a dramatic makeup effect, brush on a powder-based, gold-flecked color and sweep it up into your hairline. Or use one of the shiny cheek glosses. Don't be afraid of too much color in the evening.*

For lips—first, a bright color (thank goodness it's back), then outline with a lip brush or pencil for more boldness. The last also helps correct a too thin or too thick lip.

2





Let the shimmering, sun-dappled tiles of Italy reflect their gaiety in your home.

Inspired by the festive tiles that beautify Italy's piazzas, parks, and palaces, Cannon Royal Family International Fashions has created Roman Holiday.

Fanciful squares float across thick towels, no-iron sheets of polyester and cotton percale. And the new, truly washable Permapoint™ quilted polyester/cotton bedspreads. In colors to make your spirits soar.

Roman Holiday. Reflecting a way of life and a state of mind as sunny as a summer's day.

International Fashions™

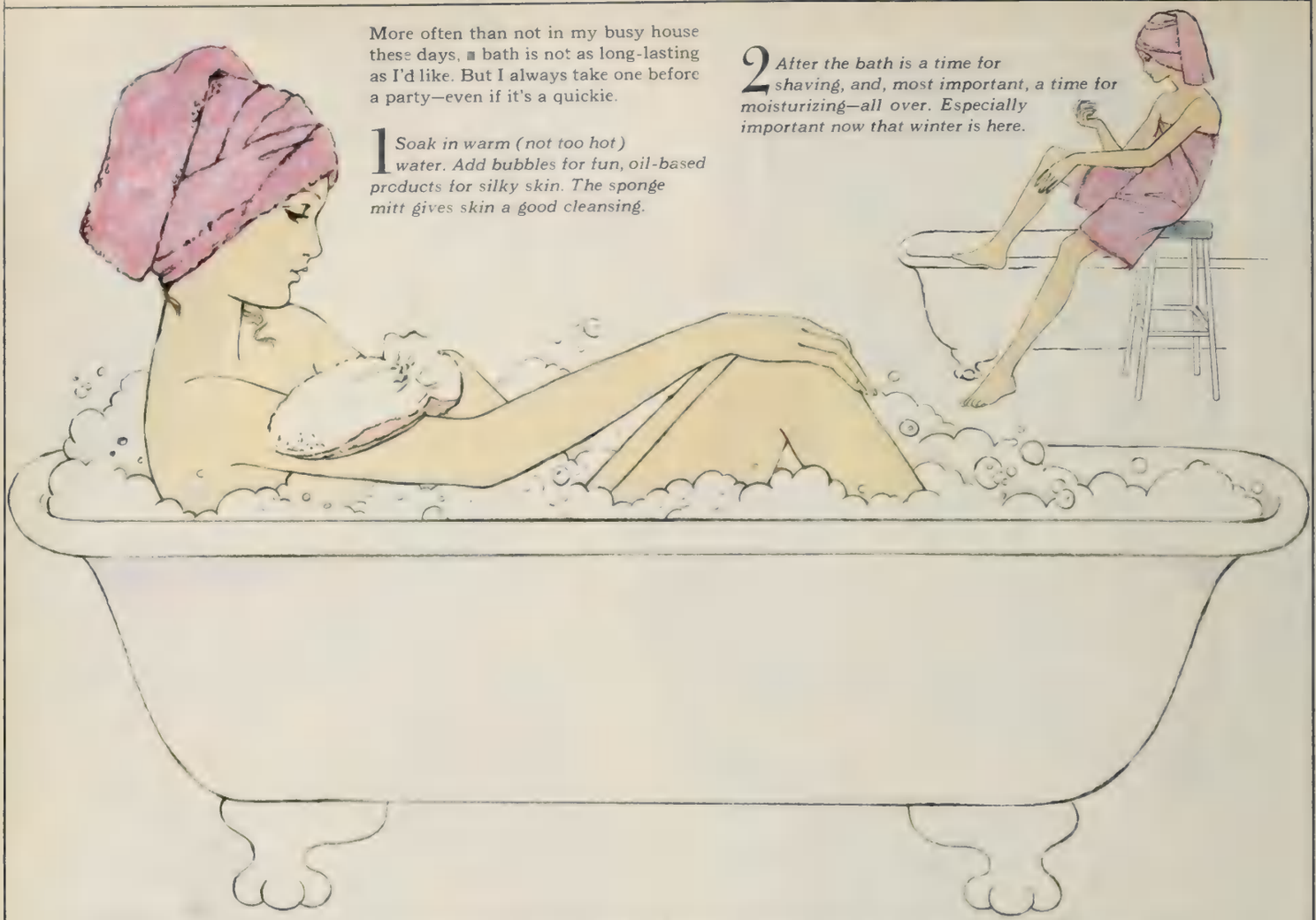
Cannon Royal Family

Roman Holiday in: Firefly Yellow (shown) or Sky Blue.
Cannon Mills Inc., 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020

More often than not in my busy house these days, a bath is not as long-lasting as I'd like. But I always take one before a party—even if it's a quickie.

1 *Soak in warm (not too hot) water. Add bubbles for fun, oil-based products for silky skin. The sponge mitt gives skin a good cleansing.*

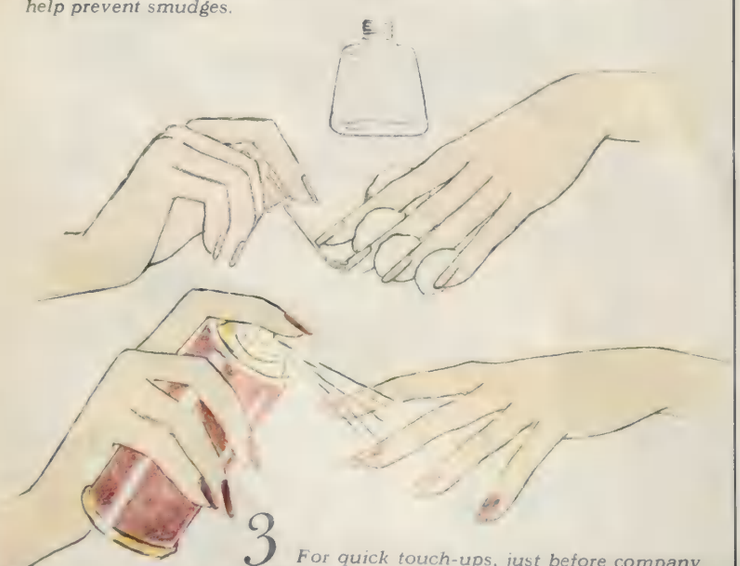
2 *After the bath is a time for shaving, and, most important, a time for moisturizing—all over. Especially important now that winter is here.*



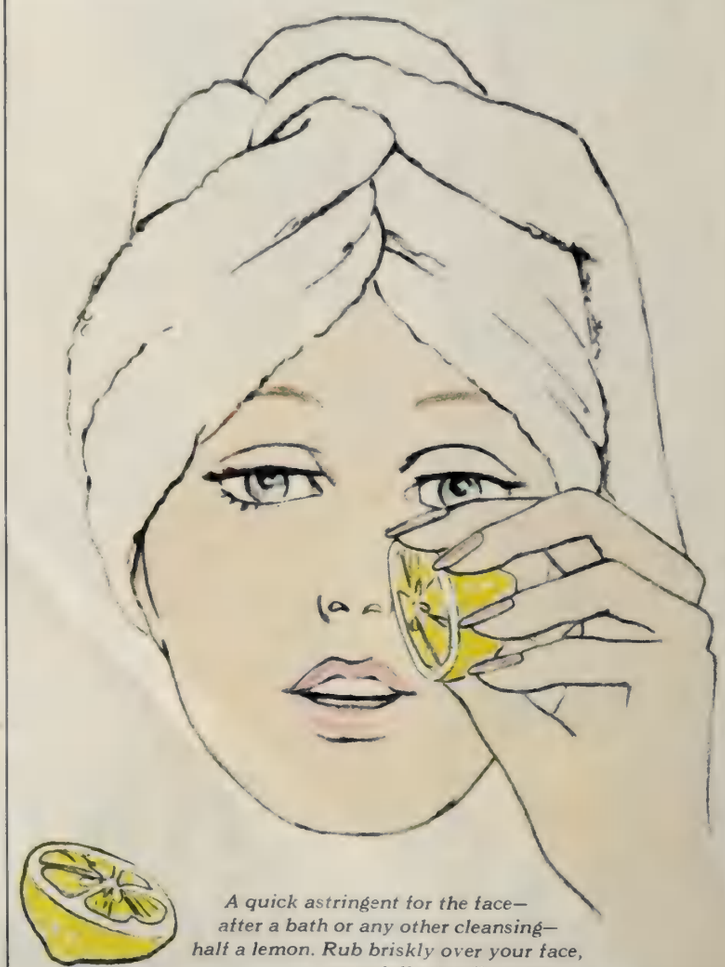
1 *Begin every manicure with thorough cleansing. For stained fingers, including stubborn nicotine stains, rub with a piece of fresh lemon.*



2 *Apply base coat, two coats of color (let each dry first), and a sealer for extra chip protection. Cotton balls between fingers help prevent smudges.*



3 *For quick touch-ups, just before company comes, have a can of instant nail dryer ready to spray on. Dries in seconds.*



A quick astringent for the face—after a bath or any other cleansing—half a lemon. Rub briskly over your face, especially on oily areas.



A 3-piece Buffet place setting of china is $17.95 to $48.00. A 5-piece Complete setting is $26.95 to $90.00. A 3-piece place setting of crystal is $16.50 to $48.00. Send for our free color brochure. Lenox, Inc., Dept. 2. Trenton, N.J. 08605. The Lenox fair trade prices shown here are for use only where fair trade is permitted by law.

One thing about pulling yourself together is that it takes different times for different occasions for different people. But everyone has an average, and I think it's important to know what it is so you can allow for it. My average is about 10 minutes I suppose, plus a few extra minutes to make sure that the table is set properly and the candles are lit. And there goes the doorbell . . .



1 *A quick last minute pick-up: cotton pads soaked in witch hazel or mild, cool tea to relax tired, puffy eyes. Then soothing eyedrops.*

2 *Last but not least, a spritz or dab of your favorite scent. And why not spray a little around the room for an even more personal touch?*



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Easy does it when you've got this fresh water spinning rod by Garcia and 3-tray Plano tackle box. Both are yours for free B&W coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Raleigh.

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Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report February '73



Sears Sudbury Square Collection. Superbly quilted. Beautifully priced.

Romance your bedroom with a beautiful bedspread from Sears Sudbury Square Collection. Choose from 5 unique designs. Like the charming Mandarin Stripe shown above. Pinedale, our colonial tree of life. Staunton, an old-fashioned floral. Pink and blue Ribbon Stripe. And Windward, Sears exclusive bird-of-paradise.

Delicate looking—yet made to last. Quilting is "lock-stitched" to prevent threads from raveling. Each design has its own quilting pattern to harmonize with it. And every spread is pattern matched at the seams.

The chintz is 100% cotton, backed with the same soft nylon tricot used in finest lingerie. Lushly filled with Sears own Dura-Puff® polyester. Easily dry cleaned, of course.

These are the elegant quilted bedspreads you expect to find in a decorator's shop. But they're only at Sears. At most larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, or by catalog. We think you'll be astonished at the price.

Five elegant designs. Only at Sears

GRANDMA MOSES

AN ALBUM OF HOLIDAY PAINTINGS BY A BELOVED AMERICAN ARTIST. FROM A SUPERB NEW BOOK ON HER LIFE AND WORK. PLUS A CONTEST TO FIND A NEW "GRANDMA MOSES." SEE PAGE 118.



CATCHING THE TURKEY. 1940.



As a child, Anna Mary Robertson Moses loved to draw pretty pictures. But it was not until her late seventies—with her husband dead, her children grown, and housework too taxing—that Grandma Moses (left) took up painting "to pass the time away." It was a pleasant hobby, nothing more, until a collector of primitive art saw her work on display in a country drugstore and she was "discovered." Before she died in 1961, at age 101, she produced almost 1,600 paintings. Those shown here are among the more than 1,500 reproductions found in *Grandma Moses*, a lavish new book written by art expert Otto Kallir, who became her friend and adviser, and published this fall by Harry N. Abrams, Inc.

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Grandma Moses, a "primitive" (i.e., untrained) artist, painted pictures of things she knew and loved—the familiar countryside of Eagle Bridge, N.Y., the celebrations and daily rituals of New England country life—whatever her mind conjured. "A Landscape picture, an old Bridge, a Dream, or a summer or winter scene, childhoods memories, what ever one fancys; but always something pleasing and unmistakable—beautifully sensitive nature scenes inhabited by colorfully awkward human figures. Because of her weakness in perspective and human form, Grandma Moses had difficulty doing indoor scenes. She once wrote a friend: "I tried that interior but did not like it so I erased it, that don't seem to be in my line . . . Well maybe I try again." Nevertheless, she painted more than 20 such scenes before she died.





CHRISTMAS AT HOME. 1946.
The artist filled this scene with all her happy memories of an old-fashioned Christmas.

WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS. 1960.
Grandma Moses was one hundred years old when she painted this picture.



JOY RIDE, 1953
As much as she enjoyed painting, Grandma Moses didn't think people should try to be artists "unless they really have talent . . ."

One of the earliest is *Christmas at Home* (below), in which she crowded all the holiday festivities into one oversized room. After she became famous, people often asked her to repeat popular themes such as *Catching the Turkey* (preceding page). Although she did not particularly enjoy these tasks, she obliged so as not to disappoint her friends. But fame did not change the artist's frugal and practical nature. She still preferred to paint on hardwood or Masonite board because it will last many years longer than canvas. And the size of her paintings was often determined by the size of the frame she planned to use. "A picture without a frame is like a woman without a dress. To my way of thinking." Nor could she reconcile herself to being paid more than she asked for a painting; and once she returned an unexpected check, saying that everything had been paid for, she was not owed anything and did not want the money.



For a long time, Dr. Kallir had asked to watch as Grandma Moses painted. Each time, she demurred. Then, in 1951, she moved from her farmhouse into a home her sons had built for her across the road, and Dr. Kallir learned the reason for her previous refusals. In the new house, the artist painted in a small room behind the kitchen. In the old house, she had used her upstairs bedroom as a studio—and she simply did not think it proper for a gentleman to enter a lady's bedroom. She truly loved company, however, and seemed to enjoy her occasional trips to attend her exhibits or accept some honor. In 1953, Grandma Moses took part in a forum sponsored by the *New York Herald Tribune*. When the frail-looking artist walked out on stage, she received a standing ovation. She smiled and returned the greeting by waving a handkerchief at the



dience—a spontaneous gesture that started the ap-
ause all over again. She simply did not see herself as a
ebrity. Painting was "a very pleasant hobby if one does
t have to hurry, I love to take my time and finish things
right." But to Grandma Moses, it was just one part
a well-lived life. As she wrote in her autobiography,
y Life's History: "I look back on my life like a good
y's work, it was done and I feel satisfied with it. I was
happy and contented, I knew nothing better and made the best out of what life offered. And life is what we make it, always has been, always will be." —Gini Kopecky

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For details on how to order this book on Grandma Moses —and how to enter the "Journal's" new American Primitive Painting competition for amateur artists—see page 118.

OLD TIMES. 1957.







CAROLINE KENNEDY AT 16

BY MAUD SHAW

WITH PETER WHITTLE

On November 27, Caroline celebrates an important birthday. Who better to tell us what she is like as a young woman than Miss Shaw—the nanny to whom her upbringing was entrusted for more than seven and a half years.





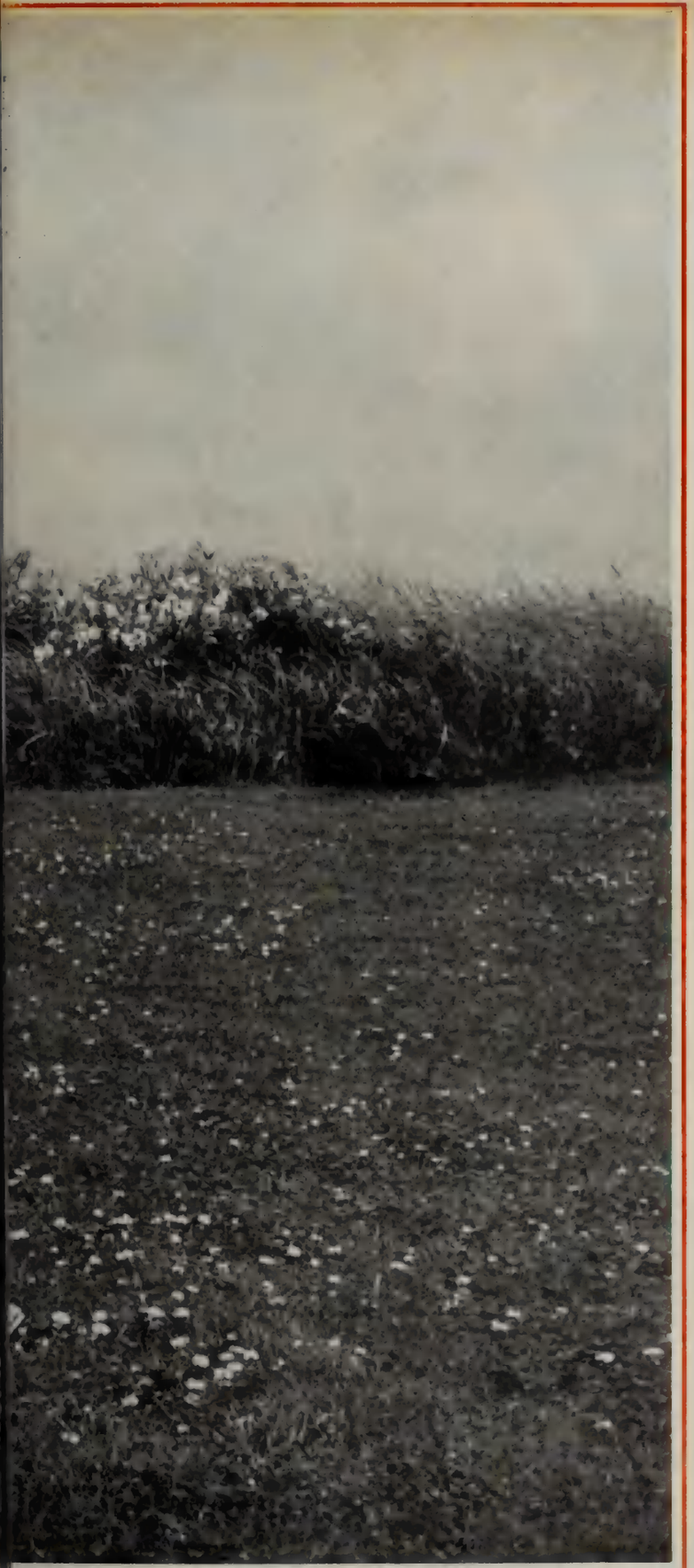
Says Maud Shaw: "From the very start I was impressed by the Kennedys' determination to raise their daughter in as near a normal manner as possible. Caroline could have been a brat like some of her cousins, but she was not."

One day last summer, a small packet flipped through the letter box on the door of my home in Portsmouth, England. My eye caught sight of the postmark: Hyannis Port, Mass. It brought back a flood of memories—memories of seven and a half years of my life, wonderful years during which I was happy and proud to give my love and devotion to the two children of President John F. Kennedy and his wife Jacqueline.

And if I remember Caroline Kennedy more than her brother, John Jr., it's because I first held her in my arms when she was 14 days old and cared for her for the next 90 months.

That Hyannis Port letter was from a friend, a children's nurse who sees Caroline when the Kennedy clan gathers for the summer. My friend had enclosed a selection of recent newspap and magazine photographs Caroline, together with a lett that said, "Caroline has grov into a tall, very attractive you lady with lovely blue eyes. S has a finishing school's polish poise, but it hasn't dulled h natural courtesy and friendline She greets old acquaintances such, and though she lives in t atmosphere of wealth and gla

Black and white photographs by Mark Shaw; color photographs by Otto Stupakoff and Frank T



among the 'beautiful people,'
lon't think much of it has
bed off on her. Caroline has
uiet charm: one is aware of an
er serenity, though she pur-
s the usual activities and ex-
ements of her age. Altogether,
gives promise of a delightful
turity."

When I read that, my eyes be-
ne misty. Those words were
tten about a girl whose up-

bringing had been entrusted to me. I was closer to her than any woman—except her own mother.

One of my dearest possessions is the scrapbook given to me by Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy when I left the family's employ. The inscription reads: "You brought such happiness to our lives, and especially to President Kennedy, because you made his children what *(continued on page 114)*

Ten years have passed since the assassination of President Kennedy. Now an author noted for his vivid re-creations of historic events asks famous men and women to recall how they heard the tragic news—and weaves their memories into an unforgettable tapestry.

NOVEMBER 22, 1963... THE END OF CAMELOT

BY JIM BISHOP

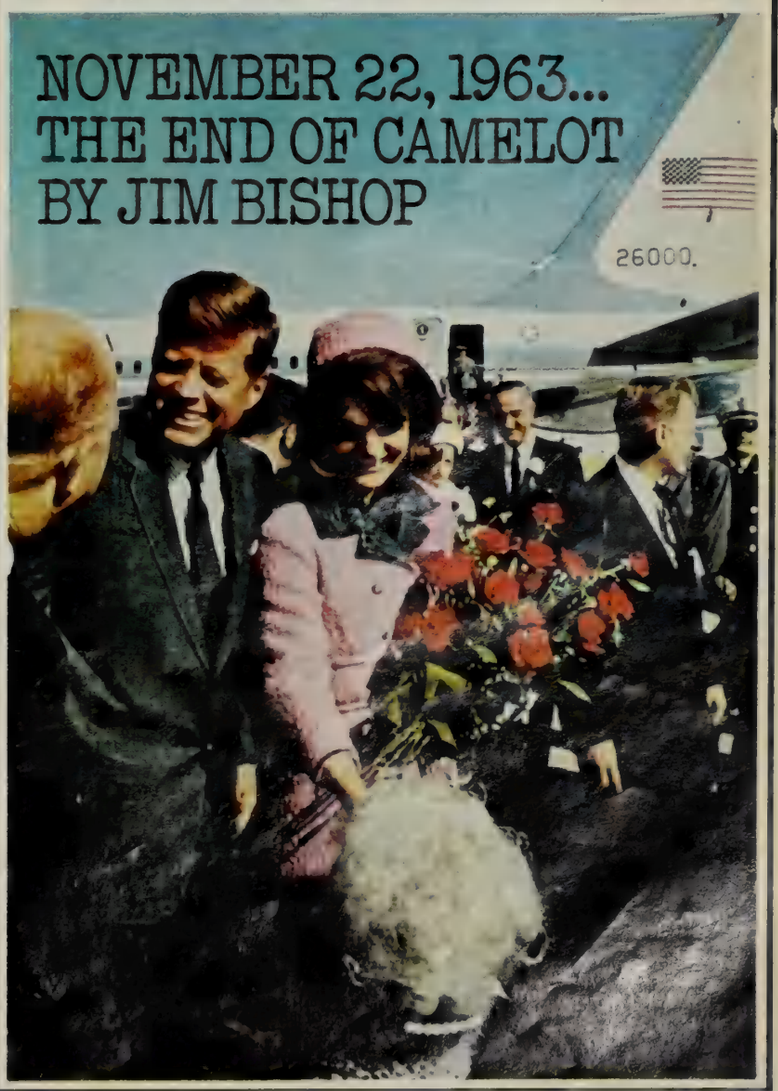
The pigeons heard it first. They were on the tar roof of the School Book Depository Building when a sound akin to the slapping of two boards split the bright, warm sky over Dealey Plaza. The pigeons took flight. The sharp crack engulfed the people on the green below. Bystanders waving and shouting at the President of the United States paused in bewilderment and asked: "What was that?" There was no time to say more. Two more cracking sounds were heard and the pigeons turned upward into the sun. Dealey Plaza seemed darker.

Then the sun was back, warm and rich and good to Dallas, Texas, on that day of November 22, 1963. The cameras began to click and whir again. President John F. Kennedy looked so small in the finders that his movements were indecipherable. He was lifting his right hand slowly toward his throat. The great bronzed face swung glacially toward Mrs. Kennedy. The body teetered, then, like a bashful lover, his head inclined and fell into the roses on her lap. She saw two large pieces of his skull fly toward the back of the car as Governor John Connally of Texas, in the jump seat, his mouth forming a large silent O, sagged toward his wife.

The time was 12:30 noon. Driver William Greer dropped his foot on the accelerator and the big Lincoln snapped forward to dive for safety at the underpass. But there was nothing to save. The President was dead. The religious would manufacture a story that he died a half hour later, after the sacrament of extreme unction had been administered, but that was a charitable fable. John Fitzgerald Kennedy, first boy prince of the White House, died instantaneously. The heart, as a matter of habit, would pump blood into the open and partly empty cranium; when the supply was exhausted, the heart would stop.

For the President—for the man, the *(continued on page 108)*

An hour before the assassination, President and Mrs. Kennedy land in Dallas.



Photograph by Arthur Rickerby, Life Magazine, © 1963 TIME, Inc.


Francine doted on Gerard . . .
but she had to contend with Peggy Tillin.



"She slammed the door behind me"

Vegetarians are a serious lot, it says here, but pressured by love they have been known to eat even crow. A hilarious love story by Eileen Jensen.

HE

My great-aunt Abigail Cartwright is fond of remarking that I was born at the age of nine with a full set of teeth. It is her folkway of saying that I am old for my years. I am thirty-two now—thirty-two years and two months, to be precise (I am always precise) —and Abigail always seems to derive a certain rather perverse pleasure in hectoring me.

"Gerard sprang from his mother, looked hard at the doctor, and asked him to retie the cord," Abigail will say, fingering the diamond bar pin that secures her lace collar like a latch on a gate. She's a disheveled old party with bright eyes, withered cheeks, and a thick mop of white hair. All the Cartwrights have good hair, generally quite a lot of it.

Abigail's speech is more colorful than accurate. Her check stubs are fiction. I know, because I am the one she requisitions to compute her annual tax.

Most of the Cartwrights rely on me in one way or another. I'm the unmarried uncle who finances the younger siblings through school and, later on, buys the wedding silver. I am godfather to three. I worked my way through college, mastered data-processing, and am now employed in the computer center at Dunn, Dunn & Olson.

Contrary to popularly held opinion, numbers are not dull. One journeys to the moon by countdown. Two and two are four. *Invariably*. It is a measure of security that gives a man confidence, and I need confidence if I am to function with efficiency at Dunn, Dunn & Olson, a firm whose personnel is overwhelmingly female.

Unlike numbers, women do not add up. Don't misunderstand me. I like females. Their eyes are lustrous and their contours are pleasing. But at DD&O they come late for work. They spill face powder. They lose the key to the toilet. They lunch out of brown paper bags in order to save money with which to purchase false eyelashes. They marry. They quit. They cry. I am helpless when they cry.

My brother Eric finds this amusing in me. Eric is ten years my junior, and we share an apartment in a building we own in New York City. In the mornings, Eric refuses to get out of bed until he checks his horoscope. He wears his hair long and his pants snug. His socks may be red or plaid, or worse, mismatched. Eric doesn't care. He whistles in the shower. He lends people money. And he cooks. Gourmet. *Coq au Vin. Escargots. Tournedos Rossini*. Etc. Indescribable odors permeate our apartment. I am a vegetarian.

We vegetarians are a *(continued on page 140)*

Illustration by Richard Amsel



Made for Christmas

These presents all have extra special love—and foresight—since now none too soon to start on Christmas gifts you make yourself. On the l a collection of nine pillows in all sizes and shapes for anyone on your l no matter what age. For example: the Earth Doll, made from a trans



tern, for ecology-minded children; for Grandmother, perhaps, a id-and-tassel-embroidered cushion made from a kit. Along with cush-s, baskets are also a current craze. On the right, six ideas for filling m imaginatively with myriad goodies such as lollipops, gingham sachets, bread, sewing gear, or an extravagant bouquet of fabric field flowers. The tree is hung with two designs of crocheted snowflakes and mirrored felt disks. Directions for making and instructions for ordering on page 120. By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor. Photograph by Charles Gold

You can bake it, poach it, or fry it. What's more, you can't miss with it. It's French *pâte à choux* (say "pat ah shoe"), and it makes anything from hors d'oeuvres to main course items and dessert. The dough is a quick mixture of water, butter, eggs, and flour heated for a minute in a saucepan—an easy and practically foolproof process. In America, *pâte à choux* shows up most in the making of cream puffs and éclairs. But there's a lot more: Season it, drop it by teaspoonfuls into deep fat, and you have instant appetizers called *beignets* (pronounced "ben-yays"). Press through a pastry bag into cylinders, slice in short lengths, poach briefly, and you have airy dumplings for soups and casseroles. Bake in puffs and instead of cream, fill with chicken salad or creamed mushrooms. Below, three very different *pâte à choux* ideas: 1. French Nuns: pastry cream-filled éclairs pyramided on a tart base with a cream puff "head" and whipped cream trim. 2. Beignets: cheese, anchovies, and diced ham season the dough for appetizers. 3. Shrimp Gnocchi: *pâte à choux* dumplings in a sour cream, dill, and shrimp casserole. The basic dough recipe and nine appetizing ways to cook with it are on page 98.

THE DOUGH THAT DOES IT ALL!




2
3

Thanksgiving with the Waltons



Television's colorful, sprawling Walton family evokes for us a special kind of Thanksgiving nostalgia—a nostalgia for big, old-fashioned families (our apologies to the zero populationists), for generation mixing without generation gaps, for warmth and wit that weathers the good times and the bad. It seemed only appropriate to us to ask the Waltons to join us for the JOURNAL's annual Thanksgiving feast this year. We all got together on the set of the family's Emmy-winning weekly show just before the day's shooting was to begin. The dinner, an old-time, made-from-scratch spread, was a great success—almost too great a success. We had all we could to keep the younger Waltons—El abeth (Kami Cotler), Erin (Ma Elizabeth McDonough) and B (Eric Scott)—from digging into t

Photograph by Sherman Weist



mpkin Cheese Pie before we shed the photography session. n-Boy (Richard Thomas) saved day by keeping his younger ings in tow. Mother Olivia lton (Michael Learned) and Grandmother Walton (Ellen Corby) requested copies of our recipes. When it was all over, the whole family—including Grandfather Walton (Will Geer), Jason (Jon Walinsky), Mary Ellen (Judy Norton), and Father John Walton (Ralph Waite) sat down to sample the fare, which featured: Baked Candied Cranberries, Pumpkin Cheese Pie, Corn Bread Stuffing, Spiced Cider Cup, Chilled Vegetables Vinaigrette, Creamed Onions with Pork Cracklings, Corn with Black Walnuts, Mincemeat Pie, Glazed Sweet Potatoes, Roast Turkey, and Sally Lunn bread. For details, see recipes on page 92.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE VEGETABLES!

You'll believe it when you taste them. These incredibly elegant, if unorthodox, desserts have done more for the poor parsnip and the Idaho potato than Henry Higgins ever did for Eliza. Take the parsnip, for example. We've cooked it, mashed it, beaten in eggs, sugar, butter and almonds; seasoned it with orange rind and vanilla and baked it in a flaky pie crust with a marmalade and nut glaze. The transformation is spectacular. Take the other vegetable dishes here: top row—Beet Mold, Carrot Brownies, Turnip Steamed Pudding; center row—Parsnip Pie, Sweet Potato Cheesecake, Squash Baked Alaska; bottom—Tomato Jelly Roll, Cabbage Strudel, Potato Flan. Only their names hint at their garden-variety origins. They are all first-class desserts (at, incidentally, second-class winter-vegetable prices). To play Pygmalion, turn to the recipe section on page 103. By Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor. Photograph by Charles Gold





JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER



The Journal Food Sampler reports the latest on the food scene. Recipes from readers, supermarket news, nutrition. Enjoy it!

—Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor

RECIPE EXCHANGE



Mrs. Loretta Birnstill of Okemos, Mich., sent in this rich, buttery cake, the delight of her husband and friends. But she hasn't tasted it more than twice in all the years she's baked it. Why? "I can't keep on wearing a size seven dress and eat everything I cook," confesses Mrs. Birnstill.

Streamlined Apricot Torte

1 package dry yeast
¼ cup warm water
1⅓ cups butter, softened
3½ cups flour
4 eggs, separated
½ cup sour cream
1¾ cups chopped walnuts
1¼ cups sugar
1 Tb. cinnamon
1 cup apricot jam

Soften yeast in warm water. Combine butter and flour in a mixer bowl, blending at



low until mixture resembles crumbs. Add egg yolks, sour cream, yeast. Blend at low until dough forms. Shape into ball. Divide into three. Roll out each on a floured surface to a 13x9-in. rectangle. Place one on bottom of greased 13x9-in. pan. Combine 1½ cups walnuts, ¾ cup sugar, cinnamon; sprinkle over dough in pan. Top with second rectangle. Spread with jam. Top with remaining rectangle. Bake in a 350° oven for 50 to 60 minutes.

Beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Gradually add ⅓ cup sugar. Continue beating until meringue stands stiff. Spread over baked cake. Sprinkle with ¼ cup chopped walnuts. Continue baking 10 minutes, or until golden brown. Serves 12.



Mrs. Robert Payne of Wrightwood, Calif., bakes the Chocolate Meringue Cake at an altitude of 6,500 feet. Her home is in San Bernardino Mountains. Tips for other high-altitude baking: Cut down on the leavening ingredients by half and raise heat slightly.

Chocolate Meringue Cake

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
4 eggs, separated
4 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup cake flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup hot water
1 package (6 oz.) chocolate pieces
Whipped cream
Shaved chocolate



Cream butter with ¾ cup sugar until fluffy. Beat in egg yolks, add melted chocolate and vanilla. Sift together flour, soda, and salt. Add to mixture. Stir in water. Quickly spread in two greased and floured 8-in. layer cake pans. Beat egg whites, gradually beating in ¼ cup sugar until stiff and glossy. Sprinkle chocolate pieces over all, spread meringue over tops. Bake at 350° about 35 minutes. Cool on rack 10 minutes before removing from pans.

Assemble so that meringue layers are together with whipped cream between for filling. Frost top with whipped cream, sprinkle with shaved chocolate. Makes 8-10 servings.

Send us your favorite recipe using Dried Beans. We'll pay $50 for two winners. Include with recipe some mention of its origin; we reserve the right to alter recipes used; recipes submitted become the property of Downe Publishing, Inc. Entries must be postmarked by November 30. Send: Recipe Exchange, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

10 OTHER THINGS TO DO WITH...

Ground Ginger

After gingerbread, what? This sweet hot spice adds zest to almost anything you could mention, and we've come up with ten easy ways to prove it.

- *Snappy fried chicken:* add ½ teaspoon ginger to the flour before coating chicken parts.
- *Peppy grilled cheese sandwiches:* sprinkle ginger lightly over sliced cheese sandwiches before grilling.
- *Savory canned baked beans:* mix in ¼ teaspoon each ground ginger and dry mustard and 1 tablespoon instant minced onion to a 1-lb. can of beans. Top with bacon strips; bake half an hour until brown.
- *Zippy canned soups:* bland canned meat and vegetable soups have a way of becoming more interesting if you stir in ⅛ teaspoon ground ginger (per can) before serving.
- *Zingy vanilla ice cream:* let a quart of ice cream soften slightly; then blend in ½ teaspoon ground ginger and refreeze until firm.

For extra glamour, stir in chilled mixed glacé fruit.

- *Spicy meringue:* just add ¼ teaspoon ground ginger to a 3-egg white meringue.
- *Hot buttercream:* enliven your favorite buttercream with ginger. A frosting made with 2½ cups confectioners' sugar needs ¼ teaspoon ginger and another ¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg to make a super-spice frosting.
- *Perky pears:* blend ¼ teaspoon ground ginger with 1 tablespoon sugar and sprinkle over fresh sliced pears. Great with melon wedges too.
- *Zesty pudding:* stir ½ teaspoon ground ginger into a package of vanilla pudding mix.
- *Gingery carrots:* (These are special!) In a large fry pan, glaze 1½ lbs. cooked sliced carrots with a mixture of ¼ cup melted butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar and ¾ teaspoon ground ginger.

KITCHEN BOUTIQUE

Hands. Hands in gloves.

Your most basic piece of kitchen equipment is your hand, a truth brought home to us by Mrs. Wayne W. Turner of Santa Paula, Calif., who has some unique uses for ordinary kitchen gloves. Donning a pair of strong rubber gloves, Mrs. Turner uses the little rough grip spots on the fingers to scrub carrots, potatoes, cucumbers, radishes, and summer squash —under running water. She also wears kitchen gloves to de-silk fresh corn on the cob by rubbing the silk into little balls and pulling them off. And when she cooks fish or prepares garlic and onion, gloves keep her hands delicately odor-free. No scrubbing later. We thought you might want to try some of her glove techniques, maybe come up with a few of your own. But we do endorse a bare-hands approach to things like baking your own bread. Part of the pleasure of bread-making is kneading the dough vigorously. It's a great way to get rid of tension, aggression, general irritability.

Bare hands are still the most effective tools for mixing meatloaf, shaping meatballs and meat patties, patting out biscuit dough, and testing cakes for doneness. (Do they spring back?)

And hands are unparalleled for salad making. (Never *cut* salad greens, for heaven's sake.)

Next mealtime, head for the seashore. Campbell's Seashore Soups.



All your favorite Campbell's Seashore Soups are easy to find now, because each is wearing a brand-new symbol on its label—a round "Seashore Soups" life preserver.

Next mealtime, spoon into Campbell's Manhattan Style or New England Clam Chowder made with sweet, minced clams. Or Cream of Shrimp Soup with pieces of shrimp and a touch of sauterne wine. Or Oyster Stew with succulent, whole oysters.

Look for the Campbell's Soups with the new life preserver on the label. And head for the seashore. Campbell's Seashore Soups.

M'm! M'm! Good!

JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER

ON THE AISLE

NEWS OF THE SUPERMARKET

For those of you with time to spare from the usual delights of Thanksgiving preparation, we recommend two or three lesser-known days: Asparagus Week begins on Nov. 11, Elephants Round-up on Nov. 17 (admittedly off the beaten path—it's in Surin, Thailand), and the Mother Goose Parade on Nov. 18 in El Cajon, Calif. (wish we were going to that one). And, in our usual good-natured way, we're listing some new edibles and drinkables to celebrate any occasion you choose to commemorate. The Romanoff Caviar Company is introducing four flavored spreads: Romanoff Cocktail Spread flavored with blue cheese and shallots; Romanoff Cocktail Spread flavored with beer, mustard, and chives; Romanoff Cocktail Spread flavored with hickory smoke and almonds; and (our favorite) Romanoff Cocktail Spread flavored with sherry and mushrooms. Another aid to celebration is a popular new vodka mixed drink in a can from Heublein, called the Club Wallbanger.

They're also introducing Tava, a liqueur with a vodka base.

If you're looking for a shortcut to authenticity, try Durkee's new Taco Seasoning Mix to transform ground meat into taco filling with maximum ease.

The Ground Meat Analyzer

A new machine called the Ground Meat Analyzer (GM/A) is making its debut in a number of supermarkets around the country—and soon you may find (or request) one in your own store. What for? Instead of guessing at the fat content of ground meat, shoppers and butchers alike will have a simple way of determining what they've got. The device looks something like a scale. You place your package of ground-whatever on a glass window on the top and read off the percentage of fat on the dial placed on the side.

Inside the GM/A a beam of light is aimed at the meat—and because fat causes the light to "bend" in a certain way, the small computer housed inside the machine can instantly analyze the fat content. Simple!!

Just to give you an idea of what kind of fat content to look for, here are the Federal guidelines for ground-up beef. (State laws vary.)

Hamburger: May contain up to 30 percent fat. Fat does not have to come from the piece of meat being ground.

Ground beef: Can contain up to 30 percent fat, but is frequently lower. No additional fat can be added.

Ground chuck: Ground from the shoulder or "chuck," it is leaner—15-25 percent fat.

Ground round: Ground up round steak. About 11 percent fat.

Ground sirloin: Why? Unless you have chewing problems, let it stay steak.

Keep in mind that it is the fat in ground meat that makes it juicy, so that you may actually prefer a higher fat content unless you are on a low cholesterol or reducing diet.

Pollock, Perch, and Greenland Turbot

No, they're not a new rock group; they're the "rock-bottom" priced frozen fish we've seen sitting in the frozen food bin at the supermarket, and they'll feed your family at a cost of *less than 30¢* a serving. These fish aren't household words, are they? But if you keep in mind that you're often paying a high price for popularity, you'll experiment with lesser-known varieties of fish. One word of caution, though. The quality of frozen fish varies widely. You may have to shop around before you settle on a brand you really like.

CHEF'S SECRETS



Chef Leonard E. Roberts has been everywhere and cooked everything, or so it would seem. He started his career many years ago as a waiter in Texas, cooked his way across Europe during his tour in the Army, and landed as top chef at the Foreign Correspondents' Club in Tokyo during General MacArthur's heyday. He now lives in Falmouth, Mass., and supervises the food for the Army base there; but not content with just cooking, Chef Roberts has turned to writing. Result: *The Negro Chef Cookbook*. From this seasoned chef's seemingly endless stock of cooking tips, we've selected some you'll find useful in your own kitchen.

- A pretty, practical, vitamin-saving way to prepare the apples for a Waldorf salad (See October's Food of The Month for apple type) is to slice the apples directly into the mayonnaise measured. Stir until well coated.
- Keep fruit from leaking through the bottom of pie shells by sprinkling an equal mixture of sugar and flour directly on the crust before piling in the fruit filling.
- Fried or baked chicken is especially delicious ("flavor all the way to the bone," says Chef Roberts) when it has first been marinated in the refrigerator overnight in buttermilk, sour milk, or sour cream. If you don't have anything sour handy, just add one teaspoon lemon juice to one cup milk, stir and let stand an hour or two until the milk sours.
- Make your own garlic pretzels, peanuts, crackers, potato chips—whatever you want. Easy. Just halve two cloves of garlic, insert toothpicks into the pieces and pop them into a container of the snack you intend to glamorize (figure about a quart). Cover tightly and let stand for several hours giving the container an occasional turn.
- Mint ice cubes are a great addition to cold drinks—whether you're making mint juleps or fruit punch. Steep two teaspoons dried mint leaves in two cups of boiling water for five minutes. Stir, then strain into ice cube tray and freeze. (For sweet cubes add a teaspoon of sugar to water.)

FOOD OF THE MONTH

Going bananas! Don't jump to the wrong conclusion. It so happens we think one of the few remaining paths to supermarket sanity leads to the produce section . . . and straight to a bunch of bananas. Buy them a little bit under-ripe unless you intend to use them at once. Once they've reached their peak you can keep them in the refrigerator (never mind the old Chiquita banana song). The skins darken but the fruit is thoroughly edible. Whatever you do, you know you've got a bargain because bananas are one of the very few things that have remained stable in price.

Nutritional Value. Bananas are also one of the few things that everyone can eat, from tiny infant to senior citizen. They contain valuable minerals and vitamins A, B, and C, fruit sugar, a small amount of protein.

Yes, we have banana desserts—five of them that make satisfying endings to lunch or supper, all for about 10¢ a serving. Hard to top that!

Black Cherry and Lime–Banana Delight

Dissolve 1 package black cherry and 1 package lime gelatin (3 oz. each) in 2 cups boiling water. Add 2 cups cold water and ⅛ teaspoon anise extract or other licorice flavor. Chill until slightly thickened. Add 4 cups sliced bananas. Pour into a 2-qt. mold. Chill. Serves 8.

Banana Mint Fudge Brownies

Prepare one package (15½ oz.) brownie mix according to package directions, adding ¼ teaspoon mint extract. Pour half the batter into a greased pan. Slice 2 bananas, placing on top of batter. Spread remaining batter over bananas. Bake. Makes 9 servings.

Cream Puffs

Prepare 8 cream puffs. Whip 1 package (2 oz.) whipped topping mix according to directions on package. Fold in 2 cups sliced bananas, 1 tablespoon honey, and ¼ teaspoon ground ginger. Slice cream puffs in half and fill with banana mixture. Makes 8 servings.

Sauteéd Bananas

Prepare ⅓ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon margarine in an 8-in. skillet. Stir in ⅓ cup water and thicken the sugar. Halve 4 bananas lengthwise. Cook slowly for 15 minutes in the caramel syrup. Serves 4.

Banana Lemon Pudding

Prepare 1 package (3¾ oz.) lemon pudding and pie filling mix according to package directions. Cool slightly. Alternate pudding and 2 cups sliced bananas with 8 crumbled chocolate cookies in 6 parfait glasses. Serves 8.

The turkey lifter.*
A little something to let you know we've been thinking about you.

Butterball Swift's Premium Turkey.
To make your holiday the perfect day you want it to be.



*lifters are included only with Turkeys weighing 10 pounds or more.

**Pure Vegetable Oil Mixture

continued from page 85

ROAST TURKEY WITH APPLE FILLING

Prepare a 16-20 lb. turkey according to your favorite recipe. For a special touch, sprinkle cavity with 2 teaspoons of salt. Pare, core, and chop 2½ lbs. of apples, tossing with 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Fill neck and cavity of bird with apple mixture. Roast as usual. Meanwhile, prepare your favorite giblet gravy.

After turkey is finished remove apples and combine with ½ cup water, ¼ cup each sugar and honey, and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg in a saucepan. Bring to a boil. Serve as a topping with Sally Lunn or as a meat accompaniment.

CORN BREAD STUFFING

- 1½ cups chopped celery
- 1½ cups chopped onion
- 1 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 1 lb. sausage meat, cooked and crumbled with drippings
- 2 quarts cubed stale white bread
- 1¼ quarts crumbled stale corn bread (see recipe below)
- 2 teaspoons sage
- 1 teaspoon thyme
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- ½ cup finely chopped parsley
- ½ cup chicken broth

Preheat oven to 325°. Sauté chopped celery and onion in butter or margarine until the vegetables are tender but not brown. Combine with sausage meat, breads, and seasonings. Add parsley and chicken broth, toss lightly until well mixed. Turn into a greased 13½ x 8¾-in. casserole and bake in a 325° oven for 30 to 40 minutes. Makes 3 quarts or 10 to 12 servings.

CORN BREAD

- ¾ cup yellow corn meal
- ¼ cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tablespoon double-acting baking powder
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup half & half
- 2 large eggs, well beaten
- ¼ cup butter or margarine, melted

Preheat oven to 375°. Sift corn meal, flour, baking powder, sugar, and salt into a mixing bowl. Combine half & half, eggs, and butter or margarine. Add to dry ingredients, beat for 30 seconds. Pour batter into a greased 8-in. square pan. Bake in a 375° oven for 25 minutes or until golden. Serve warm. Makes 4 to 6 servings or 1¼ quarts crumbled corn bread for stuffing.

BAKED CANDIED CRANBERRIES

- 1 lb. (4 cups) cranberries, washed and drained
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind

Preheat oven to 350°. Spread cranberries in a single layer on a jelly roll pan. Sprinkle sugar evenly over the top of the cranberries. Cover with aluminum foil and bake for 40 minutes. Shake pan occasionally to coat berries in sugar syrup. Add lemon rind and chill before serving. Makes 3 cups.

GLAZED YAMS OR SWEET POTATOES

- 12 medium yams or sweet potatoes (about 6 lbs.)
- 1 cup light brown sugar
- ¼ cup molasses or maple syrup
- ¼ cup butter or margarine

Cook the potatoes, covered, in boiling salted water until tender but still firm, about 20 to 30 minutes. Drain, peel, and cut in half lengthwise. Arrange in a shallow heavy baking pan.

Preheat oven to 325°. Sprinkle potatoes with brown sugar and pour molasses or syrup over. Dot with butter. Bake for 30 to 40 minutes, basting occasionally. Or set pan over low heat on top of stove, basting often to glaze. Serves 10 to 12.

CREAMED ONIONS WITH PORK CRACKLINGS

- 4 lbs. (about 60) small whole white onions, peeled
- ½ lb. salt pork, finely chopped
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ cup all-purpose flour
- 2 cups light cream or milk

Cover onions with water and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer 10-15 minutes, depending on size, until onions are tender when tested with a fork; drain.

Meanwhile, place salt pork in skillet and fry over medium heat, stirring frequently until the pieces are crisp and brown. With a slotted spoon, transfer the cracklings to paper towels to drain.

In a saucepan, melt butter or margarine over medium heat. Stir in flour. Cook 1 minute. Remove from heat, blend in light cream or milk. Return to heat, cook until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Add the onions and simmer 10 minutes. Serve sprinkled with the crisp cracklings, for 10 to 12.

CORN WITH BLACK WALNUTS

- ½ cup black walnuts
- ¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
- 3 cans (12 oz. each) whole kernel corn
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper

In medium-sized saucepan sauté walnuts in melted butter or margarine over medium heat for about 5 minutes. Remove walnuts with a slotted spoon. In same pan heat corn with salt and pepper. Serve sprinkled with the walnuts, for 10 to 12.

CHILLED VEGETABLES VINAIGRETTE

- 1 can (16 oz.) cut green beans, drained
- 1 can (15¼ oz.) kidney beans, drained
- 1 can (20 oz.) chick peas, drained
- 1 large head cauliflower, sliced (5 cups)
- 2 cups peeled and sliced carrots
- 1 cup salad oil
- ½ cup thinly sliced onions
- ½ cup white vinegar
- ¼ cup water
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon white pepper
- ½ teaspoon liquid hot pepper sauce

Combine beans and chick peas.

In a saucepan, combine all remaining ingredients. Bring to a boiling point. Cover, reduce heat and simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour over beans, toss. Refrigerate for 24 hours. Drain well. May be served from a hollowed-out pumpkin or squash as appetizer or salad. Serves 10 to 12.

SALLY LUNN

- 4½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- ¼ cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 packages active dry yeast
- 1 cup milk
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ cup water
- 3 eggs
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- ½ teaspoon ground mace or cardamom

In a large bowl, thoroughly mix

(continued on page



Ever-so-easy Fruitcake

Just measure, mix, and bake. It's that easy to prepare this delicious, homemade fruitcake. A cake with a taste and texture so special you'll serve it over and over again.

- 3 eggs
- 1 14-oz. can Borden Eagle® Brand* Sweetened Condensed Milk (not evaporated milk)
- 1 28-oz. jar (2¾ cups) Borden None Such® Ready-to-Use Mince Meat**
- 1 cup mixed candied fruit
- 1 cup coarsely chopped nuts
- 2 cups Kellogg's® Corn Flake Crumbs
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- Glazed cherries, optional

Butter a 9-inch tube pan. Line with waxed paper, butter again. In large mixing bowl, beat eggs until foamy. Add Sweetened Condensed Milk, Mince Meat, fruit and nuts; mix well. Add Corn Flake Crumbs (only Corn Flake Crumbs will do) and baking soda-blend well. Pour batter into prepared pan, spread evenly. Bake in slow oven (300° F.) 1 hour and 50 minutes or until a cake tester comes out clean. Cool in pan for five minutes. Turn out of pan, remove paper. Cool to room temperature before slicing. If desired, decorate with glazed cherries.

To store: Cool completely, wrap well in aluminum foil and refrigerate or freeze.



*Magnolia or Dime brands may also be used.

**To use 9-oz. box of None Such Mince Meat, break contents of two (2) packages into saucepan, add 1½ cups water. Cook, stirring to break up, about one minute. Cool.

SQUEEZ CHART



KRAFT Division of Kraftco Corporation

This is a starter chart. It gives some basic suggestions for using Squeez-A-Snak process cheese spread from Kraft. Down the left hand side you'll see the six delicious flavors of Squeez-A-Snak. Across the page there are 14 snack ideas from plain cracker snacks to stuffed tomato appetizers. Hang this chart by the kitchen cabinet where you keep Squeez-A-Snak. (Yes, in the cabinet. Squeez-A-Snak never needs refrigeration, even after opening.)

Kraft Snaks. A good time is only as good as its food.

Store bought.



1. Cheese cake, from the store.

2. Gingerbread, from a m

3. Cherry tart, theirs.

4. Ice cream, from the st

Home made.



1. Cheese cake, from the store. Top it. Like this: melt ½ cup butter or margarine with ½ cup sugar, 3 egg yolks, 1 t. grated lemon peel and ¼ cup fresh lemon juice. Stir over low heat until thick. Your cheese cake looks and tastes home made.

2. Gingerbread, from a mix. Make it. Then glaze it. Here's how: blend 2 cups confectioner's sugar with 1 t. grated lemon peel, 3 Tb. fresh lemon juice, and 1 Tb. warm water. Pour over warm gingerbread. Looks, tastes, smells fresh.

3. Cherry tart, yours. Use store bought tart shells. Bake 'em. Fill 'em with cherry pie filling (right from the can) freshened with 1 t. grated lemon peel and 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Chill. Garnish with lemon slice. Very simple. Very special.

4. Ice cream, from the store. It can be elegant. Combine 1½ Tb. sugar and 2 t. cornstarch in pan. Add ⅓ cup strong cold coffee, 2 Tb. coffee liqueur and 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Bring to boil. Reduce heat. Cook 'til thick and clear. Add ¼ t. vanilla and 2 Tb. blanched, slivered lemon peel. Pour over ice cream.

Sunkist® lemons turn the trick.

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continued from page 92

cups flour, sugar, salt, and undissolved dry yeast.

Combine milk, butter or margarine, and water in a saucepan. Heat over low heat until liquids are very warm (120°–130°). Butter or margarine does not need to melt. Blend warm liquids into flour mixture. Beat with an electric mixer at medium speed for about 2 minutes, scraping the sides of the bowl occasionally.

Gradually add ⅔ cup flour and the eggs. Beat at high speed for 2 minutes. Add the remaining flour, lemon rind, and mace or cardamom. Mix well.

Cover the bowl and let rise in a warm, draft-free place (about 85°) until double in bulk— about 1 hour 15 minutes. Stir dough down with a rubber spatula. Transfer dough into a well-greased 10-in. tube pan, bundt pan, or gugelhupf mold. Let rise, uncovered, in a warm, draft-free place, until doubled in bulk—30 to 40 minutes.

Preheat oven to 350°. Bake 40 to 50 minutes or until golden brown and done.

Remove the bread from pan and allow to cool on wire rack. Makes 10 to 12 servings.

Dole party pick-me-ups



Scampi on a Stick

1 pound fresh or frozen raw shrimp
1 can (20 oz.) Dole Pineapple Chunks
24 large pitted ripe olives
½ cup dry white wine
1 Tbsp. chopped parsley
½ tsp. garlic powder

Shell and devein shrimp. Drain pineapple reserving ¼ cup syrup. Combine syrup, wine, parsley, garlic powder, reserved syrup, ginger, and garlic salt. Marinate shrimp, pineapple, and olives in mixture for 1 hour. Thread shrimp, pineapple, and olives on skewers as shown. Brush with marinade. Broil.

Mandarin Plum Chicken Bites

2 chicken breast halves, boned
1 cup plum jam
3 Tbsp. soy sauce
1 Tbsp. dry sherry
½ tsp. garlic powder
½ tsp. ground ginger
1 can (11 oz.) Dole Mandarin Orange Chunks
2 large green bell peppers, cut into chunks

Cut chicken into 1-in. cubes. Combine jam, soy sauce, sherry, garlic powder, and ginger. Drain oranges reserving ¼ cup syrup. Add syrup to jam mixture. Marinate chicken and oranges in mixture for 1 hour. Thread chicken, oranges, and green pepper chunks on skewers as shown. Brush with marinade. Broil.

Pineapple Ham Skewers

2 lb. center cut ham slice
1 can (20 oz.) Dole Pineapple Chunks
2 tsp. Hot English style mustard
2 Tbsp. butter, melted
24 stuffed green olives

Cut ham into 48 cubes. Drain pineapple reserving ¼ cup syrup. Combine syrup, mustard and butter. Assemble skewers as shown. Brush with mustard mixture. Broil.

Sesame Teriyaki Bites

2 pounds top round steak
1 can (20 oz.) Dole Pineapple Chunks
½ cup teriyaki sauce
1 Tbsp. honey
¼ tsp. ground ginger
12 green onions, 2" lengths
Toasted sesame seeds
24 cherry tomatoes

Cut steak into 24 cubes. Drain pineapple reserving ¼ cup syrup. Combine syrup, teriyaki sauce, honey and ginger. Marinate steak in mixture over night. Assemble skewers as shown. Brush with marinade. Broil. Sprinkle with sesame seeds; add tomato before serving.

Chili Bacon Bites

1 can (20 oz.) Dole Pineapple Chunks
24 slices bacon
24 large stuffed green olives
1 cup chili sauce

Drain pineapple reserving ¼ cup syrup. Cut bacon slices in halves; wrap each half slice of bacon around a chunk of pineapple. Assemble skewers as shown. Blend chili sauce and reserved syrup; brush over skewers. Broil. Use remaining chili sauce as dunk.

Each recipe makes [illegible]
All skewers broil 3 [illegible] for 6 minutes, or until [illegible]



They'll say "you shouldn't have," but they'll be awfully glad you did. Serve all five or choose a few and save the rest for next time. They're easy to prepare ahead — then they cook in just 6 minutes! For more ideas, order Dole's beautiful hardcover Cookbook. For the simplest to most elaborate meal. 78 pages of recipes. 28 color photographs. A $4.95 value for only $1.95 and one Dole Blue Label. Send to: Dole Cookbook, Box 6333, Chicago, Ill. 60677. Offer good only in U.S. Void where restricted, taxed or prohibited.

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PUMPKIN CHEESE PIE

Pastry for ■ 9-in. single pie crust
Filling:
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, softened
½ cup sugar
3 eggs
2 cups mashed and cooked pumpki
1 can (16 oz.) pumpkin
2 tablespoons molasses
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt
Topping:
1 cup sour cream
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup chopped pecans

Line a 9-in. pie plate with pa and chill in refrigerator.

Preheat oven to 425°.

To prepare filling: Beat cream ch until smooth and fluffy (2 min on mixer at low speed). Add ½ sugar gradually, beating after addition until light and creamy. eggs, one at a time, beating well each addition. Beat in pumpkin, lasses, and seasonings. Pour prepared pie shell.

Bake in a 425° oven for 15 utes, then 30 to 40 minutes at 3 until a knife inserted in pie c out clean. Cool at least one hou *To prepare topping:* Combine cream, sugar, and vanilla. Sp over pie; sprinkle with pe Place in a 425° oven for 8 min Makes 6 servings.

MINCEMEAT PIE

Pastry for ■ 9-in. double-crust pie
3½ cups mincemeat (see recipe be
1½ cups chopped, peeled, and core apples

Preheat oven to 450°. Line a pie plate with pastry. Fill mincemeat and apples. Cover other half of pastry. Bake at for 10 minutes, then 30 to 40 min at 350°. Makes 6 servings.

MINCEMEAT

1 lb. stewing beef
12 oz. cooked tongue, finely choppe
¼ lb. suet, finely chopped
1 cup seedless raisins
1 cup light raisins
1 cup dried currants
1 cup cider
¾ cup sugar
1 cup (8 oz.) mixed candied fruit
½ cup strawberry jam
½ cup peach preserves
1 lemon, rind and juice
1 orange, rind and juice
1½ teaspoons nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon allspice
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mace
¼ teaspoon ground cloves

Simmer beef in water to cover tender. Remove from liquid, then put through coarse blad food grinder or chop very fine. remaining ingredients. Gently for 1½ hours. Makes 7 cups.

SPICED CIDER CUP

3 quarts cider
10 whole allspice
10 cinnamon sticks, broken in 1-in. pieces
10 whole cloves
3 small pieces of root ginger or ca ginger
1 cup light brown sugar, firmly pack

Bring cider to the boiling point allspice, cinnamon, cloves, and ger. Stir in sugar and simme minutes. Strain and chill. Pour glasses containing bits of va fruits. Makes 12 servings.



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MIRACLE DOUGH
continued from page 82

BASIC RECIPE FOR *PÂTE À CHOUX*

1 cup water
½ cup butter
2 teaspoons sugar (use only for dessert recipes)
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
4 large eggs

Bring water, butter, sugar (for dessert recipes), and salt to boil in a saucepan. Remove from heat and add flour all at once.

Return to medium heat and stir for about 40 seconds until dough comes away from sides of saucepan and a film appears on bottom of saucepan. Remove from heat. Add 2 eggs; beat with wooden spoon. Then add 2 more eggs beating until smooth. Makes 2 cups.

FRENCH NUNS
(pictured on page 82)

The name is a bit of fancy. Call them Little Women if you prefer, or simply Fancy Cream Puffs. Whatever, they're delicious and elegant.

2 cups sweet *pâte à choux*
1 egg, beaten
1 package (3¾ oz.) chocolate pudding
3 tablespoons creme de cacao (optional)
1 package (3¾ oz.) vanilla pudding
2 tablespoons brandy (optional)
8 baked tart shells, 3 ins. in diameter
½ cup sugar
¼ cup water
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Preheat oven to 375°. Fit a pastry bag with a No. 6 plain tube and fill bag with *pâte à choux*. Pipe out 24 3-in.-long strips and eight 1-in. mounds on a greased and floured cookie sheet. Brush with beaten egg.

Bake for 20 minutes at 375°. Lower heat to 350° and bake for 10 more minutes. Remove to cooling rack.

Prepare puddings according to package directions. If desired, add crème de cacao to chocolate pudding and brandy to vanilla. Let cool.

Cut about ½ in. off the end of each long puff, making them all even in length. Make a small hole in the underside of each round puff. Fill the tart shells with the chocolate pudding. Fit a pastry bag with a small No. 2 or 3 tube (¼-in. opening). Fill the bag with the vanilla pudding and pipe pudding into all puffs.

Bring ½ cup sugar and ¼ cup water to a boil until syrup is clear.

To assemble: Dip cream puffs into syrup to glaze and construct a small pyramid on top of each tart, using 3 long puffs. Top each with a round puff. Pipe a row of whipped cream stars using a No. 6 star tube (½-in. opening) between long puffs. Top each puff "head" with a whipped cream star as shown. Serves 8.

CAFÉ CRÉME RING

This is the classic Paris-Brest recipe. You can't find a much showier dessert—just right for that really grand occasion.



2 cups sweet *pâte à choux*
1 egg, beaten
Filling:
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons instant espresso coffee
6 eggs, separated
1 cup sugar
¼ cup flour
2½ tablespoons water
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
2 tablespoons blanched sliced almonds

Preheat oven to 375°. On butte and floured cookie sheet trace a in. circle using a plate as a guide.

Fit a pastry bag with a No. 8 pl tube (⅝-in. opening) and fill w *pâte à choux*. Push dough out int rings, one on outside of traced cir and one on the inside. Make anot ring of dough on top of the two pi rings. Make 1½-in. mounds cookie sheet with leftover dou Brush with 1 beaten egg. Bake 30 minutes at 375°. Lower heat 350° and bake 10 more minutes.

To prepare filling: While pastr baking, make cream filling. H milk and instant coffee to boil point.

In a bowl mix 6 egg yolks, ½ sugar, and flour with whisk. Stir l of the hot milk mixture into egg n ture, then pour back into sauce Whisk vigorously over medium h until thick. Remove from heat.

Beat egg whites until stiff. half the egg whites into coffee fil and fold in remaining egg whi Refrigerate until cool.

To assemble: Split pastry ring half horizontally. In saucepan h remaining ½ cup sugar, water, cream of tartar until clear. Brush of pastry with sugar syrup. Pr sliced almonds onto top. Cut ex cream puffs into quarters and range on bottom of pastry ring. bottom half with coffee cream, eit by spooning or piping through pastry bag fitted with a large o star tube (No. 9B) as shown in ture. Refrigerate until served. Ser 8 to 10.

CHICKEN SUPREME PUFFS

Here's how "cream puffs" can ad to a main dish course—or small petizer. Good way to use left-o chicken.



2 cups *pâte à choux*
1 egg, beaten
Filling:
¼ pound fresh mushrooms
1½ cups water
Juice of ½ lemon
6 tablespoons butter
1½ teaspoons salt
1¼ teaspoons white pepper
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups hot chicken broth
2 egg yolks
¼ cup heavy cream
2 cups diced cooked chicken

Preheat oven to 375°. Fit pastry with a No. 8 plain tube (⅝-in. op ing). Fill bag with *pâte à choux*. a buttered and floured cookie sh make about 16 2-in. mounds w pastry bag. Brush *(continu*

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ow you can turn your humble burger into a romantic Italian er with Birds Eye® Italian Style tables.
nce your man gets a taste of you'll want to go further, Japan, aria, Hawaii, the world.
reate more international ers with other meat, ken and fish.
he recipes are easy ou to make, the lts are hard for your to resist.

SKILLET BEEF ITALIANO. 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Italian Style Vegetables • 3/4 lb. ground beef • 1 can (8 oz.) spaghetti sauce • 1/2 cup water • 1/8 teaspoon oregano

Brown ground beef in skillet, leaving meat in large chunks. Add spaghetti sauce, water, and oregano. Add vegetables. Bring to a full boil; separate vegetables and stir until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings. SEE COLUMN ON THIS PAGE FOR MORE RECIPES.

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MORE INTERNATIONAL DINNER RECIPES.

LUAU HAMBURGER. 3/4 lb. ground beef • 2 teaspoons cornstarch • 3/4 cup water • 2 tablespoons catsup • 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Hawaiian Style Vegetables with Pineapple with a Seasoned Sauce

Brown beef well in skillet, leaving meat in large chunks. Blend cornstarch with water and catsup. Add to skillet with vegetables. Bring to full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork, stirring until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings.



SAUTÉED TUNA, JAPANESE STYLE. 1 can (7 oz.) tuna, drained and broken in chunks • 1 tablespoon salad oil • 2 tablespoons water • 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Japanese Style Vegetables with a Seasoned Sauce

Sauté tuna chunks lightly in oil in skillet. Add water and vegetables. Bring to full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with a fork, stirring until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Serve with hot rice. Makes 3 servings.



BEEF BAVARIAN. 3/4 lb. ground beef • 1 teaspoon cornstarch • 1/2 cup water • 1 can (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms, drained • 1 tablespoon steak sauce • 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Bavarian Style Beans and Spaetzle with a Seasoned Sauce

Brown beef well in skillet, leaving meat in large chunks. Blend cornstarch with water. Add to skillet with remaining ingredients. Bring to full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork, stirring until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings.



FRANKFURTERS ALOHA. 6 frankfurters, cut into 1-inch pieces • 2 tablespoons butter or margarine • 3 tablespoons water • 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Hawaiian Style Vegetables with Pineapple with a Seasoned Sauce.

Brown frankfurters in butter in skillet. Add water and vegetables. Bring to a full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork, stirring until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat, cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings.



VIKING STYLE GROUND BEEF. 3/4 lb. ground beef • 1 teaspoon salt • 1 teaspoon onion powder • 3 tablespoons milk • 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Danish Style Vegetables with a Seasoned Sauce

Combine beef, salt, and onion powder. Brown well in skillet. Add milk and vegetables. Bring to a full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork, stirring until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings.



mounds with beaten egg. Bake at 375° for 30 minutes. Lower heat to 350° and bake another 10 minutes.

To prepare filling: Place mushrooms in a small saucepan. Add water, lemon juice, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon each salt and pepper. Bring to boil. Cover and cook two minutes. Drain, reserving ⅜ cup cooking liquid. Keep warm.

In a large saucepan melt 2 tablespoons butter. Blend in flour with whisk. When bubbly add chicken broth all at once. Whisk vigorously about 3 minutes until thick and smooth. Remove from heat. Stir in ⅜ cup of mushroom cooking liquid, ½ teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Return to heat 2 minutes, stirring continuously.

Combine in a bowl egg yolks, cream, 2 tablespoons butter, and chicken sauce. Mix until well blended. Slice drained mushrooms. Fold chicken and mushrooms into sauce.

To assemble: Cut tops off puffs and fill with chicken-mushroom mixture. Garnish with parsley. Serves 8 for lunch.

Note: Puffs and chicken mixture may be frozen separately. When ready to use, thaw and heat puffs in oven. Heat chicken mixture in top of double boiler.

APPETIZER BEIGNETS
(pictured on page 82)

Mix these way ahead, then quickly at the last minute. Every will be asking for the recipe.

1 cup *pâte à choux*
6 anchovy fillets, finely chopped
⅓ cup finely cubed boiled ham
⅓ cup finely cubed Swiss cheese
⅓ cup finely chopped olives
Salad oil for deep fat frying

Combine all ingredients. Form 1 balls with the aid of 2 teaspoons drop into oil heated to 350°. Fry about 5-10 minutes until double size and golden. Serve as appetiz Yields 25.

CHIVE-POTATO PUFFS

A glamorous way to serve potat You can make them any size to your purpose.



1¼ lbs. potatoes (approx. 3 mediun
1 cup *pâte à choux*
½ medium onion, chopped
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon chives
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
Salad oil for deep fat frying

Peel and cut potatoes into quart Boil in salted water for about 30 minutes until easily pierced wit knife. Mash and whip with h beater. Measure out 2½ c mashed potatoes. (continu



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RECIPE INDEX

APPETIZERS
Beignet Hors d'Oeuvre. p. 100
Chicken Supreme Puffs. p. 98
Chili Bacon Bites. p. 96
Mandarin Plum Chicken Bits. p. ■
Pineapple Ham Skewers. p. 96
Scampi on ■ Stick. p. 96
Sesame Teriyaki Bits. p. 96

BEVERAGES
Spiced Cider Cup. p. 96

DESSERTS
Banana Lemon Pudding. p. 90
Banana Mint Fudge Brownie. p. 90
Basic Recipe for Pâte à Choux. p. 98
Beet Mold. p. 103
Black Cherry and Lime-Banana Delight. p. 90
Cabbage Strudel. p. 103
Café Crème Ring (Paris Brest). p. 98
Carrot Brownies. p. 104
Cheese Cake, from the store. 95
Cherry tart, yours. p. 95
Chocolate Meringue Cake. p. ■
Cream Puffs. p. 90
Dream Cake. p. 106
French Nuns. p. 98
Gingerbread, from ■ mix. p. 95
Holiday Cake. p. 109
Ice Cream, from the store. p. 95
Mincemeat. p. 96
Mincemeat Pie. p. 96
Orange Beignets. p. 102
Parsnip Pie. p. 104
Peach and Dumpling Cobblers. p. 103
Potato Flan. p. 105
Pumpkin Cheese Pie. p. 96
Sautéed Bananas. p. 90
Squash Baked Alaska. p. 106
Streamlined Apricot Torte. p. 88
Sweet Potato Cheesecake. p. 104
Tomato Jelly Roll. p. 103
Turnip Steamed Pudding. p. 105

MAIN ENTREES
Beef and Pepper Rice Skillet. p. 57
Beef Bavarian. p. 99
Frankfurters Aloha. p. 99
Gnocchi in Cheese Sauce. p. 102
Luau Hamburger. p. 98
Roast Turkey with Apple Filling. p. 92
Sauteed Tuna, Japanese style. p. 99
Shrimp Gnocchi. p. 102
Skillet Beef Italiano. p. 99
Viking Style Ground Beef. p. 99

MISCELLANEOUS
Corn Bread. p. 92
Corn Bread Stuffing. p. 92
Sally Lunn. p. 92

SALADS
Chilled Vegetables Vinaigrette. p. 92

VEGETABLE ENTREES
Asparagus, fresh or frozen. p. 49
Baked Candied Cranberries. p. 92
Broccoli, fresh or frozen. p. 49
Chive-Potato Puffs. p. 100
Corn with Black Walnuts. p. 92
Creamed Onions with Pork Cracklings. p. 92
Glazed Yams or Sweet Potatoes. p. 92
Green Beans, fresh, canned or frozen. p. 49
Zucchini, fresh. p. 49


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*Eight-piece set with aluminum interiors pictured.



MIRACLE DOUGH *continued*

Sauté onions in butter until transparent. Mix mashed potatoes, onion, and all remaining ingredients except salad oil with *pâte à choux*.

Put mixture into pastry bag fitted with a ¾-in. open star tube. No. 9B). Squeeze out 1-inch lengths. Cut off each piece with edge of knife and let fall into deep frying oil heated to 350°. Let fry 10 minutes, turning with slotted spoon occasionally until golden brown. Remove from oil and drain on paper towel-lined tray.

Sprinkle with salt, if desired. Serve either as meat accompaniment or hors d'oeuvre tidbits. Serves 8.

ORANGE BEIGNETS

Another use for the versatile pâte à choux. *These are sweet beignets.*



Beignets:
2 cups sweet *pâte à choux*
¾ cup grated orange rind
1 cup blanched slivered almonds
Salad oil for deep fat frying
Sauce:
1 cup milk
3 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ tablespoon orange liqueur

To prepare beignets: Combine *pâte à choux* with ½ cup orange rind and almonds. With a small No. 30 ice-cream scoop or tablespoon make balls out of *pâte à choux*, dropping them into deep fat heated to 350°. Fry until they have doubled in size and are golden, about 20 minutes. Drain on paper towels.

To prepare sauce: In a medium heavy-bottom saucepan heat milk and ¼ cup orange rind.

In a bowl, mix egg yolks, sugar, and cornstarch. Pour half the milk into egg mixture. Whisk briskly until well blended. Pour back into the saucepan containing remaining milk and whisk vigorously over heat until thick. Be careful not to let sauce stick to bottom of pan. Remove from heat and add orange liqueur.

Arrange beignets in pyramid shape and pour sauce over them. Yields 18. Serves 6-8.

Fill a deep 10- or 12-in skillet with 2-2½ ins. water. Bring to a simmer and hold just under boiling point.

Fit pastry bag with a No. 6 plain tube (½-in. opening). Fill bag with *pâte à choux*. Squeeze dough out of pastry bag into ½-in. lengths, cutting them off with a sharp knife, letting them drop directly into simmering water. Poach about 15 minutes or until they expand 1½ times their original size. Drain and use in recipes below.

SHRIMP GNOCCHI
(pictured on page 82)

A hearty main dish—make it ahead and just pop in the oven at dinner time. Green salad and simple dessert makes a full meal.

1 cup *pâte à choux*
¾ lb. shrimp, peeled, deveined, and cooked
Sauce:
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups hot chicken broth
½ cup sour cream
3 tablespoons tomato paste
1 teaspoon chopped dill

Preheat oven to 375°.

Follow general directions for preparing gnocchi, using 1 cup *pâte à choux*. Place drained gnocchi in a buttered, shallow 1-quart baking dish.

Arrange shrimp over gnocchi.

To prepare sauce: In saucepan melt butter. Add flour and whisk until foamy. Add chicken broth all at once. Whisk until sauce thickens. Remove from heat. Stir in sour cream, tomato paste, and dill. Pour sauce over shrimp. Cover dish with foil or lid and bake for 30 min

Serves 4.

GNOCCHI IN CHEESE SAUC

A nice change from the pot rice-pasta routine.



1 cup *pâte à choux*
Sauce:
¼ cup butter
3 tablespoons flour
2½ cups hot milk
1 egg yolk
1 cup shredded Swiss cheese
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg

Preheat oven to 375°. Follow eral directions for preparing g (above), using 1 cup *pâte à* Place drained gnocchi in a bu shallow 1½-quart baking dish

To prepare sauce: In a sau melt butter. Add flour and When mixture is foamy, add m at once. Stir vigorously with whisk until thick. Remove heat. Stir in remaining ingre except ½ cup Swiss cheese.

Pour sauce over gnocchi. tightly and bake for 30 minute move cover and sprinkle on re ing cheese. Broil 2-3 minutes golden. Serves 6.



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EACH AND DUMPLING COBBLER

all-new cobbler idea—in fact, we nk it's a first.



ip sweet *pâte à choux*
n (1 lb. 14 oz.) cling peach halves
ablespoon cornstarch combined with
blespoon cold water
cups graham cracker crumbs
:up grated walnuts
:up butter, melted
blespoons brown sugar
:up heavy cream
alnut halves

heat oven to 375°. Make little nplings from *pâte à choux*, follow- general directions for gnocchi. in peaches, reserving 1 cup ip. Dice 1 cup peaches (save).

Butter eight 6-oz. custard cups. ide dumplings, peaches evenly. n saucepan mix 1 cup peach ip with cornstarch and water. t until thick. Pour into cups. er with foil. Bake 15 minutes.

opping. In a bowl mix crumbs, nuts, butter, brown sugar, 1 lespoon heavy cream.

emove foil from cups, top with mbs. Return to oven for 10 min- until top is golden.

Meanwhile whip remaining heavy am. Top each cup with a rosette whipped cream and a walnut half. ve warm. Serves 8. END

VEGETABLE DESSERTS

continued from page 83

All recipes pictured on pages 86–87

CABBAGE STRUDEL

This is our secret-recipe-of-the-month. We guarantee that any time you serve it, people will want the recipe. The flavor is very sweet, the texture is marvelous and varied, and it's beautiful to look at. A winner.

Filling:
½ cup butter
1 medium red onion, thinly sliced
1 medium cabbage, shredded
½ cup golden raisins
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ tablespoon lemon juice
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon mace
1 cup grated mild Cheddar cheese
Strudel:
2 strudel or phylo dough leaves
5 tablespoons melted butter
¼ cup graham cracker crumbs
2 tablespoons sugar

To prepare filling: In a large skillet melt butter. Add onion and sauté until transparent. Add cabbage, raisins, lemon rind, and juice. Stir until coated with butter. Cover and simmer 20 minutes.

Add sugar, cinnamon, and mace. Simmer another 15 minutes, stirring constantly until most of the liquid is absorbed. Remove from heat and add cheese. Cool.

Preheat oven to 350°.

To prepare strudel: Place first strudel leaf on damp cloth. Brush with half the melted butter, half the graham cracked crumbs, and sugar. Cover with second layer of strudel dough. Spread on remaining butter, crumbs, and sugar.

Spread cabbage filling along one side of strudel leaves in a 3-in. strip. With the aid of the cloth, roll strudel like a jelly roll. Place on buttered cookie sheet and bake for 30 minutes in a 350° oven. Remove from oven and drizzle syrup on bottom of cookie sheet over strudel. Serves 8.

Ed. Note: Strudel or phylo leaves may be purchased in the frozen food section of some supermarkets and specialty food stores. They may also be purchased in many bakeries.

BEET MOLD

A quick gelatin dessert using the natural sweetness of beets. And it's an especially pretty one.

2 bunches beets
1 can (15¼ oz.) crushed pineapple
2 tablespoons unflavored gelatin
½ cup cold water
½ cup honey
½ teaspoon ground cloves
½ cup chopped pecans
Lemon leaves

Cook beets in boiling water to cover for 30-40 minutes or until tender. Remove and rinse under cold water. Reserve cooking liquid. Rub off skins and dice to make 1½ cups.

Drain pineapple, reserving juice.

Soften gelatin in ½ cup cold water for a few minutes.

Heat to boiling 3 cups remaining cooking liquid from beets and 1 cup pineapple juice from can (adding water if necessary). Remove from heat. Add softened gelatin and stir to dissolve. Add honey and cloves; stir until blended. Chill until mixture begins to set. Fold in diced beets, pineapple, and pecans. Pour into a 6-cup mold and chill until set. Unmold onto serving platter.

To garnish as pictured: Peel a few raw beets and shape the peelings into roses. Place lemon leaves around edge of plate. Serves 8-10.

TOMATO JELLY ROLL

We got so many compliments on our tomato cake in August, we give you, herewith, another tomato dessert.

Tomato Jam:
8 medium tomatoes, peeled and coarsely chopped
1 package (1¾ oz.) powdered fruit pectin
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ teaspoon allspice
4 cups sugar
Cake:
4 eggs, separated
1 cup granulated sugar
⅓ cup light brown sugar
2 tablespoons tomato paste
1 teaspoon allspice
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
Frosting:
½ cup sour cream
¼ cup sugar
2 teaspoons tomato paste
1 cup heavy cream, stiffly beaten

To prepare tomato jam: Simmer tomatoes for 10 minutes in large heavy saucepan. Add all remaining ingredients except sugar. Bring to boil. Add sugar and bring to boil again.

Let mixture boil for 2 minutes. Remove from heat, skim top of jelly of scum, and cool. *continued*

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Expiration date June 30, 1974 LHJ-11/73

To prepare cake: Preheat oven to 400°. Beat egg yolks and sugars until thick and creamy. Add tomato paste, allspice, and salt. Fold in flour and baking soda.

Beat egg whites until frothy. Add cream of tartar. Whip until stiff peaks form. Fold into cake mixture.

Pour mixture into jelly roll pan 15 x 8 ins. (use a 15 x 10½-in. pan using a band of aluminum foil to cut the size down to 8 ins.) that has been greased and lined with wax paper. Bake in a 400° oven for 15 minutes. Remove from pan and roll in towel until cool.

Unroll the cake and spread with tomato jam. Save leftover jam for breakfast. Roll cake again and set aside in refrigerator.

To prepare frosting: Whip sour cream, sugar, and tomato paste together. Fold in whipped cream. Frost jelly roll.

Decorate with sugar-frosted cherry tomatoes if desired. Serves 8-10.

PARSNIP PIE

We never knew parsnips could be so good. This has come to be a great favorite here, and we consider it a scrumptious alternative to pumpkin pie.

6-7 parsnips, peeled and cut into 1-in. pieces
2 eggs
1 cup milk
⅓ cup sugar
¼ cup melted butter
¼ cup ground almonds
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 9-in. unbaked tart shell
Garnish:
⅓ cup strained orange marmalade
2 parsnips, peeled
⅛ cup blanched almond slices

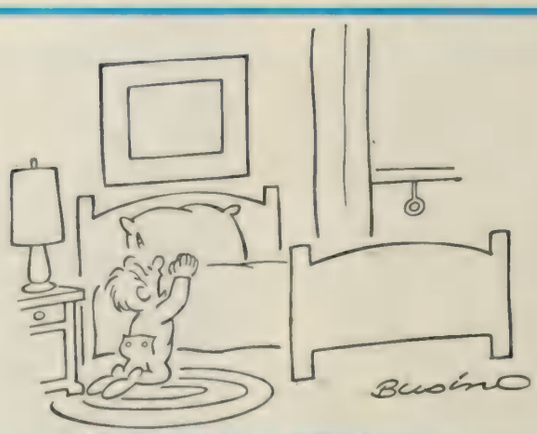
Preheat oven to 375°. In a large saucepan bring water to boil. Add parsnip pieces. Cook for about 30 minutes or until easily pierced with knife. Drain off water.

Mash parsnips with electric beater. Measure out 2 cups.

Combine parsnips, eggs, milk, sugar, butter, almonds, rind, vanilla.

Pour filling into tart shell. Bake in 375° oven for 30-40 minutes. Pie is done when knife inserted into middle comes out clean.

Glaze top of pie with orange marmalade. Make parsnip curls, using potato peeler. Garnish with curls and almonds as shown. Serves 6.



"You're not gonna believe this."

SWEET POTATO CHEESECAKE

Sweet potatoes give this rich and creamy recipe a delicate color and zesty flavor.

Crust:
1½ cups zwieback crumbs
¾ cup finely chopped walnuts
⅓ cup sugar
½ cup melted butter or margarine
Filling:
1½ tablespoons unflavored gelatin
½ cup cold water
3 eggs separated
¾ cup sugar
⅓ cup light cream
½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups cooked and mashed sweet potatoes (about 1 lb. raw)
2 packages (8-oz. each) cream cheese
1 cup sour cream
1 teaspoon ground ginger
2 slices peeled raw sweet potato
Lemon leaves

To prepare crust: Combine crumbs, walnuts, and ⅓ cup sugar in a bowl. Pour over butter or margarine a toss to moisten evenly. Press m ture onto the sides and bottom an 8-in. springform pan. Refriger while making filling.

To prepare filling: Sprinkle gela in cold water and set aside to soft

Combine egg yolks, ¾ cup sug cream, and salt in top of a doul boiler. Place over boiling water a stir till thick. Remove from he Add gelatin and stir to dissolve.

Beat together mashed sweet p tatoes, cream cheese, sour crea and ginger. Add gelatin mixture a stir until blended. Beat egg whi until stiff, fold into filling. Pour i crumb crust; chill overnight.

To garnish: Cut raw slices of sw potatoes into flowers with a coo cutter. Trim lemon leaves to ma stems and leaves. Arrange on chee cake as shown. Place remaini leaves around plate. Serves 6-8.

CARROT BROWNIES

This is the first original brow recipe we've seen in years. And of the easiest. They are moist scrumptious.

½ cup butter
1½ cups light brown sugar
2 eggs
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups finely grated carrots
½ cup chopped walnuts

Preheat oven to 350°.

In a saucepan melt butter. A sugar and stir until well blend Remove from heat and beat in eg

Beat in all remaining except n

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ur mixture into two 8 x 8 x 2-
reased pans. Sprinkle chopped
ts over mixture in each pan.
for 30 minutes in a 350° oven.
t each pan into 9 squares.

URNIP STEAMED PUDDING

*is like a plum pudding at half
sual price—using turnips in-
of dried fruit. The strong flavor
nips is thoroughly disguised.*

g:
soft bread crumbs
spoon baking powder
poons pumpkin pie spice
spoon salt
mashed cooked turnip (about
raw)
butter or margarine
ight brown sugar

light cream
aisins
chopped walnuts
urnip, peeled and sliced; halve
s

milk
sugar
olks
spoon sweet sherry

epare pudding: Combine bread
s, baking powder, pumpkin pie
and salt in a bowl. Set aside.
t mashed turnips in a bowl
smooth. Beat in butter or mar-
and brown sugar until blend-
en beat in eggs, one at a time.
cream into bread crumb mix.
raisins and walnuts to mix-
hen fold into crumb mixture.
r into a greased 2-quart pud-
mold. Cover top with waxed
before putting on the lid.
mold on a rack in a large ket-
ur in enough boiling water to
halfway up the sides of the
Cover and allow to steam for
s. Remove lid and place pud-
n cooling rack for 5 minutes.
n edges and invert onto serving
Garnish with overlapping
slices around edge.
epare sauce: Combine milk,
and egg yolks in top of a
boiler. Place over boiling
and stir constantly until mix-
thick. Remove from heat. Stir
ry. Serves 8.

RECIPES TESTED IN THE JOURNAL KITCHENS

Ruth Lauman
Claudia T. Kinsey
Jean Aultman
Laura Lexa

POTATO FLAN

*e potatoes in place of the usual
or an unexpected texture. A
way to use left-over mashed
es.*

ge (10 oz.) pie crust mix
hipped potatoes
spoons butter or margarine
sugar
poon salt
separated
eavy cream
spoon lemon juice
poon lemon rind
poon ground coriander
poon nutmeg
light brown sugar
n cartwheel
ves

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Prepare pie crust mix according to directions for a single crust pie. Use to line a 9-in. flan pan. Prick shell and refrigerate while preparing the filling. Preheat oven to 400°.

Place whipped potatoes in a bowl and beat in butter, sugar, and salt until well blended. Beat in egg yolks, one at a time. Add ¾ cup of the cream, lemon juice, rind, and spices and beat until blended.

Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into batter. Pour into prepared flan pan and bake for 20-30 minutes.

Cool and chill for 1 hour.

Sieve light brown sugar over top of flan and place under broiler for 2-3 minutes or until sugar begins to melt and forms a crunchy topping.

Beat remaining cream until stiff; sweeten. Place in center of flan. Garnish with a lemon slice and mint leaves. Serves 6-8.

SQUASH BAKED ALASKA

This is our most amusing dessert, using the very seasonal and very economical acorn squash.

Ice Cream:
3 medium acorn squash
1 cup heavy cream
2 yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons milk
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon butter extract
Meringue:
3 egg whites
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
6 tablespoons sugar

To prepare ice cream: Split acorn squashes in half. Remove and discard seeds. Scoop out pulp, being careful not to make a hole in the skin. Set skins aside.

Bring a saucepan of water to boil. Add squash pulp and cook until tender about 30 minutes. Drain off water. Purée squash. Fold in remaining ingredients.

Pour into ice cream maker and prepare according to instructions.

If not using ice cream maker, whip heavy cream before adding it to mixture. Pour mixture into an 11 x 7-in. pan and freeze until frozen 1 inch from edge of pan. Remove from pan and whip until fluffy.

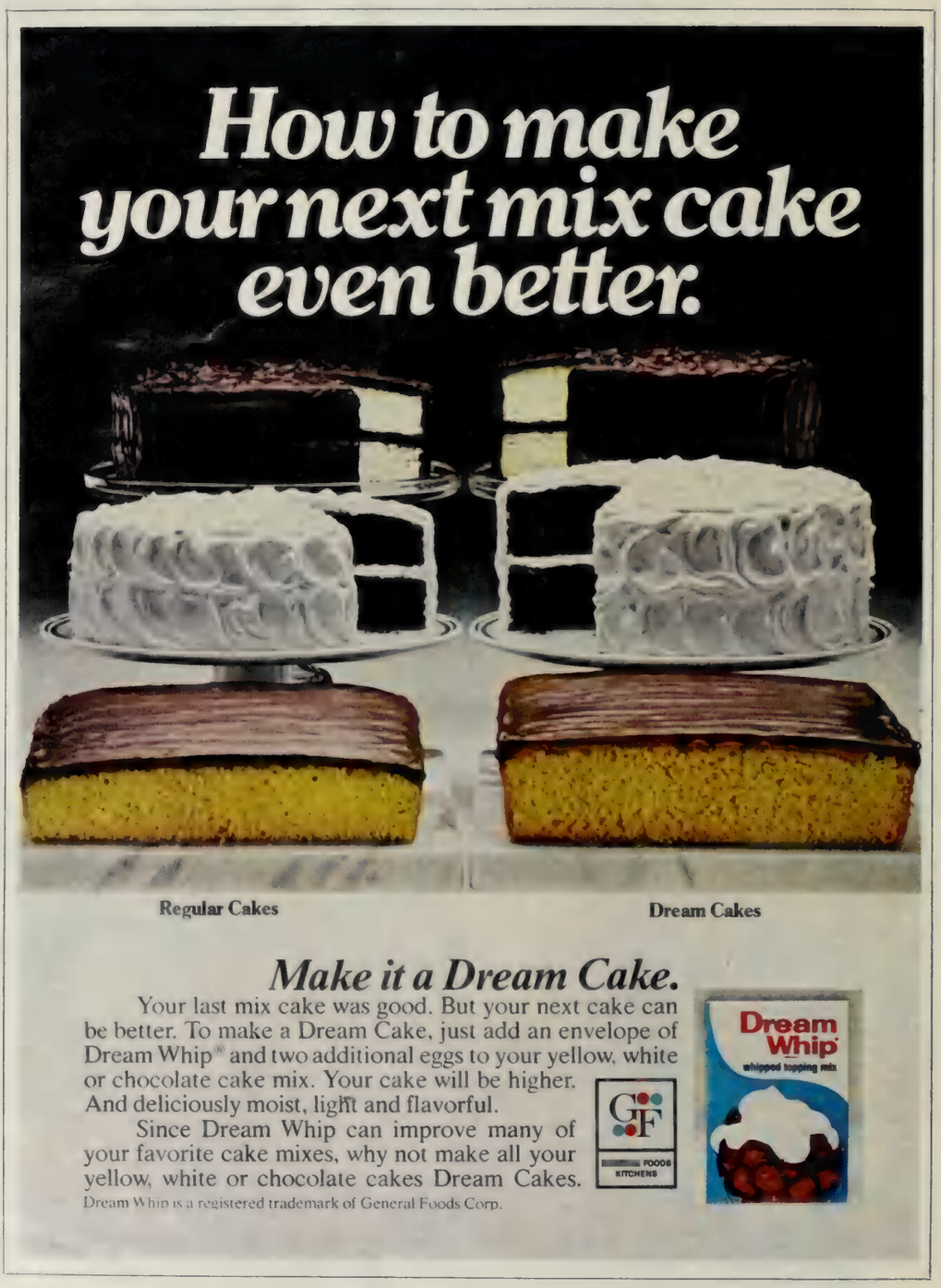
Fill 3 half acorn squash skins. Cover and freeze until firm.

Preheat oven to 425°.

To prepare meringue. Whip egg whites until frothy. Add cream of tartar and beat until stiff peaks form. Add sugar and continue beating until glossy and shiny.

Remove squash from freezer. Split each piece in half lengthwise. Cover each piece with meringue using small spatula or fancy piping tube.

Place in 425° oven for 5 minutes to brown top. Serve immediately. Serves 6. END



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MARILYN

continued from page 58

Mrs. Murray now became alarmed when she saw the telephone cord under Marilyn's door.

"I called Dr. Greenson immediately. I told him that I thought something was terribly wrong. He asked, 'Well, did you try the door, did you call to her?' and I said 'No, I didn't.' So I tried the door. It was locked. Then I called Marilyn's name and got no response, I went back and told Dr. Greenson. He said, 'Look further.' I don't remember whether he suggested that I do this or I did it on my own, but I went outside and saw that Marilyn's window was open. I couldn't reach into the open window and move the curtain aside. But I could see that the light was on—and that was another thing that was all wrong. I knew that the doctor would want more of a report, so I hurried and got the poker from the fireplace, went back outside and used the poker to reach through the window and pull back the curtain.

"I saw Marilyn lying on the left side of her bed, face down, body straight. She had nothing on; there was a comforter over the right corner of the bed, but she didn't have it covering her.

"I rushed back to the telephone and reported what I had seen to Dr. Greenson, and he came over immediately. He went outside to the other bedroom window, a casement window which didn't have a grating but which was locked. He broke a pane of glass with the poker, reached in, unlocked it, and climbed in. I ran around back into the house and was at Marilyn's bedroom door when he opened it. He said, 'We've lost her. Rigor mortis has set in.' "

Dr. Greenson asked Mrs. Murray to phone Marilyn's physician, Dr. Hyman Engelberg. But she could not find the phone in Marilyn's room. The night table had seven bottles of pills on it—but no phone. Mrs. Murray traced the cord and saw it disappear under Marilyn's body.

The phone was under her.

Mrs. Murray called Dr. Engelberg on the phone in the guest room, the one on which she had received the ca from Mickey Rudin earlier that nig and which had since been put to "be under the pillow. After Mrs. Murra summoned Dr. Engelberg, she mad another call—to Rudy Kadensky, w sometimes chauffeured Marily around, informing him that she w dead. "I called him because I kne what a sensitive person he was and realized that it was sort of my job do this, rather than have him hear on television or radio whatever." Mrs. Murray d not phone Pat Newcomb.

"And then I realized m car was out at the gate a might be in the way of an one driving in. I had to mo it. And all the things th had to be done. I acted impulse. The house wou have to be closed. I wou have to get my clothes read —I wasn't dressed. I opene the door for Dr. Engelber but from then on I was ve busy; I telephoned my so in-law, Norman Jefferie who had been working f Marilyn, too. He had to out the old kitchen, and h refinished all the doors. H stood guard at the gate a took charge of the workm when I wasn't around. H was invaluable.

"Dr. Greenson suggest that Norman put a boa over the bedroom windo Norman didn't do it so enough because a newspap photographer took a pictu of the rumpled bed. We al needed Norman to stand the gate because we e pected to be overrun by r porters; the police, the co oner, and even a fire engi would also be arriving."

Did Mrs. Murray pho the police?

"I didn't. I didn't ev hear the call because I w running all over the pla I imagine one of the docto called." (Records of the L Angeles Police Departme indicate the call reporti Marilyn's death came fro Dr. Engelberg at 4:25 A.M.

Mrs. Murray was ask if there was any truth to r ports that Robert Kenne had been seeing Marilyn.

"Well, of course he had remember a night in la June when her makeup m and hair stylist came over prepare her for a party ov at Peter Lawford's hous a party which was bei given in honor of the Attorney Ge eral. I was involved in her preparatio that evening because the dress s wanted to wear didn't fit proper Marilyn had lost a good deal of weig She didn't know what to do. She didn know that I had been designing cloth for years. I fixed her dress and it her very well. It was a dress that No man Norell had made for her." M Murray said that Marilyn went many dinner parties at the Lawfor

"When I met Bobby Kennedy Marilyn's house, it was a very sunn beautiful afternoon, and he drove in the car with the top down. He w

ed like a college boy, in slacks and rt shirt open at the neck. Marilyn expecting him. She wanted him to er house.

e was there for about an hour or Marilyn told me—I didn't see her a couple of hours later—that Mr. edy wanted to thank me for be- so kind in greeting him with a hello and a smile."

d Mrs. Murray recognize Kenne- hen she opened the door for him? h, yes. And Marilyn had told me as coming. As I opened the door me in and said, 'How do you do?' I said, 'I'm Mrs. Murray.' Then lyn came into the room and in- ced us more formally. Then they out to the pool and sat there. e meantime I busied myself with s I had to do in the house and t see him leave."

d Mrs. Murray seen Robert Ken- at the house the day Marilyn It was reported that Kennedy Peter Lawford had visited Mari- house on that fateful Saturday. efinitely not. Marilyn wasn't ed for callers that day—she was ing her robe. Of course, I had out in the afternoon to do some ping, but Pat was there. Nothing rtant happened while I was out."

rs. Murray does not believe that lyn committed suicide or was lered. "I prefer to think it was an lent. She had so much to live for, uch going for her."

t Marilyn took two dozen pills. . . . don't think she would have done owingly. She might have taken gh to make her numb, but not letely out. She had not had any- to eat all day. I think she was in akened condition to begin with. may have taken a few pills, then ll sense of reality and taken the That's my guess."

hat are Mrs. Murray's special and g remembrances of Marilyn?

Impressed with excellence

irst of all, I discovered that she remendously impressed by people had accomplished things, who had ed at a place of excellence. This, I , is what she liked in Arthur r and Carl Sandburg and Bobby edy. She liked their minds. Be- it or not, that was it.

Marilyn spoke about the impor- of what she had learned from ur Miller. She never said one against him. She told me how she appreciated what she had ed while she was with him."

d Robert Kennedy?

think she respected him very . I think he, as a personality, was ing to her."

d President John F. Kennedy?

he felt the same way about him as lid about Robert Kennedy. They outstanding individuals, and that part of the excitement of her life— sociate with them."

e DiMaggio?

e was very loyal and Marilyn was much aware of that. She trusted And, of course, he had asked me romise that I would stay with lyn and see her through. He was sincere in his desire to help at time. He was very supportive of ilyn."

rs. Murray was asked why she had d 11 years before telling her story. o one asked me before." END

Tupperware products can help make baking a cinch from start to finish.

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It's a Mixer! ... and you have a full complement of attachments with ... Mixer arm ... button beater ejector ... power in all 10 speeds ... batters. Adjustable ... smoothie freely.

It's a Blender! Ten speeds with instant start-stop Controlled Cycle blending—plus all the famous Osterizer features: 5-cup container with built-in pouring lip and handle, tapered cutting well, opens at both ends for easy emptying, cleaning. Stainless steel blades.

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continued from page 77

husband, the father, the son, the brot... er, the friend—it was lights out and ... whirling flight of the spirit to eterni... After 46½ years, he had neither me... ory nor regrets. Mrs. Kennedy h... shouted: "What are they doing ... you?" She tried to climb out on t... trunk of the car. Then she was ba... beside him, crooning as she cradl... his head among the roses. In a matte... of-fact way, she said: "They have sh... his head off." No one responded. N... the heavy Presidential limousine w... up on Stemmons Freeway, racing ... Parkland Hospital at 80 miles per ho... the wind making Jacqueline Kenned... dark hair beat her cheeks like lit... bullwhips. Her mind would freeze t... scene forever.

The first to know

Soon the pigeons would return ... the roof of the School Deposito... swinging lower and lower in great cu... ing arcs. Feeling the shock waves of t... shots before the sound announced ... self, they were the first to know. A ... let it be said, the first to forget.

There was a great world surrou... ing Dealey Plaza: a world full of ... ple and things. People moved seren... through their daily complexities ... tasks and joys. In Europe, the sun ... down. In Asia, the day had not beg... But "Big D" was bright. Red berr... hung on bushes like fireflies. The el... clung to their leaves, spinning th... slowly—brightside, darkside. The cr... grass had surrendered early, ly... tawny in empty lots. A big billbo... proclaimed: "Smart Smooth Way ... Go." The cold stone of downtown D... las stood naked in the heat haze. ... luctantly, and yet with good manne... the city had set this Friday aside ... pay tribute to a President for whon... felt no affection. He was a guest in ... house, and Dallas would be courte... and gallant, standing to applaud, ... smile, to wave, to wish him well, ... to see him off at the airport. Da... knew how to behave.

The feeling that all was well las... four minutes after it wasn't. As ... Lincoln was pulling into the Parkl... Hospital access road, United Press ... ternational news machines were ... porting a murder trial in Minnes...

DEFENSE HAS IMPLIED IT WILL TAKE ... LINE THAT CAROL'S DEATH AFTER A ... AGE BLUDGEONING AND STABBING IN ... HOME WAS THE RESULT OF AN ... TEMPTED MOREDA 1234PCS
UPI a 7N DA

PRECEDE KENNEDY

DALLAS, NOV. 22 (UPI)—THREE SH... WERE FIRED AT PRESIDENT KENNE... MOTORCADE TODAY IN DOWNTOWN DAL...
JT1234PCS

Time became precious because t... had run out. A man with a big nose ... a small mustache ran to the open ... parked outside the hospital. W... House correspondent Merriman Sm... glanced inside. A Secret Ser... agent was arguing in a whisper v... Mrs. Kennedy. She was looking d... at the sightless face, holding it ste... "No," she was saying. "You know ... is dead. Let me alone." Smith ... trotted into the hospital, saw the l... lam of running feet, the pale, fri... ened faces of patients inbound ... out, heard the shouts of White H... aides, and picked up a wall ph...

llo? How do I get outside? Dial ? Thanks." He hung up and dialed ll to UPI. "Merriman Smith," he . "Just got time for a flash. Ken- is seriously wounded." Then he ed, "perhaps seriously." Smith took ep breath. "Perhaps fatally by an ssin's bullet." He hung up.

line minutes had elapsed. The oth mirror surface of a nation in with itself was about to be shat- d. The word was leaving Dallas and ld spread swifter than the wind to the minds of men. The stain d fade in time, but never disap- . It would not wash. A man was . Other men would die on this fair but scores of millions of people d mark the moment of one pass- as though some cataclysm had ered the soil at a precise minute precise day. Most Americans ld grant unto themselves the solace isbelief. This would be followed, n the 1:15 P.M. bulletin made the h of the President official, by an sy examination of national con- nce, a shocking concession that the ed States had a cruel, barbarous k hidden in its culture.

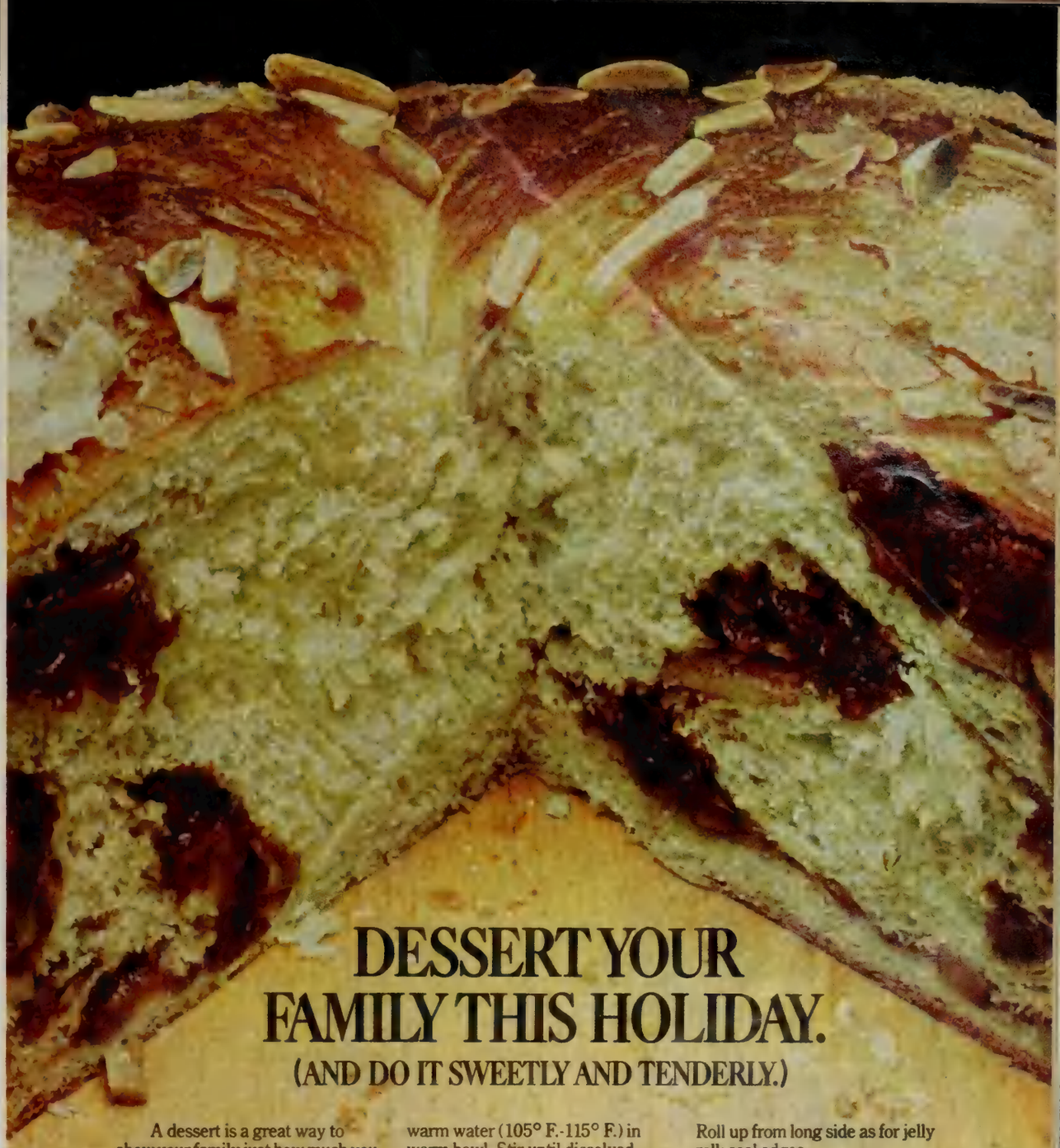
Idlewild Airport, a dapper, seri- lawyer who had left Dallas early morning emerged from an Ameri- Airlines plane to face a group of re- ers. Richard M. Nixon, beaten by nedy in the 1960 Presidential elec- was not running for office. He had in Dallas working for a client, the i Cola Company. "The President," old the reporters, "may have to Johnson as his running mate. In ight for civil rights, Lyndon John- as become a liability to the ticket. may be more of a hindrance than sset." Nixon concluded the press erence, got into a company lim- ne, and left. A reporter ran from news shack. "Hey!" he shouted. nnedy has been shot in Dallas!"

"Oh, God!"

r. Nixon's lack of knowledge of had happened was no deeper than don Johnson's. The Vice President in Parkland Hospital, standing in- the drapes of a clinic cubicle. nk he'll be able to make his speech e Trade Mart?" Johnson asked. e were 2,000 people at the Trade t, waiting for the President amid rs and colored fountains. Report- t a press table were given a police rt of shots in Dealey Plaza. They n to run for parking lots. Diners, hing, laughed. "Hey!" a guest ted, "What's the matter? Some- get shot?" At Parkland Hospital, stant Press Secretary Malcolm uff, dark and handsome, stood be- a chalkboard to read from a sheet per: "President John F. Kennedy at approximately 1 P.M. Central dard Time today here in Dallas. lied of a gunshot in the brain."

reporter moaned "Oh, God!" He e for the country and the world ivilized people. The newsmen d be writing this story for days in rent of dolorous words, but none would match the helpless appeal ose two: "Oh, God!"

Fort Lauderdale, Florida, I was he flying bridge of my boat *Away Go IV*, drifting toward a gasoline . A boy's feet thumped on the way. "Turn on your ship radio!" houted. "The President's shot in as. He's dead!" They *(continued)*



DESSERT YOUR FAMILY THIS HOLIDAY.

(AND DO IT SWEETLY AND TENDERLY.)

A dessert is a great way to show your family just how much you care. Especially if it's a homebaked cake made with Fleischmann's® Yeast and Dromedary® Dates. They're two traditional favorites that can make this holiday light, sweet and delicious.

For mouthwatering results try a festive cake like this one. Then stick around and reap the rewards.

Holiday Cake

Scald ⅓ c. milk; stir in 3 tbsp. sugar, ¾ tsp. salt and 3 tbsp. margarine. Cool to lukewarm.

Sprinkle 1 package Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast into ⅓ c. warm water (105° F.-115° F.) in warm bowl. Stir until dissolved. Add milk mixture, 2 eggs and 1½ c. unsifted flour; beat smooth. Add enough additional flour (about ¾ to 1¼ c.) to make a very stiff batter.

Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 1 hr.

Melt ¼ c. margarine. Add 1 package (8 oz.) Dromedary Pitted Dates, snipped, and 1 c. slivered almonds, ¼ c. milk, 3 tbsp. honey and 2 tsp. cinnamon.

Stir batter down. Turn out onto floured board. Roll out to a 12 x 15-inch rectangle. Spread with date mixture to within 1-inch of edges. Roll up from long side as for jelly roll; seal edges.

Place, seam side down, in a greased 9-inch springform pan. Shape in a ring. Seal ends. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour.

Beat 1 egg; brush on dough. Sprinkle with 2 tbsp. sugar and ¼ c. slivered almonds. Bake at 350° 35 to 40 mins., or until done. Remove from pan and cool on wire rack. Makes 1 cake.

This season bake someone happy with Fleischmann's Yeast and Dromedary Dates for home style goodness.



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were empty, ugly words. I knew that Kennedy wasn't dead. Rumors are the warts of information and I seldom listen. The gasoline boy knew that I had left the President three weeks earlier to write a slender, superficial portrait called *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*. I had worked day and night to finish it. The President, I knew, had a carbon copy in his briefcase as he boarded Air Force One to fly to Texas. The gas boy was fascinated with writers. Now, I assumed, he had worked up an unamusing story to go with the book.

He was cinching the bowline as the radio came on. The station seemed to be confused with two or three other stations. There were voices, but they were indecipherable. Somewhere, everyone was talking at once. The first intelligible words heard were: ". . . two priests administered the last rites. One said the President was unconscious." My head went down. A carousel of thought spun out of control. I saw him again, heard the Boston accent. The gleaming black shoes came toward me on the gray-green rug embossed with the seal of the President of the United States:

"Have you seen Jackie? Was it right? Did you have any problems? . . . Oh, that Dave Powers! 'John's Other Wife' . . . . I think I told you Jackie is going to make the Texas trip. First one. . . . I once read a book you wrote, *The D... Lincoln Was Shot*. My philosop... about assassination is the same ... Abraham Lincoln's: they can't prot... you. Impossible. After you've been ... hind this desk awhile, the perso... danger becomes a joke. When I le... Mass, I always have two Secret Serv... men in front and two in back. As ... leave church, I flex my knees so t... I get shorter and shorter. When ... way down, I always whisper to the m... in front: 'If there's anybody in t... choir loft trying to get me, they... gonna have to get you first.' . . . I w... to show you an album I got from ... trip to Ireland. Your people come fr... Wexford, don't they? . . . I was a ... porter: worked for Hearst. You kn... that Jackie was an inquiring phot... rapher right here in Washingt... didn't you? . . ."

He had been a handsome ball of ... telligent energy. He had also beer... dandy, a fop, a now-and-then wit... man who changed his clothing from ... skin out four and five times a day. ... was a tightwad who never carrie... dollar, and who ran up a monthly ... of cash loans from his Secret Ser... Driver, William Greer. Kennedy ... an appreciation of the physical pur... of women. At home in "the mansi... he enjoyed foamy beers, black cig... and the monotonous replaying of ... music of the Broadway show *Came*... He was a social figure who moved e... ly among the great men and wom... invited to the East Room. He wa... political figure with a spitting conte... for his enemies, as though all of th... were unworthy. He had a novice w... er's respect for the sharply honed ... pression, and was not above borrow... from the headmaster at Groton, ... had said: "Ask not what your sch... can do for you: ask what you can ... for your school." Sometimes, in obse... ing the President, you were beset ... the ignoble thought that, in mak... love, he would not muss a hair on ... head.

Buoyant youth gone

On the boat, I managed to stop ... carousel. "He's dead," I said to ... wife Kelly. There was a dark, em... windswept place inside my chest ... was not sorrow. It was more lik... tooth after the novocaine takes cha... The knockout brought its own insu... tion. There was nothing to feel beca... too much had happened. An era ... buoyant youth in my country had b... slammed shut. The new Presid... Johnson, had a special distinction: ... would be the only President ever ... have witnessed the assassination ... President. "Let's go home," I said ... Kelly. The white hull backed a... from the dock. Kelly started to cry ...

There were tears, scowls, curs... and some smug, triumphant smiles ... a fashionable school for small child... in Dallas, a teacher sat tracing cir... on her temples. She could not te... the small, shiny faces anymore: "... may have the rest of the day off," ... said. The rest of her words—"... President of the United States ... been shot"—were inundated by che... Jack Ruby, owner of small, sour-b... smelling strip joints, told the adve... ing man in the *Dallas News* offic... state that Ruby's night clubs woul... closed out of respect for the Presid... At the United Nations Build...

Purex brands vs. famous competitors. Who gives you more for your money?



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Purex has two outrageous statements to make. *One:* where the Purex product shown is similar to its famous competitor in performance, the Purex price will be lower. *Two:* where the Purex product costs the same as its famous competitor, the Purex product will offer more—in ingredients, strength, or performance.

Compare Purex® Bleach and famous Clorox. They cost the same. They use the same bleaching ingredient.

But Purex gives you *14% more of that ingredient.* Brillo® and S.O.S. cost the same. But S.O.S. has *less* steel wool than Brillo, the Purex product.

A 33 oz. bottle of Downy costs around 89¢. A 32 oz. bottle of Baby Sweetheart Fabric Softener—the Purex product—costs up to 30¢ less.

Famous competitors, forgive us for making value the name of the game. Truth is, it's the game Purex can win.

PUREX

Look for the symbol of value.



At 4:14 Janette H. Strom dinged her husband's new car.

By 5:56 she had fixed it the best way she knew how.

It's creamy.
It's smooth.
It even spreads easier than homemade buttercream frosting.
And it's ready when you aren't.

New York, Ambassador Adlai E. venson rose to his feet. "We will r the grief of his death," he said, til the day of ours." At Fort Myer, outside Washington, Captain hard C. Cloy had been rehearsing U.S. Army's crack state funeral for a week. Cloy had been advised former President Herbert Hoover dying.

Kennedy's car, without its bubble- was driven back to Love Field, the las airport. Pedestrians saw it and uted: "See? There he goes. I told it didn't happen!" But it did. The p-tolling words spanned broad riv- and great mountains and deep seas. Hope, friend of presidents, was in orning golf foursome at Glendale, if. The word reached him on a fair- . It induced such deep shock that would not remember who was play- or whether they stopped playing. Madrid, it was night. As John yne left his hotel, the doorman he was "sorry about what hap- ed." The tall actor asked: "Sorry what?"

Sorry your President has been shot killed." Duke Wayne was not a ponent of Kennedy, but recalls that kept thinking: "He was a hell of a n. He got to people. It's a damn me."

olitical columnist Jack Anderson in a private room at the Madison el in New York. He was discussing y ideas with Jess Gorkin, editor of ade, when the phone rang. "Turn r TV on," the caller said. "The sident's been shot." Anderson and kin were certain that it was not e. With the picture came the feeling of compelling horror. At one point, Anderson recalls saying: "Love Field was misnamed."

In Boston, attorney F. Lee Bailey was working at his desk. He heard a commotion in an adjacent office and hurried toward it. His associate, Robert Barton, looked stunned. "Kennedy's shot." Bailey studied the fear on the faces and reminded himself that his specialty in law was homicide. But the only words that would come to mind were written by Yeats: ". . . the center will not hold . . . mere anarchy is loosed upon the world . . ." Bailey could not comprehend why those words came to mind.

In Los Angeles, Jonas Halperin, public relations executive, was home celebrating his birthday. His wife Eve was pregnant. The radio was playing softly. When the word came, it seemed to clang. Eve became hysterical. She suffered a miscarriage. Thinking about the day, Halperin said: "I will never celebrate my birthday again."

At the New York Yankees' midtown office, Yogi Berra wrote his signature on the bottom of a contract to be manager of the famous baseball team. General manager Ralph Houk and owner Dan Topping shook hands with Berra. A secretary burst into the room and shouted: "Kennedy's been shot!" Topping turned on a TV set. The three men sat and did not speak for a long time. Hours later, Berra left in a daze, uncertain whether to celebrate his contract or to mourn the madness.

In the big conference room of the United States Supreme Court, Chief Justice Earl Warren and his associates conferred about pending decisions. His secretary, Mrs. McHugh, sent a message. The Chief Justice tried to mask his feeling of shock. It was impossible. The associates dispersed to their chambers. Earl Warren found it impossible all day to do anything but sit at his office radio. "The days and nights," he found, "were more like a nightmare than anything I have lived through."

The word emerged as a fact of life. At first, it was difficult, if not impossible, to comprehend. Some people wept. Millions found relief in jamming the nation's switchboards with phone calls. Others prayed. It was something sudden which could not be absorbed and digested. Dave Powers, friend of the President, mumbled his rosary. Industrialist Henry Ford II, who had known the President for years, left a luncheon in downtown Detroit and was being driven to a weekend retreat in Canada. He heard of the assassination on the car radio and went into deep and lonely shock as he sat in the back seat. Ten years later, he is unable to recall what thoughts froze in his mind. Also in Detroit, novelist Joyce Carol Oates and her husband were shopping when they heard the news over the store radio. It was not until two years later—almost to the day—that the couple completed the purchase they'd begun on November 22, 1963—"we simply were unable to force ourselves to go back until then." *(continued)*



"If anyone decides to go on a picnic, we're all set!"



CAMELOT *continued*

Baseball star Willie Mays remembers his reaction clearly: "I just got sick." Mays heard the news before he left for a San Francisco golf appointment, but he couldn't believe that President Kennedy was seriously injured. Mays was on the golf course when a caddie with a portable radio approached. "The President is dead," he whispered.

The word had the precise thump for the deed. In the seacoast village of Seabright, N.J., the principal, Mrs. Sawyer, could not face the students. Mrs. Helicker, a teacher, went from class to class, telling the children to please go home. But she burst into tears and could not say the words, so she waved her arms like flails as she sobbed. In Haifa, Israel, novelist James Michener and his family were guests of friends. The hosts were unusually quiet. When dinner was over, Mari and Jim Michener were told: "We must deliver difficult news. Just as we were to pick you up, we heard that President Kennedy had been shot in Dallas."

"Did he live?"

"We think so."

The Micheners felt ill. A radio was found. Someone tried the dials and found the vast reaches of roaring distance. In Egypt, a Hebrew-language broadcast was in progress. The voice, coming in alternately strong and fading, said that the American President was dead. The women began to weep. The men turned away. "Pray God it wasn't a Jew who pulled the trigger," Michener's host said.

It was a day for Lucille Ball to be funny. The studio schedule said so. She and her husband Gary Morton were driving down Melrose in Hollywood when they heard the news. Lucy wept on and off all day. When each set was properly lighted, she was called before the cameras to create laughter. "I can't remember a more difficult show in my life," she said.

No reason

A half dozen cars behind Kennedy's, Jack Valenti, an aide to Lyndon Johnson, found himself in a runaway automobile. It had been a slow, sedate, and cheerful motorcade; now the wind shrieked, rubber squealed on turns, the driver was cutting in and out of freeway traffic. No one gave a reason for it. When the limousine stopped, Jack Valenti walked in a daze through the jumble of shouting and hysteria at Parkland Hospital. He heard the sobs; he saw the dry, drained faces. He knew without being told. The President of the United States was gone.

Bob Considine was on an airliner en route to Chicago. The tall syndicated columnist passed the minutes one by one reading an article in *Time* magazine about President Kennedy's decision to dispense with the massive police protection he customarily enjoyed traveling from Idlewild into New York City. Car owners had criticized the President for "holding up traffic." He had tried the 15-mile trip alone with Secret Service agents in his car. They stopped at traffic lights. A woman saw him, yanked a camera from her purse, and ran to his car, flashing an intense light. A policeman said: "Good God, that dame could have had a gun!"

Considine reclined his seat, clasped his hands, and dozed. Then the captain's microphone clicked open. "We have a report," he said, "that President Kennedy has been shot in Dallas and is being taken to a hospital." Considine pulled a rosary from his pocket. Later, when the plane landed in Chicago, he ran to a novelty shop. A crowd was listening to a radio play the National Anthem. On the last note, a commentator said: "The President is dead." Considine phoned ABC-Radio to make a special broadcast. The first sentence, he thought, was inadequate: "We reach for the stars, but kill the man who showed us the way."

Roy Wilkins, Executive Director of the NAACP, was in an office elevator in New York, leaving for lunch, when a stranger said that Kennedy had been shot. Wilkins did not like gossip or rumors. "That can't be!" he snapped. "He is speaking in Texas." Subdued, the passenger said he was sorry. On the sidewalk, New Yorkers clustered around parked cars listening to radios. Roy Wilkins' heart began to sink before he got close enough to listen.

Ambassador to South Vietnam Henry Cabot Lodge—beaten out of his Senate seat by Kennedy in 1952, and vice presidential candidate on the Nixon ticket that lost to JFK in 1960—was in a room at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. The tall, handsome diplomat had made a long flight from Southeast Asia to the mainland U.S. The day was Friday; on Sunday he would report on the spiraling complexities of peace in Vietnam. Lodge was ready to drop onto a bed when the phone rang. The voice was Dan London's, the hotel manager. "Sorry," he said. "I must tell you that there is news from Dallas that the President has been shot." Lodge had seen death in war and peace. But this one shook him.

At Paramount Studios in Los Angeles, novelist Leon Uris left a projection room and saw a group of sobbing secretaries. He couldn't think of what to say except: "What's so funny?" They told him. Suddenly, he felt alone. He had separated from Mrs. Uris. He was living at Sunset Towers; she and three children were at Malibu. He phoned her. For days, the Uris family lived together, sharing an acute sorrow.

"We both prayed"

After lunch, publisher William Randolph Hearst, Jr. and his wife Austine sat between the blue pool and the jade sea at the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach. They were celebrating her birthday. The music on the portable radio barely intruded. Life had been good to the Hearsts, and they had been good to life. The word came; they listened and wished they hadn't. Four nights before, they had been in the presence of the President. Hea remembered young Jack Kennedy c ering the opening of the United N tions for the International News S vice in 1945. Austine Hearst, a o time columnist for the *Washingt Times-Herald*, remembered dates w Kennedy, then a young Congressm from Boston. "We both just sat a prayed," Hearst recalls.

Failure of democracy

Another newsman, Arthur Krock *The New York Times*, was pursu the pastime of keeping alive the old floating crap game in Washington, was on the second floor of The Met politan Club. Krock rolled the dice, l never learned whether he had won lost the next round of drinks. T Washington bureau of *The Tim* called him to the phone. Kennedy h been shot. As Mr. Krock hurried his office, he felt a deep grief for failure of democracy "to extirpate archy as a solution to political agreement. . . ."

Sen. Hubert Humphrey was at Chilean Embassy. Mrs. Nehru, wife of the Indian Ambassador, teasing the Senator about how diffi it was to get the Humphreys to h lunch with her husband. With H phrey at the Chilean Embassy Edward Morgan of ABC. It was M gan who was called to the phone, whispered the news to Humphr Then another luncheon guest, Ra Dungan, Special Assistant to the Pres ident, phoned the White House. returned to the table shuddering. President had been shot in the he He was alive. Senator Humphrey wh out into the driveway, and listened a car radio. Dungan hurried to White House, from where he phon Humphrey.

"The President died a few minu ago," Dungan whispered.

"I felt," Humphrey said, "as part of my very life left me." H phrey wept unashamedly, then wen the White House, where he remai desolate, for better than an hour a half. "I walked around and talked the police officers and the guards," recalls. "I found them heartbrok big, strong men with tears rolling d their faces. I saw right outside Pr dent Kennedy's office, hanging on wall in the corridor, two Texas Ran pistols that were buckled to a piec Texas ranch fence. And there was a tle sign above them that said: TEXAS PEACEMAKERS. What irony."

On the other side of town, Sen Eugene J. McCarthy of Minne was at lunch at the Plaza Hotel Maurice Rosenblatt. McCarthy's o phoned. Mechanically, the Sen made excuses and left. He walked to the Senate office building, his m boiling with thoughts, memories. had been summoned to the Senate, McCarthy felt a higher call. He to St. Joseph's Church and sa prayer; only then did he go to Senate.

The handsome, blue-eyed evang Billy Graham feared the assassina before it happened. Dr. Graham Senator George Smathers of Flo had an appointment to play a roun golf with President Kennedy in F ida. A Texan phoned Dr. Graha week before the President's tri the Lone Star State. The man

rmed by hostile feelings in Texas" asked Graham to use his good of- to cancel the President's trip. he President had been warned by rs, but threats made him stubborn. Billy Graham was sufficiently wor- to phone Senator Smathers in that the alarm would be relayed e White House. Smathers was un- able. When the tragic word of nedy's death came, Graham was ing golf near Montreat, North lina. Dr. Calvin Thielman, pastor he Montreat Church, phoned the news. It was, perhaps, a harder to Graham than to the others; d seen it coming.

The verge of tears

the waiters, it seemed strange to Speaker of the House John Mc- nack of Massachusetts alone at a in the House restaurant. He was l, lean man of 71, with a careless f of white hair, and he enjoyed de- –both parliamentary and social. he had started lunch late, and ev- ne had left. He sipped tea. Two rters trotted in out of the marble dor and whispered: "The Presi- was shot in Dallas–he's dead. lon Johnson had a heart attack." ressman McCormack looked up ways, waiting for the punch line. his informants were grim-faced. was on the verge of tears. McCor- k said: "My God! Can that happen ?" He knew, better than they, that as next in line for the Presidency d the Vice President. Suddenly it ired inordinate strength to get to feet.

metimes a random thought is so on target that it amounts to rience. This happened to JOURNAL r Evan Frances. Three months er, when she had won the Dallas ket Award, Mayor Earl Cabell had her at the airport and, escorted by rcycles, had shown her Dallas. Stemmons Freeway, studying the ty of the downtown skyline, Mrs. ces saw an ugly "misfit red brick ding." It seemed out of place. at is that?" she said, pointing. or Cabell smiled. "That's our ol Book Depository Building." On lay of Nov. 22, 1963, Mrs. Frances supervising a photography session n she heard the news. "My God!" ried. "The shot must have come that damned Book Depository!" s a wild guess–but on target.

nother editor, Norman Cousins of *Saturday Review of Literature*, driving down the Merritt Parkway New Canaan, Conn., to New . The radio announced that a gov- r had been shot. Cousins paid lit- ttention. The announcer returned said the President may have been "I felt a great earthquake around and inside me and everything ed unrecognizable." As he moved tollbooth to tollbooth, the news me more shattering. He could not ve that so many drivers had pulled e side of the road. A parked po- han "seemed tamed and meek and f character." At 44th Street, the was over and so was President nedy's life. "Yes, I remember. I never forget," says Cousins.

e Midwest governors held a con- ce in Omaha. George Romney of igan looked forward to a tour of nearby Strategic Air Command. first news heard by Romney and the governors was that Kennedy had been wounded. They sat down to lunch. The conversation was subdued. It was only a *wound*. Then the crush- ing truth was told. The conference broke up at once. Governors raced for planes and home. As Romney said, no one knew whether it was an isolated act by a deranged person, or an inter- national conspiracy. It was too much to believe that all the guilt could repose on one small pair of surly shoulders.

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CAMELOT *continued*

Baseball star Willie Mays remembers his reaction clearly: "I just got sick." Mays heard the news before he left for a San Francisco golf appointment, but he couldn't believe that President Kennedy was seriously injured. Mays was on the golf course when a caddie with a portable radio approached. "The President is dead," he whispered.

The word had the precise thump for the deed. In the seacoast village of Seabright, N.J., the principal, Mrs. Sawyer, could not face the students. Mrs. Helicker, a teacher, went from class to class, telling the children to please go home. But she burst into tears and could not say the words, so she waved her arms like flails as she sobbed. In Haifa, Israel, novelist James Michener and his family were guests of friends. The hosts were unusually quiet. When dinner was over, Mari and Jim Michener were told: "We must deliver difficult news. Just as we were to pick you up, we heard that President Kennedy had been shot in Dallas."

"Did he live?"

"We think so."

The Micheners felt ill. A radio was found. Someone tried the dials and found the vast reaches of roaring distance. In Egypt, a Hebrew-language broadcast was in progress. The voice, coming in alternately strong and fading, said that the American President was dead. The women began to weep. The men turned away. "Pray God it wasn't a Jew who pulled the trigger," Michener's host said.

It was a day for Lucille Ball to be funny. The studio schedule said so. She and her husband Gary Morton were driving down Melrose in Hollywood when they heard the news. Lucy wept on and off all day. When each set was properly lighted, she was called before the cameras to create laughter. "I can't remember a more difficult show in my life," she said.

No reason

A half dozen cars behind Kennedy's, Jack Valenti, an aide to Lyndon Johnson, found himself in a runaway automobile. It had been a slow, sedate, and cheerful motorcade; now the wind shrieked, rubber squealed on turns, the driver was cutting in and out of freeway traffic. No one gave a reason for it. When the limousine stopped, Jack Valenti walked in a daze through the jumble of shouting and hysteria at Parkland Hospital. He heard the sobs; he saw the dry, drained faces. He knew without being told. The President of the United States was gone.

Bob Considine was on an airliner en route to Chicago. The tall syndicated columnist passed the minutes one by one reading an article in *Time* magazine about President Kennedy's decision to dispense with the massive police protection he customarily enjoyed traveling from Idlewild into New York City. Car owners had criticized the President for "holding up traffic." He had tried the 15-mile trip alone with Secret Service agents in his car. They stopped at traffic lights. A woman saw him, yanked a camera from her purse, and ran to his car, flashing an intense light. A policeman said: "Good God, that dame could have had a gun!"

Considine reclined his seat, clasped his hands, and dozed. Then the captain's microphone clicked open. "We have a report," he said, "that President Kennedy has been shot in Dallas and is being taken to a hospital." Considine pulled a rosary from his pocket. Later, when the plane landed in Chicago, he ran to a novelty shop. A crowd was listening to a radio play the National Anthem. On the last note, a commentator said: "The President is dead." Considine phoned ABC-Radio to make a special broadcast. The first sentence, he thought, was inadequate: "We reach for the stars, but kill the man who showed us the way."

Roy Wilkins, Executive Director of the NAACP, was in an office elevator in New York, leaving for lunch, when a stranger said that Kennedy had been shot. Wilkins did not like gossip or rumors. "That can't be!" he snapped. "He is speaking in Texas." Subdued, the passenger said he was sorry. On the sidewalk, New Yorkers clustered around parked cars listening to radios. Roy Wilkins' heart began to sink before he got close enough to listen.

Ambassador to South Vietnam Henry Cabot Lodge—beaten out of his Senate seat by Kennedy in 1952, and vice presidential candidate on the Nixon ticket that lost to JFK in 1960—was in a room at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. The tall, handsome diplomat had made a long flight from Southeast Asia to the mainland U.S. The day was Friday; on Sunday he would report on the spiraling complexities of peace in Vietnam. Lodge was ready to drop onto a bed when the phone rang. The voice was Dan London's, the hotel manager. "Sorry," he said. "I must tell you that there is news from Dallas that the President has been shot." Lodge had seen death in war and peace. But this one shook him.

At Paramount Studios in Los Angeles, novelist Leon Uris left a projection room and saw a group of sobbing secretaries. He couldn't think of what to say except: "What's so funny?" They told him. Suddenly, he felt alone. He had separated from Mrs. Uris. He was living at Sunset Towers; she and three children were at Malibu. He phoned her. For days, the Uris family lived together, sharing an acute sorrow.

"We both prayed"

After lunch, publisher William Randolph Hearst, Jr. and his wife Austine sat between the blue pool and the jade sea at the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach. They were celebrating her birthday. The music on the portable radio barely intruded. Life had been good to the Hearsts, and they had been good to life. The word came; they listened and wished they hadn't. Four nights before, they had been the presence of the President. He remembered young Jack Kennedy ering the opening of the United tions for the International News vice in 1945. Austine Hearst, a time columnist for the *Washing Times-Herald*, remembered dates Kennedy, then a young Congressm from Boston. "We both just sat prayed," Hearst recalls.

Failure of democracy

Another newsman, Arthur Kroc *The New York Times*, was pursu the pastime of keeping alive the old floating crap game in Washington was on the second floor of The Me politan Club. Krock rolled the dice, never learned whether he had won lost the next round of drinks. Washington bureau of *The Ti* called him to the phone. Kennedy been shot. As Mr. Krock hurried his office, he felt a deep grief for failure of democracy "to extirpate archy as a solution to political agreement. . . ."

Sen. Hubert Humphrey was at Chilean Embassy. Mrs. Nehru, wife of the Indian Ambassador, teasing the Senator about how diff it was to get the Humphreys to lunch with her husband. With H phrey at the Chilean Embassy Edward Morgan of ABC. It was M gan who was called to the phone. whispered the news to Humph Then another luncheon guest, Ra Dungan, Special Assistant to the P ident, phoned the White House. returned to the table shuddering. President had been shot in the h He was alive. Senator Humphrey w out into the driveway, and listened a car radio. Dungan hurried to White House, from where he pho Humphrey.

"The President died a few min ago," Dungan whispered.

"I felt," Humphrey said, "as part of my very life left me." H phrey wept unashamedly, then wen the White House, where he remai desolate, for better than an hour a half. "I walked around and talke the police officers and the guards," recalls. "I found them heartbrok big, strong men with tears rolling d their faces. I saw right outside Pr dent Kennedy's office, hanging on wall in the corridor, two Texas Ran pistols that were buckled to a piec Texas ranch fence. And there was a tle sign above them that said: TEXAS PEACEMAKERS. What irony."

On the other side of town, Sen Eugene J. McCarthy of Minne was at lunch at the Plaza Hotel Maurice Rosenblatt. McCarthy's o phoned. Mechanically, the Sen made excuses and left. He walked to the Senate office building, his m boiling with thoughts, memories. had been summoned to the Senate. McCarthy felt a higher call. He w to St. Joseph's Church and sai prayer; only then did he go to Senate.

The handsome, blue-eyed evang Billy Graham feared the assassina before it happened. Dr. Graham Senator George Smathers of Flo had an appointment to play a roun golf with President Kennedy in F ida. A Texan phoned Dr. Graha week before the President's trip the Lone Star State. The man

rmed by hostile feelings in Texas" asked Graham to use his good of- to cancel the President's trip.
he President had been warned by rs, but threats made him stubborn. Billy Graham was sufficiently wor- to phone Senator Smathers in that the alarm would be relayed he White House. Smathers was un- lable. When the tragic word of nedy's death came, Graham was ing golf near Montreat, North olina. Dr. Calvin Thielman, pastor he Montreat Church, phoned the news. It was, perhaps, a harder to Graham than to the others; ad seen it coming.

The verge of tears

o the waiters, it seemed strange to Speaker of the House John Mc- nack of Massachusetts alone at a in the House restaurant. He was ll, lean man of 71, with a careless f of white hair, and he enjoyed de- —both parliamentary and social. he had started lunch late, and ev- ne had left. He sipped tea. Two rters trotted in out of the marble idor and whispered: "The Presi- was shot in Dallas—he's dead. don Johnson had a heart attack." gressman McCormack looked up ways, waiting for the punch line. his informants were grim-faced. was on the verge of tears. McCor- k said: "My God! Can that happen ?" He knew, better than they, that as next in line for the Presidency nd the Vice President. Suddenly it ired inordinate strength to get to s feet.

ometimes a random thought is so h on target that it amounts to cience. This happened to JOURNAL r Evan Frances. Three months er, when she had won the Dallas ket Award, Mayor Earl Cabell had her at the airport and, escorted by orcycles, had shown her Dallas. Stemmons Freeway, studying the ty of the downtown skyline, Mrs. nces saw an ugly "misfit red brick ding." It seemed out of place. at is that?" she said, pointing. yor Cabell smiled. "That's our ol Book Depository Building." On day of Nov. 22, 1963, Mrs. Frances supervising a photography session n she heard the news. "My God!" cried. "The shot must have come that damned Book Depository!" as a wild guess—but on target.

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continued from page 77

they are." If I helped make Caroline Kennedy what she is now, at the age of 16, then I am indeed proud, for I believe she has turned out to be exactly the girl I always wanted her to be.

The first seven and a half years of a child's life are long enough for someone close to her to know and understand the characteristics she will carry into later life. Thus it comes as no surprise to learn that the sweet character Caroline always exhibited in childhood is still part of her today.

Ever since I parted from her, I have followed her life in newspapers and from letters sent to me by my friends in that circle we call the "Nursery Mafia." The portrait of Caroline that emerges is so close to what I would have imagined that I feel I still know her as intuitively as I once did.

I last saw Caroline in May, 1965, when Mrs. Kennedy and the children came to England to be present at Runnymede, near Windsor, where a monument was dedicated to the memory of the late President Kennedy.

By 1965, Caroline had lived three more than most girls experience their whole lives: a life of luxury, isolation, and cruel tragedy. But she adjusted to it all. From the very fi had been impressed by Mrs. Kenne determination to raise her daughte as near normal a manner as pos and to shield her from the publ that could easily have spoiled her. result, Caroline, who could have be brat, was not.

I think I became aware of *how* spoiled and considerate Caroline when I took her to stay with me a own home—at that time in Sheer Kent—while Mrs. Kennedy mad series of official visits in England, to the Runnymede ceremony.

My home was a long way from standards of the White House or other Kennedy home. Mine was a ple, terraced house with a front opening directly onto the sidewall had three rooms downstairs and small bedrooms above.

"I'm afraid your room is a bit Caroline," I said as I tucked her in first night. "I hope you'll feel at h in my house."

"Oh, Miss Shaw," she replied. "house is lovely and I like my room. And you're here, aren't you

Gentle and gracious

There was never any petulanc arrogance in Caroline. She has a gi gentleness and consideration for o people.

When Caroline was about seven were living in the Kennedy apartm on Fifth Avenue in New York Cit was a very large place, and both C line and John had lovely rooms my own comfortable sitting room.

One day, Caroline came in to see and stood with her hands on her h looking around. "Your room is small, Miss Shaw," she said sudd ly. "It's much smaller than mine you're much bigger than I am."

"But I'm very happy here, Caroli I said. "It's nice and cozy. I like it.

"But it's smaller than mine," she sisted.

"Well, I haven't as many toys as But I do like it in here, really I do

"That's all right, then," she nod and trotted out.

A little while later, we were rea books together at bedtime, as was regular routine, when she sudd put down her book.

"Are you rich, Miss Shaw?"

For a moment, I couldn't think to answer. Then I said, "No, I'm rich, but I have enough, thank you

"Where do you get your mo from?"

I realized what was on her mind was connected to her father's de She couldn't understand who was ing me to look after her, now tha wasn't there. You see, many t when the President said good-by Caroline, he would tell her that he off to earn some money for her M my, to buy toys and to pay me. I ha explain, then, that her Daddy had to it that there was enough money her and John and their Mummy— to pay me.

She was an endearing child, an is hard to find a person who does like her. I loved her more than an the 50-odd children I have helped r —not because of *who* Caroline was because of *what* she was.

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roline had so much to give. I envy ne who can count her as their d. As she used to put it, I was her est friend in all the world." I was her blood sister. Once, when I had plain that I wasn't really part of family, she insisted that we go igh the ritual of pricking our fin- and mingling our blood.

don't think Caroline will ever be of true friends, because she has knack of remembering little things please others. Sometime after our ssion about my "little room," line went on a trip with her moth- nd mailed me a postcard of a Van painting. It was of a little room. line had chosen the card and sent th the message: "A little room ours."

en, after I had left the Kennedy oy, Caroline sent me a gift that nstrated her thoughtfulness. Once body had given her a pair of toy . I admired them greatly and Caroline so. Sure enough, some 18 ths later in 1967, she got an identi- air and sent them to me at Christ- I treasure them dearly.

A comfort to Grandfather

a youngster, Caroline was able ow fondness. One of my dearest ories of her stems from a visit we to Palm Beach in early 1962, the President's father, Joseph P. nedy, had suffered a severe stroke. very sorry for Ambassador Ken- . He had always been good to me made me feel welcome in his home never we were there. It was heart- king to see him there in a chair, y able to move or speak. But it 't seem to bother Caroline a bit. loved her grandfather, and for s on end she would sit by his chair her arm round his shoulder chat- away to him. It struck me as very hing that so small a child—she was four—should take such an interest mforting her grandfather.

mbassador Kennedy was immense- roud of Caroline, and I always ected that she was his favorite dchild. He used to say she was a little lady and that was what she going to be. I think he was right. I have one fear about Caroline as reaches womanhood, it is that she lnerable to hurt. When she was l, Caroline was capable of holding feelings tight inside her—and it careful coaxing to find out what wrong. John wasn't like that; he'd e bursting in and tell you exactly what he felt. With Caroline, you had to wait until she was prepared to tell you. And she usually didn't unburden herself until bedtime.

Bedtime was Caroline's unwinding hour. We'd sit and talk, and gradually her little troubles would come out. You would have to know Caroline well before she would ever tell you her innermost feelings. Very often, when I've looked at my scrapbook full of pictures of her smiling and bouncing about, I've wondered how much of her real self she is hiding. I hope she is always happy, but I don't think it's easy to tell if she is from her demeanor.

In no way do I suggest that Caroline was a mournful child. Far from it. She had inherited her father's sense of fun and was constantly teasing and laughing at her own little jokes. She'd hide my shoes, or jump out at me from behind a door, or tell me some riddle and burst into peals of laughter when I couldn't guess the answer. But the thoughtful, sensitive side of her was never far below the surface. If she teased too much or did something inconsiderate, as any child can do, you only had to tell her and she was immediately contrite. I don't think Caroline has it in her to hurt anyone intentionally. And it's probably because she is so sensitive herself.

Like all sensitive people, Caroline had a slight lack of confidence in herself. This is another area in which she was different from her brother John. He'd jump into any situation and take the consequences with either a laugh or a roar of protest. But not Caroline. She is marvelous fun and shows all the hallmarks of leadership, but she is not, I think, the sort of girl who could burst into a roomful of people and take over. In childhood, she was always shy when meeting people her own age.

When she first attended the little school set up in the solarium on the White House roof, I could tell she was worried. As usual, I found out why at bedtime. Caroline thought that one of the other girls in the class was better than she was at everything. It took weeks before Caroline really began to feel on a par with the other girl, and during that time I encouraged Caroline to realize that she was as good as her classmate. We worked on the things Caroline felt she was behind on and generally stoked up her confidence, until, at last, she grew out of her little phobia.

When all the other Kennedy children were being taught to swim, Caroline resolutely refused to make progress. It wasn't until the instructor confessed he could do nothing with her that I took her down to the pool by herself and worked on her confidence. After that, she swam like a fish.

But when she felt at home in a situation, her shyness disappeared. At the White House, for instance, Caroline was always encouraged to meet the important visitors. And there she was perfectly at ease. Both the President and Mrs. Kennedy thought this was good for Caroline, and it was.

And Caroline certainly loved those grand occasions. She would walk in, absolutely self-possessed, and curtsy like a perfect lady. I think the only time she was put out was when she met the King of Saudi Arabia, who kissed her again and again, to the delight of everyone except Caroline, who was having trouble with the King's whiskers. Her report: "He's nice . . . but he kept on *kissing* me!"

During the days at the White House, Caroline began to realize how important her father was. Her favorite description of him was: "My Daddy is the boss of the whole world." And when she really wanted to make the point, she'd say: "My Daddy is the boss over everyone, Miss Shaw—*even you.*"

On one occasion, however, her confidence took a slight knock. It was early in 1963, on a day when the family was leaving the White House to go to Camp David, about 20 minutes away by helicopter. The President, always conscious of the cost of these trips, insisted that the moment we landed at Camp David, we had to scoot out of the helicopter so that it could go back to its base. It was my habit to bundle the children in and out as fast as possible and, since it was a cold day, I kept their ski suits firmly zipped up while we flew. Caroline began to complain of being too hot, and wanted to take off her suit.

"No, Caroline, you can't do that," I explained. "Otherwise, John will want his off, too, and it will take ages to zip you all up again when we land. And you know your Daddy doesn't like wasting time."

Caroline stumped off to where her father was sitting and took the matter up with him. I couldn't hear anything inside the helicopter, of course, but I saw them talking and then the President turned to me with a helpless expression of his face. Knowing what it was about, I shook my head. The President whispered something in Caroline's ear, and then she looked up at him, wide-eyed. She came back to her seat with a look of puzzlement on her face.

"Daddy says *you're* the boss, Miss Shaw," she said.

I was dying to laugh, but I just couldn't let her illusions get shattered like that.

"Well, Daddy's the boss, really," I confided. "It's just that he knows I'm right about not taking your suit off." She was happy to leave it at that.

JFK's sense of humor

There's a lot of her father in Caroline. She has his sense of humor and his readiness to defuse an awkward situation with a smile or a quip. It was one of the things I admired about the President. There must have been many times when he was worried about affairs of state, yet I never saw him snap at the children. He could be firm, but I can't remember a time when he carried his worries into the nursery.

As a result, I don't think Caroline will ever be one to throw her weight about, despite the power and authority her name has bestowed on her.

By the time she was seven, she had already adopted a very sensible view of herself. Caroline had started to attend full-time convent school, and one day she came home disgruntled. As always, I waited for her to unburden herself.

"It's the other girls at school," she said at last. "They keep on telling me how lucky I am to be Caroline Kennedy, and they keep staring at me. Isn't that silly, Miss Shaw? I'm just the same as anyone else, aren't I?"

Well she's *not* just the same as anyone else. She is Caroline Kennedy.

I always used to urge Caroline and John to tidy up their rooms. There were maids to do it for them, of course, but I felt they should do things like that for themselves.

One time, I had to keep after Caroline to straighten things out, but she replied, "I haven't time, Miss Shaw. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Very well, Caroline," I retorted. "But don't be surprised if I'm too busy the next time you ask me to do something for *you.*"

With that, I withdrew. Sure enough, ten minutes later, she came into my room, smiling sheepishly.

"I've done my room, Miss Shaw," she said. "I wasn't too busy after all."

It was about that time that I had a small run-in with her. *(continued)*





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Ever since she had been old enough to begin to fend for herself, I had always dressed in Caroline's room. It was a way of teaching her how to put on her clothes. If I dressed at the same time, it also meant I was occupied and therefore able to resist the temptation to help her. I have always thought it better to let children get on with something like that, even if they make a bit of a mess of it. It's all part of encouraging their self-confidence.

Anyway, I had grown very used to simply walking into Caroline's room at any time. But one afternoon when I did so, she suddenly said, "Oh, Miss Shaw, can't I have any privacy around here?"

I was so surprised, I just stood there for a second or two. "I'm sorry, Caroline," I said, and I quickly went out. I pondered the incident for a while, then went back to her room. This time I knocked on the door and waited.

"Come in," I heard her say. I opened the door. "May I come in, Caroline?"

She was standing there with an embarrassed expression on her face.

"'Course you can," she said. "I don't really mind when you come in." I changed the subject quickly, but after that I was more careful about barging into her room.

Becoming an individual

It was the first time that I realized Caroline was becoming conscious of herself as an individual. She was quite right, of course, to feel that she was entitled to have her own room to herself. She was essentially a modest girl, too. I remember both Mrs. Kennedy and I being amused by this trait. Caroline must have been about six when she got her first miniskirt—and it also had a slit up one side. Even though she wore lovely, frilly little pants, Caroline simply would not go out in that skirt until I had sewn up the slit.

Caroline loved colors—greens, blues, yellows, and reds—but never chose garish designs. I think she was more proud of her school uniform than anything else at that time, and I doubt if, in later life, Caroline will ever be a trend-setter in fashion. She never did take much to dressing up when she was small.

Once, we were going to tea at the British Embassy in Washington. Caroline had been invited by the children of the then Ambassador, Lord Harlech. We discussed what to wear, and Caroline argued for blue jeans. Mrs. Kennedy agreed with me that Caroline had better put on a pretty dress.

To my dismay, the Harlech children wore the most ragged denims I ever saw.

Caroline turned on me. "You've made me get dressed up for nothing!"

A few days later, we were expecting the Harlechs for tea at the White House. This time, we all agreed that sweaters and jeans were the order of the day. Unfortunately, we didn't tell the Harlech children—and they arrived in their best bibs and tuckers! Caroline thought it amusing, and whenever we had little disagreements about what she ought to wear, she'd remind me of that particular social gaffe.

Of course, now that she is grown up, she'll find that she will be able to wear anything she likes and look elegant. She has a superb physique and she moves so gracefully. I used to watch her going through ballet exercises, and she moved like liquid. I understand she's given up ballet now, and I thi that's such a pity. Caroline never h a day's illness in her life—except wh both she and John had chicken po and she always had the same ro cheeks and bright eyes.

Looking at Caroline today, it's ha to imagine she once hated her lov crop of golden brown hair. Once, wh she was six, I was helping her brush She stared at herself in the mirror a said, "I don't like my hair, Miss Sha Why can't it be lovely and curly li Sydney Lawford's?"

Cousin Sydney Lawford was Ca line's closest friend among the Ke nedy family, and was indeed love But I couldn't agree with Caroline.

"You've got beautiful hair," I pr tested. "It's like your Mummy's, thick and shiny. You'll be very pro of it when you grow up."

Whenever I see a new picture of h now, I'm relieved to see that she h never had it cut or mucked about. always felt Caroline would blossom in a really beautiful girl by her late tee and from what I see, I know I w right.

And she has a good brain to go w her looks. She was always intellige and able to get good marks at scho When she is challenged with somethi new, she has the ability to work c scientiously until she has solved problem. She would come back to t Fifth Avenue apartment with a whc load of lessons to do. And it wasn't ways too easy for her to study since t apartment was often full of friends a relatives.

But she'd find the time to sit a pore over her books. She was very go at French—like her mother—and g on well with history. But she had tough time with mathematics.

Caroline loved to be read to at be time, and later on, she built up a sm library of favorite books. She lik factual things more than anythin Simple biographies of famous men—s was fascinated by Benjamin Frankli She also took to a series of books bought her in England—simplified ve sions of Dickens and Shakespea Books about horses were another gre favorite, because she is, as everyo knows, a gifted horsewoman.

A nature lover

Being a gentle creature, it was n surprising that she loved animals a the outdoors. Some of the happie times we spent during the White Hou years were when we went on count walks. Our Secret Service men we marvelous at thinking of places. W found a waterfall and some woods play in and Caroline loved it. She pick wildflowers and chase butterfli and really enjoy herself doing simp things.

Caroline had one special trait: s always looked you right in the eye such a way that it was almost impo sible to deceive her—or for her to d ceive another. You had always to t Caroline the truth, simply and direct because she would know if you we trying to step around something. It w like that when I had to break the ne of her father's death to her. That w a time for honesty—not fairy storie And Caroline understood.

A much happier example of her ca dor came when Caroline arrived at m home in Sheerness in 1965, and met m sister Hettie. Hettie and I always k

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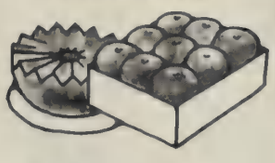
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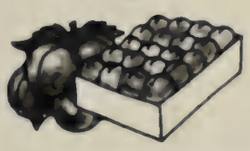
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Made for Christmas



Our Christmas ideas on pages 80 and 81 are quite simple; our instructions are general. You can easily adapt them to whatever size project you wish. Follow the above diagram for the instructions you are interested in.

1, 5. Patchwork pillows. Patchwork is at its nostalgic best worked in velveteen in a crazy-quilt fashion. Patch your colorful pieces to the size of your pillow top and seam allowance. Use one piece of plain fabric for back (small ones look newest). Outline each seam with a variety of basic embroidery stitches . . . feather stitch, chain stitch, with occasional flower outlines. (Our finished sizes: 6x8", 10x13".)

2, 4. Country cottons with borders. Use small prints and accent them with flower borders of fabric or cotton-embroidered tapes in wide widths. For tube pillow, we suggest you make a muslin shape first in the size you want and slipcover as shown. A piece of cardboard will hold the ends in place and the shirring is covered by a button. (Finished sizes: 12x15", 15x15".)

3. This embroidered pillow is available in a kit. Orders must be in by November 21 to insure time for shipping and making before Christmas. The design of embroidered tapes and tassels is stamped on a 14"x14" square of linen. Also included is piping for edges, a second piece of linen for the back and Orlon crewel embroidery yarn to work the designs. See coupon below, left.

6. Shirred pillow. Elastic thread in your sewing machine bobbin is the magic that shirrs velveteen to look like smocking. Cut the top of your pillow twice the width. Run rows of stitching covering the entire width of the piece. The piece will shrink one-half. Add a velvet ribbon and lace border.

7. Earth Dolls. Make a complete set for your favorite child or make individual ones to attach to packages. To order transfer patterns for a set of 7 dolls—one 10½" high and six 7" high—and instructions, fill out coupon (below, right) and mail with check or money order. New York residents add sales tax. Orders must be in by November 21.

8. Knit Pillow. Using giant #17 needles, knit a round pillow, graduating to the center with smaller needles. A good way to use up leftover yarn. Can be knit in a square as well.

9. Red and White Toile Pillow. A striped fabric lends itself to self-design by mitering the top that is cut in four even pieces.

10. Snowflakes. Materials: J&P Coats "Knit-Cro-Sheen" (1 ball White). Aluminum crochet hook size C.

(a) Enclosed Snowflake

Ch 5, join with sl st to 1st ch. Ch 4 (counts as 1 dc plus ch-1), dc and ch 1 11 more times in ring. Join to third ch of ch 4 with sl st. Ch 3, skip last ch of ch-4, sc in next dc, in next ch-1, in next dc, * ch 3, skip ch-1, sc in next dc, in next ch-1, in next dc, repeat from * around. * Work 2 sc, ch 3, 2 sc in ch-3 space, sc in each of the 3 scs, repeat from * around. For loop, at end of round sl st in 1st 2 sc of previous round, and in ch-3 space, ch 12 (more if larger loop required), sl st in ch-3 space and in next 2 sc, fasten off. Press, using spray starch.

(b) Pointed Snowflake

Ch 5, join to 1st ch with sl st. Ch 1, work 12 sc in ring, sl st in 1st sc, * ch 4, sc in third ch from hook, ch 7, sc in third ch from hook, ch 1, sl st in same sc as 1st sl st, ch 3, skip 1 sc, sl st in next sc, repeat from * around, sl st in 1st sc, fasten off. When pressing, pull points outward from tip. Steam press 1 side first, then the other. Allow to dry, then spray starch and press again.

11. Sewing basket. Make a lining for a round basket (by measuring the circumference) and extend it 8" higher than the top of the basket. Sew in round bottom and make a casing for a drawstring on the top. Attach to basket with ribbon bows at frequent intervals to hold lining in place. Fill with a novelty tape measure, colored thread, and other accessories.

12. Trim a basket to hold paper or fabric flowers.

13. Bread Basket. We suggest you make a muslin pattern, extending the edge to turn down as a cuff over the basket (see picture). Quilt this piece in 1" squares before sewing together. Trim with washable grosgrain and cotton lace. Make a generous 18" napkin trimmed to match to keep the bread warm.

14, 16. Mini sewing basket pin cushion. For an occasional sewer, make a decorative mini-basket to hold minimum equipment. The top, which serves as a pin cushion, is made of cardboard the size of the basket opening, covered in fabric.

The top can be made pillow fashion or by using Dacron stuffing to round out the top of the cardboard.

15. Sachets. Make a basketful of gingham and calico sachets and add a bright tartan bow to the basket. Cut 8 squares of fabric with pinking shears and in the center of each, place a ball of cotton batting or Dacron scented with perfume or your favorite sachet powder. Fold four corners to meet each other and tie as shown in our picture.

17. Candy baskets. Buy tiny baskets and decorate the handles and around the top with flowered calico or cotton braids. Give in groups of three, filled with three different kinds of candy.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

continued from page 4

have been bound into *The Best of Life*, filled with that incredible kind of nostalgia that brings your memories into now. It's *Life*-sized, of course, and it's a treasure that everyone in the family will dive for again and again.

This year marks the 75th anniversary of the birth of George Gershwin—the Diamond Jubilee of America's none-better popular composer who knew his craft better than just about anyone else. Now this book: *The Gershwins* (Atheneum) is an immense and immensely cherishable picture book about George and Ira's lyrical and singable careers, the kind of picture biography that a great many other books aspire to. My advice to everyone who loves Gershwin's music: turn up this volume.

Superstar Douglas

Anyone who is a superstar for a quarter of a century must be doing *something*. Right? Another reason to sit right down with Kirk Douglas, who's been a favorite that long. Right off the bat: is it true that he began in the movies as a weakling? Kirk rubbed his chin—that *smile!*—and said: "yes," making me feel terrific about my research. "Always *since* then," he said, "if I play a strong character, I try to find where he's weak. If I play a *weak* character, I find where he's strong. I hate to play a straight character. I don't feel virtue is photogenic. I like to play a character who either has an evil streak in him, (which is a weakness), or who has some twists and turns. I discover in retrospect—I didn't think of it at the time—that I was always attracted to the character that was fighting against society. The perfect examples are: *Champion*, *Lonely Are the Brave*, even *Lust for Life*, because the artist, Vincent van Gogh, was fighting the system. I always find that intriguing.

GS: I'm interested in your idea of looking for a weakness in a character that the audience thinks is strong.

KIRK DOUGLAS: Nobody is ever what he appears to be. I remember when I first came to Hollywood and I would come to a party and people would say 'Gee, he's so arrogant.' Well, I realize that was just a cover-up to hide my insecurities. I remember a big discussion I had with John Wayne after I did *Lust for Life*. He was very annoyed: "Kirk, I don't understand it. Guys like us, we shouldn't be playing parts like this. Why would you play a part like this?" And I said, "Well, I'm an actor." Wayne thinks in a different way, I admire him, but he has a different concept.

GS: Wayne, the unflawed hero. But, there *is* a flaw in movies: the scarcity of movies for children.

KIRK DOUGLAS: You're talking about censorship. In this case, you are the censor, because you determine what is a good movie for your child. There are lots of movies that I might let my child see but that you wouldn't, and vice versa. Now I've thought about this a good deal. For example, there used to be certain Walt Disney pictures of years ago that I thought were terrible for kids, frightening, would cause my kids to have nightmares. I didn't think they were good for kids. My picture *Scalawag*—it's the first picture I've directed—was made because I wanted to make a picture that was naïve, that had no message; I wanted to make a picture that reminded me of when I was a kid. To me a movie was adventure, gold, pirates, and treasure, so I put all of those elements into *Scalawag*. I want it to be not a picture for kids. I want it to be, hopefully, a picture that parents will enjoy *sharing* with their kids.

GS: You play a peg-legged pirate?

KIRK DOUGLAS: Yes, and I've got an alcoholic parrot who knows where the treasure is. When you get him tipsy, he might lead you to the gold.

GS: The movie is produced by your wife Anne, and it's your first job as a director. Did she actually hire you?

KIRK DOUGLAS: You know the way you get a part in the movies now is that you have to sleep with the producer. So this way, by sleeping with my producer, I got the part in the picture. I had most of my family working in the picture. My wife was the producer; my son Peter, who's 17, and my 14-year-old son Eric. So it's not only a family picture, it's *made* by a family. That part of it was fun, although I don't know that we'll ever do it again because even though it was fun, it *was* difficult to have so many members of my family involved.

GS: Is this the first time Anne produced a picture?

KIRK DOUGLAS: Yes, but she has a tremendous background. She used to produce the Cannes Film Festival; she's produced TV series in France. And this was an emergency. I was stuck in Yugoslavia—the locations were perfect—and I said, "Honey, you better produce it. I'm acting in it, I'm directing it, you produce it!" She did a terrific job. One of the most difficult aspects of working in Yugoslavia was communicating. And Anne is much better at getting along with people than I am. And trying to get the Italians, the Yugoslavs, the English and Americans working together was tough, and she was excellent. She made the movie work. EN

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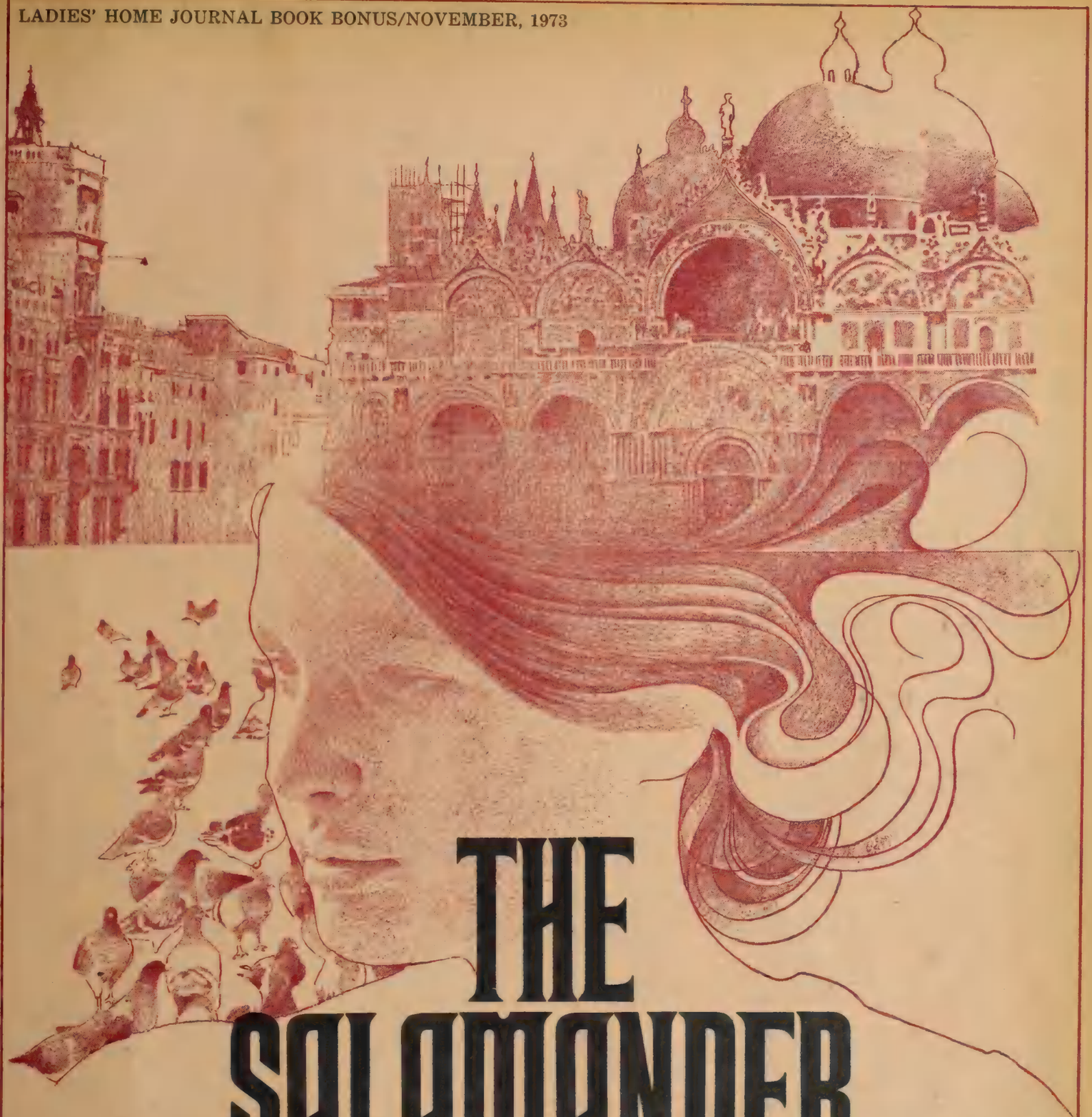
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THE SALAMANDER

PART 2

A great writer concludes his suspenseful story of political intrigue. First, read what's happened so far. By Morris West.

Dante Alighieri Matucci, a Colonel of the Italian police, assigned for special duty as agent for the Service of Defense Information, is cynical and worldly-wise at 42, yet still ambitious and susceptible to the lure of power and wealth. Urgently summoned to the apartment of General Massimo Pantaleone—an apparent suicide—Dante stages a cover-up to avoid scandal. Pantaleone has been under surveillance as the leader of an imminent fascist plot to take over the government. Dante's worry now is finding out who Pantaleone's successor will be. He traces a calling card bearing the design of a salamander (the legendary beast that lives in fire) to Bruno Manzini, a magnetic self-made financier, 70 years old, who admits he was blackmailing Pantaleone to discredit him politically. Manzini, whose code name was Salamander during his World War II days as a leftist partisan hero, abhorred Pantaleone's politics enough to threaten publicizing a biography that disclosed Manzini's own identity as Pantaleone's illegitimate half-brother. Dante can't help but be awed by Manzini's combination of cold pragmatism and devotion to the causes in which he believes. He also meets Pantaleone's beautiful blonde mistress Lili Anders, whom he already knows to be a spy, paid by a Polish Marxist group to inform on her lover. Dante bargains with her—freedom from exposure in exchange for information. There is an immediate attraction, and they begin a passionate but unsentimental affair. Through Lili's contact, Dante first hears the name of Major-General Leporello, another suspected fascist, linked to the coup. A meeting with Leporello confirms the rumor. Two men guarding Pantaleone's personal papers are murdered and the papers stolen. After Dante has located and turned over the blueprints for the coup to the Director of SID, he is removed from the case and exiled for a month to Switzerland with Lili. Wary and guilty, Dante turns to Bruno Manzini for advice. By the time of Manzini's arrival in Zurich, Dante's relationship with Lili has started to deepen.

Drawing by Mark English

During dinner, Manzini laid out the first phase of our plans.

"You are under orders not to return to Italy for a month. We use that month to establish an insurance. Tomorrow morning at nine you and Lili Anders will check out of the Baur au Lac. A limousine will be waiting to drive you by a circuitous route into Lichtenstein, where you will be lodged in a house that belongs to one of my companies. It's actually a converted hunting lodge, quaint but comfortable. There you will record everything you know of the Pantaleone affair, the microfilms, the maps . . . everything. This material will be copied and the copies will be lodged in a series of banks inside and outside Italy. We shall, of course, remain in close personal contact."

"And when I go back to Italy?"

"You will still be on leave, an underpaid career officer with specialist qualifications. I shall, to use a cant phrase, take you up, professionally and socially. I shall offer you substantial fees as a consultant on economic intelligence. This will be an open transaction, sanctioned by regrettable custom. Every public functionary in the country tries to supplement his income by private business. Of course your Director will hear of it. In fact, I shall make it my business to secure his approval."

No!" said Lili. "You want to be kind. But this is not the way. Don't you see? You tie me to the past. You tie me to yourself in a way I do not want . . . Love me gently tonight. I am so fond of you."

"Are you sure he will give it?"

"Why not? It will demonstrate that you are what he hopes you are, a venal man, easily bought and silenced. Under cover of this situation, you will continue your investigations into the new Fascist movement and Leporello's connection with it. You will report your findings to me and we shall agree upon a course of action. Does that make sense to you?"

"With one reservation, Cavaliere."

"Which is . . . ?"

"The Director. . . . I have seen him write the script of similar comedies. I do not believe he will buy this one."

"Nor I. But he will try to make us believe he has bought it, which is all we need. The real problem is rather different: we have to keep you alive."

The hunting lodge was built at the neck of a high valley, accessible only by a single track of bitumen that ended at a massive gate of pine.

For the first few days I felt caged and restless; but Lili scolded me into relaxation and a simple routine of work. We rose early, and after breakfast I settled down to the task of reconstructing from memory the material in the microfilm. It was a tedious job, which depended on a whole series of mnemonic tricks, each of which triggered off a sequence of visual memories. I had therefore to reckon with a fatigue factor and in effect, I could work only about four hours a day.

We had been about two weeks at the lodge when Bruno Manzini came to visit us. He arrived just after lunch, tired and brusque. He took possession of my notes and retired to his bedroom and we did not see him again until he joined us for dinner at seven in the evening. He made a special effort to set Lili at ease:

"You are good for this man, Lili Anders. I am sure you were good for Pantaleone. Please don't be embarrassed with me. Life is much too short to entertain ghosts at the dinner table. . . . " He laughed, put his arm around Lili, then launched us into a cascade of small talk and reminiscences that swept us from soup to coffee without a noticeable pause. Afterward, when we were alone, he told me:

" . . . Things are bad, Matucci, very bad. There's been a series of arrests of *journalista* and students. The charge? 'Spreading news calculated to disturb public order.' That's the old Fascist dragnet. Result? More division. More unrest. Let me tell you something else. I am on notice to rush deliveries of every piece of riot equipment I can fabricate. . . . I have kept the worst news till last. Leporello has made his deal. He has stepped into Pantaleone's shoes."

"And the Director . . . ?"

"Has joined him. . . . They met last weekend at a houseparty at the Director's Villa Baldasarre."

"How do you know this?"

"I was there. They wanted me to join too."

"And . . . ?"

"I agreed, of course. A natural union when you come to think of it. Heavy industry, textiles, newspapers, banking, and a stable government pledged to law and order."

"Why had they never asked you before?"

"Because my brother, Pantaleone, would never hear of it. And at that time they needed him more than me."

"Why now?"

"Because, thanks to your investigation and to the information in my brother's papers, the Director and General Leporello knew all about my connection with my brother's death. So, the time was very ripe for a civilized arrangement."

"I think, Cavaliere, that I am going mad."

"Not yet, please, Matucci. I need you very sane. I joined to be inside the conspiracy. I want this precious junta broken and brought down. Between us, I believe we can do it."

"In God's name, how?"

"Convict Leporello of murder and the Director of conspiracy with a murderer. Could you do it?"

"I'd be willing to try."

"Do you have any conditions?"

"I have a request. From the moment we leave this place I want Lili Anders protected. If I succeed in the job, I want a Presidential amnesty for her so that she can be free to re-enter Italy, if she chooses. Can you guarantee those things?"

"The first, yes. The second, no. But I would break my back to procure it."

"That's all, then."

"I'll telephone the Director tomorrow, tell him I want to employ you on trial and ask his permission to bring you back to Italy with me."

"So soon?"

"There is very little time. I suggest you establish yourself in Milan. I have a furnished apartment which I can place at your disposal, together with servants you can trust."

"What do I tell Lili?"

"Whatever she needs to keep her happy. I'll instruct her on the security arrangements before we leave. You concentrate on the love passages."

As we lay together in the dark, spelling out the hours of our last night together I told Lili the promises I had exacted to keep her safe and to claim an amnesty afterward. To my surprise, she rejected the idea out of hand.

"No! You want to be kind. But this is not the way. Don't you see? You tie me to the past. You tie me to yourself in a way I do not want. When you come to me again—if you come—you will visit me in my house, you will drink my wine and eat at my table. I will not be empty-handed as I am now. I need that, my love. As for the risks, I do not care. We will arrange addresses where we can write to each other. There's another reason, too. You will be doing a dangerous work. You cannot do it with a divided mind. Please, let's not be tense and desperate. Love me gently tonight. I am so fond of you. . . ."

During the drive to Milan, Manzini was high spirits. "Eh Matucci! I want you to devel some style. New uniforms for special occasio A colonel should look like a colonel, not a cor ral. New suits, too, the best fashion, a modi cut. Good! That's the first time I've heard y laugh like a happy man!"

Then the conversation turned serious as sketched the campaign.

"State the purpose of the exercise, Colone

"To convict Major-General Leporello of co spiracy to murder Advocate Bandinelli a Agent Calvi. To discredit the Director by sho ing him joined in the conspiracy."

"And where do you begin?"

"With three facts: Leporello knew the loc tion of the Pantaleone papers and my arran ments to guard them; his aide, Captain Rodi appeared on Ponza with orders to claim t other documents; later, the Director join Leporello in a plot to establish military rul

"Given those facts, where do you probe first

"At the weakest point. Captain Roditi."

"Next?"

"Leporello."

"Why not the Director? You know h better."

"As he stands, he's almost impregnable. I can justify any action by the secret needs the Service."

"Come back to Leporello, then."

"Verbatim quote . . . 'My loyalties were the Crown. I never changed them—even when might have been convenient to do so. I dislik the Fascists. I loathed the Germans; but ev for that I could not make myself a turnco soldier. Today I am able to be honest a proud.'"

"A resolute virgin! I don't believe it."

"Neither do I. What is your impression him?"

"Cold, ambitious, more than a little paranoi But put him on that balcony in the Piazza a many people would go mad for him. . . ."

At a stop along the way, with a feeling of tre idation. I called Stefanelli. In ten seconds I kn I was not a welcome caller. It took a good de longer to convince him I had not sold out for lush sinecure but was still in active service.

"So, I apologize, Matucci; now what?"

"How would you like to do some extra work f me? Good pay, expenses, a little travel."

"What sort of work?"

"Now Steffi, if I were fool enough to tell y on an open line you would be a fool to wo for me."

"Okay, you've bought me."

"Good. I'll be in touch soon. One more thin Do I have any friends left?"

"Still a few. . . . Need something?"

"Yes. Roditi, Matteo, Captain of Carbinie aide to Major-General Leporello. Any bac ground you can get."

"Should be easy enough."

"Thanks, Steffi. Soon, eh?"

The apartment in Milan was the penthou of a new block, built by Manzini, not far fro the center of the city.

Everything in the place was new and d signed for a rich and sociable bachelor: dee leather furniture, a well-stocked bar, a high fidelity system, racks of records, a televisio set, bright modern canvases, books, new an old, for lonely nights. Manzini made me free it all with a smile of satisfaction. "There, m dear Dante. All yours. Now you have nothin to do but to work and divert yourself profitably

We toasted the enterprise and blessed th house with a glass of champagne and then, b fore he left, Manzini did a touching thing. H put his hands on my shoulders and embrace me, cheek to cheek, as if we were brother

I telephoned Steffi and told him to get hin self to Milan as soon as possible. He told me h had managed to pull a file on Captain Matte Roditi, but there was nothing worthwhile in i I would have to start digging for mysel

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doro. It is close enough to headquarters the officers of the Carabinieri to drop in a drink and see the kind of citizens they paid to protect. I decided to go there so I could drift and gossip.

was about ten-thirty when I arrived. I hed myself in my favorite corner and made l-talk with the barman who knew every- and told everything.

What's going on in town?" I asked.

he same only more so. Strikes every third Students marching. There are police on ev- street corner. Maybe what we need is a new e to pull things into line again."

Maybe."

Hullo, isn't this a friend of yours?"

e sidled up to the bar, all two hundred fifty ds of him: Giorgione, Big George, Major nello, on the official lists of the Corps.

Hello, Matucci. Good to see you."

You too, Giorgione."

What are you doing in this town?"

'm on leave. Let me buy you a drink."

Thanks, I need it. Old Iron-jaw's been ping at my heels all day."

Big changes, eh?"

Changes? This Leporello is one-hundred- ent armorplated. And you should see the s he's getting around him! He's building up tle private group of musclemen, for special es. The way he's got that Roditi fellow ing round! Do you know him?"

've met him. I don't know him."

You haven't lost anything. He's a real d one. . . ."

Does he ever come here?"

No, no! This is girl-territory, Matucci. You y that. I think our friend Roditi prefers the ."

s Leporello that way, too?"

wouldn't say so. He's married, got two . Very proper!"

Why Roditi then, and the other odd bunch?"

don't know. I think he just likes the idea he elite guard and all that stuff. . . . Say, t's your interest anyway? You've got a sweet job with SID; why should you care t happens to us poor sweats?"

or all his vast bulk and his shambling ways, gione was as cunning as a badger. If I ted his help, I had to give him enough of truth to keep him happy and discreet.

Facts for the record, Giorgione. I'm on leave. r months. I'm working, all aboveboard, for g company, as security adviser. Everything is off the record."

Listen, Matucci, I didn't mean to . . ."

I know you didn't, Giorgione; and you may able to help me. First, I'm still with SID, ve, you understand. I'm on a job I can't you about. Maximum security and danger- We're interested in Roditi, too. I've been ed to check him out while I'm here and to do ithout upsetting General Leporello. If he is omosexual we don't want him in a sensitive . If he's a disruptive influence, that's ther good reason for moving him out. So, I e to move carefully; but because of this er business I can't waste time. If you can me, fine! If not, there's no harm done, pro- ed you sit quiet, as I know you will. That's story, Giorgione. . . ."

What do you want to know about this ow?"

The full sheet, Giorgione. Or as much of it you can get. Two main points: what's his tionship with Leporello, and what, if any- ng, does he have to do with the musclemen? y immediate thoughts?"

Some, yes. Roditi's a bit of a muscleman nself. Works out every day in the gym. Then s doing some kind of recruiting job round the ntry, inside the corps that is. From what I r they're setting up some kind of commando up."

Where do they train?"

Oh, that's one of the big secrets."

"I don't know that either, but it must be on file."

"Now, you think Roditi's a homosexual. Any evidence?"

"Well, no. But no girl friends and all this body-building. It points that way doesn't it?"

"It might. How does Leporello treat him?"

"Oh, very formally, but—how shall I say it?—very much like a man of confidence. I know he visits Leporello's home."

"What's the general feeling in the corps about Leporello?"

He described the man Leporello. "Cold, ambitious, more than a little paranoid. But put him on that balcony in the Piazza and many people would go mad for him." This was the man who had called himself "honest and proud."

"Well . . . he drives us like a slave-master. . . . But he is good. He's very good. And a lot of the things he's done are real improvements. How do we feel about him? The men are uneasy about him. Not always for the right reason, mark you, but instinctively they mistrust him. It's late! My wife will kill me! How soon do you want this stuff?"

"Yesterday, if possible."

I wrote my apartment number on one of my cards. "Phone me here. Thanks, Giorgione."

He shambled out, leaving me both pleased and worried. Roditi, my first quarry, was an unpopular type with a dubious reputation. Leporello was a hard-nose with an unhappy staff. Therefore, the preliminary investigation could move quickly and there would be plenty of enthusiastic helpers to dig up the dirt. On the other hand, the news about the new riot squads was very disquieting. It was a regressive step, a new threat to privacy and personal rights. It argued an official sanction for intimidation and police brutality.

I was restless now, itchy for action. A quick call to one of my night-owl contacts yielded the name of the Club Alcibiade as the favorite spot for gay boys in the city. I decided to drop in.

The Alcibiade was strictly plush, strictly for the carriage trade—and there was a great deal of it to be had, in both sexes. The place was designed in a complete circle, with a bar at the end of one diameter, and a curved stage at the other, and the tables ranged round a small dance floor at the center.

The clients were the most elegant bunch I had seen in a long time; mostly young, but with a sprinkling of gray-haired males. The lights were rather pallid, but they were bright enough to show me Captain Matteo Roditi, in a midnight blue jacket, seated with two other young men, at a table on the edge of the dance floor. Roditi and his friends were so busy with each other they did not notice me until I stood over the table and offered my little greeting:

"Captain Roditi, isn't it?"

He didn't recognize me for a moment, then he leaped to his feet and stammered:

"Colonel Matucci! Forgive me, I didn't recognize you."

"Relax, Captain, we're not on parade now."

"What are you doing in Milan, sir?"

"Enjoying some leave."

"Forgive me, but I heard you were retired from the Service."

"It's under discussion. Nothing definite yet. I'm still on the active list. Won't you introduce me to your friends?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir. Franco Gozzoli, Giuseppe Balbo, Colonel Matucci."

"Are you gentlemen in the Service, too?"

He was quick, but not quick enough, to intercept their swift looks of inquiry.

"What sort of business?"

"Oh—er—architectural draftsmen."

"How very interesting. Please sit down, gentlemen. Do you come here often, Captain?"

"Occasionally. It's a change from the usual club. Will you be staying long in Milan?"

"A few weeks, possibly. Please give my compliments to General Leporello. Tell him I hope to see him soon."

"I'll do that, sir, with pleasure."

"Good night, Roditi. Enjoy yourself."

At ten the next morning Steffi arrived, chirpy as a cricket, with news.

"Remember the letter bomb that was posted in Lili Anders' flat?"

"Yes?"

"The police sent us a forensic report on it. The report came across my desk, together with a nice clear set of prints, matched from their files. I brought a copy with me, in case they might be useful."

"And?"

"The prints belonged to Marco Vitucci, age twenty-eight, wanted on several counts of larceny and robbery with violence."

"Never heard of him."

"Nor I. But it's a start—a link in the chain. The police are working actively to trace him. He is known to use two other names, for which he has false documents. The names are Turi Goldoni and Giuseppe Balbo. . . ."

"Steffi, you're a genius!"

"I know it; but since when have you discovered it?"

"Now . . . this minute! Last night I met Roditi at the Club Alcibiade. One of the boys with him was called Giuseppe Balbo."

"If it's the same one, that's almost enough to nail Roditi as well."

"Almost, but not quite. Not with the protection he's got. But it's a beautiful beginning and, since it's a police report, SID can't bury it. Steffi, the soup's beginning to cool . . . !"

We talked it upside down and roundabout, through lunch and into the afternoon. Steffi had left to plot his own campaign of investigation when the telephone rang and Major-General Leporello came on the line. He was brisk, but surprisingly cordial:

"Welcome to Milan, Colonel."

"Thank you, sir."

"Captain Roditi delivered your message. I should be delighted to see you."

"I simply wanted to pay my respects, sir. I know how busy you are."

"Dinner on Thursday. How would that suit?"

"Yes, sir. I'm free on that night."

"Good. My house at eight-thirty. I'll send you

Big George added more on the new leader. "Leporello is one-hundred percent armorplated. And you should see the types around him! He is building up a little private group of musclemen, for special duties."

a confirmation with directions how to get there. Strictly informal—a family foursome. Er—is there someone you would care to bring?"

"No, sir."

"Leave it to my wife, then—she's the party girl. You and I can have a private chat over the coffee. By the way, have you ever thought about my offer?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Let's talk again. Until Thursday then."

I had expected some approach—drinks in the Mess perhaps, coffee at the Club—but this was out of all character and proportion. Two weeks ago he wanted me dead; now he wanted me to dinner. The two wishes were not necessarily in

treacheries at Italian dinner tables—but they were certainly anomalous. I was still chewing on that thought when a courier arrived with two messages from Bruno Manzini.

The first was a note in which, apologizing for short notice, he requested me to dine with him that night. The second was a letter from Lili. It had been carried across the border and posted inside Italy at an accommodation address provided by Manzini. Lili was now staying at a small hotel in the Bernese Oberland.

I read it three times. If I wasn't in love, then I was as near to it as I had ever been in my life. Yet, I couldn't risk the distraction, I couldn't afford the luxury. There were too many dangerous tomorrows to survive. I tore the letter up and burned the shreds in the ashtray.

Late in the afternoon, Giorgione telephoned me from his home. He had Roditi's address.

They had traced the prints on the letter bomb. They belonged to Marco Vitucci, age twenty-eight, wanted in Rome and Naples on several counts of larceny and robbery with violence.

I called down blessings on his tousled head and then rang Roditi's office. His sergeant told me Roditi was out of town with General Leporello and would not be back until Thursday afternoon. When Stefanelli called in, I told him we had an errand and I would pick him up at his hotel at nine.

Bruno Manzini arrived punctually at six. I brought him up to date, and told him my plans to break into Roditi's apartment.

He gave me some advice.

"Don't chase the will-o'-the-wisp and forget the balefires burning on the hills behind you. . . . Let me show you what I mean. When you left my brother's house on the morning after his death, you asked an old servant to record telephone calls for you. You never went back to collect the messages. I did. I went there to see to the wants of an old man who had known my father. Because he was afraid, he told me that he had lied to you. He was not awake when my brother came home from the Chess Club. He was drunk and snoring. He lied because he thought he would be blamed for not setting the alarms. They were off when he woke in the morning. . . . No, please don't interrupt. Let me embarrass you a moment longer. The night after my brother's funeral, I had his body removed from the vault. An autopsy was performed in the mortuary of a private clinic. My brother did take barbiturates. He probably took quite a large dose, but not enough to kill him. He was killed by an injection of air into the femoral artery. You see what happened? You connived with the Director to hush up a suicide. You were made an accomplice in murder."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?"

For a full minute he said absolutely nothing. When he spoke, his voice was frosty, remote, like the first chill wind of autumn.

"To teach you a lesson, Matucci. Trust no one. Don't believe that the old Adam is dead until you've screwed down the coffin and seen the gravedigger stamp the last sod on top of him."

Our visit to Roditi's apartment began auspiciously. There was a party on the sixth floor; the foyer was busy with guests and the porter had lost count of the arrivals. Steffi and I rode with the partygoers as far as the fifth floor. We rang the bell of Roditi's apartment; and, when there was no answer, I used a pick-lock and opened the door.

I had expected an epicene elegance or perhaps a feminine clutter. I found, instead, a place as aseptic and impersonal as a hotel room. The furniture was Danish modern. The pictures, arranged in a severe symmetry, were all of soldiers in historic costumes.

We began our search in the kitchen. We found coffee and bread and a carton of milk.

The bedroom was more rewarding. In the right-hand drawer of the dressing table, face-down, was a photograph in a silver frame. It was a portrait, obviously taken by a professional, of a woman in her early thirties: dark eyes, large and lustrous; mouth soft and enigmatic in repose; dark, straight tresses drawn back over her ears. The photograph was inscribed "To my dearest Matteo, for memory and for promise, Elena."

Beside the photograph I found a bundle of letters, held together by a rubber band. They were signed with the same name. I read them and passed them one by one to Steffi. They were love letters, lyrical, tender, totally uninhibited in their celebration of the nights and days of a passionate affair. The letters were undated. There was no address. From the text and the references, it was clear that they had been written over a period of several years and that the last was written no more than a week ago. Elena was married, unhappily, to a husband older than herself. Roditi, whatever his other vices or virtues, was obviously a passionate and thoughtful lover.

"It doesn't make sense, Steffi. A fellow like Roditi . . ."

"Now hold it, Matucci. Maybe you're wrong from the beginning. You've seen him at the Alcibiade. Giorgione told you he's a physical culture addict. That's all you've got. The rest is imagination and inference. Does the lady sound cheated? Not to me. Maybe you have to rethink this fellow. . . . So, why don't you take one of those letters from the middle of the bundle and let's haul our tails out of here."

We left the apartment pristine as we found it and rode down, innocent as babes, to the foyer. The porter was locked in his little booth watching television. We could have been trailing a bloodied corpse and he would not have blinked.

I gave great thought to the manner in which I should dress for Leporello's dinner. The suit should be sober, but not too sober. The shirt, white cambric—with gold cufflinks, just for a hint of money. The General should know where the bidding started.

I was stopped at the gates of Leporello's villa, where two carabinieri checked my papers, waved me inside, and closed the gates behind me. There were two plainclothesmen inside the grounds. One of them opened the door of the car and delivered me at the front door, where a maid took charge of me and led me into the salon.

Leporello was alone. Even in civilian clothes he was still an impressive figure, tall, straight and formal to the point of stiffness. Still, his greeting was warm, his handshake firm and welcoming. A manservant offered drinks, whiskey or champagne. We toasted each other.

Then the ladies came in—and it was as if the roof had fallen on my unwary head. The woman in Roditi's photograph was Leporello's wife.

I stammered God knows what by way of greeting and bent over her hand in panic. It is quite an embarrassment to look into a woman's eyes when you have read all her secrets in a bundle of love letters. You feel the small shameful triumph of the voyeur and you wonder that she cannot read it in your face.

Fortunately for me my table partner provided an adequate diversion. Laura Balestra was a lively blonde with big bedroom eyes and a talent for amusing chit-chat. She loved dressy men. She hated stuffy soldiers. Didn't I love Elena's dress and wasn't this a beautiful villa? . . . And dear, oh dear, she did carry on, didn't she?

She did, but I was so grateful I wanted to

she turned to Leporello and left me to make m
halting way with the lady of the love letters.

I will say it once and be done with it: she wa
a beautiful woman. I wondered how a ramro
like Leporello had managed to marry her. Sh
was wondering about me, too. Her first que
tion was a challenge.

"You're older than I expected, Colonel."

"I try hard to conceal it, Madam."

"I didn't mean that. My husband likes to su
round himself with very young officers. He tel
me he's invited you to join his staff."

"Yes."

"You don't like the idea?"

"I have some reservations. I'll be discussin
them with the General."

"You're very tactful."

"And you're very beautiful, Madam."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"I'm sure you get many, from all those dash
ing young officers."

"Very few, Colonel. I'm a respectable marrie
woman with two children."

"Girls or boys?"

"Twin girls. They'll be five this August."

"Summer children! That's nice."

"Summer or winter, does it make any diffe
ence?"

"Isn't there a proverb that says, 'Spring lo
ing's the brightest, but summer's the swee
est?' "

"I've never heard it. Is that your experienc
Colonel?"

"Well, yes. I suppose it is."

"You must tell me about it one day."

"I'd be delighted; but I never tell names
write letters."

"Very gallant—and very discreet."

"In my business I have to be discreet."

"Oh, yes, you're something in intelligenc
aren't you?"

"That's right."

"Do you like your work?"

"Not always. It destroys one's illusions to
quickly."

"Do you have any left, Colonel?"

"Some. . . . And you?"

"Ask me some other time."

"I'll do that. It's a promise."

Dinner was announced at that moment,
there was no chance to finish the gambit. But
I guessed my lady right, she was playing th
old game of spite-my-husband, and playing
very recklessly indeed. Leporello, on the othe
hand, was punctiliously polite, though neve
casual or intimate. For a man who was normall
brusque and imperative his attitude to his wi
was surprisingly deferential. I had the curio
impression that he was afraid of her and th
she, knowing it, was prepared to push him
the limit of endurance. At the table, he conce
trated his first attention on me. He was pe
suasive and complimentary. He wished mo
earnestly to have me on his staff. Men with m
training and experience were precious. He hop
the women might persuade me if his own el
quence were not enough. Laura Balestra was
his side, teasing and inconsequent. Elena Lep
rello played her own private game, flatterin
me and denigrating her husband in a doze
subtle ways.

"And what do you think of the carabinie
image, Colonel?" Elena Leporello was a ve
persistent adversary. "I get the impression it
rather tarnished just now."

"In some respects, yes. On the other han
your husband's reputation is growing."

"His reputation for what, Colonel?"

"Firm policy, decisive action. . . . I've hea
talk as I've been moving around. There's a gre
deal of popular support for your program .
These riot squads you are training . . ."

"Where did you hear about those, Colonel?

"They're being talked about in every bar an
club in town, General."

"It's supposed to be a secret project."

"I assure you it isn't any more."

Could you name me places where you've
ird talk?"
"Certainly. The Duca de Callodoro, the Club
ibiade . . ."
The mention of the Alcibiade produced a va-
ty of reactions. Elena looked blank. The
neral developed a sudden interest in the
awberry flan. Laura Balestra quizzed me,
tly:
"The Club Alcibiade? And what were you do-
there, Colonel?"
"Just looking."
"Did you find what you were looking for?"
"Yes, I did, as a matter of fact. I found a
n I've been chasing for weeks."
"I didn't think you'd find a man within a
le of the place."
"Indeed, yes. I was there. Captain Roditi was
re. . . ."
"Matteo?"
It was Elena who asked the question, ad-
ssed to Leporello, who smiled over it as if it
re the first real victory of the evening.
"Don't ask me, my dear. I wasn't there. . . .
w, if you don't mind, the Colonel and I will
e coffee in the library."
No sooner were we settled and private than
manner changed, dramatically. He was every
h the soldier again: curt, decisive, dogmatic.
"Matucci, the time has come for us to be
nk with each other. Your Director thinks
u're a troublemaker. I think we would get on
ll together. Why do you hesitate to join me?"
"Two reasons to begin with: I want to finish
leave. I want to test myself in civilian em-
yment."
"With Bruno Manzini."
"Yes."
"He's an old rogue—and dangerous. If you de-
le to join me, you may finish your leave with-
t curtailment."
"That's very fair."
"Now, as to the appointment itself. There is
establishment as yet, no title, no table of
ganization. You would be required to set up a
mpletely new section, subject only to me and
my personal directives. You would model this
ction on the Service of Defense Information,
th such variations as your experience dictated
d we agreed upon together. Interested?"
"So far, very. What would be the purpose of
is section?"
"Political intelligence, in the widest sense. If
rtain events take place, if certain projects ma-
re, the scope of the work would be greatly
larged, and your position would be one of
nsiderable power."
"Can you specify the events and the projects,
eneral?"
"I can, but not yet."
"May I ask why?"
"Because I must first be sure, Colonel, where
ur loyalties lie. Your political affiliation, for
stance. I need a very conservative man."
"Why?"
"I have never trusted your Director. I have
ways regarded him as a useful but fickle ally.
o, when I left the meeting at the Villa Baldas-
re, I thought very carefully. I concluded I had
ed of a rival and an ultimate substitute for
e Director. . . . You, my dear Colonel. More
offee?"
"Thank you. . . . Do you mind if I ask a few
uestions?"
"Please!"
"This aide of yours, Captain Roditi . . . ex-
lain him to me."
I had touched him on the raw. His head jerked
p. He was suddenly tense and threatening.
"I think you should explain yourself, Colonel."
"You want me to join you. I am interested;
ut I am not prepared to walk blind into a new
ituation. I have studied you, General, as you
ave studied me. I hear that this Roditi is a
ourt favorite. He is resented. Because of him,
ou are resented, too. What was he doing at the
lub Alcibiade?"
"He recruits there."
"I'm curious to know why you're using these types."
"We need men without ties, with no ambition beyond money and the companionship of their own kind. They will be dispensable in time, like the Congo mercenaries."
"General, you must be patient with me. You offer me patronage, protection. I have to know where the power lies, and the weakness, too."
"I'm listening."
"There's a dossier on you at SID. The Director knows what's in it. I don't, because he has always reserved it to himself. You don't trust him, and you want to set me up against him. I'm impotent, unless I know as much as he does. I can't protect you, unless I know what weapons he can use against you. If you're unhappy with my terms, let's forget it."

But if I guessed my lady right, she was playing the game of spite-my-husband, and playing it very recklessly indeed. Leporello, on the other hand, was punctiliously polite.

"Let's define them more clearly."
"Full disclosure on both sides?"
"Very well. I'll be in touch with you again in a few days. . . . More coffee?"
"No, thank you. I should be getting home. It's been a long day."
"Not too unprofitable, I hope?"
"Far from it, General. I think we've come a long way toward an understanding."
"Good. . . . By the way, would you mind dropping Laura in town, otherwise I'll have to call a staff car."
"No trouble at all. I'll be delighted."
"I like her. She's a cheerful soul. A little stupid, perhaps, but rich in her own right—and still unattached. A word to the wise, eh?"
Cheerful she was, and more than a little drunk, but stupid she wasn't. As we drove back to town, she gave me a zany but revealing commentary on the dinner party.
"Elena really had her claws out for Marcantonio tonight. . . . Not that I blame her, really. You don't really want to work for him, do you? I can't see you fitting into that bunch he's got around him. But then, I don't know you very well, do I? And you never did say what you were doing in Alcibiade. And what Matteo Roditi was doing there. You didn't see Elena's face when you dropped that hot brick. You know they're lovers, of course? My dear man, everybody knows—even the General. If my arithmetic's right, Roditi has to be the father of the twins. Why? Oh, come on, Matucci! Why do you think the old boy uses Matteo to do all his dirty work? . . . Me? I'm the little friend of all the world. But I am Elena's friend first. And I'll make a bet with you. If she doesn't call you, I'll give you a night in bed, myself. . . ."
"No bet. You're already invited."
"And Elena will hate me ever after."
"Who's to tell?"
"That's right, who's to tell? She'll still ring you though. She's wild for you, Matucci."
"You told me she was wild for Roditi."
"Oh, that's special. The others—and there have been a lot of others—are her revenge on her husband. Now, tell me about your love-life, Colonel. I'd like to know what I'm getting into before I have too much champagne."
As it turned out, three glasses were more than enough. She passed out cold to the music of Henry Mancini. I tucked her into her big double bed, stuck a get-well note to the bathroom mirror and closed the door on her.

It was now one in the morning in Milan, where, if her citizens are to be believed, money will buy you anything, day or night. My needs were essentially simple: an atomizer and a one-eyed notary, deaf and dumb, insomniac and avaricious. I wanted to take a legal deposition from a witness. I was prepared to exercise duress, threats, intimidation and physical violence, if necessary. So I needed a notary with a rubber stamp and a flexible conscience.
At three-fifteen, armed and accompanied by the said notary, I presented myself at the apartment of Captain Matteo Roditi. The Captain was out, absent, abroad about the business of his master—or his mistress, as the case might be. We settled down to wait. At three forty-five, red-eyed and almost sober, Roditi came home. I pushed him against the wall while I patted him for concealed weapons.
"Captain, you don't know me very well. You may, therefore, be tempted to believe I am playing games. I am not. If you don't give me truthful answers, I shall spray cyanic acid gas in your face and you will be dead in four seconds. If you cooperate, I may offer you a way out of the mess you're in now. Clear?"
"Yes."
"In your bedroom there is the signed photograph of a woman, and a bundle of love letters from a woman called Elena. Who is Elena?"
"She's the wife of General Leporello."
"How long have you been lovers?"
"About six years."
"Are you the father of her children?"
"I believe so."
"Does the General know of your association?"
"Yes."
"And condones it?"
"Yes."
"Tell me why?"
"It gives him a hold over both of us."
"Explain that."
"He is the legal father of the children. His name is on the registration of birth. He could remove them from Elena's care and custody."
"And what is his hold over you?"
"I have performed services for him which put me in legal jeopardy."
"What services?"
"I have procured for him."
"Inside or outside the Service?"
"Both."
"I'll need names and dates and places, but we'll come to that later. Did your friend Balbo kill Bandinelli and Calvi?"
"Yes."
"Did he plant a letter bomb in the apartment of one Lili Anders?"
"Yes."
"Who gave the orders?"
"The General."
"Where are the Pantaleone papers?"

He bent over her hand in panic. It is quite an embarrassment to look into a woman's eyes when you have read all her secrets in a bundle of love letters. Could she possibly read it in his face?

"I gave them to Leporello."
"Where are they now?"
"I don't know. Possibly at his house."
"Where is Giuseppe Balbo?"
"I think he's dead."
"You think . . !"
"I was told to take him to the Club Alcibiade tonight and make sure we left at two forty-five."
"Who told you?"
"The General."
"Very neat. Did you ever think he might want to get rid of you one day?"
"Yes."
"Did you never take out any insurance?"

"Yes, I did. I had his city apartment bugged. There are tapes and photographs."

"Where are they?"

"Elena has one set. I have another in safe deposit at the Central Bank."

"I'll need the key and an authorization of access."

"Very well. What are you going to do now?"

"Not I, Roditi, you! You're going to write a deposition. When that's done we'll talk about the rest of it. . . ."

It took half an hour to compose the document and half a minute to stamp and notarize it. I sent the notary on his drowsy way, had Roditi write a letter to his bank, stuffed the documents into my breast pocket.

". . . Your deposition buys you a life sentence, Roditi. I'll drive you to a safe place in the country and you'll stay there until I've built the last brick into my case against Leporello. Then, before the case breaks, you'll have twenty-four hours to get out of the country with Elena and the children. . . . It's the best I can do."

Three glasses of champagne, and she passed out cold to the music of Henry Mancini. He tucked her into bed, stuck a note to the bathroom mirror, and closed the door.

"I'm not going."

"Then you're going to tell me why."

"All right. You've been followed all evening. While your car was at the General's house they fixed a bleeper on it."

"Which means the carabinieri know where I am now?"

"Yes, yes."

The plot was very clear. Arrest and search and ninety-two hours' detention on any charge in the book. By the time I got out, if I ever got out, the deposition would have disappeared into thin air. I hauled Roditi to his feet, thrust a wadded handkerchief into his mouth, poked my gun into his kidneys and hustled him out of the apartment.

There was no way down, except by the elevators, or the concrete stairs. Either way would land me in the arms of the carabinieri. We went up. We climbed four flights until we came to a door that gave access to the roof and the water tanks on top of it. I pushed Roditi out onto the roof. Then I leaned him, face against the door, and chopped him hard on the back of the skull. He went down like a sack.

I made a cautious circuit of the roof and found that the two adjoining buildings were similar in height and construction. It would be an easy matter to climb across the parapets and make my escape through the third building. It would be quite impossible if I had to take Roditi with me. I left him and a few minutes later I found myself in a deserted office block. When the workers began to arrive in the morning, I walked out into the crowded, sunlit streets and took a taxi to Manzini's hotel.

Breakfast was a sober meal. Manzini telephoned the editor of a newspaper he owned and came back with three stories which would feature in the afternoon editions. The lead story dealt with a gun battle in which one Giuseppe Balbo, a suspect in the murders at the office of Dr. Sergio Bandinelli, had been killed by police officers while resisting arrest. Also on the front page was the account of a mysterious occurrence in a fashionable apartment block. Answering an anonymous telephone call, the details of which could not yet be released, the police had visited an apartment on the fifth floor, occupied by Captain Matteo Roditi, personal aide to Major-General Leporello. The apartment was empty and in disorder. There was no sign of the Captain, who, at the time of going to press, was still missing. The police were seeking to question a certain Dante Alighieri Matucci, member of a Government agency, whose car was parked outside the building and whose fingerprints were found in the apartment of the missing man. There was a full and accurate description of me and a photograph obviously supplied by wire from the files of SID.

". . . And that," said Manzini, flatly, "disposes of our case. Balbo is dead. Roditi is dead or in protective custody. Your notary is now under the lamps; and, by the time they have finished with him he will sign whatever they want. Roditi's deposition is worthless, because they will produce a counter-deposition proving duress. You, my Dante, are now a man on the run."

"You're forgetting something, Bruno. I have a key and an authority that will open Roditi's safe-deposit. If he was telling me the truth, there's enough material there to finish Leporello at one stroke."

"There are three ifs in that proposition, Dante. If Roditi was telling the truth. . . . If Leporello hasn't already got a judicial order to open the box. . . . If you could open it yourself. An hour from now your description will be all over the streets of Milan. Which means also we have to get you a new identity fast."

"There's one last hope . . . Leporello's wife."

"When she reads that report, she'll think you killed or kidnaped Roditi."

"The report came from her husband. I don't think she'd believe him if he told her the day of the week."

"It's an awful gamble. But I know a worse one," said Manzini somberly. "Leporello for Duce and the bully-boys keeping order with truncheons and castor oil."

By the end of the day Manzini had obtained forged documents and a suitcase of ready-to-wear clothes to fit my new identity as one Aldo Carnera. Thorough as ever, he had procured me a back-dated employment as a traveling salesman with one of his small offshoot companies. If anyone checked, my false name and personal details were on file.

In the early evening I settled myself in a modest apartment Manzini had procured near the Ambrosian Library. It was clean, comfortable, and economical, the right sort of lodging for a traveling salesman.

I wondered how I should best approach Elena Leporello. I could write her a note. Her husband or a household spy might intercept it. I decided to telephone. A maidservant answered. I said:

"This is headquarters. Is the Signora home?"

I waited a very long moment, and when Elena Leporello came on the line I talked fast and eloquently:

"Please, Madam, whatever I say, do not hang up until I have finished. This is Dante Alighieri Matucci. There is an order out for my arrest. I have been in hiding for several days. I read the papers. I do not know whether Captain Roditi is alive or dead. Can you tell me, please?"

"I can't tell you, not at this moment."

"The reports give the impression that I either kidnaped him or murdered him. Neither is true. If he is alive, I must find him. Are you willing to talk to me?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Any day between ten and six."

"Thank you. Now listen carefully. At ten-thirty tomorrow morning go to the Ambrosian Library. A friend of mine will contact you in the reading room and bring you to me. Expect to be out of town for four or five hours."

"Will you trust me?"

"Until we meet—yes."

So far, so good; but how far is far when you are dealing with a woman practiced in intrigue? I put another slug in the telephone and dialed Steffi at his hotel. I told him of my conversation with Elena Leporello and what I proposed to do.

At ten-thirty the next morning, dressed in a mechanic's cap and overalls, I was tinkering with a scrubby Fiat, sixty meters from the entrance of the Ambrosian Library.

At ten fifty-five Steffi came out with Elena Leporello. They got into her car, a white Lancia and drove off. I followed far enough behind to see whether any shadow car had joined our cavalcade. Steffi's instructions were to cross to Venice, buy the lady a sandwich in St. Mark's Square and leave when I made my appearance. I hoped the strategy might establish in her mind the fact that I had left Milan and was holed up somewhere there.

Steffi saw me coming and left before I reached the table. Elena Leporello gave me a frosty welcome:

"I hope, Colonel, there is some sense in this sordid little drama."

"I hope, Madam, you will help me make sense of it. Have you heard from Captain Roditi?"

"Not a word."

"Does your husband know where he is?"

"No. He has a team of investigators working night and day on the case. He says he knows you forced Matteo to write a false document, then had him killed or kidnaped."

"And how does he know that?"

"From the notary who witnessed the document in Matteo's apartment. He's been arrested and he has signed a confession."

"Has your husband seen the document?"

"He hasn't said so."

"Then how does he know it's false?"

"Obviously the notary told him."

"The notary didn't read the document. He simply stamped and signed it."

I handed her a photostat copy of Roditi's confession and watched her closely as she read it. The color drained from her face. She trembled violently and I thought for a moment she was going to faint. By the time she had finished, she was in control of herself again; and the sudden mastery of her emotions was frightening to see. She folded the document carefully and handed it back to me. Then she faced me, cold-eyed and contemptuous.

"That's a tissue of lies, Colonel—monstrous lies."

"That is Roditi's handwriting."

"But you dictated it."

"I dictated it after interrogation. Are you sure, Madam, that everything is false?"

"Everything!"

"Then you and Roditi were not lovers?"

"Of course not."

"I read your letters, Madam. I saw your photograph. Roditi kept them in the drawer of his dressing table."

"No, Colonel. There are no letters."

"You mean they were removed on your husband's orders. Not all. I have one in my pocket now. Let me tell you something else. Roditi, your lover, was a friend of Giuseppe Balbo, who was killed by the police a few nights ago. I met them together in the Alcibiade. No, Madam. The statement doesn't lie. I'm not lying. You are. Why? Are you afraid of your husband? Of what he may do to you or the children?"

"No, Colonel."

"Then listen to me, please. Roditi told me you have material, photographs, and tapes that prove all the charges in that document against your husband."

"I have no such material, Colonel."

"But, if your letters mean anything, you loved Roditi. He loved you. He told me so."

"Old love is cold comfort, Colonel."

"Why? Because Roditi's dead?"

"You said that, not I."

"Or because his evidence is discredited and your husband's giving up his little games for the time being? . . . What about you? What sort of a woman are you?"

"I'll tell you the sort of woman I am, Colonel. If my husband is clever enough to handle this mess, then he's clever enough to climb right to the top of the tree. I want to be there, too. If

y husband can't make it . . . there's always nother day for me. It's a game, don't you see? m the privileged spectator. I could even enjoy n hour in bed with you, now, if you're interested, and your place isn't too far. . . . No? Another time, perhaps. Good-bye, Colonel."

She offered me her hand. I could not take it. I ould not even stand to salute her going. I sat nd watched her walk across the Square, head igh, hips swinging, jaunty as any girl on the eat. The pigeons rose in clouds as she passed nd the waiter, counting my change, sighed, olefully, at the waste of so much woman.

It was all defeat and disaster, and there eemed no way to mend it. It was incredible hat with so much evidence we could do nothing. shamed me that Leporello could turn me into fugitive while his wife sat laughing and offerng to go to bed with me.

I needed to think the matter out over a meal nd a bottle of wine. I strolled down the street nd found myself a simple place where the food melled good and the waiter was friendly. I seted down like any honest citizen to enjoy my upper. I was relaxed and happy over my cofee, when two carabinieri picked me up like an range from a basket and carted me off to the uestura.

They were very polite. They spared me all the sual routine and took me straight to the Comandant. The Commandant looked at my papers nd asked me if I was the person therein decribed: Aldo Carnera, traveling salesman. I assured him I was. I asked whether I was charged ith any offense. He assured me I was not. It as simply a question of the green pullover I as wearing. Had I been in St. Mark's Square arlier? I had. Ah! That explained everything. woman, who declined to give her name, had elephoned with the information that she had dentified a man wearing such a garment as one)ante Alighieri Matucci, wanted for questionng in Milan. She had seen his photograph in he papers.

Now, the Commandant had been informed of he Matucci affair, which was a highly political natter in which he did not wish to embroil imself. He understood that an agent of a secret ervice often carried a false identification. So, f in fact I was Colonel Matucci, the matter of he forged papers could be easily explained. Then he brought out a photograph of me and a et of fingerprints from the SID files. I smiled nd he smiled and we agreed that it was the uck of the game.

I asked whether I might make a telephone all. He smiled again and produced an order tating that, when and if Dante Alighieri Matucci were apprehended, he should be held incommunicado, pending instructions from Milan Headquarters. He was going to telephone Milan ow. He hated to do this to a senior colleague in the Service. He hoped I understood that there was nothing personal. He begged me to make myself comfortable until he returned.

A wink being as good as a nod to a blind elephant, I used the telephone on his desk to call Manzini's Milan apartment. The old man was out. His manservant took the message. It was a disappointment, but at least Manzini would know what had happened to me.

The Commandant was gone a long time. He came back looking grave and preoccupied. He told me that I was now formally under arrest and that I should surrender all my personal belongings, for which he would issue a receipt.

An attendant escorted me to the detention cell. A turnkey locked me in. About fifteen minutes later the attendant returned accompanied by a guard and a man in a white coat carrying a kidney-shaped dish covered with a towel. He introduced himself as the police surgeon and asked me to roll up my sleeve. He told me he wanted to give me a sedative. I protested vigorously against this invasion of my rights and my person. The surgeon suggested it would be simpler if I complied, otherwise he would be forced to put me under restraint. I did as I was told. I made a fist and presented my arm for the injection. I winced at the prick of the needle and began counting one-two-three . . .

Then all the lights went out.

I woke—or dreamed I woke—in absolute darkness and absolute silence. I was—or dreamed I was—floating in some kind of undetermined space in a quiet, timeless continuum. I was not sad; I was not happy; I was not in pain; I simply was.

Slowly and intermittently I began to collect the scattered parts of myself. My thumb encountered my fingertips. My tongue met my palate. My eyelids blinked. Then the parts became a whole and I was aware that my body and I were still together. I was there, lying on a hard flat surface, warm to the touch. I asked my fingers to explore my immediate ambience. The slab on which I lay felt like marble or smooth stone. Below it, my fingers encountered a floor. How far it stretched I did not know. Enough that I had found a foothold in reality.

Will you trust me?" "Until we meet—yes." So far so good; but how far is far when you're dealing with a woman practiced in the art of intrigue?

I found myself weeping quietly in the dark. When the tears were spent, I knew that I was still a man. I knew what had happened to me and what would happen very soon.

If you walk through the museums of the world you will find a variety of instruments of torture: racks, thumbscrews, barbed whips, iron maidens, pincers, branding irons, machines for electric shocks. The most potent instruments of all you will never see. They are darkness and silence.

You say to yourself: I know who I am. I know what they are trying to do to me. I will not let them do it. Something has to break, sometime; else why would they take all this trouble to torment me? Someone will come, if only to gloat.

It is all illusion. Nobody comes. You discover, in your first circuit of the walls, that they have left three plastic demijohns of water, enough to keep you alive for a long, long time. You discover other things, too. The world inside your skull-case becomes quickly confused. You grasp for one memory and find another. Pictures flash by and you cannot hold them in focus. You lean on hope and collapse into weeping despair. After three days, though you have long since forgotten time, you are hallucinating constantly; and, even if anybody came, you would not know whether they were real or not.

This is the trick of it, you see. They do come, but you do not know. They scoop you up from the floor and pump barbiturates into you to continue the hallucination. I learned later that I was there fifteen days. When they brought me out I was blind for a while, and dumb, bearded and filthy. They put me under deep sedation for forty-eight hours, and when I came out of it, I was sure I had died and arrived, by some cosmic mistake, in paradise.

There was so much light I could only bear it for the shortest while and then must close my eyes and shut it out. There were flowers on a table. Always, when I opened my eyes, there was a pretty nurse in the room. For a time I thought she was Lili; but later, when I could concentrate a little, she told me her name was Claudia and that I had been very ill, but now I was getting better.

When I woke again the night-light was burning and Bruno Manzini was standing at the foot of my bed. He came to me and took my hands between his own and held them a long time in a wordless greeting.

"It's been a rough road, hasn't it, my Dante? But you've survived it. Another ten days will see you out of here. Then I'm taking you home with me to my country house in Pedognana. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would. I feel so weak and lost. I don't know what's the matter with me."

"You've had your season in hell, my friend. It takes time to recover from that."

"I suppose so. Where is this place?"

"Near Como. It's a small psychiatric clinic. I finance it. . . . Oh, don't worry, you're quite sane; but you wouldn't have been if they'd held you much longer."

"How did I get here?"

"I brought you. It took me ten days and a lot of bribery to find where they were holding you. Then I had to get a judicial order for your release. That was harder; but we managed it. You're on provisional liberty, of course. Charges still lie against you."

"I can't imagine why Leporello let me go."

"He was convinced you were broken beyond repair. And the Movement would have lost a large check from me."

"You've no idea what it's like . . . no idea . . ."

"It's over now—finished. I am very proud of you, my Dante."

"Everything's in pieces. I—I can't put them together."

"You put it all together before this happened. We have everything in our hands. Your notes on the microfilms, the tapes and the photographs from the bank. We can break Leporello now—and the Director after him."

"Do you know what happened to Roditi?"

"He's on indefinite sick leave. They put him through the treatment, too. He's no danger to Leporello now and no use to anyone else."

"I'm afraid I'm not going to be much use to you, either."

"Listen to me, my Dante, and listen well. . . . You are a lucky man, too lucky to have pity for yourself. You cannot surrender now."

"I'm so tired. . . ."

"Try a little hating, my friend. It's the best stimulant in the world."

The next day he brought me a bottle of champagne and a pot of fresh caviar and we were able to picnic on the terrace.

"I have bad news for you, my Dante. Lili Anders is back in Italy. She is in Maddalena Prison in Rome."

"No . . . it can't be true."

"It is. Your Director called me yesterday to announce the good news. He asked me to pass it on to you."

I'll tell you the sort of woman I am, Colonel. If my husband is clever enough to handle this mess, then he's clever enough to climb to the top of the tree. I want to be there, too."

"But why? How? Did the Swiss deport her?"

"She came back of her own accord. She entered the country and was arrested by the border police."

"But that's madness! I don't understand it!"

"It seems you called her back, by telegram."

"How could I? I've been out of action for nearly four weeks."

"That's the way the Director tells it. Your telegram said she was free to return. She produced it when the frontier police looked her up in the black book and questioned her."

"It was a trap! We've got to get her out. I'll kill them!"

"They'd expect you to try. They'll be waiting

for you. And if they take you a second time there'll be no escape. . . . No, Dante, this time we'll do it my way. . . . Now, let's talk to the head doctor. You're not setting foot outside the gate until he tells me you're ready."

The doctor was hesitant and very dubious. He was prepared to let me go only on condition that I understood the risks. I was still convalescent. My concentration would be limited for a long time. I would be subject to fits of depression and anxiety. I should not throw away too quickly the crutch of sedatives and tranquilizers. For the rest, I should trust to nature and not try to force myself along too fast.

It was easy to say, impossible to do, with the guilt of Lili's betrayal nagging at me like an aching tooth. The moment we drove out of the gates of the clinic and into the sunny country-

If you walk through the museums of the world, you will find a variety of instruments of torture. However, the most potent of all you will never see. They are darkness and silence.

side I lapsed into a deep despondency. It was Lili who should be at liberty and not I. Manzini let me brood awhile, and then diverted me bluntly:

"I think we know the date of the coup d'etat."

"When?"

"October thirty-first, mid-autumn. We have to move before summer."

"What do you want me to do?"

"For the moment, exactly what the doctor has ordered—rest and recuperate. However, there is one thing which you can do without prejudice to your health."

"What's that?"

"Entertain your friends. I presume you do have friends of your own rank and standing in the Corps?"

"Some, yes. But they're scattered up and down the country. I'm a bad correspondent. It's hard to keep in touch."

"Now you will have time. Write a few letters. Make some direct calls. You've been ill. You've been in personal strife. You would like to see them sometime at Pedognana."

"What are you looking for now, Bruno?"

"A praetorian guard. Ten men would be enough, so long as they were resolute and understood what was at stake. On your own showing, there's quite a large amount of disaffection from Leporello and his policies."

He would not tell me any more and I was too tired to press him. I lay back in the seat and dozed fitfully until we drove through the gates of Pedognana.

I found I could not write letters: so I made telephone calls. I talked to men who had once been friends and were no longer. There were a few, six only, who expressed a care for an old friend, and a concern about what they heard had been done to him .I wondered why there were so few of them. I tried to put the disillusionment out of my mind and concentrate on the work in hand.

There were two problems. My notes on the microfilm from Ponza were third-hand and collated from memory. Even the originals had belonged to Pantaleone and represented his plans for a military coup, not those of Leporello. From an intelligence point of view, my material was valuable. From a judicial one, it was quite invalid. All we had left, therefore, were the photographs and tapes of Leporello's sexual activities in Roditi's apartment in Milan. With these we could make a scandal; but, in Italy at least, the scandal could be suppressed, because the law forbids the publication of obscene material.

There was another problem, too. Sexual misdemeanor is the commonest human aberration; and while everyone loves scandal, public sympathy is generally on the side of the offender. If we could identify Leporello's partners as employees of his own service, then we would have a case, and a strong one, to have him cashiered. But, as Manzini pointed out, this was a long way from murder and political conspiracy and the high men, including the Director, would still go untouched. Roditi could have proved murder. Balbo had committed it. But Balbo was dead and Roditi lost to us.

In the end we decided to concentrate our case on the photographs. There were more than thirty in all, some of them clear, some of them out of focus, so that it was impossible to identify the participants.

We had Leporello. There was no doubt of that. I was concerned to see if I could identify any of his partners.

Finally, I was lucky. In one frame there was a man whom I could almost certainly identify—Giuseppe Balbo.

I called Manzini and showed him what I had found. He was jubilant.

"If that's Balbo, then we have all we need. A known criminal, probably a murderer, whom we can identify from your testimony, and who was killed by Leporello's men in Leporello's zone of command. Yes, that would do it! Now, listen! We can't afford to let this stuff out of our hands. We'll have to bring all the equipment we need into the villa. I'll call my people in Zurich and they can find a man and fly him down. We're coming closer, my Dante. . . ."

Next day, a variety of things began to happen at Pedognana. The man arrived from Zurich, was briefed, sworn to secrecy, and set to work installing the new equipment that had arrived from Milan. Early in the evening a tubby little man whom Manzini presented as Milo de Salis, the noted film director, arrived.

We were four at dinner that night. The meal turned into a council of war, at which Manzini exposed, for the first time, the scope of his design.

"I ask no oaths of you, my friends. From this moment, we are all conspirators. I will define the issue. We are attempting to discredit and remove from power men who wish to impose by force, or threat of force, a government by dictation.

"We have in our hands explosive information, which, if improperly handled, would confuse the public mind and lead to civil disorders, which themselves would provide the best excuse in the world for an imposed order. We cannot appeal directly to the people who are already torn between the factions. We must appeal to those in power on the basis of their own self-interest, whether that interest be blind or enlightened: ministers of state, big public functionaries, members of the elected assembly, industrialists like myself, all who have a vested interest in order and public security.

"The preparations begin now. Milo, your job is difficult, because of the time and the technical problems involved. Upstairs we have a mass of military maps and campaign plans collated by Matucci. In addition, we have a collection of obscene photographs and sound tapes. You have access to certain other material from film files and newsreels. You have three weeks in which to write, film, and edit a ten-minute film based on all that material. The film will say that Major-General Leporello is a pederast with his own troops, a murderer, and a conspirator against the security of the state. Matucci, here, will edit the film with you. He will also appear as commentator and final accuser.

"Matucci, you will work with Milo on the film. You will recruit and have at my disposal within the same three weeks, a praetorian guard of senior officers who will agree to attend an official function with you and act if a crisis should arise.

"Now, let me describe the moment at which our plan comes to fruition or disaster. I have just completed plans for a chain of tourist hotels and marina developments around the southe coastline of the peninsula. This enterprise w bring a flow of tourists and dependent touri industries into the depressed South. It is, ther fore, of major interest to the Government. I pr pose to make that announcement at a gatheri in this house a little over three weeks from no The guest list is already prepared. It includ senior ministers and functionaries—all the pe ple of whom I have already spoken. Major-Ge eral Leporello and his wife are on that list, as the Director of SID."

The next three weeks were a period of mour ing panic, suppressed only by the calm gener ship of Manzini.

At the final council of war, Manzini walk us around on a final tour of inspection. T guests would be led to the first reception roo to be presented to Manzini and then circula for cocktails around a huge illuminated proje tion of the development.

After cocktails they would proceed to the ba room, which had been converted into a dini room for the occasion. The setting was unusu for such a function: a series of small rectang lar tables, each seating three persons to a si so that the guests faced each other in a sm closed community.

At the end of each table was a small tele sion set of the most advanced design, connect by closed circuit to a central control in adjoining room.

The program was simple: a toast to the Pr ident and the Republic, an opening address the Minister of Tourism, a reply by Bruno Ma zini and the showing of a short television fi on the new development.

When the tour was over, Manzini took back to his study, poured brandy for both of and made a last toast to the venture.

Then he went to his desk, unlocked a draw and brought out a small velvet box. He hand it to me and said simply:

"It's a gift. I hope you like it."

I opened the box and found, slotted in t velvet bed, a gold signet ring. The symbol bea tifully engraved on the seal, was a crown salamander.

Dante had been rescued. Sai Bruno, "We have everythin in our hands. Your notes o the microfilms, the tapes an the photographs from th bank. We can break Lepore lo now—and the director."

My emotions were still unsteady; and I w deeply moved. Manzini, however, would not dulge me in any expressions of gratitude.

"You will be lonely tonight, my Dante. Y will be lonely afterward; because there is credit for anyone in the company of the pub executioner. The ring I have given you is symbol, not a talisman. The only magical thi about it is the love that goes with the givi Remember that when I leave you, as I shall, I must. . . ."

I had a long wait ahead of me. The gue would not arrive until eight-thirty. It was or seven.

I shaved carefully, bathed, and put on new uniform. When I looked at myself in t mirror, I saw a man I hardly recognized: a se ing officer of a Corps whose oath still had a ri of loyalty about it, whose tradition of servi however besmirched by individuals, still carri a blazon of honor. For all the sordid shifts my trade, I could still feel some pride and small, hesitant affection for the man inside skin. It was time to go.

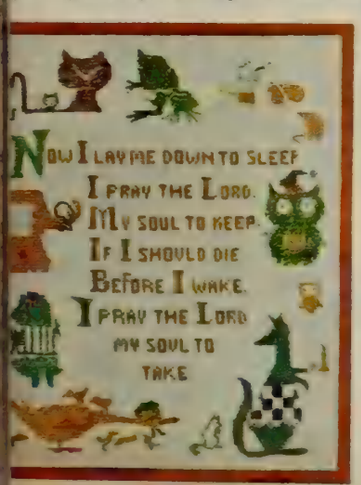
The Minister of Tourism made an elegant a witty speech, but then *(continued on page 13*





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Dorothy Lambert Brightbill. "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," immortalized in song back in 1864, still stands on Route 346, near shua, Iowa. Don and Carol Henning have designed an authentic needlework portrait of the church in nostalgic fashion (above), taking stic license only with the delicate birch trees and the flowery path. The design is stamped on sky-blue homespun, 16 by 20 inches, and n is included in the kit, along with easy-to-follow instructions, stitch chart, and color guide. The handsome wood-brown and weathered-y frame is also available, unassembled; special braces make it easy to put together. Add a nostalgic note to the nursery with a Child's yer (below), 14 by 17 inches, stamped on linen. Wood frame is available. Either of these designs would make a charming gift.



Photographs by Ben Swedowsky

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he had important people to impress: his colleague, the Minister for the Interior, among them. He wished the project well, assured all the participants of the benevolence of the Government, added a flourish or two of metaphor, and sat down to polite applause.

Then Bruno Manzini stood up and began his own speech.

"I thank the Minister for his confidence in our enterprise, which is itself an act of faith in the future of this beloved country of ours. This act of faith is more sincere because my colleagues and I have committed huge sums of money to Italian development at a time, when, despite the optimism of my good friend, the country is divided on many issues. The divisions of which I speak are very deep. Some of them are historic; some of them are political; some are social. We have too many parties and too little consensus to achieve easily a government for the people and by the people. However, to attempt to reconcile those differences as some seek to do, by violent and sinister means, is a dangerous folly; so dangerous, indeed, that it could negate at one stroke all that we have achieved since the war, all that we hope to build in the coming years. . . ."

They applauded him then. It was a proposition they could all accept because they didn't have to examine it too closely. Manzini hushed them, slowly, with a smile and a gesture. Then his tone changed.

"The film which you will see, ladies and gentlemen, is not the one promised on your program. This one is a privileged document. The press does not know of its existence. The public will never see it—only you, my friends and compatriots. You will find it a strange experience. Some of you may be discomfited and embarrassed. I beg of you to be patient and tolerant until the film justifies itself. Now, if you will turn your chairs a little you should all have a comfortable view of the television screens at the end of each table."

That was my signal. I focused on the nearest screen.

Milo de Salis had settled on a film method that was as simple as a child's primer and as devastating as a sentence. It consisted of a seri direct, unqualified statements, a bination of image and commen The image was too far away to but I knew the commentary by h

"This is a photograph of M General Massimo Pantaleone, died in Rome this year, on Can night.

"This is the death certificate, states that he died of natural c In fact, he died of an injection into his femoral artery. He was dered. . . ."

There was a gasp of surprise, a of movement, a flurry of whispers, silence, as the commentary b again.

"This is a photograph of the autopsy report, signed by three reputable physicians.

"This is a photograph of an block where the General's papers stored after his death. The p were stolen and two men were dered—Advocate Bandinelli and Calvi of the Service of Defens formation. . . .

"This is the man who mur them: Giuseppe Balbo, a crimina used a number of aliases.

"Among the General's papers these military maps, which have been altered in detail but not in stance. They show how, on the th first of October of this year, a mil junta plan to overthrow the legiti government of Italy and establi government by dictation.

"The moving arrows illustrate the plan would operate.

"The maps and plans you have seen are in the possession of this man, Major-General Leporello, w a guest here tonight."

Once again there was a stir a heads were turned to identify L ello. They could not see him in th light, so once again the image an commentary commanded attentio

"This is a recent photograph of eral Leporello's aide. Captain M Roditi. He is at present under ps atric care because he was tortured insanity to prevent his giving testi in court.

"This is another photograph of seppe Balbo, murderer, who was down while resisting arrest by Ge Leporello's men. *(contin*



"I don't know how to tell you this, Phil, but channel 4 comes in clear when you leave the room."



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his is the Club Alcibiade, a resort viates, where Captain Roditi met with Giuseppe Balbo, who was, ge to say, an enlisted member of arabinieri, under General Lepo- s own command.

his woman, shopping with her ren in Milan, is the wife of the r-General Leporello.

his is a love letter she wrote to in Roditi, her husband's aide rue father of her children. Their affair was condoned by the Gen- for good reason."

porello could not defend himself; ould and must defend his wife. ntly he was on his feet. He ed: "This is an outrage against nocent woman. I demand . . ."

demanded nothing. A praetorian t his side with a pistol rammed his ribs. Manzini's voice rang like mpet blast from the rostrum:

t down, General! Ladies and gen- n, I beg that you control your- . We are not here to insult a n, but to prevent an imminent shed."

ere was a gasp of horror which I feel physically. They did not set- nmediately. They watched and d until Leporello subsided into hair, then, lost and leaderless, submitted in silence to the last l revelations.

hese next photographs will dis- you, but I beg you to look at them ally. This one shows Major-Gen- Leporello engaged in a sexual act Giuseppe Balbo, murderer.

his man, Major-General Lepo- to lead the coup d'etat. He himself, however, would never have assumed power. There was another man behind him . . .

". . . This man—Prince Filippo Baldassare, Director of the Service of the Defense Information—plotted the death of Pantaleone, and then arranged for Leporello to replace him."

Again the audience slewed round in the darkness to identify Baldassare. He sat calm and unmoved, sipping brandy from a crystal goblet.

"Who am I? I am Colonel Dante Alighieri Matucci of the same service. I collected this information. I too was imprisoned and submitted to psychological torture to prevent my revealing it. I take full responsibility for the substance and presentation of this film. I depose it as true and I am prepared to offer documents in support."

The screens went dark. The lights went up and a hundred and fifty people sat there, dumb and ashamed to look at each other. I had one moment of blind panic. Then I found the words:

"The officers present will place the General and Prince Baldassare under arrest."

They moved. They placed their hands on the shoulders of the two men. The act was final and complete.

Then, from his own table, Bruno Manzini took command:

"My countrymen! You may choose never to pardon me for the pain I have inflicted upon you. I will not apologize. I tell you only that it is a small price to pay to prevent the bloodshed and the misery of a civil uprising and the oppression of a new tyranny. . . . Now, may I ask you to retire to the salon where coffee and liqueurs will be served."

They got up, slowly, and moved away blank-faced, like automatons, each carrying the supper gift, a dossier of the damned. Elena Leporello left, too, and she passed me without a glance of recognition. Finally, there was no one left but the praetorians and the accused and Manzini and the Minister of the Interior and myself.

Manzini and the Minister stepped down from the high table and walked slowly down the room toward me. They stopped. They faced me, bleak and expressionless. The Minister said:

"Thank you, Colonel. You will do what has to be done with these gentlemen. I shall wait here. You will report to me before you leave."

Bruno Manzini said nothing. He did exactly as he had promised. He walked away.

It was an eerie moment. We were like actors, frozen on an empty stage, waiting for the director to move us. Then I understood that I was the director and that without me the play would neither continue nor conclude. I heard the words as if they issued from the mouth of another man.

"Prince Baldassare, General Leporello, will you please remain seated. You other gentlemen wait outside till I call you."

I went to Leporello first. I straddled a chair in front of him and found myself staring into a death mask. I told him: "General, it is your privilege to be held under arrest, in barracks under custody of service officers, and you may elect to be tried under military law. If you waive this privilege you become immediately subject to civil process. Which do you choose?"

He did not answer. He sat like a stone man, cold and motionless. His lips were locked; his eyes blank as pebbles. I stretched out a hand and laid it on his wrist. There was pulse, but nothing more. The muscles were rigid as iron, there was no twitch of recognition or aversion. Then I heard the Director's voice, cool and ironic as always:

"Classic fugue, Matucci. Total withdrawal. You'll get nothing out of him tonight—if ever. To cover yourself I'd call a doctor and have the wife present when he makes his diagnosis."

I swung around to see him, calm and smiling, sipping a glass of brandy and puffing a cigar. He raised the glass in a toast:

"My compliments, Matucci. . . . Trial by television! I wonder why I never thought of that. It's hardly a democratic process, but it's very effective. What's the next move?"

"You know the code as well as I do, sir."

"And I know the trade better, Matucci. You made your case against Leporello, though I doubt he'll ever stand to answer it. The man was always a psychotic, in full flight from reality. Tonight you pushed him over the edge and I doubt he'll ever come back. Even if he does, a good lawyer will plead him unfit and the State will, in its own interest, concur. Against me, what have you got? Still, it's your case, and you must make it, win or lose. Unless, of course . . ." *(continued)*

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SALAMANDER *continued*

"What?"

"Unless you are open to a little lesson in statecraft."

"If you're proposing a deal, the answer's no."

"My dear Matucci! Do you think I would be so naïve as to propose a deal to a man both righteous and triumphant? On the contrary. I invite you to a mature consideration of realities. . . .

"At this moment, Matucci, you are in a position of great strength. You have forestalled a military coup. You have discredited the authors of it. You have two important victims to toss to the lions. Leporello and myself. In Manzini you have a powerful friend. In the Minister you have an important patron who is waiting only for you to give him the right advice. Think about the Minister, Matucci. He is a politician—a thinking reed, blown by every gust of popular vociferation. What would you want if you were in his shoes? A discreet and well-managed triumph or a platter full of bleeding heads? One head is useful. You can stick it on a pike and display it for a warning to the populace. More than one is a carnage. Which head would you select for the pike? In my view, which I admit could be prejudiced, the one with the fewest brains. You've got it, over there. I am discredited: I can't do any harm unless you bring me to trial—when, my dear Matucci, I can promise you scandals that will be shouted from Moscow to the Golden Gate. On the other hand, if clemency were offered, I would remove myself from the scene and leave a rich legacy of information to my successor. Do I make myself clear?"

I told him bluntly: "I must be equally clear. I have no authority to offer clemency."

"My dear fellow, I know that. I will go further. It would be useless and dangerous for you to treat with me at all. You should and you must treat only with the Minister."

"What are you asking of me then?"

"I want to speak to the Minister privately, now."

"He may not want to speak to you."

"He will. And afterward he will ask to see you. I've read you the lesson; make what you like of it. Will you convey my request to the Minister?"

"Give me a hand with Leporello. I'll call a doctor and then I'll talk to the Minister."

The interview between Prince Baldassare and the Minister lasted more than three hours. I was not present. I was closeted with a professor of the Army psychiatric unit in Bologna who had been roused from his bed and brought by helicopter to Pedognana. The diagnosis for Leporello: "A catatonic or pseudo-catatonic state, induced by guilt and shock. It is my recommendation that the patient be institutionalized for clinical observation. It is my opinion that the patient is at present incapable of rational communication and that to submit him to interrogation or confinement would be pointless and dangerous. Prognosis, doubtful."

I accepted the document, signed the General into the hands of the professor, who flew him back to Bologna.

The doors of the study opened and the Minister came out. When he saw that I was alone, he announced:

"I have some questions to ask you, Colonel. The charges which you made public tonight, are they true?"

"Yes."

"Can you sustain them in court?"

"I can sustain those against General Leporello. Those against Prince Baldassare will be more difficult to prove."

I handed him the medical report on Leporello and waited while he read it. He folded it and handed it back.

"Colonel, I now ask you to offer, without prejudice, a political opinion. We have, thanks to your efforts, averted a national crisis. How should we act to avoid a national scandal?"

"We have two important men under arrest, sir. One is clearly incompetent by reason of a psychotic condition. The case against the other is incomplete; and even if we could complete it we should risk embarrassing revelations prejudicial to public security. I would advise, with deference and respect, that Prince Baldassare be permitted to retire from public life and remove himself within twelve hours from the confines of the Republic."

"Could that be done without raising a public outcry?"

"There would be hostile comment, a great deal of it. There would be political embarrassment. In my view that would be a lesser evil than a celebrated and scandalous trial."

"What are your personal feelings about Prince Baldassare?"

"I disapprove his politics and personal ambitions. I have very vate reasons for wishing to see brought down. He has imprisone woman, once a foreign agent, whom I am in love. He has dam my career. He has conspired to su me to psychological torture from w I am only recently recovered."

"But you would still recommen release?"

"As a political expedient, yes."

"Would you arrange it?"

"Yes, sir. The Cavaliere Ma will help me to handle the pres there anything else?"

"One other matter. I should like to report to me as soon as possibl Rome. We have to begin clea house."

"May I remind you sir, that I still on provisional liberty, u charges laid by General Leporello."

"The charges will be withdrawn of this moment you are restored t tive duty."

"Answerable to whom?"

"To me, Colonel. By the time yo turn to Rome I trust to be able to firm your appointment as Direct

He meant it as an accolade—ma in the hungry desert of a bureauc career. Instead it tasted like Dead fruit, dust and ashes on the ton Still, that was the rule of the gam had no choice but to play it. I bo and smiled and said: "Thank you, You do me a great honor."

I filled my apartment with bas of flowers. I had champagne coolin a bucket, and canapes on a silver t and a whole refrigerator full of foo

ven an emerald betrothal ring, ally designed. On order of the er, Lili had been released from alena. She was due any minute. en I opened the door, she was ng alone and very still. I swept to my arms and was astonished v light she was. I kissed her and d her, and wondered where all ssion had gone. I sat her in the air and served her like a princess. hen I looked at her. She was so he was almost transparent. She hrunk to skin and bone. I knelt her and begged.

ll me, Lili, what happened? What ey do to you?"

t much. Sometimes they ques- me. Most times they left me "

i, you know I didn't send the im . . ."

stared at me blankly.

hat telegram?"

vas told you came back because elegram from me."

ere was no telegram."

en why did you come back?"

e day I was out walking. A guest ny hotel stopped and offered me n his car. I got in. Someone put over my face. The next thing I ber I was in Rome. That's all. t they told me you were in pris- ."

, darling, darling, I'm so sorry."

doesn't matter."

sten, sweetheart. This is what's to happen. I'm going to nurse nd get you well and we're going narried. After that, no problems! under the personal protection Director of SID, forever and men. How does that sound?"

sounds the most beautiful thing world, Dante Alighieri. But I want it."

ared at her, not understanding. she told me, very gently:

nte, I know you love me. I love too. I suppose I'll always love . . but not to marry, not to live orever and ever."

i, please . . ."

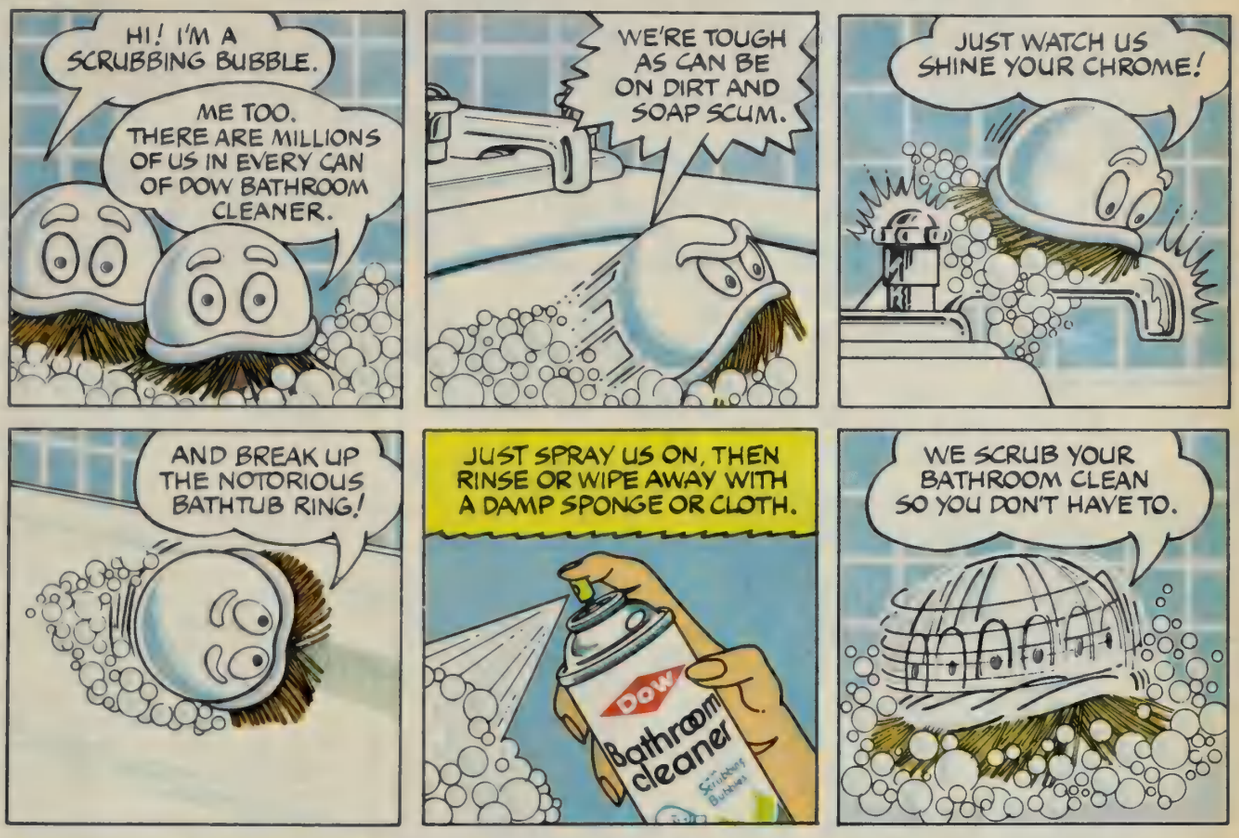
, listen to me, Dante! You have w . . . ! I don't understand you s any more. You smile at each in the morning, and plot against ther at night. You have no loyal- nly to the family and to today. you, my Dante, even your Bruno! t face that any more. I want to cure, with a little book that tells hat to do. I want to be sure that if the rules, the rules will keep fe—safer than marriage, Dante eri, safer than promises, safer han loving. In Switzerland, I can t. Not here . . . I cannot risk you nore."

at could I say? It was all true. ring on my finger symbolized it: abulous beast that survived the t fire. And yet, it wasn't true. he way she said it. The book of wasn't the answer. We couldn't tomorrow: we could only make do oday. I knelt there a long time, ace buried in her hands, whose still exuded the stale smell of . I pitied her. I loved her. I could o words to comfort her or my- Then, I hear her say:

minute's success pays the fail- of years.

—Robert Browning

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"Will you help me to pack, please, Dante; and see if you can get me a flight to Zurich. I'd like to leave as soon as I can."

It was then I discovered how important it was to be the Director. I was able to command a first-class seat on an overbooked aircraft. I was able to walk Lili all the way to the aircraft and settle her in the seat and commend her to the good offices of the Chief Steward.

All that came out of a small piece of card in a black leather folder, stamped with the arms of the Republic.

I didn't wait for the take-off. I drove back to Rome, telephoned an agency and commissioned them to find me a larger apartment in a more fashionable district. I dined at my old place in Trastevere; but found it suddenly cramped and provincial. Even the musician seemed to have lost his touch. I went home early and tried to read a little of my namesake before I went to bed. I was too sleepy to concentrate on his ponderous imagery and besides, I didn't believe a word of him. . . . No, that's not true. There were three lines I had to believe:

And she said to me: "There is
no greater grief
Then to remember happy times,
in misery;
And your teacher knows it, too."

END



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continued from page 43

deals in his whole business experience."

"One thing Bebe has done is not to involve the President in anything he does," emphasizes embattled former Attorney General John N. Mitchell. Mitchell claims that Bebe has turned down opportunities in order *not* to use the President for anything. "All of the big companies wanted Bebe on their boards—and he refused all of them," Mitchell says. "Bebe is a helluva guy. I knew him before I knew Richard." Mitchell's wife Martha, who first met Bebe when she was a student at the University of Florida, also praises him. "He is one of the most delightful people you have ever met in your whole life; he has a big mind and a wide heart."

The house John Mitchell and Nixon Re-election Committee aides Jeb Magruder and Fred LaRue were in when they discussed plans for the Watergate break-in is owned by Bebe's bank. (Mitchell swears he rejected the break-in plans; Magruder claims they were approved; LaRue says no decision was made.) Martha Mitchell, who says she was there at the same time, confides that she secretly monitored the conversation over the house intercom system—but refuses to say who is telling the truth.

Bebe's friends, who are extremely loyal and protective, think his public image in areas other than business is completely out of focus. For instance, in print Bebe comes across as a very private person, a quiet man, a loner, an extension of the President in his personality and attitudes.

"He isn't quieter than anyone else," claims Dr. Whitmer. "He's a real good companion, one who laughs at everything. He has the best sense of humor of anybody I know. And as for being a loner, I've never known him to go anyplace alone. He's too affable. If he's going out, say on his boat, he'll call a friend."

In 1951, Bebe, who then lived in Coral Gables was coaxed into staying in his friend Tom Wakefield's Key Biscayne house for a few weeks while Wakefield was on vacation. "When I got back my next-door neighbor told me, 'This house has had more living in the three weeks Bebe Rebozo has been here than you've given it in six months.' He said Bebe had people for cocktails every night and a party once a week."

Bebe moved into a rented h
day Wakefield came home
never left Key Biscayne, alt
has moved several times—the
when he and George Smather
houses on Biscayne Bay. Afte
became President, Smathers
house to him for $125,000. Thi
was assessed at $185,483.

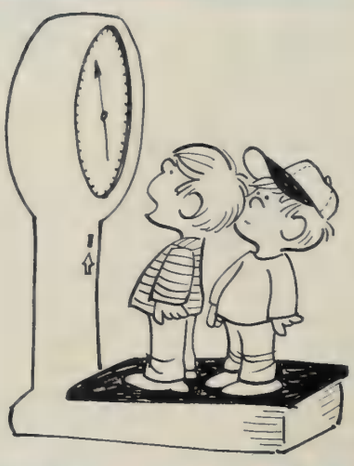
Bebe's house, assessed at $8
described as being a bachelor
("he has an office in the dining
one that is not ostentatious b
fortable and filled with mem
Smathers says, "He's a gadg
and he has a number of gadge
house. Bebe's a great mecha
can fix anything and put th
gether. He was the first fello
knew who had a television u
he could lie in bed and press
and it would turn off or come

A request to see Rebozo's ho
turned down "for security r
since it's in the Presidential cor
so was a request to go abo
Cocolobo II, anchored at th
Biscayne Yacht Club ("the
Service doesn't want anyone o

This is in keeping with the
surrounding Bebe ever since
friend became President. R
complain that he doesn't retu
calls and he never gives in
(although he did let his pretty
secretary tell several friends
was all right for *them* to be inte
for this article). But a *Miami*
editor says that several years ag
he talked to Bebe about a st
volving some of Rebozo's holdi
was very pleasant, very helpf
under the circumstances rea
candid. Apparently since his ve
relationship with the President
he can't make public statements

This opinion is confirmed b
Keyes. "Bebe is a trusted friend
President's, so he doesn't give
views; you can't when you are
the President and spend a gre
of time with him. Because
believes that it is *you* talking any

Keyes says that every Pr
needs "someone who demands
of him, who is good company—a
friend with whom he can sit in
and talk when he wants to ta
think when he wants to think, a
the other man understand it." F
Keyes feels, fills this role for
"Bebe," says Keyes, "needs n
he wants nothing. He is the ki
man who can afford a President."



"It says 87 pounds, and I weigh 42 . . . now, if we only knew how to subtract. . . ."

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PARTIAL LISTING OF TABLE OF CONTENTS

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onspiracy Against Death: Reproduction and Preservation

ERGENCIES, FIRST AID AND HOME HEALTH RE
hen Seconds May Save Lives: The Serious Emergencies

TERNS OF ILLNESS: THE INFECTIOUS DISEASES
he Preventable Killers of Childhood and Rogues' Gallery of Other Childhood Infections

TERNS OF ILLNESS: THE CARDIOVASCULAR TEM
hen the Heart Fails

E TRYING TIMES OF LIFE
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Dr. Alan E. Nourse is a versatile writer who writes in a readable, straight-from-the-shoulder style that will appeal to *every* member of the family. He has published science fiction, adventure and detective stories, and a number of books for young people including a series describing careers in medicine, surgery, science, physics, nursing, law and engineering. He is also the author of *Universe, Earth and Atom: The Story of Physics* and *Nine Planets.* Dr. Nourse has had the enthusiastic support and professional assistance of numerous colleagues in preparing the FAMILY MEDICAL GUIDE.

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continued from page 79

lonely lot. As far as I am able to determine, the only other vegetarian in this block is Mrs. Spear, a comely widow who is a telegraph operator and resides in the apartment directly over ours. (Every night when she runs her bath our water pipes hammer, a circumstance which various plumbers retained at astronomical fees have been unable to correct.) Francine Spear is, in fact, a lactovegetarian—no butter, eggs, or milk—but, as I have observed, women tend to extremes.

She's a neat girl, though, with dark hair, a soft voice, and a high IQ—about thirty, I would guess. She invites me up to her place on Thursdays for a vegetarian dinner—she's wizard with soybeans—and we discuss macrobiotics, Vitamin E, and the scarcity of competent plumbers.

Francine treats me as if I were a precocious boy with big feet, a good appetite, and a knack for mathematics. She calls me Jerry (which no one else does) and we play checkers (a game I always win) and we converse in Morse code (a skill she taught me). She encourages me to stretch out on the sofa with my head in her lap. It is surprising how pleasant such a simple gesture can be.

Last weekend, she invited me to accompany her to Philadelphia for dinner with her parents. Her father poured champagne as if this were an occasion, and everybody kept smiling, and offering toasts, and patting me on the back. I understood what they were thinking, and I was surprised to note that I found it agreeable. I had found in Francine the woman to whom I would offer the embossed gold ring which had been my mother's. But on the very night that I arrived upstairs, fingering the circlet in my vest pocket, ready to declare my intentions, Francine and I became embroiled in a pointless argument over the nutritional merits of seaweed—at least, that's how the ruckus started—and when I raised my eyebrows, she raised her voice, and before either of us grasped what was happening, she was shaking a forefinger in front of my nose and accusing me of male chauvinism!

I stood outside in the hall, a reasonable man, blinking at the door she slammed behind me. The ring had never left my pocket. I rang the doorbell. She ignored me. I tapped on her door. No answer. I knocked again.

SHE

Let him knock. I lean against the doorjamb, fuming. He can knock until his knuckles fall off, for all I care. That man believes nothing is real unless it can be proved, measured, or counted. He's probably checking the sweep second hand on his watch right now, timing the interval between knocks.

He rattles the knob.

Jerry Cartwright knows all about money and nothing about love—which is the opposite of my first husband, a ding-a-ling who couldn't add a grocery tape. Sexy, yes, but I supported that man until the day he walked in front of an off-duty taxi while ogling a girl up the street—an ankle man to the end.

Believe me, a marriage such as that alters your perspective. It gave me an ulcer, and turned me into a health food nut—but that's how I met Jerry. There he was, at the food bar at I-Ching, wistfully nursing a tiger's milk.

Now he is banging on my door. I press my ear to the crack. Latches click all along the hallway. Guard chains rattle as bolts are slipped. But not mine! *Let him stand there,* I vow. I imagine him red-faced, caught scratching at my door under the interested eye of his tenants, shifting from one foot to the other, feeling like an ass. I giggle, thinking, I'll bet his cowlick is standing straight up.

I hear him snort and stomp away, fanning through the fire door, which goes whoosh, and taking the exit stairs two at a time. *Going home,* I assume, where Eric is busily slurping sherry into the chicken soup, this being Aunt Abigail's night to dine with her-nephew-the-wine-chef.

I collapse on the sofa, my ulcer uneasy. I reach for a handful of sunflower seeds from the glass bowl nearby and chew them slowly.

My feet hurt. I kick off my shoes—they're new, black velvet, too narrow, they pinch—but they flatter my ankles which Jerry admires. He's a leg man, too. Aren't they all?

Take Eric, boy-rake. This building is a happy hunting ground for Eric. I think of that hot-eyed ballet dancer who leaves her pink shoe ribbons lying about the apartment like crumbs marking a trail. And that long-legged librarian who pretends a burning interest in his books. There's a fashion model, too—a Twiggy type who wears a jeweled caftan and full makeup to the laundry room in the basement.

blonde across the hall, one of Iowa girls who, like salmon leapin stream, fight their finny way to York to meet life head-on. Miss forgot her key the other day (sur did!) and appealed to Jerry who passing by (you see how it works come to her rescue. Never mind we have a building superinten equipped and paid to handle emergencies—well paid, I might and his palm out to he Christmas.

Eric cooks for all swinging singles, and sume the girls recipr with their own small ta whatever they may be let's not speculate. I kr sound bitchy, but I ha to know that the nubile Tiffin got herself invit dinner at Eric's tonight.

My scalp feels tig wonder what happens Jerry walks in downsta

HE

The apartment smell bay leaf and wine. Eric out of the kitchen w ladle in his hand. "W the matter, old chap? look gray around the ec He was wearing his hat, which doesn't beg cover his hair. "Did cine throw you out?"

"As a matter of fact, she did." I hung up my "She called me a robot."

"You have a good going with the widow. I blow it."

I sniffed. "What's ing?"

"Abigail's favorite." waved the ladle, and lowed him to the kitche

I lifted the pot lid bubbling stew. *Boeuf B guignonne.* "I'm despe enough to eat it." I slun on a stool. "Eric, do I s you as a reasonable ma

"Reasonable? Man, y so reasonable you're r He rinsed some fresh m rooms at the sink. I nib a raw one.

"Everything comes e to you, Eric. Girls call You finished school scholarship. You too ten-dollar chance on a R Royce—a mathematical surdity—and that ca downstairs right n Double-parked. And don't even tow it away."

"My stars are in right houses." He smiled. "I also a few palms with silver."

"Doesn't it make your face hu smile all the time?"

"I'm smiling because Miss Tiff coming to dinner." He put on a for me.

"Peggy Tiffin? The new tenant? girl with no key?"

"And no bra." He winked.

"Miss Tiffin's figure is wizard."

"You noticed! That's a glance in right direction."

"Let every eye negotiate for its

"Who said that?"

(continued on page

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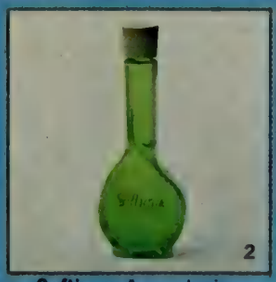
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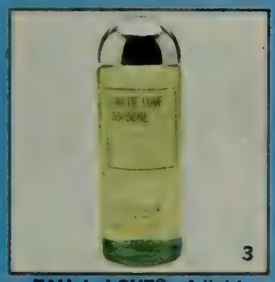


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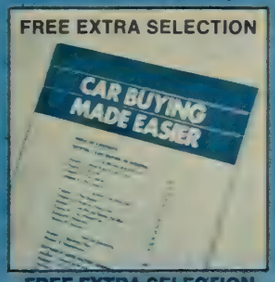


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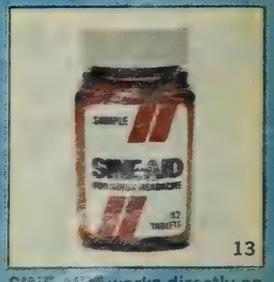


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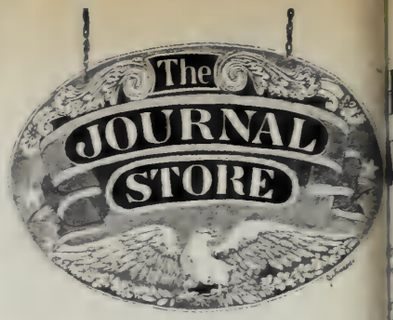
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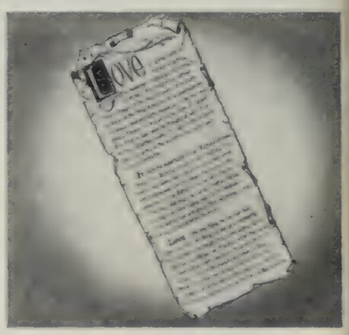
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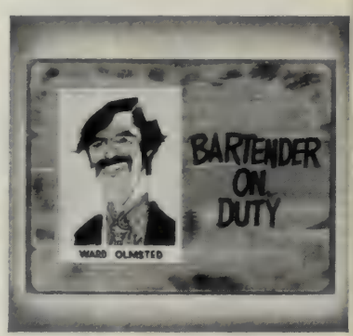
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LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



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How Your Horoscope Can Bring You Wealth, Love, Success And Happiness

by NORMAN P. KENNEDY

Astrology Today
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Did you know your horoscope could mean e difference between happiness or sorrow; tween success or failure?

Picture a long room with doors at each end. this room there is money, attractive persons the opposite sex, books that tell you the cret of happiness and many other valuable ticles. But, also in this room are bottomless ts, traps, hostile persons and dangerous beasts ained in various places around the room. You ust walk through this room, but you may ke out of it anything you can.

Now if you had a choice, would you choose 1) go through the room blindfolded or 2) go rough the room with your eyes open and ith written instructions on which places an d people to visit or avoid.

Of course, all of us would pick the second oice in a case such as this. Isn't it ridiculous, en, that we would choose to go thru life, the me situation, blindfolded! Even when there is means to go thru life with a map and our eyes de open! The means provided is Astrology. e map is our astrological horoscope.

How does it work? Nature's cosmos imprints ch of us at the time of birth - when the umbil- al cord is cut. We then become ourselves. Until e cord is cut, we are part of our mother. Why how we presently do not know. The move- ent of the large solar bodies then times poten- ls for events in our lives. Astrology does not use events but is timing of events. But, it's t fortune telling. It's a prediction of poten- ls which free will can override.

Here is a common misconception about as- ology. Some people say, "how can stars illions of light years away be related to our es." The error here is the word stars. Astrol- y deals with the relationship of our lives with e sun, moon, and planets–not stars.

And, anyone who doesn't think that the sun, oon, and planets do not regulate earth and its habitants, had better think again. We all know w the moon controls the tides. We have all eard of the famous clam experiments where clams open and close by the cycle of the oon, sun, and planets. Police departments and surance companies show exact relations with ime and violence with cycles of the moon, sun d planets. Doctors are finding direct relation- ips with successful operations and the cycle the solar bodies. Authenticated research is w proving that astrology can predict natural sasters, wars, diseases a person will suffer, rsonalities of people and much more.

What does a natal horoscope analysis by a ualified astrologer contain? A natal horoscope alysis contains the best psychological analysis yourself that you can get today. Because, in controlled experiment in 1960, astrologers eat psychologists in predicting life histories.

In addition, a natal horoscope analysis in- udes discussions on the following: financial utlook; taxes and inheritances; early home vironment; relationships with family; relatives d parents; lovelife and marriage; children; reer and occupation; hopes; wishes and goals; and subconscious attitudes. In a major analysis, a one year forecast is also included.

Many people think that astrology only appeals to "way out" unscientific people. Nothing could be farther from the truth. In fact, studies show that astrology appeals most to intelligent and logical people.

Consider these famous scientists: Galileo-astronomer, Carl Jung-psychologist, Johannes Kepler-astronomer, Roger Bacon-mathemetician, Tycho Bache-astronomer. Want to know what they all had in common? They all were astrologers themselves or used astrology in their work. Even Albert Einstein was impressed by the accuracy of astrology when he studied it in his late years.

Astrology appeals to people in every walk of life. A horoscope has meant the difference between success and disaster for famous people throughout history. Your horoscope can mean the same to you.

Your horoscope can help you be in the right place at the right time.

Did you know that the three wise men who found the Christ Child were astrologers? The "large star" which guided them to the Christ Child was really a cluster of cosmic bodies which were, as predicted by astrological charts, in line at that particular time. This was the reason it was so bright. This alignment of bodies allowed the wise men to know the time and place of the birth of Christ. Also, Christ chose His 12 apostles according to the 12 astrological signs.

Your horoscope can help you avoid disasters while guiding you to your beneficial opportunities.

Did you know that astrology helped the allies win W.W. II? The allies employed astrologers. The axis powers started out employing astrologers. But, this was ceased early when the famous astrologer, Karl Ernst Krafft, predicted the exact time and place of an attempt on Hitler's life in 1939. Hitler thought the astrologers were conspiring against him, so they were imprisoned.

This proved to be a tragic decision for Hitler. A decision that may have altered the course of the war. Because, if Hitler had studied his horoscope, he would have used different strategy. Why? Because two horoscopes, one of Adolf Hitler, drawn by two different astrologers, in two different countries, at two different times exactly predicted the course of W.W. II.

Hitler did get to see these horoscopes . . . . too late. He read them in the last hours of the war as Berlin burned around him. The following is an authentic account of the incident.

Here is a direct quote from THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH, by William L. Shirer:

> "They sent for two horoscopes, which were kept in the files of one of Himmler's multitudinous "research" offices. One was the horoscope of the Fuehrer drawn up on January 30, 1933, the day he took office; the other was the horoscope of the Weimer Republic, composed by some unknown astrologer on November 9, 1918, the day of the Republic's birth. Goebbles communicated the results of the re-examination of these two remarkable documents to Krosigk.
>
> An amazing fact has become evident, both horoscopes predicted the outbreak of the war in 1939, the victories until 1941, and the subsequent series of reversals, with the hardest blows during the first months of 1945, particularly during the first half of April.* In the second half of April, we were to experience a temporary success. Then there would be stagnation until August and peace that same month. For the following three years, Germany would have a hard time, but starting in 1948, she would rise again."
>
> *Hitler committed suicide in April, 1945.

On the other hand, astrologers aided the allies in forecasting the axies moves. The most famous astrologer, Louis de Wohl, employed by British government, predicted the exact events leading to the downfall of Mussolini. He gained the faith of the American military when he predicted Pearl Harbor a year before it happened.

More on avoiding disasters, here is a story from a recent newspaper article in the Miami Herald's Sunday magazine.

> –Mary Kelly is a computer programmer. She credits astrology with saving her from an operation on her legs that would have left her crippled. "It happened in New York in 1963," she says. "My doctor decided an operation was needed, and told me to check into the hospital Friday for the procedure on Monday. I consulted my astrologer, who did a special lunar return chart and came up with the possibility of a wrong diagnosis for Monday. She told me to have the operation changed to Wednesday, in order to allow the planet Neptune, amongst others, to change position. I did this, and on Tuesday the doctor suddenly discovered a blood clot was causing the trouble. Had he performed the operation, as any doctor would have on Friday's symptoms, I probably would never have walked again."–

Also in the Miami Herald article, was a story about a noted Miami astrologer, Clifford McMillen. Here is an excerpt.

> –McMillen is also listed as the official astrologer to Sen. George McGovern, and predicted in February, 1972, that he would lose in November to President Nixon. At the same time, he forecast the victory of his Democratic nomination at Miami Beach.
>
> As he explained to his afternoon museum class recently, "The planet Saturn came into conflict with a planet of McGovern's career area, setting up a T-square, which means considerable difficulties to overcome. In October, Nixon, a Capricorn, will be benefiting from the good planet Jupiter, while McGovern, a Cancer, will have the trouble-giving planet Saturn in conflict with his career area, from the 12th House, building up unknown enemies. Really, in the coming race, he might as well say home."–

Your horoscope can bring you wealth. Famous business tycoon J. P. Morgan, used astrology to acquire his fortune. Morgan did not make a financial move without checking his natal horoscope forecast.

From the article in the Miami Herald come these stories:

> –Stockbrokers on Wall Street are as likely to call an astrologer in this decade as Hollywood film stars would call a psychiatrist in the last. David Williams, a 75-year-old retired financial expert who lives in Clearwater, has made $150,000 from the stock market in 13 years by using astrology as an investment guide.
>
> Robert Cooper is a classic, middle-aged establishment sort with silver-rimmed glasses - but he wouldn't move a penny in the $4-million St. Petersburg corporation from which he retired recently as vice president, before charting the planets.–

Your horoscope can show you the way to success and happiness in love and marriage. Horoscopes of Grace Kelly, Jackie Kennedy, and Liz Taylor predicted their current successful marriages. Grace Kelly to Prince Rainier, Jackie Kennedy to Aristotle Onassis and Liz Taylor to Richard Burton.

Princess Grace and Prince Rainier have recently had their horoscopes done together by American astrologer, Keith Clayton. As with these famous people, your horoscope can help you find and keep a lasting and meaningful love relationship.

Is a natal horoscope analysis a good investment?

By knowing how to advance your career or making a correct financial decision, you would get back your investment thousands of times. Success in the areas of lovelife, marriage, children relationship and peer relationship is of infinite value. Knowing what future potentials to take advantage of and which ones to avoid can offer a priceless feeling of security.

Now and through the ages a good natal horoscope analysis has meant success for many people. In other cases many men have missed their opportunity; some with tragic consequences, such as Adolf Hitler.

Will you miss your success opportunities? Will you stumble into pitfalls you could have avoided?

Today, right this moment, you can have your natal horoscope cast and analyzed. You can get it for only the cost to make your duplicate copy. You get the expensive casting and analyzing process–FREE. The article below will tell you how. The means are available, but the choice is yours.

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HOW TO GET YOUR NATAL HOROSCOPE FOR ONLY THE COST OF MAKING COPIES.

by John F. Ford, President of the American Astrological Assoc.

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Your natal horoscope will consist of nine es and over 3,000 words. Your natal horo- pe will contain your psychological analysis s a discussion of the following: your lovelife; ancial outlook; marriage, family and children ationships; career and occupations; hopes, shes and goals; and subconscious attitudes. horoscope of this type would cost up to 00 if done by an astrologer.

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There is no need to worry about finding out about an unavoidable coming disaster thru your chart. As mentioned, astrology deals in potentials. Your free will can override potentials if you know about them. In any case, the policy of qualified astrologers is positive astrology. If there is something negative in your chart, you are told what you can do to make it positive.

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If you have any questions, call me, John F. Ford, president, The American Astrological Association, at (216)494-4080. Thank you!

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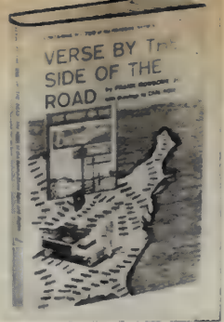
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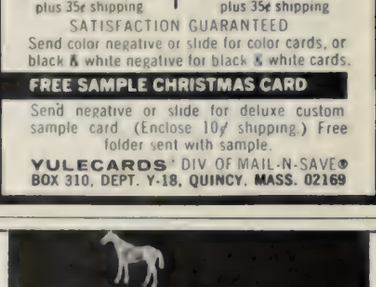
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This is the final day. If these pets aren't adopted by *four o'clock* they will be put-to-sleep . . . forever.

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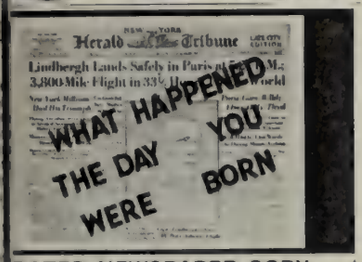
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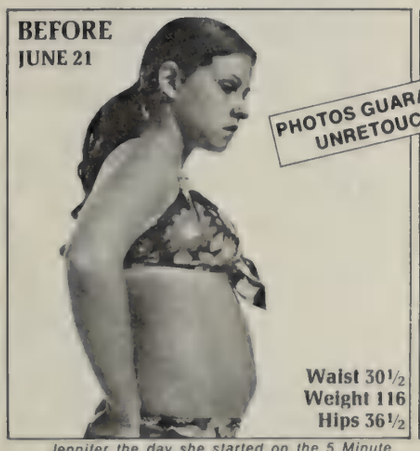
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Jennifer the day she started on the 5 Minute Body Shaper Plan.



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After 14 miraculous days a svelte firm figure! WHY NOT YOU!

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The Weider "5 Minute Body Shaper" plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE while still eating the foods you like. **That's all you do!** This one five-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waistline and Hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look)—as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water—while reshaping your bustline, hipline, firming up your legs and arms—YOUR TOTAL FIGURE!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts ...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 oz. and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a '5-Minute Exerciser' — it sure does a lot!

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WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches....agree it's the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

"Doctors have always known, exercise done while lying on the back virtually eliminates strains while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market."
— **RICHARD TYLER, D.C.** North Hollywood, Calif.

"Beats jogging and working out in gyms — and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days."
— **JIM HANLEY,** famous athletic coach

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 12 pounds of excess weight using it."
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*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (Sept. 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree...there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

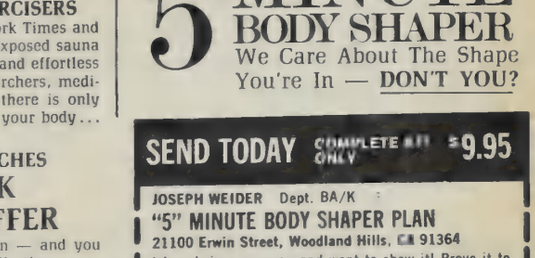
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See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or every penny back!

SEND TODAY
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14 miraculous days reshaped Jennifer's figure!

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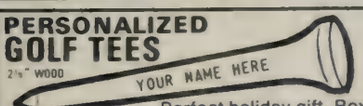
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Meet HAN, Soo Duk and friend



"Our newest daughter, HAN, Soo Duk, is a lovely addition to our Linkletter family. I discovered and 'adopted' her while in Korea on a special assignment for World Vision.

"For twenty years, some of our most heartwarming experiences have come from our involvement in the lives of children like Soo Duk. From the many needy, desperate children we have sponsored have emerged stalwart adults, teachers, doctors and tradesmen.

"All of us are concerned about the underprivileged peoples of the world . . . their pain . . . their hunger . . . their poverty. I am confident that feeding, healing, training and showing love to these little ones is the way to better tomorrow's world.

"Soo Duk, our daughter by adoption, has our support and love. And, with the care that World Vision is providing, we have a good feeling about her future."

HAN, Soo Duk, Korea

A shipwreck left her father injured and unemployed . . . a fisherman without a boat. Her mother sews as she is able, to help the family survive. Only ten years of age, Soo Duk is the youngest of six children in the family. She is a gentle child, loving and studying music.

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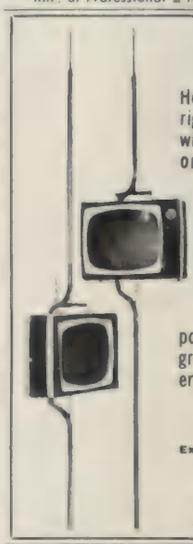
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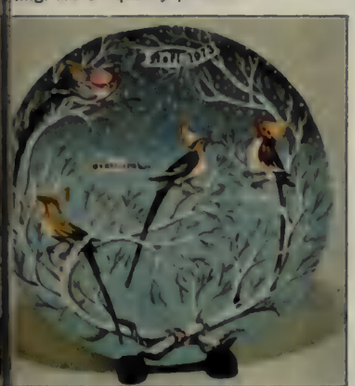
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Our most Collected Limited Issue.
Gift and Investment potential



Peanuts Christmas Plate 1973 $10.00
Snoopy and Woodstock of
comic strip fame in lovely color



l Copenhagen Christmas 1973 $22.00
cobalt blue and white
elain from Denmark

1973 Limited Edition Christmas Plates

Every limited edition plate on this page is for the collector with an eye for beauty and an instinct for value. Some hand made, some hand painted, and some serially numbered — all are superbly crafted. Christmas Plates traditionally, have been the most desired and become the most valuable plates of all. Each is truly an exquisite masterpiece from a world famous art plate maker such as Bing and Grondahl, Royal Copenhagen, Haviland, and Goebel Hummel.

WHAT ARE LIMITED EDITIONS

Each year quality companies like those represented here, produce a limited number of a specifically chosen plate before destroying the mold. Because the demand for these beautiful plates usually exceeds the supply, many "sell out" and become hard to find. As a result, prices rise. We've sold many in recent years that have increased in price by over 500%. We sold the 1969 Bing and Grondahl Plate for $9.00 and today it sells for up to $275.00. We sold the 1970 Haviland Christmas Plate at $25.00, it now sells for $150.00 and we sold the Goebel Hummel 1971 Plate for $25.00, and it now brings up to $175.00.

MARVELOUS DECORATIONS AND EXCELLENT INVESTMENTS AS WELL

More and more Americans are starting to collect limited edition plates not only because they're beautiful to own but because they are good investments. Why not start your collection today with one or more of these outstanding Christmas Plates. (And don't forget, they are Christmas Gifts that will be remembered). Since quantities are strictly limited — please order early.



Royale Christmas 1973 $19.50
Excellent and very limited in
superior sculptured German porcelain



gwood Christmas 1973 $35.00
derful blue and white 9" Jasperware,
ing the finest antique Wedgwood.



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A 9" masterpiece in French
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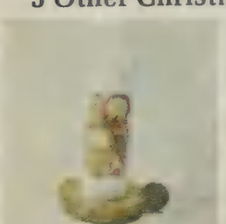
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FREE!
If you purchase exceeds $15.00. A beautiful, Goebel Hummel Calendar 1974 (worth $2.50).

3 Other Christmas Gifts Your Friends Will Cherish



1973 Hummel Candle
Limited Edition in Pure
Bees Wax. $5.00



1973 Haviland Christmas
Tree Ornament in Fine
Porcelain. $10.00



1973 "Peanuts" 1st Issue
Christmas Bell. Limited
Edition $5.00

SHE SLAMMED THE DOOR

continued from page 140

"Shakespeare." I watched him swing the salad basket. "You invited this girl on Abigail's night?"

"It's the only way the little doll could be lured across the hall." The doorbell rang. "There's Peggy now." He slid a pan of garlic bread into the oven. "Let her in, will you? And smile? It only hurts for a little while."

My smile faded when I opened the door. "Oh, it's you, Aunt Abigail."

"I can see you're overwhelmed." She sailed past me, redolent of lavender. "You look peaked, Gerard. Are you bilious? You need some red meat." She handed me the knitting bag in which she stores her canceled checks. "I brought you your homework. Where's Eric?"

He appeared with a silver tray of canapés. Eric blinked. "Aunt Abby, you're early."

She raised an eyebrow. "Shall I wait in the lobby?"

"Don't be silly." He kissed her cheek. "Gerard will fix you a drink."

"He shorts me on gin."

"Jostle his elbow." He returned to the kitchen.

I trundled out the host cart, and rattled ice into a pitcher.

"Gerard," Aunt Abby nagged, "you're frowning again."

"I forgot to wear my smile button."

"Don't be rude, dear. Nobody loves a sourpuss."

"Love? Did I say love? I don't know what love is. Do you?"

"It is stuff which is purported, I believe, to make the world go 'round."

"You're thinking of martinis."

"I am, indeed." She nudged my arm. "A dollop more, please."

We sat down together. "Aunt Abby, do you realize that engineers have developed machines that surpass people in their capacity to choose a mate?"

"That's painting by numbers, dear. You may get a picture, but it isn't art."

The doorbell chimed, and Eric shot across the room like a shaft of light. He admitted the keyless Miss Tiffin, a moonbeam blonde whose center-parted hair fell in a straight fringe to her elbows. Eric kissed her hello. She gazed over his shoulder at me, her blue eyes wide.

Miss Tiffin's blue eyes remained wide throughout the dinner hour. I am obliged to admit that she knew how to listen, a good thing in a woman, and she conversed with intelligence, too. Eric hung on every word, his face rapt. After coffee, she invited us across the hall to see a painting which was still wet (she's an art hobbyist who works by day at Dennison's) but Aunt Abigail demurred, suggesting that Eric "who has a better eye" make the inspection while "Gerard and I do the dishes." To my certain knowledge, Abigail has never washed a dish in her life.

I cleared the table, placing leftovers in a covered plastic bowl for Abigail. "Let's look in on them when we're finished here," I urged.

"Let's not intrude, Gerard. Eric is serious about this one."

"She's unsuitable. An artist?"

"Nonsense. She works in a stationer's. I am the sacred orange tree in the Cartwright forest—never having bloomed nor borne fruit—but I know good stock when I see it. She's lovely. Pink fingernails. Clear eyes. No bra, but she wears a slip. I saw the lace. They'll have lovely children."

I dropped a glass. It broke. "I saw nothing to justify such a prediction." I brought a dustpan and swept up the shards.

"You were bemused, Gerard."

I looked up from the dustpan. "Does it show?"

"Of course! We women *know*. We have more heart."

"As a matter of cold fact, women have less heart. The average female heart weighs from 250 to 300 grams as against 300 to 350 for the male."

"Oh, Gerard. You know all and understand nothing." She sounded like Francine.

"I know the heart is a mechanical object that has been duplicated of rubber and Dacron, powered with an air compressor, made to beat like yours and mine. What's to understand?"

"An automated heart won't beat faster for any one girl!"

"It would if you programmed it!"

"You're a cybernetic basket case." Her eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"But, Aunt Abby, I am *right*."

"Yes, dear, you are. It's the saddest thing about you." She patted my hand. "I'm afraid you will live to be a lonely old man."

Eric and Peggy floated in on a beam of light. They drove Abigail home. The Rolls, conveniently, was double-parked. And Peggy went along. It occurred to me that Peggy would go along from this day forward.



Never mind how it happens.
It happens.

Tabu by Dana.

SHE

Imagine the scene. Aunt Abiga leaves with Eric and Peggy. Jerr stretches out on the sofa alone. He fee as if a steel band is tightening arou his forehead. He fidgets. He gets up. H walks through the empty rooms. H lowers the shades. He raises the shade He lowers them again. He can hear th hum of the electric clock. *"I am afra you will live to be a lonely old man* She's right, he broods. He shivers. H thinks of Ortega y Gasse who says the core of the fem inine mind is occupied by a irrational power. Bully f Ortega.

Jerry sits there broodin rubbing the back of his nec wanting me. He thinks puzzling that everythi makes him want me. What parlous thing it is to be mere man who builds a pe fect life edifice, he fume only to have it disintegra as a cobweb when some won an blows in his ear.

He tries to put me out his mind by reading a boo One floor above him, I fretting, too. If once, ju once, I muse, that mad mat ematician would break do and admit he is a hum creature who needs me, l plop into his arms. I'd ev eat butter.

He reaches into his ve pocket and takes out t ring. He tries it on. It is sm for his finger. He lays t ring on the table. In t lamplight, the golden circ winks as if sending a me sage.

He hears Eric and Peg return to her place acro the hall. Jerry's head ache He goes into the bathroo to get an aspirin. The wat pipes hammer. I am runni my bath. He swallows t aspirin without water. T hammering faucets ma him furious. He bangs on t pipe.

I am stepping into the t I stop, one foot in the a listening. He bangs on t pipe again. I shut off the w ter. The noise stops. In t sudden silence I see my r eyes in the bathroom mirr What did we quarrel abo I wonder? I can't remembe

The banging resumes, listen. It's a different sou now. It has a pattern. s It is code! Jerry is sendi me a distress signal in t language I taught him. taps it out again. "SOS."

I pick up a bath brush and tap o an answer on the pipe. "READ YOU. R PEAT. READ YOU. GIVE YOUR POSITION "LOST WITHOUT YOU." It is so—unJe rified—I could hug him. "SOS."

I *will* hug him. I send it: "COME U REPEAT. YOU COME UP HERE."

I barely have time to put on my rob He says he would have been here soo er, but he went back for the ring. EN

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.

—Benjamin Franklin

ES' HOME
OUR 90th BIRTHDAY! SPECIAL KEEPSAKE ISSUE
DECEMBER 1973

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Let your hair experience one of them tonight.

At 38, I got rid of 10 pounds and my gray hair, and went to work for a decorator.

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Over the past few years I'd gotten a little fatter and a little grayer. Year by year. Maybe because my husband loved me too much. But deep down I knew. And here I was nearing 40.



Before when I'd had these feelings I'd work it off cleaning a closet or something. This time I knew I had to renew *myself*. It was painful but I went looking for a job.



I decided one thing I didn't need was gray hair. Every time I looked in the mirror it was depressing. That gloomy gray-brown color just wasn't me!...



I didn't want to use a peroxide dye though. I wouldn't *touch* my hair till I found out about Loving Care® lotion. It's not a permanent tint or dye. It's a gentle color wash.



It's different from most all other haircolor brands because it doesn't have peroxide! And it doesn't change your own natural color. Just the gray goes away.



Now I'm doing things. I like myself. And who knows what's ahead! I feel as a person I've only just begun and forty is going to be fabulous!

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From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



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CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964 ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS ■■ WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ■■ ARE RESTORED.

PARENT■■■S CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF ■■■ SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EAR■ TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS: ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM ■■ PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE ■■ DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home, and when this picture was taken, she was already doing better. Her legs were stronger . . . she was running with the other children, learning to write her own name.

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☐ Choose ■ child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

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EDITOR'S DIARY

BY JOHN MACK CARTER



Every December issue of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is a keepsake issue. In our tradition of celebrating the holiday season, we work for the full year ahead . . . creating, collecting, assembling and producing material for our pages so that the Christmas JOURNAL will have a special magnificence. Even in the middle of summer, the offices of Nathan Mandelbaum and Alice Kastberg may look like one of the spectacular shops they created for our Christmas Street, pages 73–85.

But this December, 1973, issue is special in other ways. First, it has historic interest because it marks our 90th anniversary as a leading American women's magazine. Second, it signals an upcoming change in size that will start, appropriately, with the January, 1974, JOURNAL.

A New Size: But the Same Journal

Next month, your JOURNAL co to you in a new, contemporary . . . the standard size of most magazines. This "new" Jou will prop tidily against a coffee on kitchen table or office des curl up cozily in bed. Both postman and your newsdealer approve. We think you will, to

Your JOURNAL will continue the same one-of-a-kind force tha become such an influence in Ar can life.

It will be brought to you, p fully, by the same unmatchable t of editors and contributors.

One of a Kind: An Old Story

Ninety years have both shaped sharpened the JOURNAL'S un leadership position. This was first periodical to change its co every month and to introduce printing.

The JOURNAL, as crusader, the first publication to camp for a Pure Food Act, to fight unsanitary "common drinking c patent medicine quackery, and o scandals of their time. The JOUR was the first magazine to discuss in public and to urge athletics girls, then considered shocking.

Across the JOURNAL'S pages passed artists and writers w names are with us yet: Rud Kipling, John Gunther, Pear Buck, F. Scott Fitzgerald, D ne du Maurier, J.P. Marqu Eleanor Roosevelt, Dorothy Tho son . . . the list is endless. The J NAL also launched the kewpie

Many editors have helped to c out the tradition of the JOUR starting in 1883 with Louisa Kn Curtis, and moving on through years to the great Edward Will Bok, whose grandson is now p dent of Harvard University. E tually, the JOURNAL was edited husband-wife team, Bruce and atrice Gould, who ran the maga from 1935 to 1962.

In 1965, I became Editor, a am proud that this December is my hundredth-plus issue, come a time when the JOURNAL'S suc is at an all-time high.

Merry Christmas.

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ARTICLES

38 Elizabeth Taylor's Astonishing "Face-Lift"
42 How I Made Jean-Claude Killy the World's Champion Skier *Lyn Tornabene*
48 The Panic Button *Sam Levenson*
58 Happy 45th Birthday, Mickey Mouse! *Annette Funicello, Jonathan Winters, Charles Schulz*
66 "My Favorite Childhood Toys" *Sally Wendkos Olds*
87 "All is Love": The Duchess of Windsor's Life Story—Part I *Ralph G. Martin*

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SECTION

73 Christmas Street *Nathan Mandelbaum*
74 The Open Cupboard
76 Sweets Shop
78 The Tea Shop
80 The Apothecary
82 Ribbons And Laces
84 Nosegays, Etc.

REGULAR FEATURES

4 Editor's Diary
8 On Blessing Children with Books *Gene Shalit*
14 Can This Marriage Be Saved? *Betty Hannah Hoffman*
24 Your Questions Answered *Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.*
26 Poor Woman's Almanac *Beryl Pfizer*
28 Spending Your Money *Sylvia Porter*
34 Medicine Today *David Zimmerman*
36 Amy Vanderbilt
46 Ralph Nader Reports on Nursing Homes
52 How America Lives *Evan Frances*
54 The Working Woman in Religion *Letty Cottin Pogrebin*
116 Journal Shopping Center
119 The Journal Store

FOOD

76 Sweets Shop
78 The Tea Shop
88 50 Original Hors d'Oeuvres *Arlene Wanderman*
103 Recipe Index

FASHION AND PATTERNS

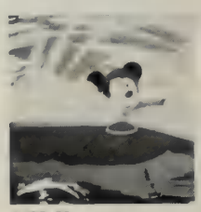
62 Mickey Mouse Pillow
74 Christmas Street *Trudy Owett*
82 Ribbons and Laces *Nora O'Leary*

DECORATING

70 Our Centerpiece Contest Winner



PAGE 42



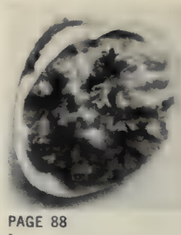
PAGE 58



PAGE 66



PAGE 73



PAGE 88

ARTICLES
MARY FIORE
JOYCE KUH
GINI KOPECKY
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JOYCE JACK
MARYANN BRINLEY

BOOKS AND FICTION
PHYLLIS LEVY
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COPY
GERALDINE CARRO

FOOD
ARLENE WANDERMAN
RUTH LAUMAN
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CLAUDIA T. KINSEY
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Hair & Beauty · By Joan Clair

Are you one of those women who love the holidays—and always end up doing too much? This year, maybe you should add a new tradition to the season. In the middle of all your gift-buying and house-decorating and rushing around doing things for other people, call a halt. And take some time out to give yourself a hair-beauty treatment. (A few possible suggestions follow.) A little sensible self-indulgence like this can make you feel 100% better—and look better when you plunge back into the happy fray.

There's grey hair, and grey hair. Grey hair can be beautifully sophisticated—but not when it's coarse-textured and yellowish. So keep your grey hair young looking, with *Silk & Silver*. It banishes the yellow, softens the texture, adds silvery highlights. The French have a word for how grey hair should look: soigne—well cared for. And that's just the look *Silk & Silver* aims to give you.

Color worth keeping. When you've gone and colored your hair and gotten the very shade you wanted, that's great. But when you trust your precious haircolor to the mercies of a harsh high detergent shampoo, that's not great at all. Do use *Clairol* Shampoo for color care—the one that's formulated to help protect delicate color. It's gentle enough to help control stripping—and it has special reconditioners to build body and help prevent dryness. Comes in a blue formula for you blondes, green for you brunettes and redheads.

It always seems to rain on important days. So how can you protect your hair, just when you need it to look good? One good way is *Final Net*. It's formulated to fight moisture—and it holds hair three times longer than the best-selling hairspray. You see, *Final Net* isn't an aerosol hairspray. It's a clear concentrated mist in a spray bottle. Added benefit: since it's concentrated, it gives you three times as many applications per ounce as a can of hairspray. So to help you discover Clairol's answer to humidity and other causes of hair downfall, we are offering a sample of *Final Net*. Just send 50¢ to Joan Clair, P.O. Box 1020P, Yonkers, N.Y. 10701.

If your hair is super-fine, you'll be glad to know about *Hair So New*. It's a gentle creme rinse you spray on after shampooing. It makes fine hair comb snarl-free, without pulling or pushing or ripping or twisting or crying. And it isn't sticky or gummy, so it leaves fine hair tender to touch. It's marvelous for children's hair, too.

Who has time to sit under the dryer? Not you—especially not now, when you don't have a moment to waste. Why not use the *Clairol Air Brush* styling dryer instead? It's super-fast, and it gives you such pretty results. Lets you blow soft, warm air through your hair, so you can skip the set, and style your hair as you dry it. Whether you want giant waves, flipped ends, or just a nice look of fullness, the *Clairol Air Brush* is about the fastest way to get it.

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On Blessing Children with Books

BY GENE SHALIT

Lively books and lovely books, classy books and classic books, pictures, poems and pop-ups, I-can-reads and read-to-mes, fairy tales and twice-told tales and things to make and things to do. Silly stories, nonsense rhymes, books to stretch a child's sights and open windows of the heart.

Scores of enriching books for children have appeared in recent years. Here's a cheerful Christmas handful. **Anatole In Italy** by Eve Titus (McGraw-Hill; 10 and under). Anatole is a taster for a famous French cheese factory. He is also a mouse, so he does his work at night when he won't startle the human cheese makers. In this adventure, Anatole turns detective—assigned to cross the Italian border and smell out the rat who's been spoiling the cheese in Italy's most renowned cheese works. Before anyone can get a word in wedge-wise, Anatole has set his trap and exposed the villains. *Arrivederci* aroma.

Did I Ever Tell You How Lucky You Are? by Dr. Seuss (Random House; 8 and under). Who's *lucky* is the small child who finds this on Christmas morning. Said child will find words never said by child before—made up Seussisms to tickle the mind. A plethora of Poor Puffing Poogle-Horn Players . . . or the builders of Bunglebung Bridge across Boober Bay at Bumm Ridge. Each new book by Dr. Seuss is good neuss, and the moral of this one is: Plenty of people are worse off than you are, Ducky.

The Bears' Almanac by Stan and Jan Berenstain (Random House, 8 and under). When I say "the best of the Berenstains," I'm *saying* something. No previous Stan-and-Jan jamboree has had the frolic, fun and facts that fill these page-after-pages. A wacky array (hooray) of happy bears take young readers through the months and seasons of the year, with a goofy character called Actual Factual Bear flipping facts that kids enjoy—how the wind blows, what snow is, how to tell it's summer. It rhymes, it entertains, it instructs, it's a bargain book stocking filler.

The Mother Whale by Edith Thatcher Hurd (Little, Brown and Co.; 4 to 7). This little book, clearly created with love, unfolds the cycle of life of the whale . . . from mating to birth to the baby's independence to birth anew. The block prints in soft green-blues by Clement Hurd are cool and peaceful.

Vanuk Vanuk by Guido Sperandio (Doubleday; 8 and up—all the up). The author is clearly a Milanese who knows how to sp story that's looney with laughs. he creates a mythical town (Qua in which grows (suddenly—wit warning))a preposterous flowe feet tall called the Quantimoni doesn't exactly grow—it er *Wham*, it's there—towering ove villagers. Unfortunately this plant attracts Quanta's enemies Sacripanti (hisses!) "who exis order to destroy," and who eat thing but the Quantimonio. Th bad news for the people of Qua But it is good news for readers w rollick through the extravagant ing around. Each page swarms impish drawings and typograph tricks by Piero Ventura, whose points up a busy dizzy counterp to the principal plot. Tip: This make an unusual gift for that spe adult friend who's devoted to ol caviar, the Marx Brothers, W Fields and Leonardo da Vinci.

King Stork by Howard Pyle (Li Brown and Co.; all ages). Hov Pyle, who lived from 1853 to 191 an important figure of children's erature. That means most chil have never heard of him—ex through Robin Hood. So over past few years illustrators have puffing the dust from the old, print volumes of his stories and cuing them into appealing b with new illustrations and invi to-read type. Trina Schart Hy has chosen to re-draw Pyle's sto the handsome drummer who sn the hand of a mysterious prince the drummer outsmarts the witch who is her mother.

Duffy and the Devil by Harve Margot Zemach (Farrar, Straus Giroux; 8 and under). Lege bound across boundaries, and R pelstiltskin has turned into a d named Tarraway in this versio on the rocky Cornish coast. T favorite word-and-watercolorists Zemachs, brush up the familiar with pictures that are awash mood and mystery and merrin

The Fools of Chelm and Their tory, by Isaac Bashevis Singer rar, Straus and Giroux; all ag Many believe with all of their h that Isaac Singer is one of the s handful of great writers of fictio isting in the world. I agree them. Recently Singer has bending toward the young; in he won the National Book Awar children's literature. This tim turns to the Eastern *(contin*

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Does Your Mirror Say It's Time For A Serious Night Cream?

When you reach a certain age (we'll never tell what it is, but you'll know when the time comes), you need a very special kind of night cream. At that moment of truth, discover the secret benefits of enriched Olay Vitalizing Night Cream, a secret shared by fortunate women in many parts of the world who never seem to show their true age.

Olay Vitalizing Night Cream is especially beneficial for the problems of older skin. To make wrinkles less noticeable by softening away dryness. To provide a wealth of moisture, emollients and soothing unguents to smooth and cherish skin. Age signs on your face and throat soon become far less obvious as your complexion grows clearer, softer and younger-looking.

Olay Vitalizing Night Cream is thick, rich and concentrated. This is no fluffy, lightweight cream to slick on casually. It is a serious cream, particularly appropriate for the very real dry-complexion problems of older skin. It is meant to be massaged on, faithfully every night, with firm but gentle upward strokes, to soothe in the moisturizing ingredients that combat aging dryness of your face and throat.

Leave a light film of Olay Vitalizing Night Cream on the surface of your skin. If you have used a great deal, you may want to tissue off some of the excess. But be sure a little remains as a protective barrier that helps retain nature's own moisture, so essential for excessively dry and wrinkling skin.

For a most beneficial result, knowledgeable women apply Olay Vitalizing Night Cream just before bedtime to let it work its wonders as they sleep. The quiet nocturnal hours are a most propitious time for skin enrichment. But any time, day or night, is an effective time to pamper and smooth your face and throat with this enriching cream.

Beauty Hints

Faithful nightly massage helps maintain muscle tone and firmness. Olay Vitalizing Night Cream makes this ritual simpler and more satisfying. Hold your fingers flat together and circle the cream gently onto the skin, starting at the base of the throat and working upward to the chinline. The cream's precious moisturizing ingredients alleviate wrinkle-accenting dryness in this needful area.

* * *

Aging signs show early around the eyes. During the day, pat a little Olay® Vitalizing Night Cream into this crucial area to ease away the dryness that can make little tell-tale lines far too noticeable. Be sure to use delicate, featherlight strokes of your fingertips.

4 Seasons Woman

CHILDREN'S BOOKS *continued*

European village of Chelm, traditional home of the wisest fools in Jewish language and lore. Singer gathers shlemiels and yentas into situations that baffle the villagers into illogical quarrels and wars and perplexing discussions that wind up with the men washing the dishes. Uri Schulevitz's drawings complement and compliment Singer's humor.

The Brownstone by Paula Scher (Pantheon Books; 7 and up). Each of the apartments in this brownstone house is inhabited by animals who have something in uncommon with their through-the-wall neighbors. The dancing kangaroos ruffle the feathers of studious owl. And the trying-to-hibernate bears are startled awake by the prima-donna (yowling) cat at the keyboard in the adjoining flat. And you can say *that* again. Everyone goes bats until the apartments are reshuffled so the dancers live next to the singers and the others can rest in peace. Stan Hack's illustrations for this peppy picture book are appropriately ridiculous.

Pippa Mouse by Betty Boegehold (Alfred Knopf; little bitty kids). This collection of simple stories is fun for reading aloud to the pre-reader, or as a first step into books for the I-can-reader. The cozy drawings by Cyndy Szekeres give this book most of its appeal. But pipsqueak Pippa's friendly curiosity makes her innocent adventures just right for tots to tumble into bed with.

The Real Thief by William Steig (Farrar, Straus and Giroux; 12 and under). I know we're talking about children's books, but you may discover a tear in *your* eye when you finish this story of the wrongly accused goose and the guilt-ridden mouse. The story is simply told and its moral is important: People, or geese, are innocent until proven guilty. Highly recommended. Indeed, *The Real Thief* could become a children's classic.

The Strange Dreams of Rover Jones by Richard Armour (McGraw-Hill; ages 5 to 8). Here's the funny tale of a misbehaving dog who's sent to bed without his TV or his dinner. Horrors! Rover dreams that he is the master and the master is his dog. It's a story that small kids will giggle over, and Eric Gurney's pictures are a howl.

No Kiss For Mother by Tomi Ungerer (Harper & Row; 6 to 10). This remarkable author-iconoclast insists that children's stories needn't be goody-goody to be good. Just look at his heroes: bats, snakes, vultures. *Crictor*, his book about a heroic boa constrictor, has long (ha, ha) been a favorite. This time Tomi's drawn to a cat who's nasty and lazy, who pretends to be brushing his teeth when he's really reading a rotten comic book like Rat Man, who drips glue down girls' backs and sets off stink bombs. He's such a dear! That's what Mama thinks, and that's the trouble: she embarrasses him with public kisses and gooey-word endearments. But then something happens—and he learns his lesson. Just as important: Mama learns.

The Great Escape or The Sewer Story, by Peter Lippman, (Golden Press, 10 and under). This se hasn't brought a nuttier good ture book than this escapade a crocodiles who flee from Manha house-pet captivity. Flushed freedom, they make it through s sewers to airports and finall parachute back to their Fl Everglades homes. It's the ki inspired nonsense that small dren love. And you'll smile, too

I haven't included any of the sics . . . none of the books you when you were a child. Those I to you, but keep in mind that books that have lived through years are now available in st and attractive paperbacks. Rem ber that virtually every fairy ta the world is available in attra paperbacks by Arthur Lang Dover Publishing in New York. *Blue Fairy Tale Book, Green Tale Book, Yellow Fairy Tale* —every color and every story im able. They are a best buy.

RECORDS

If we played word associatio I said "record," you'd probabl "music." But this Christmas, not present a record that ta child's language—famous book stories read on discs by famous

The excessively versatile Ustinov reads *The Little Prin* Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. classic, delving into child-and- visions of the world, is illumi by Ustinov's voices. He brin marvelous new dimension to story (Argo ZSW 520-1). A you'd like to give the book as Harcourt Brace has just issu lush 30th anniversary edition. would make an imaginative gi

No other poet wrote as raptu ly for the ear as did Dylan Tho And except for Thomas hims haven't heard anyone read his p with the reverberating richne Emlyn Williams. A two-LP called **A Boy Growing Up** incl *A Child's Christmas in Wale Visit to America*, and *A Vis Grandpa's*. For older children surely for you—this is a tre (Argo TA 509-10).

Don't confuse **Lassie Come H** with the stuff on television. T the real thing—the Yorkshire by Eric Knight, read for all it's v (and it's worth plenty) by D McCallum, who should not be fused with his stuff on televisio gives a terrific reading that will bind children, and if *you* wa into the room, you won't get ba whatever it was you were doing both sides have been played (Caedmon TC 1389).

If records *do* mean music to or at least words and music— can compare to **Peter and the** by Prokofiev? There are two e tional versions. The first has Karloff narrating with The Vi State Opera Orchestra (Vang S-174). The other is the vers was brought up on: Richard reading with the Boston Symp conducted by Serge Koussevi This one may not be in print more, and I don't have the nu but it's worth looking for. In case, the Karloff version wit virtuoso playing of the solo in ments is just fine.

She conked out, but her hair held up.

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

BY BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

Ruth had slavishly devoted her life to pleasing her husband. Now, after 24 years of marriage, Harry was bored with her. By Betty Hannah Hoffman.

In its 43-year history, the Institute has saved thousands of marriages in which it saw only one of the partners. Of course, we prefer to work with both, but we do what the situation requires. Often the husband may never know that his wife is seeing a counselor; he merely knows that the marriage is suddenly much better than it was before. The case of Ruth and Harry was a little easier to solve, because Harry agreed to call on the counselor —once. But often an experienced counselor can work with only one partner and still manage to save the marriage. This does not mean that the wife must constantly give in to her husband. It simply means that a husband or wife can often do enough individually to change an unhappy marriage into a satisfying experience for both partners. After all, the institution of marriage should always be adaptable enough for any intelligent person to succeed in it. The counselor in this case was Herbert Gutman.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.,
Founder and Chairman of the Board of Trustees, The American Institute of Family Relations

Ruth talks first

"I haven't slept all night, and I'm so upset that I'm not sure I can even talk," said Ruth, a 46-year-old mother of four boys. Her thin shoulders sagged forward with exhaustion. She had driven to the Institute from her home in Las Vegas, 300 miles away.

She pulled nervously at her short-cropped hair. "In four months, my husband and I will celebrate our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary—if he doesn't leave me before then. He says twenty-four years is long enough for any marriage."

She paused for control, then continued with moist eyes. "For ten years, I've been helping Harry with his work. He's a real estate broker and hates details, so I do all his paper work in the office. About two months ago, Harry suddenly fired me. He said he didn't need my help anymore. At the same time, he insisted that we sell our nice roomy house and move into a small apartment, which I hate. I feel as though I've lost my job, my home, and my husband—all at once.

"Lately Harry's been taking two- and three-hour lunches with a woman real estate agent—to talk business, he says. And on Friday nights, he goes out drinking with the boys, sometimes until four or five o'clock in the morning. He had a bad case of tuberculosis several years ago, and he's not supposed to drink or stay up late.

"He claims to spend his time playing cards, but I recently found a necklace and some lipstick-stained cigarette butts in his car. Harry explained that he did drive a girl home from a bar one night, but that he only kissed her. I didn't ask any more questions—I really didn't want to know any more!

"Sometimes he says he has a Friday night appointment with a client; but when I check his appointment book, it's blank. I've become so suspicious of him lately that I'm always in tears. Then he clams up and won't speak to me. Sometimes two months will pass and all he'll say is, 'Don't bug me' or 'Please pass the salt.' He acts as though he can't stand me.

"Yesterday I did some snooping in his office. I checked his old phone bills and found that last year he had made daily calls to an out-of-town number. I had the operator check the number and discovered it was in a woman's name. I also discovered a time sheet labeled 'Mary' in one of his desk drawers.

"When he came home for supper, which I had hot and ready as usual, I asked him if he had hired anyone to replace me in the office. He hemmed and hawed and finally admitted that he had hired a girl named Mary, the 18-year-old daughter of the real estate agent with whom he is friendly. Here I am, restless and unhappy, with hours of free time on my hands, and he's spending good money on inexperienced help!

"Last night I tossed and turned, burning with anger and frustration. Harry and I don't have much sex anymore; he always says he's too tired. Finally, I got out of bed, went into the living room, and st sobbing. After awhile, Harry me and came in. He was comfo but also annoyed. He told m what he did was his own bus If I didn't like it, that was to he wasn't going to change.

"He said he fired me becau thought we were spending too time together in the office. not true; I was usually there he was out making sales. I'm Harry just doesn't want me a when his women friends call.

"He rarely takes me out. W does, it's usually to a movie, we have no chance to talk, or t cheap restaurant. When he g bill he'll say, 'Wow! Four and fifty-two cents!' But he nothing of dropping fifty dol an evening with his friends.

"I'm always struggling to ends meet. I haven't bought dress or had a permanent in I even cut my own hair. four years ago, I got a civil job so we could buy some nev ture. After raising four boy can imagine how the place With my savings, I bought r peting, a sofa, chairs and The house looked lovely; it apart to have to leave it. Bu said he was tired of the h drive to his office; and he want to take care of a yard, n the boys are grown and o own. So I put my husband's first, as I always have, moved. But I'm so restless little apartment. I can't be there during the day. I get car and drive around the de hours.

"I have no one to confide never believed in burdening with my personal problems. ways been somewhat of a guess. I grew up on a r Montana. The only girl my a three miles away. I wasn't visit her until I was old er ride a bicycle. Before tha read and played with pape was the tallest girl in my school class and the only who wore glasses. I took teasing, especially from t bully, who used to put live my lunch pail.

"I lost a whole year in hi because of a strange illness that went up and down an feeling tired all the time. went back, I made an effort friends and, for the first ti life, I felt accepted.

"I never gave my par trouble; I was too eager t My father was the hub of ou He was very straitlaced a all the family decisions. M kept busy with four chil she suffered from our isola had had one year of teac lege, and she encouraged good grades so I could go t

"First I had to save son I got a job as a teletype o Western Union—with the being transferred to anot That was during the d It was a boring job, an earned forty cents an

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational co research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage counseling center in the world. The true sto here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conce

aged to get to Reno and enroll in iversity there. I met Harry while going to classes and working part- He was just my age—twenty-one e, well-spoken, and very hand- Women fell all over him. I have thought of myself as attractive, as surprised that he seemed to e.

on we were dating, and I was in love for the first time. He at he had no intention of getting d. Still, I wanted to be part of nd we became lovers—in the back f his old jalopy.

eft the precautions up to Harry, was often careless. At any rate, I e pregnant. Within a month we narried. My mother guessed the on and wrote me an anguished about the 'disgrace' I was heap- on the family. But when she met a year later, she liked him at and all was forgiven.

rry and I decided that we n't pressure our children to be ially successful, since we had felt ch of this pressure ourselves. So Harry said he would like to work ime and go to college to become mentary school teacher, I said He got a job as a grease monkey, worked as a waitress—practically the day I delivered our first son. ears later, we had another son, hen another. I continued to work waitress at night while Harry d at home—so we could avoid the f a baby-sitter.

rry finally got a job teaching grade—and he hated it! He had s left disciplining the children up Handling a classroom of hooli- was too much for him. He quit ng forever.

e then moved to Las Vegas, and rked as a waiter in a gambling ca- It paid good money, but the job eneath him. This was when he gan going out with the boys. Aft- eral years as a waiter, he switched l estate. He has a natural talent ling, but finds nothing meaning- challenging in his work.

hen I got pregnant for the fourth a big surprise—we had some times. I thought of seeing a mar- counselor then, but I didn't even n extra five dollars to spend. Yet was out wining and dining his all over Las Vegas.

hen the new baby was about seven old, Harry began to complain e wasn't feeling well. We discov- hat he had tuberculosis. He was a sanatorium for six months. I he business afloat and also took of the four kids. We borrowed from relatives and just scraped gh.

some ways, the next ten years the happiest of our marriage. doctors forbade Harry to smoke nk, and he was supposed to get f bed rest. He was home most by ten. I helped him in the office elt appreciated and needed.

hen, last Christmas, he seemed ome depressed again. On Christ- ay, his mother, who was visiting ked how many years we had been ed. I said almost twenty-four. She rked, 'Well, then a year from h will be your twenty-fifth wed- nniversary.' At this point, Harry hat twenty-four years was enough y marriage.

as cut to the quick. The next day, he stopped talking to me. He hardly spoke a word all through January and February. In April his mother died in her sleep. This upset him a great deal, although in some ways he hated her—she had abandoned him and his two brothers when Harry was only ten.

"When we took our vacation this past summer, Harry spent all his time fishing with his brothers, while I was stuck with their wives. 'Leave me alone, this is my vacation,' he said. I had really thought it was *our* vacation.

"I love my husband with all my heart, but I feel our marriage is going to pieces. What can I do?"

Harry's turn to talk

"Ruth is a fine woman," Harry began in his deep voice. He was an attractive man who wore cowboy boots and jacket. His gaze was steady and sincere. "It's just that she's become dependent on me for all her emotional and social satisfactions. She has no friends, no interests of her own. I guess she's just too much an extension of me, and I find that boring.

"I've decided that we only live once, and I'm going to do certain things—including entertaining other women and having sex with them if I want to. I'm not particularly interested in promiscuity; it's the feeling of freedom I want.

"For the first ten *(continued)*

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The after shave gift with a fringe benefit. The attractive package is actually an accessory case—leatherlike exterior with a plush gold lining inside. He'll use up the Hai Karate, but he'll still have the case.
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2. Hollandaise.

3. Bordelaise.

4. Bearnaise.

Ditto.
5 minutes each.



1. Quick Mornay. Take a package of white sauce mix and make it according to directions. Stir in ½ cup shredded Swiss cheese, ½ t. grated lemon peel, 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice and ■ dash nutmeg Stir until smooth. Only an expert could tell it's ■ short-cut.

Quick Hollandaise.
ce 4 egg yolks, 2 to 3
fresh lemon juice, ¼ t.
and a dash pepper in
r blender. Turn to high
ed and slowly add ½
melted butter
nargarine
l bubbling
) in a thin
steady
am. Classic
shrimp,
etables,
eggs.

3. Quick Bordelaise. Make a package of brown gravy mix according to directions, reducing water by ½ cup. Add ⅓ cup red wine, 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice and 2 Tb. butter or margarine. Superb on meats.

4. Quick Bearnaise. Make Hollandaise like it says above. Then stir in 1 t. grated lemon peel, 1 t. snipped parsley, ¼ t. tarragon leaves. Heavenly on just about anything.

Sunkist® lemons turn the trick.

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years of our marriage, I was too busy working and going to school to have energy left for anything else. When I got into the real estate business, I finally had a little money in my pockets and could arrange my schedule as I liked. At the same time, I felt a degree of resentment over the fact that I was stuck in an occupation I didn't respect. I also felt trapped by family responsibilities—and Ruth is the principal part of that pattern, I guess.

"Women become very available when you're in the real estate business, because you spend a lot of time with them in their homes. However, only one of my relationships with women has lasted more than a night. She was a divorcée. I met her while Ruth was pregnant with our last child. One night, when I was inspecting her house, this divorcée flung her arms around my neck, and that was it—I didn't get home until 6 A.M. I saw her at least one evening a week and Saturday afternoons for a year.

"There I was, finally making good money, feeling good, having a pleasurable affair—when whammo! I had tuberculosis. The news came like a kick in the stomach.

"Ruth was an angel all through the long siege. She was strong and cheerful. My mistress visited me once in the sanatorium, and I told her we w through. The affair had burned it out. Then I was overcome with gu about the way I had treated Ruth. S knows nothing about the affair to t day, but I still remember all my l and evasions.

"Ruth keeps reminding me of t remark I made about twenty-fo years being enough for any marria I don't know why I said that. I w just feeling nasty, I guess. My life very unsatisfying.

"You ask yourself at age 46, 'Wh have I done with my life?" I have made any real contribution to huma ity. I guess parenthood is an enrichi experience; anyway, it's nice to vi your children after they've grown a moved away.

"My own childhood wasn't a n mal one. When he was sober, my fath was an intelligent, witty guy. When was drunk, he was a jolly drunk. B his binges got worse and worse; a finally, we fled town in the middle the night to escape his debts. My mo er was a skilled seamstress and co have earned enough to hold the fam together, but I guess she had reac the end of her emotional tether. S put my brothers and me on a train a sent us to live with our grandmoth Then Mother got on the next tra going in the opposite direction. I didn see her again until I was seventee The last time I saw my father, he w drinking straight rubbing alcohol. H died soon afterward of cancer of t throat.

"My father used to tell me, 'Yo mother's a great gal.' Why do peop tell such lies? In truth, she was co and selfish. Why do we play the stupid roles?

"Ruth's not to blame for our tro bles; she's done her best. It's just tha don't enjoy the role of husband a father; yet I don't want to lose her my family."

The counselor speaks

"Harry's dilemma was a classic ca of wanting to have his cake and eat too. He had a tremendous need adventure and romance; and, at t same time, he needed a home with mother figure in it. He had never h a permanent relationship with anyo before he met Ruth. At the beginni of their marriage, she was the stro person. As he gained self-confiden he became domineering and she beca more and more subdued.

"This was one of those cases whe a man loves his wife, but doesn't pa ticularly like her, especially because her dependence on him. She wanted dissolve her life in his—because, real she had no life of her own.

"Many of Harry's marital problem were related to his vocation. Had been more satisfied in his work, would not have had such a need f excitement and challenge elsewhere.

"And, of course, both Harry a Ruth were reinforcing the charac traits they didn't like in the oth Harry had a great need for priva and living space; by constantly qu tioning him, Ruth drove him into an and silence. On the other hand, sin Harry gave Ruth so little informati she was forced to speculate and e plain things to herself. This led to fe ings of suspicion and rejection and, timately, to the emotional outbur that Harry found so threatening—

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Desert Flower Gift Sets

use he didn't want to lose his wife. "He couldn't tell her things because was so afraid of her hysterical enes. Ruth simply had to learn to have in such a way that Harry uldn't find it necessary to lie.

"This involved building up Ruth's elings of self-worth. I suggested that e take a part-time job, which she did d soon began to enjoy the attention d appreciation of other men.

'I also told her to accept the fact at, whether she liked it or not, she s in competition with other women her husband's attention. She should end some money on her hair and thes to improve her dowdy appearce. The next time I saw her, she s wearing a lovely pale blue dress at enhanced her willowy figure.

'It was also essential that these two d some activities that appealed to rry's cultural interests. Harry enrs philosophical discussions and ssical music. Since the couple lives a university town, it was easy to ommodate his interests.

'They also decided that they needed w social outlets, and joined a local urch with a high proportion of well-ucated, stimulating people. Harry ned the choir. Both agnostics, they joy long evenings of discussion with eir new friends.

'A turning point in their marriage me when Ruth decided she had to ow about the other women in rry's life. 'You are not going to tell any more lies,' she told him. 'I'm pared to accept the truth.' He plied, 'If I tell you, you may leave .' Ruth said it was more hurtful to know. He then promised to anr truthfully anything she asked.

'Ruth then calmly heard about his w over-with, year long affair with divorcée. She also learned about one-night fling with a girl he met bar about a year ago. Ruth told me er, 'I felt so relieved—so happy that trusted me to handle my feelings. rry told me that he felt like a new n; an enormous load of guilt had lifted from his shoulders. We de a contract to be open and truthabout everything from that moment I had thought it was Harry's inlity that had bothered me, but it s also his dishonesty. I have a trust him now that I never had before.'

'On his part, Harry found his relanship with his wife becoming much re interesting when she found a t-time job and enrolled in a few versity courses. He has become less erested in other women since Ruth given him more latitude. 'Maybe anted the sense of freedom more n the actual experience,' he said.

They decided that each was free to e off for a weekend each month. th has visited old friends, gone to kend retreats, and has always rened home much refreshed in mind d spirit. 'I never realized how much eeded freedom until I found myself hout a child in tow—for the first in twenty-five years,' she said. erestingly, Harry has yet to avail nself of his 'free weekend.'

Ruth and Harry now report that ir relationship is better than ever ore. Sex relations are more sponeous, and frequent—and Harry has n begun to enjoy his work." END

rothy Cameron Disney is on vacan. She will return next month.

Signature French Clutch $12.00*

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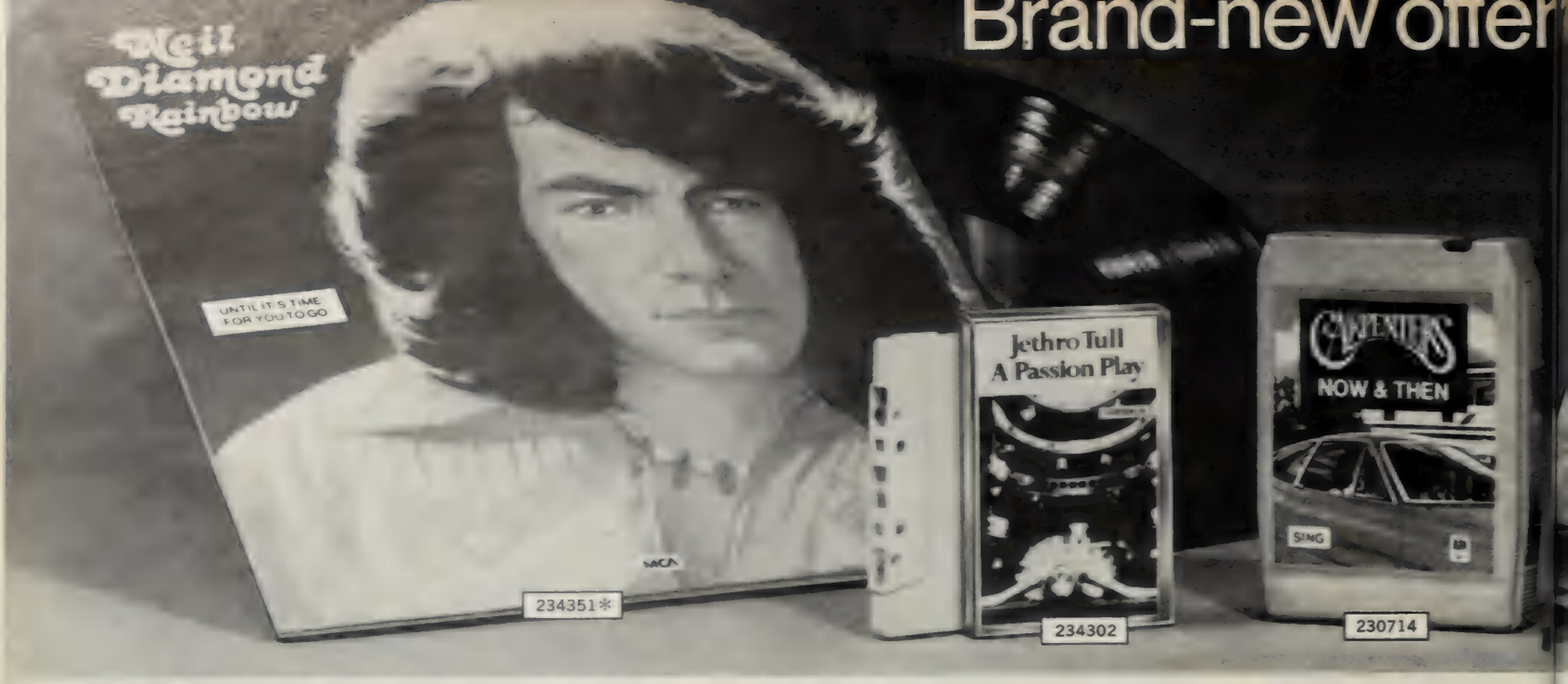


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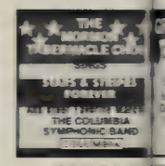
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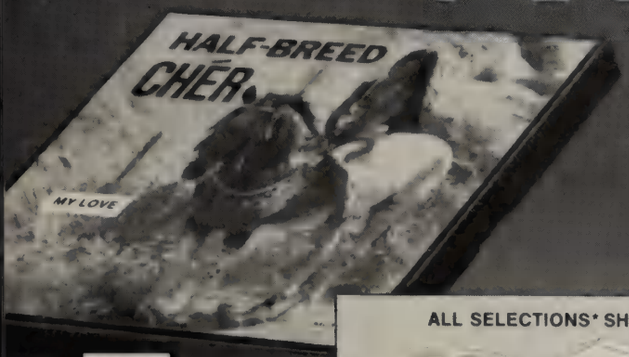
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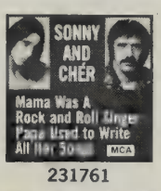
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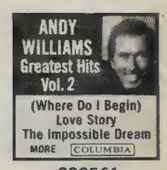
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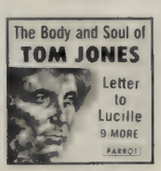
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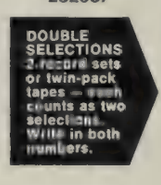
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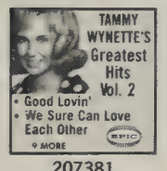
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YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

BY THEODORE I. RUBIN, M.D.

Should we baptize our baby to please my husband's parents? At age 50, am I too old to change? What makes a hero worshiper? Psychiatrist Theodore I. Rubin answers readers' questions.

Baptizing our baby

We are expecting our first child in six months and we are very happy and excited. There is one problem: My husband and I were raised as Roman Catholics, but have quietly fallen away from the church. My husband's parents are strict Catholics and have already brought up the subject of baptism. I feel that we should not baptize our child just to please his parents; my husband thinks we should. I understand my husband's not wanting to hurt his parents (I love them, too), but do you think baptizing the baby to please them is the right thing to do?

Since you and your husband have left the Catholic church and his parents have not, I can assume that, symbolically, baptism means more to them than it does to you. If you feel solid in your own beliefs, why invest the symbol with disproportionate importance now? Baptizing the baby but raising him as you desire are not mutually exclusive. I see your baptizing the baby as a compassionate action, not a hypocritical one. Compassion serves human purpose best wherever it is possible to apply it. It is possible in your case.

Taking deep breaths

Is it true that by deep-breathing clean, fresh air, I can clear my head and think more sharply?

Some European researchers claim that deep breathing has helped older people to regain their memories and clear their thinking abilities. This European theory is based on the fact that the brain requires oxygen and that more oxygen is carried to the brain by the blood if good oxygenation of the lungs takes place. However, rapid, deep breathing for too long a time can produce hyperventilation, which causes headiness and even fainting. I would also suggest that anyone who attempts deeper-than-usual breathing should first check out the air pollution levels.

A hostile husband

My husband and I have a fairly good relationship; we both need and appreciate each other. But he frequently makes disparaging remarks about me and often makes hostile remarks about women in general. Why?

A great many men need women and can't do without them. But many men don't like or respect women. This attitude usually stems from childhood experiences based on how a man's parents related to each other and to other women in the family. A mother's lack of self-respect and a father's contempt for women can be perceived by young boys—even though this awareness may not be obvious.

You say your husband *needs* you. This needing or dependency on women—especially in men who have confused notions about masculinity—often produces self-contempt, which the man then transfers to women, since they represent constant reminders of his dependency.

Laughing at tragedy

I can't seem to keep from giggling or laughing at inappropriate times—especially in the middle of tragic and sad events. Why?

Some people react to embarrassment, tension, anxiety, fear, or repressed anger by laughing. This inappropriate emotion is used to cover up their fear of showing how they truly feel. However inappropriate it may seem in non-funny situations, giggling is your active expression of feeling and, as such, relieves your tension.

Too late to change?

I am 50 years old. Is it too late for me—a relatively rigid, closed kind of person—to change and become a more open woman?

With motivation and willingness to struggle, a person can grow and change regardless of age.

Male hormones

I think my husband is going through "male menopause." He is depressed and for the first time in our marriage has lost all interest in sex. Friends have suggested that he take the male hormone testosterone. What is your opinion on this?

Lack of interest in sex often accompanies emotional depression, which usually has no physiological basis at all, but which is psychiatrically connected to "growing old." Psychoanalytic psychotherapy is helpful in the treatment of such depression, common to both female and male menopause. Some doctors use antidepressant drugs along with psychotherapy—both of which are preferable to hormone treatments in terms of efficiency, and present fewer complications. Hormone treatments must be handled with great care. This is especially true of giving testosterone to men of middle age or older. Malignancy of the prostate gland is fairly common in older men, and improper use of hormones can accelerate a cancer's growth and cause it to spread. In any case, it would be advisable for your husband to have a psychiatric consultation before treatment of *any* kind.

Homosexual influence

My oldest son is 20, and is interested in interior decorating. He has always been artistic and has already designed some interesting, beautiful furniture. He is very masculine and, of course, very interested in girls. I've heard that this field has many homosexuals in it. Can association with homosexual people influence a young man?

No field of work is either masculine or feminine. Both heterosexual and homosexual people can be interested in *any* field. Therefore, interest in a particular field must not be construed as evidence of an underlying homosexual problem. Unfortunately, people shy away from areas of interest because they fear people will consider them homosexual. Homosexuality is a complex condition which, according to most experts, has its roots in very early childhood. It is as difficult for heterosexual people to become homosexual as for homosexual people to become heterosexual. If your son has no underlying problems, the influence of other people at his age is negligible. Besides, homosexual people have no special proclivity, interest, or motivation in converting heterosexuals into homosexuals.

Too much perfume

My neighbor must use a half bottle of perfume every time she goes out her door. Her makeup is always overdone, too. When I finally got up the nerve to ask her why, all she said to me was, "I like it." Why would she like it?

There can be any number of reasons why your neighbor acts as she does. Anxious, tense people actually do have a problem with how they smell—because anxiety brings on excessive perspiration and an ammonia-like odor. Perfume is often used to hide such smells. Women with considerable self-hate have the illusion that they emit distasteful odors and that they look repulsive. These people will do anything to hide or disguise themselves because they feel certain that they are offensive to others. Women who desperately need to reassure themselves of their sex appeal will exaggerate the use of perfume and makeup, or wear bizarre clothes, in a desperate and compulsive effort to be noticed.

A broken heart

Back in my fairytale days, I reme ber asking my mother if the princ would really die of a broken hear the prince didn't find her in ti Now my daughter is asking me same question. What is your ans —medically speaking?

The princess (or anyone else) c not die directly from a broken he —but severe emotional reactions cause a sudden rise in blood p sure, rapid heart beat, and ot physiological responses. These sponses, when combined with a existing weakened condition, n contribute to heart attacks, stro (cerebral hemorrhage), even de Actually, all emotional reacti have physiological counterparts, physiological reactions have e tional counterparts, too. This is cause the physical and emotional sponses are occurring in the s human being, and so they must nect and influence one anot However, most physical reaction emotional problems are not dram and are often too subtle to be det ed without proper instruments close examination.

Hero worship

My friend is a hero worshiper. her, the U.S.A., the President, other famous people are *alu* right, no matter what. Why? I my country, but I can't abandon critical sense or ignore the obv need for improvement in cer areas.

Some adults transfer their childh idealizations from their parent institutions, causes, religion, country, or famous individu These idols are always so ren that they cannot be examined cl ly. Hero worshipers avoid ideali individuals they actually know cause to know someone is to re nize their human fallibilities— such knowledge would destroy a fect image. Idealizing remote pe often begins when children disc that their parents have human tations.

Hero worship is also an atte to compensate for inner feelin insecurity by identifying with dividuals whom the worshiper dows with unshakable bea truth, purity, and righteousn Criticism of any image to which have given these God-like pro tions is seen as an attack on strength, and as a threat of pos exposure of feelings of weakness uncertainty.

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin swers questions on your pers marriage, family, and emoti problems. The doctor is a known psychoanalyst who prac in New York and is the autho Lisa and David *and* The Thin by a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist. *new book is* Emergency R Diary.

If you have questions for Rubin to answer in his col please address them to him in of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 ington Ave., New York, N.Y. 1 We regret that only letters sel for use in the column can answered.

Why Viceroy Longs?

Well if you tried as many long cigarettes as I have you wouldn't ask. It's taste. And I mean taste.

Taste it all in Viceroy Longs.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Long Size: 18 mg "tar," 1.3 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

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Just about everybody makes inexpensive casual luggage. But not everybody makes it like we do.

We make it out of a durable vinyl. And we put extra-strength zippers and double-stitched edges into every piece.

Our 9 models of luggage come in 4 colors: strawberry, tourist gold, birchwood and bermuda brown.

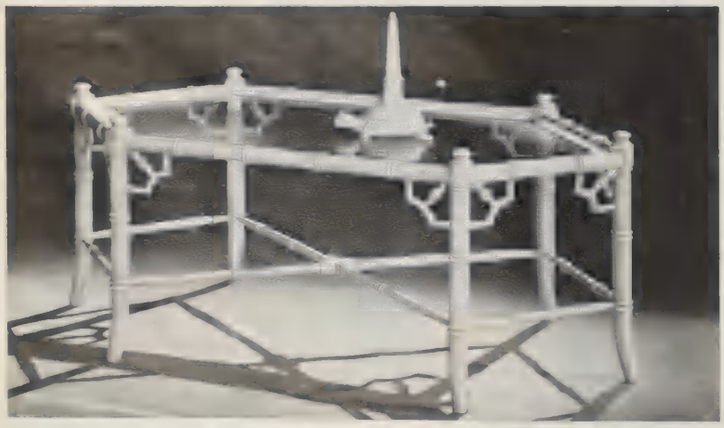
You can get the tote bag for $25 and the 24" pullman case for $40. Then all you have to think about is where to take them.



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American Tourister Casual Luggage

GIVE YOURSELF A COCKTAIL PRETTY



The Allegro II cocktail table. Elegant bamboo turnings, delicate fretwork, and a beveled glass top that's cocktail-proof. Just one of 48 lovely pieces in two lighthearted finishes: Pearl, a lovely brushed white with subtle glazing, and Fresh Lemon, a lively soft brushed yellow.

For the name of the Thomasville Allegro II dealer nearest you, call this toll-free number anytime: 800-243-6000. (In Conn. 800-882-6500.) Or write Thomasville, Box LHG2, Thomasville, N.C. 27360.

Thomasville FURNITURE

FROM THE INDOOR WORLD® OF Armstrong



POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

For me, a magic carpet would be one you didn't have to vacuum.

If it's the kind of a place that has to have a sign out front that says "OPEN", it's usually closed.

I keep a hammer, a screw driver, and a pair of pliers in every room in the house where I might need them. That way I always know where to look for them. I can never *find* them, of course, but at least I know where to look.

Letting your conscience be your guide is about as reliable today as using a road map printed ten years ago.

It's not hard to find out what makes most people tick—but the thing you have to figure is, how long they tick before they explode!

I'm suspicious of any book where the author's name is in bigger print than the title.

You're much more likely to get a doctor's attention with one big ailment than a lot of little ones.

Getting to know some people better is about as interesting as peeling an onion . . . all you get is another layer of onion.

People are using more obscenities and fewer profanities . . . does that mean we're getting more religious?

I like a little honest criticism—as long as it isn't about *me*.

The only way we're going to be able to change the way things look for Christmas is to take the decorations *down* on the 24th!

The closest I've ever come to making a killing on anything is breaking even.

In some cities it's hard to tell landmarks from the eyesores.

I prefer people who are hone square to those who are fake

Even the school of hard knock having trouble getting students r

Every record I hear played on ra is described as a hit. What I'd is a disc jockey who only plays ones that flop.

They are either going to have make the outside of a loaf of br harder, or quit calling it the cr

I would hate to have to point some of the actors they say are m stars in a police line-up.

One thing that worries me is, beginning to understand obs movies!

The easiest way to get a teen-ag be quiet is to ask him where been when he gets home.

I'm always surprised when a taurant with pictures of famous ple on the walls is any good.

My collection of cookbooks is superior to my cooking.

There's no point in knowing a s if you can't find the right perso tell it to.

It might help change their atti towards other drivers if moto clists had to wear seat belts.

Wisecracks are fun, but if they sold on the open market I t they'd be a lot cheaper than kinds of humor.

I'm beginning to think there's to most things than meets the



"I'm not very brave about doing things to my hair. But Frost & Tip sort of takes you by the hand and leads the way. It has everything you need right in the kit. And you can do a little or a lot. It's your choice. I really like that."

"Sometimes having plain old parted-in-the-middle-dishwater hair is plain old dull. So I streaked it. It's really terrific looking."

"My hair was so nothing, I had to do something. Frost & Tip was perfect. Clairol's made it so simple it's hard to go wrong. They've planned it so the whole thing grows out gracefully. And it's nice to know it doesn't cost a fortune, either. But the best part is people always think I've had it done."

"I think frosting is really a classy look. You're not changing your whole haircolor, you're just adding some interest."

Anyway you want to do it, Frost & Tip® does it.



irol Incorporated



SYLVIA PORTER

SPENDING YOUR MONEY

"Growth Recession"
At a meeting of our company's employes recently, the chief economist in our organization gave a speech in which he told us the country was in for a "Growth Recession," and he implied that we had all better start working harder if we want to keep our jobs. I really didn't understand a word he said. What is a Growth Recession? What would that do to employes such as me, in sales?

Growth Recession is what the words imply, a slowdown in the rate of growth in our economy, but not a slowdown sufficient to erase growth entirely. This is predicted for 1974.

An actual recession would be a decline in our total production in 1974 to under 1973, a slowdown severe enough to send joblessness into a jump and profits into a slump. We had such a recession in 1969-70.

A Growth Recession would be a slowdown in our growth from the high rates of 1973 to, say, only 2–2½ percent in the early months of 1974. We'd still be growing but at a much slower rate. This would be sufficient to result in increased unemployment, and it might endanger your sales job. Much depends, however, on how valuable an employe you have been.

Wife's Wages
What's the proportion of a family's total income contributed by today's working wife?

According to the U.S. Department of Labor's Bureau of Labor Statistics, in a family headed by a married man, in which the wife works, the wife's earnings account for a little more than 27 percent of the average family income. One reason the working wife's contribution seems small is that women are more likely than men to hold lower-paying jobs. Another is sheer discrimination, and the following single fact is just one hint at the extent of pay discrimination that still exists: One out of three men who are recent college graduates and employed full-time earn more than $10,000 a year. In contrast, only one in 14 full-time working women who are recent graduates earn that.

December Sales
I'm well aware of the big clothing sales that are on every July and August. Isn't there a big winter season for clothing sales too?

This month, December, is bargain season for children's clothing, women's and children's coats, children's hats, men's and boys' suits, men's and women's shoes. Next month you'll find the big bargains in furs, men's coats, costume jewelry, dresses, handbags, men's hats, infants' wear, lingerie, men's shorts, shoes, and sportswear.

Health Costs
Just how much money are you likely to save by joining a Health Maintenance Organization?

I don't think anybody can give a solid answer to that, since there has been no measurement of long range "savings" implied by good preventive health care versus strictly crisis care when you become acutely ill.

But one of the biggest and be such groups in the nation today, tl 25-year-old Group Health Cooper tive of Puget Sound in Seattl Wash., charges about $20 per mon for Federal employee members. Th covers a wide range of out-patie services (including 10 mental heal visits a year, doctors' services, l tests, prescribed drugs, immuniz tions, eye exams) and hospital ben fits (including prescribed priva duty nursing, ambulance, surger lab tests, physical therapy).

Compare that price with tl health insurance premium you' now paying (or your employer paying) to give an indication your possible savings.

Reinvestment
A mutual fund in which my husba and I are considering buying shar offers investors an "automatic rei vestment" option. Just what is th option, and do you recommend ta ing advantage of it?

By electing this option, you are si ply instructing your mutual fund use the dividends and/or capi gains accumulated on your shares buy more shares (or fractions shares). I do recommend a sound vestment plan that also offers an a tomatic re- *(continued on page 3*

Miss Porter welcomes questio from readers. Those of general inte est will be answered in this colun as space permits.

Long Christmas list?



RELAX
YOU'VE GOT MASTER CHARGE

Sporting goods, jewelry, toys, cameras. Get all your holiday gifts now with your Master Charge card (it's good in more places across the country than any other card). Then, stretch out your payments, if you like. And relax.

master charge
THE INTERBANK CARD

How far does 70¢ go when you dial direct on weekends?

New York to Los Angeles.
San Francisco to Washington, D.C.
Miami to Spokane.
Atlanta to Reno.

Any weekend, for 70¢ plus tax (less for shorter distances), you can dial your own three-minute out-of-state call to anywhere in the U.S. except Alaska and Hawaii. The rate is good any Saturday from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m., any Sunday from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. We're talking about station-to-station calls completed from a home or office phone without operator assistance. Also calls placed with an operator from those same phones where direct dialing facilities are not available. Dial-direct rates do not apply to person-to-person, coin, hotel-guest, credit-card, or collect calls, or to calls charged to another number, because an operator must assist on such calls. So this weekend, every weekend, dial it yourself and save.

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.



investment feature. Dividends you take in cash tend to be dividends quickly spent, while dividends automatically reinvested become "money in the bank."

Sides of Beef

We have just acquired a large home freezer and we plan to buy whole sides of beef and even whole steers when they're available at bargain prices. How much edible meat is there on, say, a 1,000-lb. steer? I'd like to know so I can compare the asking price for a steer versus what's available at the supermarket.

A 1,000 lb. choice steer on the hoof dresses out to about 615 lbs. Remove fat and bone and related waste and you have just 432 lbs. of edible meat. Here's a rundown on the average amounts of steak and roasts you can expect. Most of the rest will be hamburger, stew meat, kidneys, short ribs, pot roasts, etc.

	Salable Meat
Chuck steak	9.9 lbs.
Standing rib roasts	24.2
Rib steaks	12.4
Porterhouse steak	18.7
T-bone steak	9.5
Club steak	5.2
Sirloin steak	41.4
Top round	21.0
Bottom round	20.3
Tip steak	13.1
Rump roast	4.8

College Loans

With college tuitions rising steeply every year, I'm definitely going to need help in financing my education. What is the best time for a prospective student to apply for college scholarships and/or loans?

At exactly the same time you apply for admission to a college—or, better yet *now*, before the end of the year (see current college catalogs for deadlines at the colleges which interest you).

Divorce Fees

My husband and I are getting a "friendly" divorce and there are no settlements to quibble about. However, my lawyer insists that my husband pay all the legal fees and my husband is playing very hard to get. Neither of us has any money, just our jobs. What's the usual deal for lawyer's fees in divorces of my kind?

Normally, the husband pays all legal fees. In fact, in many states the husband *must* pay his wife's lawyer. If you were pressing the divorce or if you had a large independent income, you might have to pay part or most of the fees.

But in the situation you describe, your lawyer is merely asking for the usual procedure.

Charitable Deductions

I'm planning to give $500 as Christmas contributions to various charities I've worked for this year. I've tried to convince my husband that this $500 is actually less then half in real costs to him because he can take it off our income tax. He won't believe me. Can you help? He earns around $40,000 a year and we file a joint return.

You're not precisely on target, but you're close. Assuming you are married, file a joint return and itemize your deductions, the out-of-pocket cost of every $100 contribution at your income level of $40,000 is $55. A charitable contribution always costs you less than the apparent dollar total. Even at the $6,000 income level, a $100 contribution would cost a couple filing a joint return and itemizing their deductions a net of only $81. Not a large item, but worth considering.

Car Financing

We're thinking of buying a used for my husband to use to commut the suburban railroad station. Wh the least expensive way to financ used car?

As a general rule, used car dea charge the highest interest rates, w credit unions and banks charge lowest rates. Finance companies other lenders are somewhere in tween. If you are eligi go first to your credit u and ask for its terms. T query your local banks savings institutions be you even consider accep the terms offered by used car dealer.

Comparison Shoppin

I couldn't agree with more on the need to every possible way to down family food bills course, "comparison s ping"—or making price parisons as you go—is most basic rule of all. this can be a real nuis if your grocery store do have unit prices poste its shelves—and stores i area don't. Do you k how much diligent com son shopping is really li to be worth to the shop

Heed these results of cent experiment by York's First National Bank, which dispatched shoppers to one super ket, each equipped with same shopping list.

One shopper was structed to compare pr the other was not. Re Shopper #1 paid $25.1 the items on the list. S per #2 paid $36.30 fo same items. By failin compare prices, Shoppe paid 44% more than S per #1.

Airline Liability

Can you tell me the m mum amount of liab an international airlin sumes in the event of d or serious injury to a senger?

In most cases, the lim $75,000 per passenger trip to or from the U involving a stopover i U.S. That amount is "proven" losses and inc legal fees and other co making a claim. And it applies wh or not you (or survivors) can show the airline has been negligent.

For flights completely outside U.S., the situation is more complic Most airlines are registered in c tries that subscribe to the "Hague Protocol" and limit thei bility to approximately $16,400. S airlines, registered in countries have signed only the 1929 Wa Convention, limit their liabilit about $8,200.

To find out the limit which ap on your flight, ask the airline which you plan to fly.



The dry skin solution.

Jergens Extra Dry Skin Formula has been specifically designed to treat severe dry skin problems.

Here's how it works.

First, moisture is restored to severely dried skin by a rich blend of moisturizers. This smoothes away scaliness, soothes soreness.

Then, Jergens Extra Dry acts as a protective barrier to reduce loss of the skin's own moisture.

Finally, it helps skin heal naturally and permits normal tissue growth when used regularly.

The result: Softer, more attractive skin.

If you have severe dry skin on hands, elbows, knees or anywhere, let Jergens Extra Dry Skin Formula go to work on it.



Representation of Skin Cross-section

Jergens Skin Care Laboratories

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Fisher-Price makes toys you can trust with a baby.

These are our Crib & Playpen Toys.

The only parts that come apart are the ones that are supposed to. Our edges stay smooth. Our colors are chewable. Our plastics are tough. And our works keep working.

That's a promise.

Because Fisher-Price has been making toys for over 40 years. So we know how amazingly strong a curious baby can be.

And we never forget that a child learns best from what he enjoys most.

So we made all our Crib & Playpen Toys bright, lively and fascinating. To giggle at, goggle at, bathe with, teethe on. Toys that help a baby discover he can make things happen all by himself.

He swats at a clown. It spins around. Presses on a button. Bells ring. And the next thing you know, he's making wheels turn, colors whirl, music play and towers rise.

And he hasn't even taken his first step.



Look for Crib & Playpen Toys at your favorite Fisher-Price Toy Center.

Price Toys, East Aurora, New York 14052 Division of The Quaker Oats Company

Salem Super King Size: It's long on refreshment

...like the Salem Long and Natural dress pattern--- yours for 50¢ and one empty Salem Super King pack.

It's a long, lovely ankle-skimming sheath. And we'll show you how to make it, even if you've never sewn before. Just 3 basic pattern pieces (sleeves included). Plus complete instructions on how to crochet the seam and neckline detail. It'll look great in just about any knit fabric. And you'll look pretty special, too. All the way from your Salem Super King down to your toes.



Original pattern designed especially for Salem by Nora O'Leary, Editor of *Needle & Craft*.

Salem Super King. Refreshes naturally, a few moments longer.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING: 19 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine, SUPER KING: 19 mg. "tar" 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.

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P.O. Box 9974, St. Paul, Minn. 55199

IMPORTANT: Send check or money order (no stamps please) and empty pack(s) by first class mail. Make payable to Salem Super King Dress Pattern Offer.

Please send me _____ Salem Super King Dress Pattern(s). (Pattern can be adapted to fit all sizes.) For each pattern ordered I enclose one empty Salem Super King pack plus 50¢ to cover postage and handling.

I certify that I am 21 years of age or older.

Miss
Mrs.
Mr. _____
(Please Print Plainly)

Address _____ Phone No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip* _____

*U.S. Postal regulations require use of zip code. Please include. Allow six weeks for delivery. Offer expires December 31, 1974, is limited to U.S.A. and is not valid for shipment into states where prohibited or regulated.

Spirited Egg Nog. Nice and Easy.

Here's a nice-and-easy way to delight friends and relatives with delicious eggnog.

Just chill one quart can of Borden Egg Nog. Stir in 12 oz. Bacardi dark rum. Sprinkle with nutmeg or cinnamon and serve. Makes eleven 4-oz. servings.

Easy, isn't it? And it tastes like holiday eggnog should taste.

That's because Borden Egg Nog is rich, creamy and pure. And Bacardi dark rum is smooth, dry and mellow. So together they create a taste that's just great.

Keep them both on hand and you'll always be ready with something special for any occasion.

'Tis another reason to be jolly.



BACARDI rum and Borden Egg Nog



MEDICINE TODAY

BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

"Breast pumping" that induces labor . . . the controversies over "vaginal sterilization" and drugs for hyperactive children . . . and many other new developments in the field of medicine.

Breast-induced labor. Labor can be induced by using a breast pump on a woman's breasts, two Israeli obstetricians report. They pump the patient's breasts, one at a time, for 15 minutes, with 15-minute rest periods in between. This, they say, stimulates production of the hormone oxytocin, which makes the uterus contract. The technique has worked in seven women out of every ten. After delivery, the researchers say, the new mothers are not troubled by breast engorgement, and produce plentiful amounts of milk.

Polyps. Unlike hemorrhoids, rectal polyps usually are not painful. Therefore many people delay having them removed. Most polyps *are* harmless, but some are—or may become—cancerous. For this reason, Howard University surgical chief Dr. LaSalle Leffall, Jr., of Washington, D.C., told an American Cancer Society conference that, when possible, "all polyps" ought to be removed, "regardless of their size."

Plastic problem. Small plastic toys and household objects are a menace to the young. Australian pediatrician Dr. Clive Pyman explains that plastic does not show up on X rays. Thus there is no way short of surgery to tell if a child did or did not swallow a missing plastic object—and, if he did, there is no way to find it. A piece of plastic that slips into the lungs can cause a fatal, pneumonia-like infection. Dr. Pyman hopes to prod the plastics industry into putting radiopaque dye into its products so they can be detected by X-ray.

Vaginal sterilization. Removal of a woman's uterus through her vagina, rather than through an abdominal incision, has become quite popular with gynecologists and their patients. International Planned Parenthood recently praised the procedure, called *colpotomy*, saying that it "involves less post-operative pain," may be less frightening than an abdominal operation, and leaves no visible scar. A medical research team at George Washington University reviewed published reports on colpotomies performed on American and European women. They found that the incidence of fever, pain, and other complications were "appr mately twice as high" as they w in abdominal sterilization. Col omy thus appears to be the *m* painful procedure.

Hyperactivity drugs. The use drugs such as Ritalin (methylph date) to calm hyperactive child is increasingly being criticized doctors. Dr. Mark Stewart and S Wendkos Olds, in their helpful book *Raising a Hyperactive C* (Harper & Row), say these dr must be used with great cautio and only after all else has fai They say drugs must be conside temporary expedients, to be gi under a doctor's supervision, in junction with behavioral or psyc therapy. They urge that the dr be given only during school hou not after school or on weekends

"The Killers." TV specials on five diseases that kill most Am icans are being presented by Pu Broadcasting Service (PBS) tions across the U.S. Upcoming December 17: inborn genetic fects. Lung disease, trauma, cancer will follow; heart disease covered on November 19. Ch your local PBS station for the da

Disposables. A throwaway therm eter called Temputer, which c less than a dime, is being tested U.S. hospitals.

It is a sterile-packed plastic tu enclosing a heat-sensitive m strip that will register a temperat rise but can't go back down. Thu can be used just once

Gifts for the blind. Many ingeni aids for the blind are manufactu by small companies that do not vertise widely. So the blind do know such products exist.

To solve this problem, the Am ican Foundation for the Blind just published an International C alog of 1,100 such aids and ap ances for the sightless: talking boo writing tools, toys, puzzles, kitch equipment, devices for needlew and sewing, and many other Chr mas gift possibilities. The Cata itself might be a welcome prese Send $2 to Publications, AFB, West 16th St., New York, N 10011.

"It takes more than a minute to recondition damaged hair."

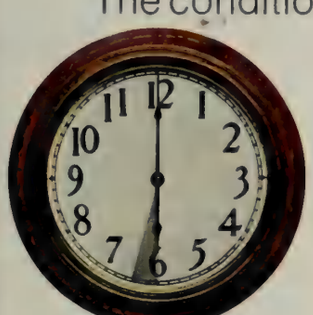
Julius Caruso



"I could sell my customers quick treatments. Time is money. But when I see damaged hair... I use condition*.

condition* is a protein-rich cream... contains more protein than other leading conditioners.

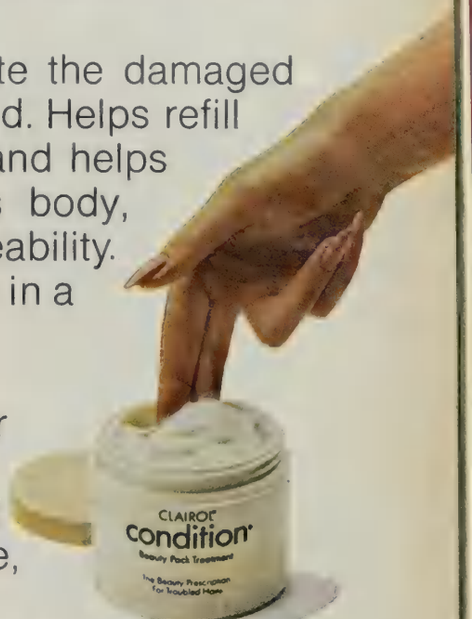
The condition* Beauty Pack Treatment is an intense 30-minute process. The time helps it penetrate the damaged areas of your hair. Quickie conditioners, cream rinses, and balsams lubricate the surface of your hair. Give hair a smooth feel and take out tangles. But damaged hair needs condition*.



Doesn't your hair deserve 30 minutes?

On your hair, condition* works in a very special way. The natural warmth of your scalp helps the protein-rich cream reach and penetrate the damaged areas of each strand. Helps refill damaged areas...and helps restore your hair's body, texture, and manageability. This can't be done in a minute.

I see so much mistreated hair. Hair that's become lifeless from haphazard care, over-exposure, teasing. Hair that's impossible to work with. I'm a stylist. I love to work with healthy-looking, manageable hair. So first I correct the problem with condition*. It takes time.



Actually seeks out the damaged areas.



The protein-rich cream makes your hair look healthy again.

But to look truly beautiful... hair must look healthy. Really...so many women need condition*."

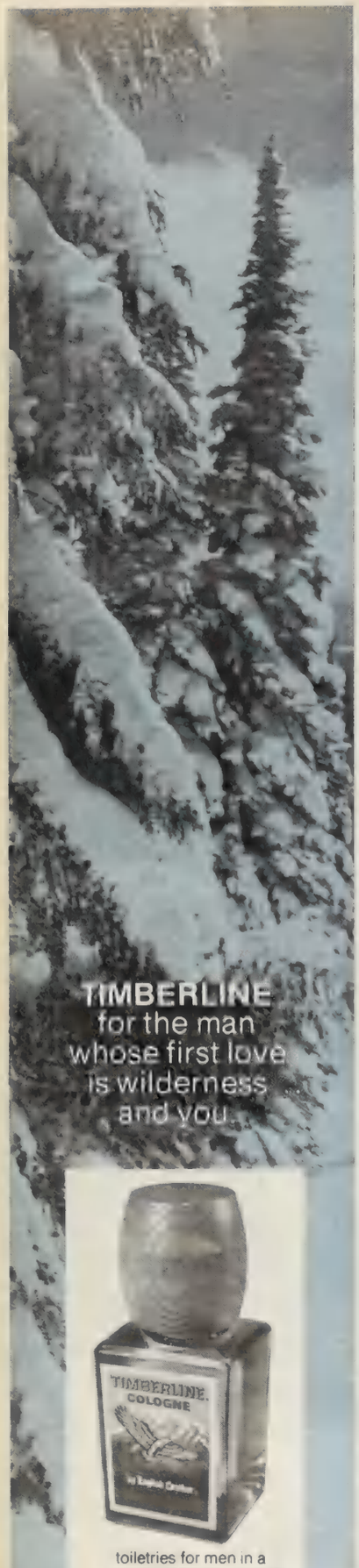
Available in cream pack. Or instant lotion... for touch-ups.

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The professional treatment for mistreated hair.



toiletries for men in a
rugged refreshing scent

"To the tall green woods
came I
To his arms to love,
to lie . . ."
Anne Wickham

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AMY VANDERBILT

Gifts for Nuns
Even with the "new look" in nuns' clothing, I find buying gifts for nuns a problem. Can you suggest anything appropriate?

It is really much easier now to find suitable gifts for nuns, but different orders do have different regulations, so it is necessary to determine just what is allowed. Ecclesiastical jewelry is worn by many of the orders. Most orders seem not to permit cosmetics, but cologne is acceptable. Gift certificates to a local beauty parlor might be very welcome as are undergarments (including panty hose) and slippers. Books, records, and concert or opera tickets are a good solution, too.

Separate Cards
Each Christmas my husband and I receive separate cards from his married son. Why does he do this?

Your stepson should, of course, address cards to you and your husband jointly. Perhaps he is trying to show you extra attention. If you have a chance to do so before he sends out his cards this year, say to him, "Joe, why don't you just send us one card jointly and save the trouble and expense of sending two cards? One will do nicely and we'd love to get it."

Teen-agers' Gifts
Will you describe a few correct gifts —not too personal—that teen-agers can give their girl- or boyfriends for Christmas or birthdays?

Teen-agers and many young adults don't seem to realize that some gifts are indeed too personal—and, even if they don't cause embarrassment to the receiver, could cause raised eyebrows among conservative adults. What are these gifts? Sleepwear, money, expensive jewelry (costume jewelry or simple gold-filled jewelry with cultured pearls is all right). Some clothing is inappropriate (shoes and coats, for example), but no one would turn a hair today if a girl gave a boy a shirt. Ties have always been approved, as are gloves, scarves, and socks. A boy shouldn't give a girl a dress, but he may give her a scarf, a sweater, a ski hat (not a mink one!). Books, records, candy, flowers are all fine, but liquor and cigarettes are not. When teen-agers earn considerable sums or receive generous allowances, they often want to spend a great deal of money for such gifts. It is hard to give a ceiling, but I'd like to suggest under $20—preferably much, much under. It is the idea that counts, remember?

Signing Cards
My son-in-law calls us Mr. and Mrs. Brown, which sounds so unfriendly. How should we sign cards to him?

You should never sign "Mr. and Mrs. Brown" on any greeting card to anyone. Use "Mary and John Brown" (or "John and Mary Brown"). I suspect that most young people today call their in-laws by their first names, and you may wish to suggest this to your son-in-law. Or suggest "Mother Brown" and "Father Brown" as a solution.

Doctor's Dilemma
Should a doctor send thank-you notes for gifts from patients, or should his secretary do this for him?

I have known very busy doctors who hand-write a word or so of thanks on engraved correspondence cards. Many doctors' wives take on this social responsibility, writing brief personal notes on foldovers. I have even known doctors who receive hundreds of gifts, especially at Christmastime, to use engraved acknowledgments—but this does seem too mechanical. If gifts are numerous and the doctor really hasn't time to sign letters, let alone dictate them, a good secretary could handle it tactfully. She should mention the specific gift, thank the givers in the doctor's name, and sign the notes herself. I'd like to hear other possible solutions to this problem from my doctor readers.

Party for Mother
My mother wants to celebrate her 50th birthday with friends. I am 12 years old and can cook very well, and I want to have the party. What is the simplest way to do this for about 15 guests?

I think your idea is fine, but don't try to surprise your mother with a party. She may have made other plans. Tell her what you want to do. The party doesn't have to be on her actual birthdate, you know. Perhaps you can both pick a day that would be more convenient for you. When I was your age, I always found Sunday night supper a fine time to show off my culinary talents. You might find this time perfect for the party you plan for your mother. A buffet would be the simplest way to do this.

Christmas Portrait
I married a divorced man. His
dren live with us. We want to
our mothers a portrait of our
family as a Christmas gift an
use the same picture on a Chris
card. Some friends said it woul
be in good taste since the chil
aren't mine. What do you th
How should cards be signed, whe
or not they include the photogr

I think your idea is a very good
and that your friends would lo
receive this picture on a Chris
card. I suggest you sign it: Jane
Tom Peterson, Penny and Ron

Single Adoption
I am a single woman who has
adopted a two-year-old child. W
kind of announcement should I s

I think your lovely news deser
brief note, something like this: "
will be happy to know that I
just adopted a two-year-old
whose name is Patricia. I hope
will be able to welcome her s
You may, of course, send fill-in a
tion notices, but they may be dif
to find in the form of a single par
announcement.

Plastic Covers
Is it proper to keep plastic co
on dining room chair seats w
serving dinner to guests?

If such protection is necessary w
the family is dining, you should
the covers off for guests and ask
family to be careful.

Housewarming
Some friends sent invitations
housewarming, informing each
ple what food they were to b
Was that proper?

This is new to me. I think th
friends decide to give a coup
housewarming and get toge
ahead of time concerning the
freshments, that is one thing. Bu
the couple to hold a housewar
and not plan to serve their ow
freshments is, let us say, unwis

Readers' Help
You sometimes ask for suggest
concerning gifts, and I'd like to
tribute two: When a second bab
rives not too long after the fir
send a toy to the older child,
often resents sharing his import
in the family with the new bab
never send birthday gifts to fri
who are in comfortable circ
stances; instead I send a chec
their honor to a charity in wh
they have shown interest.

These are very good ideas. I h
other readers will send more.

---

*Miss Vanderbilt welcomes quest
from readers and answers then
this column as space permits.
Now ready for* JOURNAL *read
Miss Vanderbilt's new book
"Large Parties" (open houses, a
versaries, house warmings, showe
Also "Letter Writing," "Engagen
and Wedding Etiquette," and "T
Manners." Send 75¢ in coin for
booklet to Miss Amy Vander
Box 1115, Weston, Conn. 06880*



Would you trust this moment
to anything less than Kodak film?



Kodak has a gift for keeping Christmas.





ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S ASTONISHING "FACE-LIFT"

Elizabeth Taylor a middle-aged frump who undergoes head-to-toe plastic surgery to win back her husband? Yes, but only in the movies! In her latest film, Paramount's *Ash Wednesday*, Elizabeth first appears—through the magic of makeup—as Henry Fonda's jowly, 55-year-old wife (above left). We then follow her, step by step, as plastic surgery changes her back into her naturally beautiful self (above right). "When I first read the script, it gave me a 'yukky' feeling," says Miss Taylor. "But for the next two months, I could remember every scene and every emotion this woman went through." Playing an "ugly duckling" didn't bother her. "But the stifling Latex makeup that I wore to look 'old' drove me crazy. Then I had to have post-surgical makeup—scars, stitches, bruises—ugh!" (Dr. Rodolphe Troques of Paris, a plastic surgeon, acted as film consultant to insure that all surgical scenes were accurate.) Personally, Miss Taylor doubts she will ever undergo plastic surgery. "I don't worry about growing old," she says. "We can't stop the inevitable, so why try? I'm forty-one and have never felt better. Plastic surgery isn't for me—simply because I don't base my happiness on the physical aspects of life. But it's relative, don't you think? I mean, if plastic surgery makes one happier, then why not? We only live for seventy years or so, so do what makes you happy."



In the film, Miss Taylor undergoes plastic surgery for sagging eyelids, chin, breasts, thighs, stomach and buttocks.



Following the "face-lift", she is wrapped in authentic surgical bandages.



Later, the bandages are removed, and a makeup artist adds startlingly realistic scars, stitches and bruises.



Finally, the "bruises" disappear, and behold! Elizabeth re-emerges at her most beautiful.

My neighbor and I didn't talk much. Until the day we went blonde, together.



Pam and I were the kind of neighbors that had fascinating conversations—like "Nice weather, isn't it?"

But last Thursday, while we were both working on our patios, I complimented her on her new hair cut. And I guess, if there's anything that two women can talk about, it's their hair.

In fact, it broke the ice so much, Pam invited me in for coffee. And I found out that she had the same dream of going blonde that I did. Only in a different shade.

Pam wanted to be a cool ash blonde. (She was beginning to gray, and she thought it would be a softer way to hide it than going darker.)

While, I wanted to light up my drab complexion. And I could close my eyes and see myself with hair like golden honey.

But as I told Pam, I'm just not the do-it-yourself type. Even putting on nail polish is a big challenge. So I've always been afraid I'd goof up the shade.

Well, Pam had heard about a technique they use in the finest salons. Because she'd talked to a friend who's a professional hair colorist, and he'd told her about Ultra Blue® Lady Clairol® Hair Lightener.

He said that Ultra Blue is the first step to every beautiful shade of blonde. Because it lifts the darkness out of your hair. Then, all you have to do is apply any Clairol toner and the shade you picked will come true.

I had to admit it sounded good. But Pam had an idea that sounded even better. "We don't have to do it by ourselves," she said, "Let's go blonde together."

And the next day we did.

First Pam gave me a hand in applying the Lady Clairol lightener and I did the same for her. Helping each other, it was easy. And we had so much fun talking, before we knew it—it was time to put on the toner.

That's all there was to it. And, you can see from the snapshot Pam's husband took how we turned out. He loved her as a blonde right from the start. But my husband is more conservative. When he first saw me, he was floored.

Now he says he won't talk to me if I ever go back.



Lady Clairol: You do it for her. She'll do it for you.

©1973 Clairol Incorporated

Once again, 100 Sweepstakes from Benson & Hedges 100's

Which are you bent on winning?

Look them over to see what tempts you and pick the sweepstakes you'll enter.

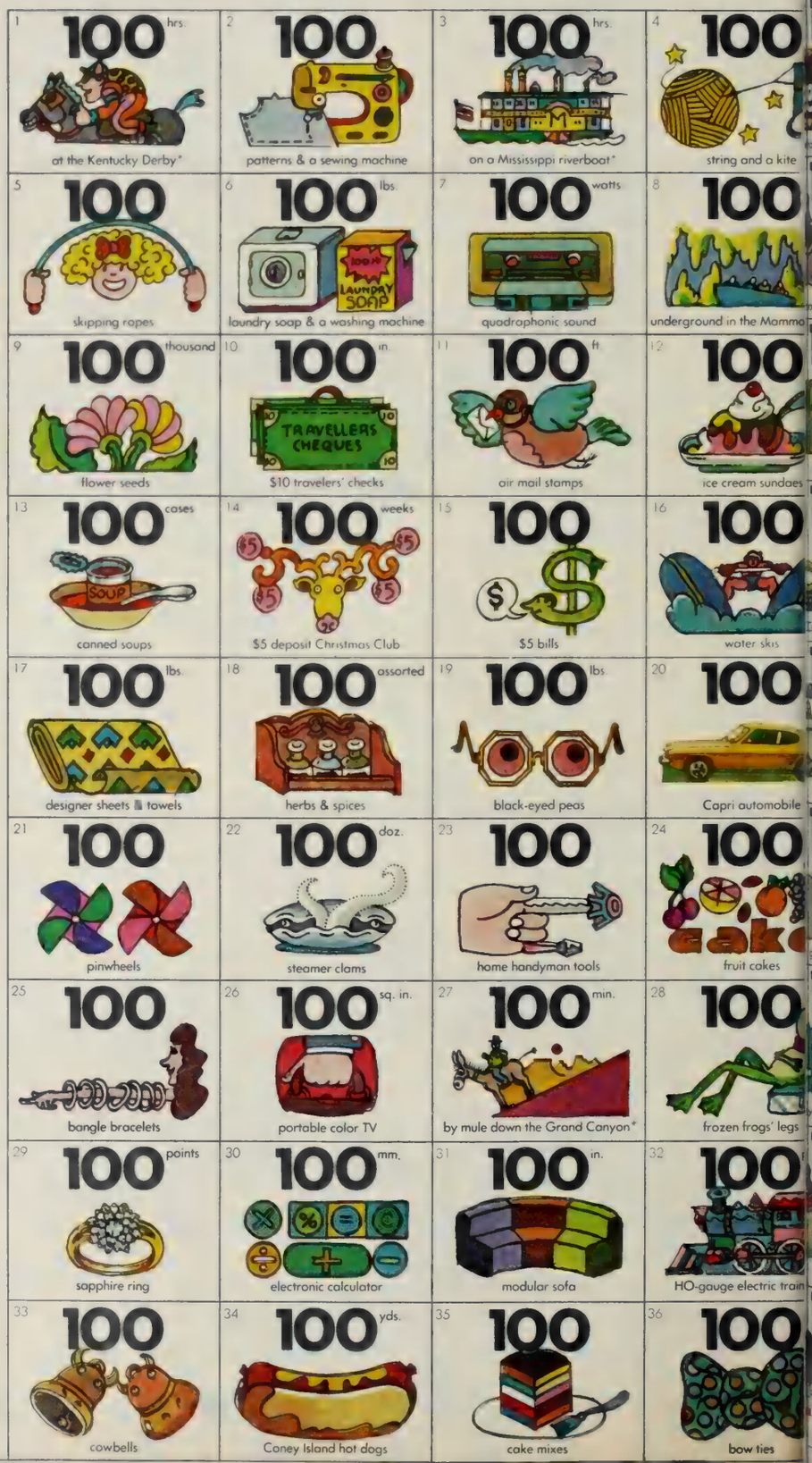
A car? An aqua bike? A sapphire ring? One of the 7 trips? A gobble of prime rib roasts? Or a jingle of cowbells? There are 88 more possibilities.

In any case, any winner may change his mind and ask for 100 ft. of dollar bills ($200) instead.

Each of our 100 winners will receive a letter explaining exactly what the prize includes, what choice there is (if any) of style or color or flavor, and what options there are on deliveries of perishable goods.

Please read the rules carefully and especially note that each sweepstakes must be entered individually, with each entry mailed separately in its own envelope, and the sweepstakes number in the lower left corner.

Here's hoping you'll win your favorite prize from Benson & Hedges 100's, America's favorite cigarette break.



18 mg. "tar." 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

100 lbs.

ges & an electric juicer

38 100

cactus plants

39 100

custard pies

40 100 cases

dog or cat food

41 100 in.

aqua bike

42 100 cc.

motor bike

43 100 doz.

turkey legs

100 jars

macadamia nuts

45 100 lbs.

goat cheese

46 100 rounds

golf

47 100 pieces

fine crystal

48 100 doz.

jelly apples

49 100 lbs.

prime rib roasts

50 100 in.

major kitchen appliances

100 tubes

ints, brushes & canvas

52 100 lbs.

exercise equipment

53 100 hrs.

on a Caribbean trimaran*

54 100 lbs.

birdseed and birdhouse

55 100 sq. in.


Picasso lithograph

56 100 lbs.

scuba gear

57 100 thousand


bounces on a motorized pogo stick

100 pieces

lk & a blackboard

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

1. Write the number of the sweepstakes you wish to enter in the space provided on the official entry blank, or on a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper.
2. Hand-print your name, address and zip code on your entry, include with it the printed front panels from two packs of Benson & Hedges 100's, Regular or Menthol, or the words "Benson & Hedges 100's" hand-printed on a plain piece of paper.
3. Enter as often as you wish, but you may enter only one sweepstakes per entry, and each entry must be mailed separately, to: Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2000, Westbury, New York 11590. Entries must be postmarked by Feb. 1, 1974 and received by Feb. 10, 1974.
4. **IMPORTANT:** You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower lefthand corner.
5. **Winners will be selected in random drawings from entries for sweepstakes by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received for each sweepstakes. Winners may be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of the individual winners.**
6. Contest open to all U.S. residents over 21 years of age, except employees and their families of Philip Morris, Inc., its advertising agencies and National Judging Institute, Inc. This offer is subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Idaho, Missouri, Washington, Wisconsin and Georgia, and wherever prohibited, restricted or taxed.
7. For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to BENSON & HEDGES WINNERS LIST, P.O. Box 2366, Westbury, New York 11590.

59 100 oz.

yarn & knitting needles

60 100 cm.

short skis, bindings & poles

61 100

jigsaw puzzles

62 100 doz.

Holland bulbs

100 sq. in.


ne answering device

64 100 sq. ft.

trampoline

65 100 lbs.

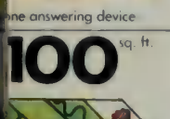
nickels

66 100

gingerbread boys

67 100 lbs.

mystery novels

100 sq. ft.

greenhouse

69 100 gals.

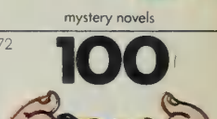

gasoline

70 100 books

S & H Green Stamps

71 100 min.


cassettes & Sony color video recorder

72 100

trash bags & compactor

100 qts.

hinese food to go

74 100

car washes

75 100 pieces

lingerie

76 100 lbs.

portable refrigerator

77 100 pieces

fishing gear

78 100 sq. ft.

remote control garage door

79 100 lbs.

pastrami

100 lbs.

bubble bath

81 100 drams

French perfume

82 100 mile

wine tour of France*

100 year-old

randfather clock

84 100 cases

beer

85 100

Chinese lanterns

100 ft.

d & a snowblower

87 100 lbs.

penny candy

88 100 sq. ft.

outdoor play equipment

89 100

baseballs and a bat

90 100

men's shirts

100 piece

layette set

92 100

pineapples you pick in Hawaii*

93 100 hp.

outboard motor

94 100 carton

Benson & Hedges 100's

95 100 year-old

patchwork quilt

100

toy soldiers

97 100 yds.

red tape

98 100

cultured pearls on a string

99 100 lbs.

Canadian bacon

100 100

cassettes & a tape player

Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2000, Westbury, New York 11590
I'm bent on winning the following sweepstakes and I've read the rules carefully.
The sweepstakes number is _____ and the prize is _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LHJ

Menthol or Regular

*Plus travel and accommodations for two.

HOW I MADE JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKIER

BY LYN TORNABENE

Last time out, Lyn showed Arnold Palmer how not to play golf. Now she becomes a "winter woman" and teaches the great Killy a lesson.

Hello again. It's me, Fearless. The first time the JOURNAL decided to make me a guinea pig, I went to a health spa and ate live chicken embryos for seven days. The second time, "they" sent me to play golf with Arnold Palmer—and I nearly died of humiliation. I have spent many months since avoiding JOURNAL editors, until a fateful call: "Hi. How are you?"

"Fine. And I want to stay that way."

"Listen, do you want to take a skiing lesson?"

"No."

". . . from Jean-Claude Killy?"

"Yes."

In 1968—I remember it as though it were yesterday—I sat in front of my television set watching a young Frenchman named Killy win three Olympic gold medals at Grenoble, France. I thought he was the most beautiful human being I had ever seen—as did my husband, my baby, and my dog. How could the JOURNAL have known?

"Tell me, Lyn, how is it you have never learned to ski?" Jean-Claude asked me the day of my lesson. I said I had never had time, but that was not the truth. The fact is, I hate the cold. *(continued on page 44)*



High on a Colorado slope, "Ice Bottom" Tornabene learns to "snowplow" the Killy way—and finds that falling is schuss one of those things.



Photographs by John Russell


rshey


Dr. Bruno Bettelheim


Letty Pogrebin


Nathan Mandelbaum


Lynda Johnson Robb


Mrs. Medgar Evers


Sylvia Porter


veiss

There's only one thing you won't recognize about the 1974 Journal

Starting in January, Ladies' Home Journal will come to you in a new size—the same size as most major magazines in America today.

In our new standard-size 1974 Journal, you can be sure you'll still be getting all the great articles and features that you get now (and then some)—brought to you by all the expert editors who've served you in the past. There'll be more pages in every issue, so you won't miss a thing.

Highlights coming up in the 1974 Journal include:

An exclusive series by Truman Capote, the world's master storyteller... Three generations of Kennedy women modeling fashions you can make... Excerpts from *Creative Divorce*, a new book that picks up where *Open Marriage* left off... A Ralph Nader Report with a twist—"What's Right About America"... Olympic Gold Medal-winner Olga Korbutt demonstrating fitness exercises you can do.

And the most important new highlight of 1974—our new size—will enable the Journal to take advantage of the finest quality printing on the most modern new presses. It's a matter of progress. The new size and new presses make it possible for us to continue to bring you the same great Journal—with no sacrifice in our editorial or publishing standards.

Before we made this decision, we asked a number of our readers just how they would feel about Ladies' Home Journal in a different size. Two out of three said they actually prefer the standard-size magazine. And a lot of those readers said (as you'll see too) that it would be easier to hold and easier to carry around.

But most of you who were asked said that what you really care about is what's *inside* the magazine—its articles, features and book bonuses. And that, of course, is our chief concern, too.

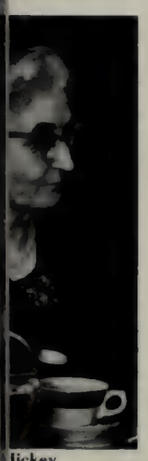
That's why there's only one thing you won't recognize about Ladies' Home Journal in 1974—it will come in a different size.

After all, it's not our size that made us the most influential and most quoted women's magazine in America today, but our contents.

So, have a happy 1974. We'll do our best to make it the most interesting in the Journal's 90-year history.

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
A Magazine of Downe Communications, Inc.


Mary E. Powers


lickey


Nora O'Leary


tt


Ralph Nader
Sally Obre




Arnold Palmer


Amy Vanderbilt


Arlene Wanderman


Dr. Theodore Rubin


Beryl Pfizer





Birth Control without Hormones

EMKO is a highly effective spermicide in an aerosol foam that is deposited at the opening of the uterus with an applicator. The foam blocks the sperm while the spermicide kills them on contact.

EMKO contains no hormones and does not enter the circulation system or affect your body chemistry.

You use it only when protection is needed. Apply it in seconds . . . up to an hour in advance. Won't leak, run, or interefere with sensations.

Recommended by physicians. It is highly effective, but so safe and simple to use you can buy it at drug departments without a prescription.

THE EMKO COMPANY ■ ST. LOUIS, MO.

SKI *continued from page 42*

I also hate pain. Madness, to me, is tramping through ice and snow to go up a mountain for the purpose of coming back down. The only thing about skiing that ever appealed to me was the clothes; so it was with total dedication that, having accepted this assignment, I set about assembling one of the greatest ski wardrobes in the Western world for my lesson in Breckenridge, Colo.

Jean-Claude was in the United States competing in the professional world championship ski tournament. Between races, he stayed in Breckenridge, where he has a residence, and made promotional appearances for that comparatively new resort.

Breckenridge itself is an antique mining town. I anticipated something quaint, with chalets and discotheques. Wrong. I arrive in beige suede pants and patent-leather boots, park the car by a wood-planked sidewalk, and step out into mud up to my ankles. There are ancient Victorian buildings and mining-camp saloons, and no sound but the barking of big winter dogs—malamutes, huskies, German shepherds. Straight up behind the town loom mammoth mountains with snow dripped over their peaks like icing on a bundt cake.

It is Monday; I am to ski with Jean-Claude on Wednesday. I have given myself the spare time to get used to the altitude (over 11,000 feet), and I need it. The apartment in which I am staying is a duplex, and a simple climb to the upstairs living room leaves me winded. One of the apartments on my floor has crutches outside the door. I wonder if they come with the rooms.

Tuesday, I decide that the least I can do is try on boots and skis. I am equipped with rented skis about as long as I am tall, and red boots that seem to fit—but who knows? I walk in them like Frankenstein with a slipped disk.

There is a baby hill on which beginners take their first lessons, and I head for it slowly and painfully. I am wearing thermal underwear, tights, heavy stretch pants, a cotton turtleneck pullover, a cable-stitched sweater, a fur hat, mittens, French sunglasses that make the world look like a tar pit, and a parka that I can't remove because I don't know how to work the European zipper. I am still cold.

I follow the learners around, and do what they do. I climb up a hill sideways, like a crab. I walk around. I slide a bit. Then it starts to snow, and I can't see anymore. I am also winded and frozen numb—which isn't too bad, because I can't feel the pain in my ankles until later, when I thaw. So that's skiing, I say to myself. Lovely.

That night a snowstorm blankets Breckenridge. It continues off and on through Wednesday, keeping all but the looniest skiers off the slopes. My lesson with Jean-Claude is postponed, so I spend some time getting to know him.

He is traveling with Michel Arpin, his gentle "racer chaser"—a kind of valet who tends his boots and skis; and Michel's wife Chantal, a lovely, sunny woman who speaks only French. Absent is Danièle Gaubert, the French actress who travels with Jean-Claude most of the time and, he says, protects him from predatory females. His English is nearly perfect, his accent delightful, and his voice so modulated it makes me feel like I'm shouting.

He is 29. His hair is brown, his eyes hazel, his face angular. He has a sinister, bow-shaped scar near his mouth caused by a ski pole wound he received while in his teens.

Like many champion athletes, Jean-Claude made it the hard way. His father moved from Paris to Val d'Isère, France, after World War II, and earned only a modest living in what was then a local ski village. His parents were divorced and his father raised him. They are still very close.

Jean-Claude says he was born with *l'appel de montagne*—"the call of the mountain." He started skiing before the age of three. By the age of four, he was all over the slopes; and at 16 he was on the French national ski team. He was always an unconventional skier; speed was his goal, and there was nothing he wouldn't try to go faster. (Today, his passion for speed spills over into racing cars.) He was an unconventional personality as well—a practical joker who shot off seltzer bottles and water guns; a clown who would drive a Volkswagen into a hotel lobby.

Winning the Olympic medal made him almost an instant millionaire—by way of product endorsements, commercials, television specials, a feature film, and investments. For the past two years, however, his business ventures left him little time for skiing, and that depressed him deeply. Not skiing also kept him out of the public eye, which ultimately lowered his income. To get back into circulation, he entered the professional circuit last season, a risky decision at best. He had done no serious racing since Grenoble, and no professional racing at all. He knew that if he did badly, the press would retire him without a backward look. He had a lot to lose. At the time we are talking, he has just lost a race. He is tense, tired, remote.

Thursday dawns a perfectly beautiful day—sunny, warm, and sparkling. When I meet Jean-Claude at 8 A.M. the fresh-fallen snow glistens as far as the eye can see. It is so warm that I don't need thermal underwear, or a parka. Jean-Claude and our photographer, John Russell, glance at the cloudless sky and declare that we have until noon to work; then it is going to snow. I laugh at them, which shows what I know about mountain mystics.

I have absolute faith that Jean-Claude will not let anything happen to me. In the first place, it would be bad for his image. In the second place, he is a Virgo and Virgos can't stand a mess. And in the third place, I cooked a fine dinner for him and his friends the night before.

Jean-Claude thinks my boots and skis look fine. He stows my things in John's car, and we all drive to a part of Breckenridge I didn't know existed.

"Aren't we going to the place I saw Tuesday?" I ask. "Where the children ski?"

"No," says Jean-Claude, "it's too crowded there."

We park in a lot at the bottom of a high mountain.

"Sit in the car," he says. "I will help you with your boots."

Sure enough, that million dollar smile worth of person buckles me into my boots. He makes them as tight as possible, and asks whether I can move my toes comfortably and put my weight on my heels. Now he is satisfied that the boots fit. He hands me my skis and poles and watches me grapple with them. "If you want to look like a skier, you must carry your skis like this," he says, placing them over my shoulder. He puts the poles in my other hand and says, "Now you look like you know what you're doing."

There's a learners' hill at the base of the mountain, where we go to put on our skis. Jean-Claude checks to see that I'm properly clamped in, hides the safety straps under my ski pants so I'll look good in pictures, then tells me not to move as he clamps into his own skis. *(continued on page 64)*

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685. Title 39. United States Code)

1. Title of publication: Ladies' Home Journal
2. Date of filing: September 25, 1973.
3. Frequency of issue: Monthly
4. Location of known office of publication: 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: same as above.
6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and executive editor.
Publisher: Fred C. Danneman, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514.
Editor: John Mack Carter, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708.
Executive editor: Lenore Hershey, Riverdale, N.Y. 10471. *Managing editors:* John R. Stevens, New York, N.Y. 10019, Richard Kaplan, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522.
7. Owners: Downe Publishing, Inc., 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 10022.
Downe Communications, Inc., 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 10022.
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None.
9. For optional completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates
39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates."

In accordance with the provision of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626.

Fred C. Danneman, Publisher

11. Extent and nature of circulation	Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months July '72-June '73	Actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date June 1973
A. Total no. copies printed	7,610,932	7,666,622
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	1,122,198	1,070,000
2. Mail subscriptions	5,900,166	5,974,024
C. Total paid circulation	7,022,364	7,044,024
D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means		
1. Samples, complimentary, and other free copies	189,087	253,968
2. Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold	373,703	344,286
E. Total distribution	7,585,154	7,642,278
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	25,778	24,344
G. Total	7,610,932	7,666,622

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. Fred C. Danneman, Publisher

Introducing
The all day all night curl



Or how Kindness® gives you longer lasting curls from your hairsetter.

The electric hairsetter. Great invention. Right? You got a fantastic set in just minutes. Well now that great, fast set can last all day, all night with Kindness Heat-Activated Conditioner.

What makes Kindness work so well is heat activation. Spray it on your hair, and it goes to work with the heated rollers to help lock in your set and give you an incredible hold. Its rich conditioning formula with natural protein is worked throughout your hair and leaves it feeling like hair.

So you get the firm body you need without all that stickiness that can gum up the works. Just spray, set (with your electric hairsetter), and roll out plumper, firmer, bouncier curls.

So if you're tired of curls that uncurl, or flips that go flop, don't let another day go by without Kindness.

It's the best friend your hairsetter ever had.



Kindness Heat-Activated Conditioner

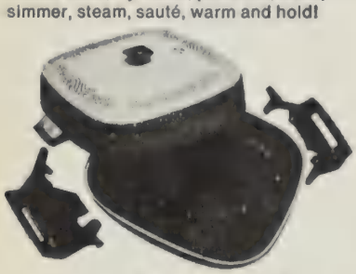
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GIFT GUIDE

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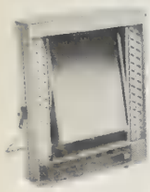


And you can pop it in the dishwasher. Cord and probe come out at the push of a button and legs and handle snap off. Just like that. Easy.

If you hate curlers and love curls, get yourself a GE Speedsetter. GE rollers are tangle-free. So smooth and easy to roll up. You get the fastest set you can imagine. There are 6 Jumbos, 10 Mediums and 4 Smalls, and can be used dry, with conditioner or with mist. Nifty.



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Makes it easy to zip through everything from tomatoes to pineapple to turkey to ham to bagels to sandwiches and yes, even to ice cream. Delicious.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



RALPH NADER REPORTS

If you've tried to find a nursing home for a sick or elderly loved one, then you know how bad conditions in these institutions can be. But, says the JOURNAL's consumer advocate, we can remedy the situation.

Anyone who tries to find a good nursing home today inevitably discovers what too many older Americans already know: most nursing homes offer minimal care at best, and some are guilty of shocking neglect of their patients. Good nursing homes do exist, but you are lucky if you find one. It is hard for an individual to determine the quality of care in a particular home; no "consumer report" or other guide is available to evaluate nursing homes. Inadequacies are usually discovered only after your parent or elderly relative finds them through bitter experience.

According to a 15-state survey of nursing home inspection reports compiled two years ago by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, some of the most frequent deficiencies include: inadequate fire safety, poor sanitation and housekeeping, dietary deficiencies, food poisoning, inadequate nursing and medical records. Nursing homes, which care for more than one million Americans, are also often the site for prescription drug experiments.

In the wake of reports showing that many nursing homes repeatedly fail to comply with standards, often in critical areas, President Nixon announced in 1971, that federal funds would be withheld from substandard homes. But firm enforcement has not materialized.

Now consumer groups are concerned that the federal government's effort to enforce its nursing home standards is deteriorating. Rather than denying funds to substandard nursing homes, the government is lowering its requirements. New proposed standards for skilled nursing homes which receive Medicaid funds and extended care facilities participating in Medicare, include the following revisions:

1. Doctors would no longer be required to visit patients at least once a month—a serious omission in light of documented testimony in Congressional hearings and by the General Accounting Office that many patients go for months without seeing a doctor, and that many doctors avoid visiting nursing homes.

2. A registered nurse would be required only on the day shift five days a week—although, as the National Council of Senior Citizens has observed, "It seems obvious that only round-the-clock services of a registered nurse can meet nursing needs of patients sick enough to qualify for skilled nursing care."

3. Requirements for restorative care, to help patients be as independent as possible, would be weakened, with no mention of personnel to be trained in such services.

4. There would be no requirement for therapy in conjunction with a patient's medical program, except for Medicare patients who may remain in a nursing home for a maximum of 100 days. Such therapy might, for example, help a stroke victim regain her lost functions.

Faced with continuing deficiencies in the nursing home industry, and lax government enforcement, many citizens—young, middle-aged, and old—have begun to take action. The following are areas in which consumer pressure can be applied to an industry that has remained almost immune to public scrutiny and unresponsive to public needs.

1. Information. Knowledge of what goes on inside nursing homes is essential if consumers are to choose wisely among them. One source of information is government inspection reports. Last year, Congress passed a statute giving citizens the right to see these reports, beginning in February 1973. Summaries of inspection reports, or detailed reports if specifically requested, are available for Medicare homes at the district offices of the Social Security Administration; for nursing homes participating in Medicaid, they can be requested at the state agency responsible for nursing home inspections, usually the welfare and/or health departments.

These reports can help consumers compare homes according to their ratio of nurses to patients, fire safety status, nutritional expertise, and other important details often hidden from public view—such as the fact, discovered by a journalist who gained access to inspection reports, that the rehabilitation area advertised by one nursing home was actually a storeroom.

2. Public dissemination of information. An invaluable community service would be the publication of comparative data taken from inspection records—as well as reports of visits to nursing homes in your and comments from residents in homes. For a guide on how to ev ate a nursing home, send for "N ing Home Care," Consumer I mation Series #2, Superinten of Documents, U.S. Governm Printing Office, Washington, 20402. (The booklet costs 40¢.)

3. Patients' rights. Many pe believe that the best single mea insuring that a patient receives kind of care she expects is a cont signed by the patient and the n ing home agent before the pat enters the home. Such a cont would spell out the services home undertakes to provide, inc ing medical and nursing care, ph cal environment, rehabilita services, meals and "extra" cost top of the flat fee, among others. Retired Professional Action Gr a consumer organization affili with our Public Citizen, has veloped a model contract. W RPAG, 2000 P Street, N.W., W ington, D.C. 20009. The Nati Council of Senior Citizens is urging that a federal law be pa guaranteeing basic patient rig such as the right to be informe treatment received, the right change doctors or refuse treatm and the right to communicate the outside.

4. Citizen action on nursing ho can extend into other areas as Some groups have been instrume in getting help for nursing home dents. Groups in Detroit and Se have obtained representation on s and local boards regulating nur homes. Perhaps the most striki cent success scored by consum involved in nursing homes was law passed in California that poses a fine on nursing homes fail to meet state standards. statute was recommended by a zens' advisory committee appoi by the State Attorney General. a blueprint on nursing home ac by citizens, write the Retired Pro sional Action Group.

It is time that younger Americ began to reform the institut where so many of their parents g live—or to die. Good nursing ho represent an investment in the ture, as well as a response to the mediate need of one million Am cans now in nursing homes.



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Kitchen Bouquet works wonders for steak and poultry, too, broiled indoors or out. And as many good cooks know, a teaspoon of Kitchen Bouquet helps make gravies rich-looking and savory. If you've never used it, try a bottle!





PORK CHOP SKILLET

4 pork chops, trimmed
2 tablespoons **honey**
1 teaspoon Kitchen Bouquet
4 medium-sized Louisiana yams
2 medium-sized tart apples
½ cup apple juice or cider
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Combine honey and Kitchen Bouquet in a large skillet; place over low heat. Turn chops to coat meat on all sides. Increase heat to medium; brown chops. Remove chops. Add a little apple juice to skillet, stirring to loosen bits. Add pared yams, cut into ¼-inch rounds, add pared and quartered apples cut into thick slices to skillet; top with chops. Pour remaining apple juice and seasoning over chops. Bring to a boil, cover and cook over low to medium heat until tender, about 45 minutes. Baste occasionally. If necessary, add more apple juice. 4 servings.

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KITCHEN BOUQUET



THE PANIC BUTTON

BY SAM LEVENSON

Losing the war against your appliances? In an excerpt from his new best seller, *In One Era and Out the Other*, a belo humorist investigates this diabolical, electrical plot.

It took us 15 years of postmarital saving to earn our own home, a lovely place equipped with all the latest conveniences. "How did people live a hundred years ago without all these electrical devices?" we asked ourselves. The answer, of course, was obvious. They had all died.

Some day our grandchildren are going to ask about us: "How did they live *with* all those conveniences?" I can tell them right now. "Kids, it wasn't easy!" We had been trained by our parents only for living with people, since people were about the only possessions we had. We had to retrain ourselves for living with people-free paraphernalia.

I am not ungrateful for what the machine has done for me. I, the kid from the dark tenements who sought the sunlight, can now create his own light, day or night, by pushing a button. Let there be light! Let there be heat, cold, sound, music, pictures. I have been granted the power of On and Off; Omnipotence and Offpotence.

I am also not ungrateful for America's practical idealism, for its noble concern with emancipating us from manual slavery by creating machines to take over the drudgerous jobs. But somehow this idea (as has happened to a lot of other lofty ideals) has run into trouble. We, the people, are now working for the machines that are supposed to be working for us. The hours may be better, but we don't seem very happy with the new boss.

We have created machines in our own image—mean, irritable, lazy, stubborn, spiteful, even neurotic. They don't get along with each other or with us. They blame their breakdowns on us; we blame ours on them. They resent, above all, our pretensions to immortality. We have a hereafter, we tell them; you don't. They get angry and retaliate: "We'll show you! Let's see who breaks down first!"

My machines sportingly grant me a head start, confident that they will beat me in the end. Either I get up a half hour early in the morning to start plugging in, or I stay up a half hour later to turn the dial that sets the clock that starts the coffee that triggers the thermostat that flips the switch that starts the oil burner that blows the fuse that shuts c alarm and everything else tha in the house that Sam built.

Our dream house is large e to accommodate a goodly nur nightmares. The air-conditior the oil burner have a little g their own—just for laughs— think I know whom they're la at. When the air-conditioner the room temperature down the oil burner sends up the When the room temperature g to 72° the air-conditioner again.

Our electric coffee grinder times doesn't grind, but the a ditioner always does. Our ic maker sometimes doesn't ma but our air-conditioner alway It also has a something called rectional," which guarantees t matter where I sleep it will fi and direct a stream of icy ai the back of my neck. It can ev low me into the next room. W have more colds in the summe in the winter, even though we electric blanket from May t tember, not without marital c over who shall have custody controls. My wife likes her fe done; I like mine medium.

Our toaster works on eithe or D.C., but not on bread. It h settings, too soon or too late. my toast dark. *It* likes it ligh try to hold the toast down to darker I can feel the toaster fi back. If I take my hand off th it will either hurl the toast into the air, or hold it down becomes a square of charcoal.

Our washing machine, no had we bought it, developed ous character defect. It steals There was nothing I could do it since the guarantee does no moral imperfections.

The dishwasher is no prob all. First you scrape off the sponge the dishes in the sink soapy water (the machine like dirty dishes), rinse, sta nice clean dishes in the nice machine, and turn the knob. about ten minutes you remo dishes, wash off the soap stai them with a towel, and put back in the dish closet. Since a small family, my thrifty wi not turn the *(continued on pa*

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Accept no imitations

There are many low "tar" and nicotine menthol cigarettes. Could be yours has all the refreshment of a glass of warm water.

But there's only one Doral Menthol.

With its unique recessed filter system.

Its smooth, easy, almost effortless draw.

And the cool, minty menthol refreshment that low "tar" and nicotine smokers really like. Truly enjoy. Even swear by. Like we said, there's just one Doral Menthol. And just one Doral Menthol will convince you.



"I swear you can really taste me."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.



When we went there for our customary Friday night dinner we found the old ice box, pan and all, standing proudly side by side with its 20th-century counterpart.

"You mean you're going to keep them both, Mama? Why do you need two ice boxes?"

"You know what I do?" she said, "I put a cake of ice in my old one, and the new one I open the door wide and it cools off the whole house. By the way," she continued, "remember the electric broiler you sent me? That I can use! When I get up in the morning, I turn the ON knob 'til it says NO. That starts the heat. Then I sit in front of it and let it bake my bad shoulder. Better than a doctor!"

While the care and feeding of our conveniences has kept us parents busy, it has left our children without any important household chores other than eating and sleeping. They are our house guests, a status that gives them the leisure to sit around and listen with disbelief to my stories about my Mama's magic-eye household appliances—the eight of us. We required no electricity. Mama just had to take one look at us and we started to work.

Since there was such a shortage of women in the brood we were expected to do "woman's work." Mama said it would make us good husbands some day.

"Sweep under the beds!"

So we swept everything under th beds.

"Sweep under the carpet!"

We did. Everything we could fin Things reached the point where to g from the bedroom to the bathroom yo had to go uphill.

The fresh-air method

Garbage disposal was easy. We us the fresh-air method. "You going fi a walk? Take the garbage." It was n unusual to find yourself in the movi with a bag under your arm. It was al not unusual to take the wrong pap bag to work and find yourself with strange lunch.

I cannot expect my children to certain chores which have becom extinct, like polishing the coal sto bringing up the coal, changing th feathers from one pillow to anothe oiling the clock, or fixing the toil chain.

There is a good possibility th through a process of evolution tomo row's children will be born adapted the survival requirements of the ne life. They will have one eight-finger hand for pushing buttons, and a seco hand with only two fingers locat somewhere near the head for purpos of scratching it. There will not be mu else to do. The generation after th children will say: "It's not automati you have to push a button." EN

PANIC BUTTON *continued*

machine on until a good size dish-load has accumulated. "It doesn't pay to use up so much electricity for so few dishes." We have considered getting two sets of dishes, one for eating and washing, and another for the dishwasher.

Our kitchen sink has a disposal unit —a man-made monster with ferocious teeth with which it grinds up bones. If you don't feed it bones, it becomes tame and cannot handle anything heavier than pablum. My wife began to ask around for bones. This started a neighborhood rumor that we were on the rocks. We began to eat out so we could bring home doggie-bags. That scheme came to an abrupt finish when one waiter asked our daughter Emily, "What's your doggie's name?" and she said, "Westinghouse."

Science made all this progress possible, but it has also had to train doctors to treat the accidental side effects of the instant-electronic-automated good life, such as Barbecued Eyeballs (from peering into the toaster to see why it doesn't pop); the A.C.-D.C. Shakes (from the constant use of electric toothbrushes, razors, shoe-buffers, and scalp-massagers); Indoor Snow Blindness (from searching for a hamburger lost in the back of a freezer); and Karate Wrist (from banging the hand violently against a nonoperating, coin-operated, vending machine).

Amongst the old-timers, there are pockets of resistance still being held by indomitable, anti-automation, guerrilla fighters, brave, last-ditch partisans of the old methods who will never surrender. The astronauts may go flying around in space at 25,000 miles an hour, but these earth people are still spitting on pressing irons to find out if they are hot, measuring a yard from the tip of the nose to the tip of the outstretched hand, spraying laundry by mouth before ironing, or singing one verse of "East Side West Side" to time a three-minute egg.

I recently saw a great Italian chef at work, a woman famous for her *al dente* spaghetti. She brought the water to a boil, dropped in the spaghetti, waited for a few minutes in front of the pot, then with the tip of a fork speared one hot strand for the test. She did not taste, pull, or squeeze it. She threw it against the door of her refrigerator and watched it slither down. By the rate of its descent she could tell whether or not it was *al dente*.

Pooh-pooh to Atomic Age

My mother-in-law not only hung onto the old ways but pooh-poohed every new device. When we told her that in this Atomic Age we would soon be able to heat an entire building with one lump of coal she snorted: "Our landlady did that years ago in Brooklyn!"

Like so many of her contemporaries she would not relinquish her old ice box. It stood in the same spot in the same kitchen for a generation. Hidden underneath it was the traditional pan, which had to be emptied regularly. Often there were hysterical screams in the night: "The pan!" She had even trained her children to be panhandlers. "Two hands, not one hand; take short steps; don't make waves; don't laugh; don't cough; don't sneeze; wear shoes."

My mother-in-law was not ready for the second coming of the Ice Age. The entire concept of frozen goods gave her the chills.

Having tried in vain to persuade her mother to give up the old ice box in favor of a modern electric refrigerator, my wife went out and bought one. The delivery man was told to remove the old one.



Easy Comb Easy Set™ from Clairol. It's both a creme rinse and setting lotion in one. So it smooths out tangles, builds in body and gives you a beautiful, long-lasting set. Easy!

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h, the support is there all right, and it feels like ven. But nobody can see it. (A revolutionary little invention called Monvelle, plus our Burlington engineering, let us perform this bit of magic for you.)

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How America Lives

A collection of special features from our readers edited by Evan Frances

Family of the Month



Diane Christensen with daughters Kathy, Kristi, and Tracy, in the backyard of their home in Madison, Wisconsin.

Four out of ten marriages now end in divorce, giving new meaning to the word "family" in America. Here is one account of a divorce situation in which the time for sadness has passed.

For most of us the term "family" means mother, father and child or children living in some degree of harmony. But there is another kind of family—the family with *one* parent—of which there are some ten million in the land, the result of divorce, separation or death. With the divorce rate soaring (four out of ten marriages end in it), fractured-by-divorce families number in the millions and beg for respectful attention. Such a family is the Christensens of Madison, Wis.

There are four Christensens living under one roof—Diane Klemme Christensen, 42, and her three daughters: Kathy Lynn, 14; Kristi Lee, 11; Tracy Ann, 7. All are blonde and uncommonly pretty.

There is, of course, a fifth Christensen, John H. Christensen, 44, father of the three little girls, but no longer living with them since his legal separation in November 1971, finalized by divorce in January 1973. That divorce ended a marriage blessed in the Evangelical United Church of Christ in the Wisconsin countryside of Diane's hometown of Sheboygan Falls in August 1955. John and Diane met at Stout State University in Menomonie, Wis.—he was graduated in '53, she in '55. Both taught school at Sheboygan Falls High—he, industrial arts; she, home ec. After graduate work in guidance and counseling, John moved his family to Madison to take a high school counsellor's job. Kathy, their first-born, arrived shortly.

There was nothing spur-of-the-moment about the Christensen courtship, marriage, or parenthood. Diane and John were 24 and 26 respectively when they were married, had known each other for four years before that, waited four years before they had a first baby. And their own family backgrounds were remarkably similar. Why, after sixteen years, did this marriage end?

Many reasons, most valid. Diane recounts some of them. "When John's Dad died of cancer, John felt his Dad had wasted his life meeting family responsibilities. He didn't want to waste his own that way. About ten years ago he began assessing his own life and decided he wasn't being what he wanted to be. He found out that the important thing in his life was being himself and doing things he thought important, and that didn't necessarily include the family. John didn't want to marry anyone else, and he didn't want to remain married to me. He felt at the time (and I now agree) it was senseless and hopeless to continue a relationship that was not mutually beneficial."

By 1966, after Tracy's birth in April of that year, John was asking for a divorce, but Diane couldn't face up to it and "stalled for time."

Working became her salvation. In September of 1968, Diane resumed full-time teaching. Her present salary of $10,700 a year plus the $300 a month that John contributes for the children's support is "adequate for now—I'm managing better than when we were married. And I have new confidence in myself. Before I was always trying to please John and he felt there was no need for me to try to please him—that I should have confidence on my own. But willingly or unwittingly, he made me feel inept. He bolstered my insecurity feelings.

"Like most people in my age category, I certainly never thought that my marriage would end in divorce. As one of my college teachers said, those things only happen to other people. But after 17 years of marriage I find myself in exactly that situation, along with the responsibility of three children, a full-time job, and the maintenance and upkeep of a 10-year-old house (mortgage payments and taxes come to $144 a month). It has taken me at least a year to reorganize my life and make the necessary changes that go along with a divorce. You don't realize how many there are until you start to make them. They include such things as changing insurance policies (auto, house, hospitalization), changing beneficiaries, applying for additional coverage, paying up old bills and changing credit cards and accounts, making out a will—all these and more, along with all the emotional changes that come with a divorce."

Diane continued, "John calls and comes to see the kids when he feels a need to. There are no set visitations. We try to give each other reasonable notice. If one of the kids doesn't want to go with him that's O.K.—the others go. *We try not to use our children against each other.* There are no vendettas here. We're both happier for the divorce. I feel so much younger than I did before it. I've come alive—physically, spiritually, intellectually."

One of the things that's helped Diane emerge from the blackness of despair has been her activity in the group, Parents Without Partners, an organization she joined shortly after her separation from John. PWP is based on the concept that many parents of living children who are single for any number of reasons, "have certain interests in common, which can be furthered through an educational program offered by a volunteer organization."

Diane became quite active—attended once-a-month meetings, took advantage of its lessons in bridge and dancing, roller-skating parties, single-parent camping trips for herself and the children. "That way," she explains, "the girls didn't feel they were unlike other kids—or deprived—because at these camps they met their *reasonable* facsimiles."

Diane is eager to offer advice to other women ("men too because they have the same problems; they're just as troubled as we are"):

1. Have or make a few friends you can count on and who put some effort into caring—the kinds of friends you can call and say, "help, I'm really depressed."

2. Establish a workable relationship with your ex-husband—at least be able to communicate with him.

3. Have a trade, vocation, skill, profession and/or hobby. Every girl should be prepared to support herself so that she is independent financially. I'm going to try to bring up my girls that way.

4. Get out and be with people you need to do that so you can find out you're a worthy person. You see after a divorce, you feel unwanted. When we're married we put all our eggs in one basket. We must have other outlets so we're not totally bereft if or when that person is gone.

5. Read. A close friend who happened to have a doctorate in family relationships suggested several books to me, and reading them helped me beyond telling.

6. Don't put foolish restrictions on whom you will date. Date anyone of any ethnic, religious background. I make only two exceptions—married men and alcoholics.

7. Join Parents Without Partners.

This past Easter, Diane went home to Sheboygan Falls and attended church services with her folks and her children. For the first time since her divorce she felt secure and happy. The minister's sermon, she recalls, "spoke of a time to cry and a time to stop crying. He told of how Mary cried when she found the tomb empty and then later, how she rejoiced. His sermon reinforced my resolve of the past months—that there's a time for crying was over and it was time for me to use my positive assets for my own and the children's good."

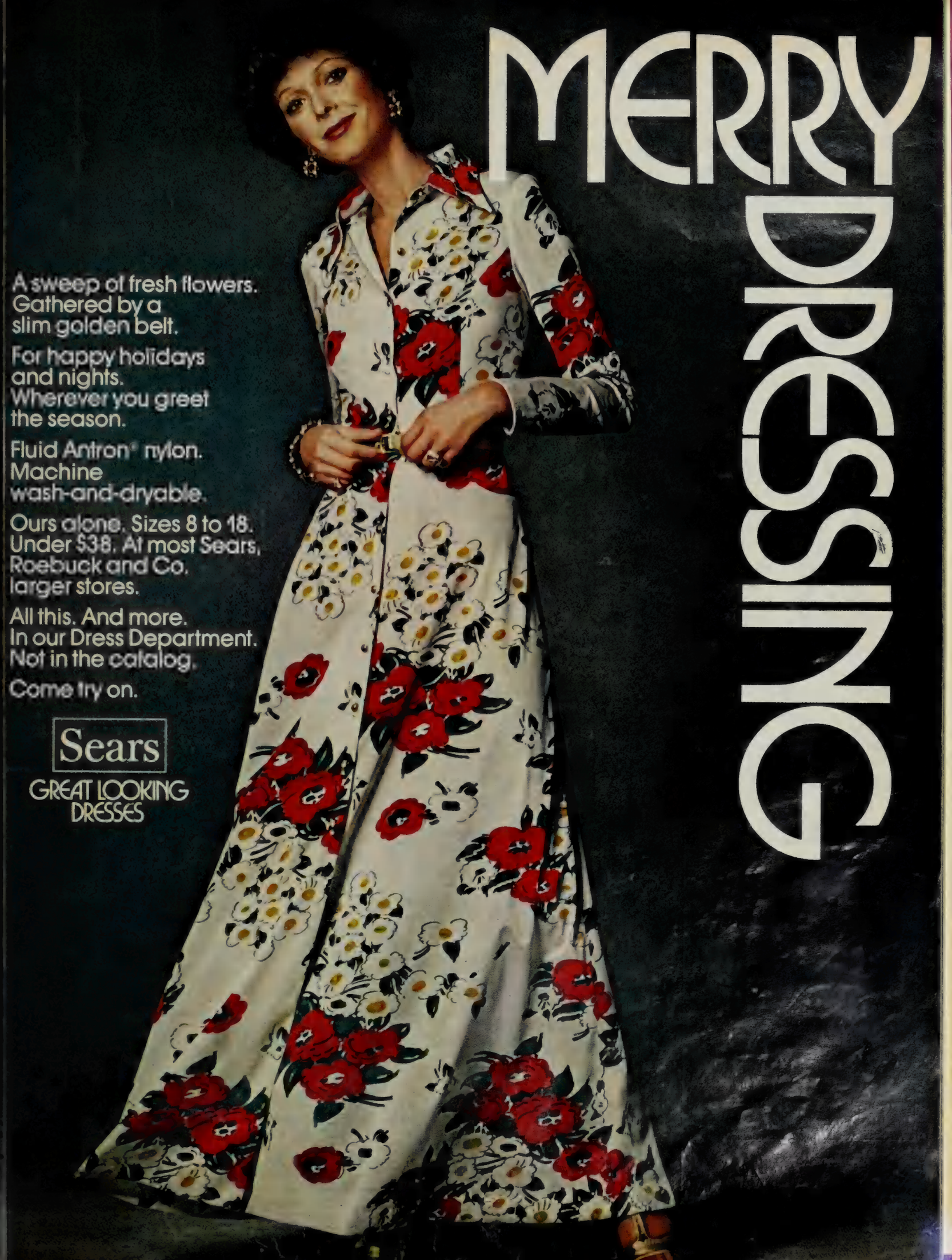
Baby of the Month

Journal readers judge Jeffrey sixth most popular boy's name in the U.S.A., and the most handsome Jeffrey we've met (via photo) is Jeffrey Hiroshi Lee, of So. Windsor, Conn. The "Hiroshi" is for his Japanese maternal grandfather, Jeff's Chinese dad Peter, 27, tells us with pride. Jeffrey loves to build things, so he may follow in the footsteps of his father, a design engineer who right after graduation from college went to Pratt and Whitney Aircraft. Jeff's mother Sherry, 26, says he'd rather dance to the radio than watch TV, except when there's a tennis match on TV. Then he puts on his tennis hat, waves his own little racket, and cheers, "Tenny, tenny!" An only child, Jeff shares everything with Grandma's collie.



Jeffrey Lee, S. Windsor, Conn

Photos, top: Creative Photography


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THE WORKING WOMAN

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

It's said that Heaven helps the working girl, but this feminist writer insists that much more is needed to unshackle the women who work (and pray) in our churches and temples.

Two hundred years ago, Dr. Samuel Johnson, upon hearing a woman preacher, remarked that she reminded him of a dog dancing on its hind legs: one marvels not at how well it is done, but that it is done at all. Things haven't changed much. Today people are still marveling at the mere fact of women in the pulpit. But if women are considered capable of teaching, guiding, and counseling young people in religious school, as well as in the home, why is it so difficult to accept a woman who performs the same function for a congregation of adults? If we are all created in God's image, why have women always been viewed as less "holy?" Does a prayer uttered by the female voice carry less urgency or smaller gratitude? Are women's hymns less acceptable to the Lord? If God is dead, can anyone claim that women killed Him? In fact, who began this notion that God is male in the first place?

These are highly controversial and provocative questions—and while I raise them, I recognize that this is not the place to discuss them fully. However, in the holiday season we should be especially aware that religious bodies are debating these very points in the churches, synagogues, and divinity schools all over America. It *is* of valid concern to readers of this column that women are widely excluded from leadership and policy-making positions in organized religion. About five percent of all Protestant ministers are women; only one female rabbi is ordained (in the Reform wing of Judaism), and women are as far as ever from entering the Roman Catholic priesthood. More and more women want to be ministers, priests and rabbis, pastors, deacons and cantors, on an equal basis with their brothers. They want to serve on church boards in decision-making roles. Here is a brief report on women's status in representative denominations of the three major faiths.

Protestant: Although most sects now allow women to be ordained as ministers, they are usually relegated to subordinate jobs such as assistant pastor or teacher in church schools. Church officials claim that women won't be accepted by the community. But women ministers who *do* have their own parishes report that the resistance is not from lay people, but from church officials themselves—and often from male ministers.

For example, after a two-year search, Rev. Margaret Howland won an appointment to the Woodside Presbyterian Church in Troy, N.Y. by a vote of 199-1. Rev. Howland says the ministry is not masculine or feminine, "it's personal."

Most ordained women find it almost impossible to be voted into a large or urban parish where "man-style" politics and community relations are considered as important to the job as is pastoral counseling, preaching, or officiating at weddings. Given these general prejudices, different denominations show different developments.

Women's status in the 3.4-million-member Episcopal Church suffered a great setback with the defeat of the resolution to admit women to the priesthood. The vote, taken at the National Episcopal General Convention in Louisville, Ky. last October, means Episcopal women are still to be restricted to service on local church vestries, voting at conventions, and to ordination as deacons (who can perform all the functions of a priest except marriages, consecration of holy communion, and pronouncing absolution).

The Rev. Gary E. Maier, Rector of All Saints Episcopal Church in Great Neck, N.Y., acknowledges that ordination into the priesthood is only the beginning of women's battle for justice in the church. "We must rethink every aspect of our spiritual life—from our use of the masculine pronoun for God; to 'The Churching of Women' (a prayer of thanksgiving following childbirth) whose unfortunate imagery suggests that women must be cleansed; to the practice of making all angels female and all shepherds male in the kids' Christmas pageant."

Rev. Maier reports that a few men in his parish have the sexist impression that confession made to a woman priest would be gossiped all over town; or that they would be uncomfortable seeking counsel from a woman. But the majority of men and women admit the trained pastor of either sex w carry ecclesiastical authority fact, some say they would feel confident of women's greater city for spirituality.

Marilyn Maier, the Revere energetic wife, wonders how th male minister would manage out a wife. "Rectors' wives have washing altar linens, sewing fo poor, cooking for the parish, att ing nursery school children, keeping our doors open all years," she points out. "Would male rector's husband ever agr fulfill these traditional functi

The Lutheran Church appr ordination of women in 1970 first female minister with her parish is Judith Hird of Toms R N.J.—Pastor Judy to her cong tion. She feels that her sex advantage. "People are very i ested in the fact that I am a an," she says, "and for that re they are more apt to listen t than to someone to whom th accustomed."

The United Methodist C (ten million members) began dain women in 1956, but by only 300 of its 40,000 min were female.

Proportionately, the United byterian Church is no more pro sive. Of its 13,000 ministers, 107 are women; but more tha women are now preparing for torates in the seminaries. Als couraging is the three-year prog "Women in Leadership," funde United Presbyterian Women t velop local projects that enh women's role in church and so In addition, The Presbyterian Force on Women has recomme a study of the treatment of ch employed women in the chu pension plan and full partici of women in theological, ethical church deliberations.

Ordination of women is not to the Unitarian Univers Church. It began in 1863, Olympia Brown was a minister full ecclesiastical authority. with the rise of church-school grams, women were directed int ucation, rather than parish min Now, there are only 15 active w ministers and only four have time pulpits.

This year the Women's C of the Arlington Street Unit Universalist Church in Boston sented a feminist church servi the General Assembly in To About 40 women became inv in this presentation, which incl personal statements about wo life experiences, music, dance, audience participation.

While the United Church of C (two million members) numbers than 300 women (contin

☐ *Letty Cottin Pogrebin, 34, i thor, wife, and mother of t During her 13-year business c she rose from file clerk to vice-ident—and she wrote a best-se book:* How to Make It in a M World. *Although Ms. Pog reads all reader letters, she re that time does not permit h respond personally.*



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among its 9,000 ministers, this
Judge Margaret A. Haywood of W
ington, D.C., was elected modera
the first black woman to becom
church leader in a biracial denom
tion. Also, at its 1973 Synod in
Louis, the United Church of C
became the first major denominati
eliminate all sexist language fro
constitution.

Roman Catholic: Mary Daly, As
ate Professor of Theology at Bo
College, has been an outspoken
of the Church, calling it patriar
and sexist. After she gave the
sermon ever delivered by a woma
Harvard Memorial Church, Dr.
led a protest walkout. Asked wh
she had left the Catholic Church
replied: "The Church has left
modern woman."

Indeed there is little to rejoice a
in terms of modern woman's pro
toward the Catholic priesthood. I
fall of 1972, Pope Paul reiterat
highly restrictive role for wome
church services. But in July he n
a study commission to examine
role of women in society and
Church. (Contact National Ca
Office for Information, 1312
Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20

Jewish: In 1972, Sally Preisand, of
nati, became the first woman
in this country (*Journal*, June 1
ordained by a Reform seminary. A
more women are scheduled for or
tion when they complete their s
nary studies, and two young w
are taking the course that leads
Bachelor of Sacred Music degr
professional qualification for ca
(cantors co-officiate with rabbi
Jewish services).

Orthodox Judaism (2,500 rabbi
one million followers) still inter
Jewish law strictly; that includes
arate seating for women in the s
gogue and the exemption of w
from most prayers and rituals.
tween Reform and Orthodox s
Conservative Judaism (two m
members, 1,100 rabbis), which a
mixed seating and promotes ide
religious educations for both
The Conservatives now allow w
to be counted in the *minyan*—or
rum—required for worship. This
similar advances in other chur
may be seen as a small though hi
step toward the equality tha
stitutionalized religion has al
preached, but rarely practiced.

The In Basket

- The U.S. Navy's first female
tary chaplain is Lt. *Florence Pohl*
32, a Presbyterian.
- *Women's Liberation and the Ch*
edited by Sarah Bentley Doely, (
Association Press) is provocative
ing for thinking Protestants.
- *Employment Outlook: Clergy*
ignore "men" in the title and read
on training, duties, salaries. Bu
1650-29 from Superintendent of I
ments, Washington, D.C. 20402
- *The National Organization for*
en Task Force on Sexism in Re
holds "Sistercelebration" church
vices, studies religious bias ag
women. Write to Pat McQuillan
E. 76th St., New York, N.Y. 1
- *Lilith's Rib*, the Jewish Wo
Movement Newsletter, from Ma
Gordon, 815 West Wrightwood, C
go, Ill. 60614. 25¢ per copy.





In 1907, Regina Doherty thought no one would mind if she smoked a cigarette while waiting in line at the theater. They minded.



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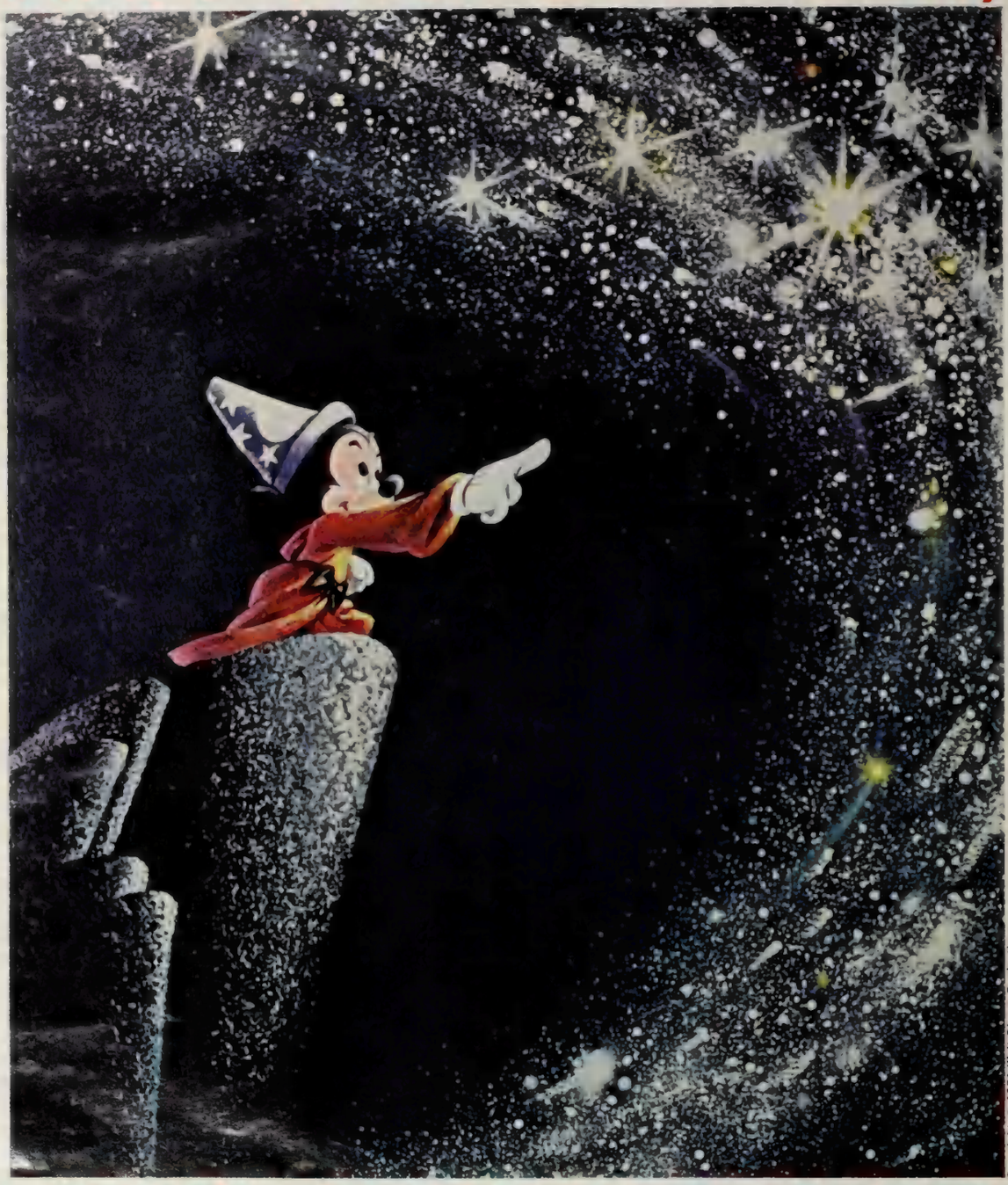
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rning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
t Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg."tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'73

HAPPY 45TH BIRTHDAY,



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MICKEY MOUSE

From the opening of his studio 50 years ago, to his death in 1966, Walt Disney created joy: Donald Duck, Snow White, Fantasia (above)—and that most famous character, Mickey Mouse. The illustrations shown here are taken from a new, brilliant book, The Art of Walt Disney, *written by Christopher Finch and published by Harry N. Abrams, Inc.*

On November 18, 1928, a funny little animated mouse with round, black ears and a squeaky voice made his film debut in the first "talking" cartoon, *Steamboat Willie*. The cartoon, a Walt Disney production, was an overnight sensation—and the mouse became an overnight star. Today, 45 years later, Mickey Mouse (who was almost named Mortimer) is still the best-loved cartoon character ever created. Mickey hasn't changed much over the years. He wears gloves and shoes now, which he didn't at first. He's gained weight, and his voice is a bit different (for 20 years, Mickey's voice was that of Walt Disney himself). But underneath, Mickey is still the same little scamp—part dreamer, part hero—who first won our hearts so many years ago. To honor him, the *Journal* has invited three of his faithful fans—cartoonist Charles Schulz, former Mouseteer Annette Funicello, and comedian Jonathan Winters—to help celebrate Mickey's 45th birthday.

Cartoonist Charles Schulz, creator of *Snoopy* and the entire *Peanuts* gang, was a Mickey Mouse fan before he was old enough to draw himself.

"I absolutely loved the little guy," says Schulz. "As a kid, I looked forward to the day when I could buy a Mickey Mouse watch. I remember saving up a quarter here and a quarter there, until I had enough money. Finally, my mother took me to the jewelry shop. I told the proprietor I wanted the gleaming Mickey Mouse *(continued)*



Charles Schulz



Annette Funicello



Jonathan Winters



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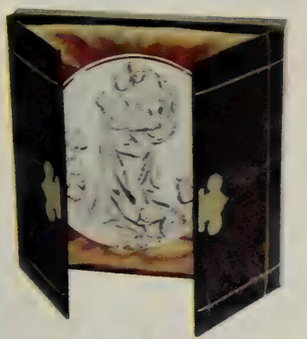
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continued from page 44

"Okay, Lyn," he says, "now we'll see what you can do." He flips around beside me, puts an arm around my waist, and coasts me down a tiny slope. "Good!" he says.

"What did I do?" I ask.

"You stood up," he says. Obviously, it's going to be easy to make points.

He shows me the uphill and downhill edges of my skis, and how to use them to keep from sliding. He talks to me about the lay of the hill, but his knowledge is so profound I don't even try to follow. Then he shows me how to "snowplow," which is a kind of standing split done to force the backs of your skis apart and the inside edges down. The object is to slow down or halt forward motion. If a person like me doesn't know how to snowplow, the only way to stop is to fall or run into a tree.

I practice crabbing up the hill, parallel skiing, and then snowplowing to a halt. Up-down, up-down, until Jean-Claude is satisfied and wants to move on. Anyway, too many people are realizing who's doing what at the bottom of the hill, and a crowd is beginning to gather.

"We will go on the T-bar now," he says. He points to an inverted-T-shaped metal contraption hanging from a moving cable. "Don't try to sit on it," he says. "It will come up behind you and push you up the hill."

"I don't want to," I say.

He says, "I will be right beside you. Nothing will happen."

We get on line for the T-bar, but something is wrong. It isn't working. I'm glad. Jean-Claude ponders the situation. He says to the photographer, "What do you think, John?" John nods. Jean-Claude says, "Come. We'll take the chair lift."

"How do I get off?"

There is no safety belt on that bobbing chair. You sit in a chair, hold on to a vertical rod with one hand, clutch your ski poles in the other, and let your feet hang. It's beautiful up there, gliding over the tops of the pines. It's silent, the snow sparkles below, puffs of clouds cling to mountain peaks. I try to enjoy the ride, but I can't. What's bothering me, aside from my fear of falling, is that I don't know how to get off the lift. I have a feeling you have to make a fast, graceful move, and I am not good at that.

"How do you get off of this thing?" I asked Jean-Claude, as the chair lift inched its way 3,000 feet up to the top of the peak.

"I will show you," he replied. "Don't worry."

The soft French accent calmed me. My feet, dangling below in boots and skis, felt as if they were shackled to cement blocks.

"When we get to the top there will be a little hill. You put your skis on it, stand up, and move out of the way."

The lift reached the top, and indeed, there was a little hill. I put my legs out—they didn't reach. Quick as a flash, the world's greatest skier placed a hand on my back and shoved me into the snow, where I lay, splayed like an abandoned puppet.

After I spit the snow out of my mouth, I look up at him in total disbelief and ask, "Why did you do that? He says, "Because you were too far back in your chair. If I hadn't pushed you, you would have gone back down the mountain."

He puts me on my feet. We walk over to the edge of the hill, and I look down. It is Mt. Everest. "I don't believe it," I gasp. Jean-Claude smiles wickedly. "You are going to ski now. Don't worry, I will be right beside you. Nothing will happen. Turn around—can you turn around?—and lean on the uphill side of your skis. You remember what I told you, yes?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now I am going to show you a different way to go down this hill. If you parallel down, you will pick up too much speed." He demonstrates a sideways slide that is slow and safe (and probably has a name), and I like it. I am willing to go down the entire mountain that way, but Jean-Claude shakes his head no. He skis over to help me turn into a downhill position, faces me and tells me to try my snowplow. "I'll be right here," he says, and indeed he skis facing me, in a reverse plow. We become the only couple on the slope that appears to be waltzing, and I find that a bit embarrassing. So I say, "Okay, step away. I'm all right."

"Are you sure?" he asks.

I nod. He steps away. The moment he is gone, I take off like a dart. I am literally careening down the mountain. I snowplow as hard as I can, but I slow down only minutely. From somewhere I hear Jean-Claude shouting, "I am here, Lyn, I am here," and a flashing figure whooshes into my path. The figure stops directly in front of me, and I plow into it, full force. "Got you," he says.

"You were heading for the trees," he says. I nod. "Are you okay?" I nod. "You were very good; you didn't panic." I still can't speak. I just tremble. "I will show you how to traverse," he says. "It will be easier for you." I just stab my poles into the snow and lean on them, taking deep breaths.

I must pause here to say a word about John Russell, who is valiantly trying to photograph all this. John is skiing without poles—backwards—with three cameras around his neck, sometimes crouching on his skis, always staying a few yards in front of me, though I think he lost me on the downhill race. He's doing what is called "hot dog skiing"—all kinds of tricks and maneuvers—and nobody's even applauding. Between him and Jean-Claude, who is hopping, running, and leaping like some marvelous animal, I am getting one of the finest exhibitions of ski prowess in history. Unfortunately, I am too interested in self-preservation to enjoy it.

"Look back," Jean-Claude says. "See how far you have come? You did very well. Really." The man is obviously determined to teach me to ski.

"Okay, Lyn. Now you are going to ski over to the right, turn, ski back, turn, and so on. It's called traversing, and it's the way you get down the hill. Watch the other skiers; that's what they're doing." I watch them. Whoosh, swish, whoosh. Beautiful. I hope I don't hurt any of them.

"Let's get you turned around," Jean-Claude says. "Here. I will show you an easy way to turn." He lifts one of his skis and flips it around, then lifts the other and flips it so that both feet are going in the same direction. "Now you," he says. I lift one ski, force it down to the right, and get my balance. I try to lift my left ski, get it two inches off the ground, and just splatter all over the place. My left ski is off, my hair is soaked, my glasses are covered with slush. "I guess you weren't ready for that," Jean-Claude says. "I am sorry. It's my fault."



"... take more, but I imagine all the best stuff is on top."

Eventually I am back on my fe back into my skis, and winging into traverse. I fall on the first turn, a Jean-Claude whooshes over to he me up.

"That's my fault," he says. "I fo got to tell you. . . ." I forget what is he forgot, but it is fundament Also, whatever it is, I can't seem learn it.

For some reason, I can traver only in one direction. I can make t left turn, but I can't turn right. I ha two more crazy falls, and would ha had 20, except that Jean-Claude kee letting me run into him.

Dear me. All this effort and I a only two-thirds down the slop "See," says Jean-Claude, encouragin ly, "that's the parking lot down the Soon you can get a nice big drink."

"My legs are tired," I say.

"I know how you must feel," says. "My legs always ache after race. Do you think you can make Do you want me to carry you?"

That does it. I am going to get that mountain on my own two skis, stay there till the snow melts a walk down.

Swish, whoosh, swish. Three yar thataway. Swish, whoosh, crash. Thr yards the other way. Until at la I reach a point where the hill loo tame, and I am truly not afraid an more.

"Come on, now," Jean-Claude say "You are almost at the bottom. Fini like a skier."

Off I go. Turn, turn, turn, with Jea Claude counting out: "One, two, thr —come on, just a few more—four, fi six. You did it! Six turns. You did it He is genuinely pleased.

Tears of relief

Jean-Claude tells me to look ba at where I've been. I don't want I ask him to go ahead of me so I c watch him ski, and let very large tea of relief roll down my face. It h taken me an hour and a half to g down that run.

Jean-Claude says that if he had be alone, it would have taken him thr or four minutes. A normal skier wou have taken ten. Furthermore, just he and John predicted, the sun d appears, and snow falls moistly on r uncovered head.

Later, I ask Jean-Claude what h been on my mind for hours: "Did y have a plan? I mean, why did you ta me up there and throw me over t side?"

"I had no plan," he says, matter-f factly. "How could I? I didn't know you would be able to stand up, mu less move. I took you up to the t because you were ready, and becau it would have been too boring othe wise."

"Did you ever teach anyone to s before?" I ask.

"No," he says.

"*No?*"

He says, "There are two kinds men on the mountain—champions a instructors. Champions never teac

What you have just read is a tr story of a mutual act of faith. Perha the heroine will ski again, perhaps n she is getting on in years. But the he went on, after just one lesson, to w all his subsequent races—and, cons quently, the world professional s championship.

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MAMIE EISENHOWER, ROSE KENNEDY AND OTHER NOTABLE WOMEN DELVE INTO THE MEMORIES OF YOUTH TO RECALL THE POSSESSION THEY REMEMBER BEST. BY SALLY WENDKOS OLDS.

"MY FAVORITE CHILDHOOD TOY"

In this Season of the Child, the trip back to our own childhood seems not such a long voyage after all. Unbidden, the memories of the people and the scenes of our early years rush to mind. Often these remembrances of childhood past center around some special object—some doll, toy, book, pet, or other belonging that held a special meaning for us. Here, a group of eminent women graciously share their memories of childhood possessions that were dear to them. Each of these women has had an impact on our society. As a child, each had her own favorite possession and her own unique reasons for cherishing it. As we join these notable women in their recollections, we come to know them a little better. And as we recognize the universality of children's feelings for their youthful treasures, we may come to know our own children—and ourselves—better, too.



Editor Lynda Bird Robb, the late President Johnson's daughter, and the ballerina doll she received for Christmas in 1950.

LYNDA JOHNSON ROBB, Journal *contributing editor.* Like so many children I went through phases with toys. For a while I was mad about "Morgan" dogs, and I slept with a large white one. As he got dirty with age, Mother was sure I would contract some terrible disease. I also collected *Vogue* and Madame Alexander dolls, and when I had some torture to endure, like braces, Mother would bribe (or reward) me with doll clothes. I will always remember the ballerina I received for Christmas in 1950. I still have her in her same outfit—blue net hose and all. My father's mother, "Maday," made lovely clothes for her, as for many of my other dolls. One year she made a doll petticoat with cut-out hearts from an old petticoat of mine. I felt that this was quite an honor for my slip, and I still have the little petticoat on one of Maday's china dolls.

JOANNE WOODWARD, *actress, star of Columbia's "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."* She was the most beautiful black-haired, green-eyed Scarlett O'Hara doll! She wore the green-and-white sprigged dress, large leghorn hat, and pantaloons described so exactly by Margaret Mitchell [in *Gone With the Wind*]. To a fat, sausage-curled eight-year-old like me, Scarlett spelled *romance!* I took her with me to the movie opening of *Gone With the Wind* in Atlanta, where I *saw* and actually *touched* Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable. They were beautiful and real and I wanted to be like them. I still have Scarlett. She sits in a rocker in my bedroom, and my daughters refer to her as "Mama's doll."



Actress Joanne Wood and her Scarl O'Hara doll. Her daughter refer to it as "Mama's doll

Hair by Arthur of Kenneth. Makeup by Mary of Cinandré

ABIGAIL VAN BUREN, *advice columnist.* When I was four years old, I had to go to the hospital with a severe case of pneumonia. Mrs. Faulkner, a nurse, crocheted a little white cap for my doll, and I developed a sentimental attachment to this little cap, because it symbolized my return to health. At the time I wasn't aware of how seriously ill I was. The most traumatic aspect of my whole hospital stay was the separation from my identical twin sister [advice columnist Ann Landers]—the first and only time we were apart during our childhood. I still have that little doll's cap, probably because it became a symbol of my victory over a serious illness. I have not had a serious illness since.



Advice columnist Abigail Van Buren ("Dear Abby") with her white doll's cap. (The doll is new and is used here to display the cap.)

BEVERLY SILLS, *opera star.* I still have "Jakie," my adored kewpie doll. It's older than I am by one week—and I'm attached to *anything* that is *that* old!

(continued on page 68)



Opera star Beverly Sills with her kewp doll, "Jakie." She has never repaired the doll, preferrin it the way it was when she was a child.



The timeless look of Tiffany in the brilliant colors of today.

Mr. Tiffany's shades were shaped like exquisite Oriental umbrellas. So are Sears. Mr. Tiffany brought color to the Victorian world. Now Sears brings you the colors for today's home. Not only our popular walnut tone but brilliant sunflower yellow, bright jungle green and cornflower blue.

The original Tiffany shades were handmade. So are ours. And the columns of every lamp in Sears Cane Collection are made of solid hardwood. (Mr. Tiffany would have liked that.)

In table lamps, floor lamps, wall lamps, chain lamps. All U.L. listed wiring. With opal glass globes. At most larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, and in the catalog.

The Cane Collection. Only at Sears

JAYNE BAKER SPAIN, *Vice Chairman, U.S. Civil Service Commission.*

One fateful day when I was six years old, I came out of the candy store to find that my beautiful, blue-eyed, golden-curled doll was missing—replaced by an ugly boy doll. His overalls were soiled and ragged, his short brown hair was a rat's nest of tangles, his pug nose was deeply nicked, and his eyes, half closed. I rushed home in tears.

To comfort me, my mother promised to replace the lost doll. Then she set to cleaning up the dirty foundling. As she scrubbed, she kept talking about this poor boy, rejected by his mother, who so needed someone to love and care for him. When I stopped crying long enough to pay attention, I looked more kindly at my new "child." The name "Grumpy" was printed on his sawdust body, but the expression on his wrinkled face seemed lonely and pathetic. I was suddenly overwhelmed with pity, probably for the first time in my life, for the poor, sad doll.

Within a week, a beautiful duplicate of the kidnapped doll arrived, but I was too busy for her. By now I had so fiercely defended Grumpy from the jeers of others and had so desperately tried to make him happy that I had grown to love him.

One day disaster struck. Our puppy got hold of Grumpy, and before he could be pulled away had chewed off and eaten one leg. The sawdust was spilling like blood from Grumpy's pitiful body. My mother lovingly pushed more stuffing into him and sutured up the little stump that was all that remained of his leg. From then on he was never separated from me. I was 14 before he was finally packed away with great care and affection.

Who knows when things begin or what events will shape our lives? Maybe this little doll struck a responsive chord for the handicapped in my young mind, a chord that would not mature until I was an adult. A long time ago I stood at the bedside of a boy of six who had lost a leg in an accident. He asked me if he would grow another leg. When I tried to explain what would happen, I told him the story of Grumpy, who had made me so happy even though he, too, had only one leg. He wanted to see Grumpy, so I found my old doll and gave him to my little friend. And as he squeezed Grumpy tightly, I knew Grumpy's life would begin anew—for he again had someone who needed him.

ROSALIND RUSSELL, *actress.*

We had two horses, Tom and Billy. All seven of us children loved them and rode them. Tom, my favorite, really belonged to my brother John.

One fall day when I was about 11 years old, John let me ride Tom in a jumping event at the Plymouth Fair in Connecticut. I could barely contain my excitement as Tom, a big animal that stood about 18 hands high, galloped to the jump.

I lifted my body ahead of the peak of the jump, Tom bumped me into the air, and I did a perfect somersault, landing on my feet with the reins in my hands, directly in front of the horse. The applause was deafening as the judges hurried out with the prize—a two-inch fake silver cup—and announced that I had won the trick riding event!

I guess this was my first introduction to "show biz." As for Tom, he eventually went to the glue factory, which, I suspect, refused him.

MAMIE DOUD EISENHOWER, *former First Lady.*

In 1902, when I was six years old, I asked Santa Claus for a diamond ring as my Christmas present. We were then living in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and telephones were very new, but my father had one that hung on the wall. I remember it ringing, my father answering it, and saying, "Mamie, Santa Claus wants to talk to you." They put a high chair up for me so I could reach the phone, and the voice said, "Mamie, this is Santa Claus and I am at the corner. I will be down later and bring you your Christmas present." Santa Claus was honest, and I received my ring.

I have always loved jewelry, and, as you can see, at an early age this is what I wanted. The ring was a small diamond chip set in an engraved gold band. It is now in the Eisenhower Museum in Abilene, Kan.

VIRGINIA APGAR, *physician, developer of standard measure for evaluating health of the newborn.*

My small, limbless teddy bear, unimaginatively named "Bruin," was a good friend whom I took to bed every night for several years. I wonder whether his amelic state presaged my present position? [Amelic is a medical term for the absence of a limb or limbs in a newborn.]

ROSE KENNEDY, *mother of an illustrious family.*

My most memorable childhood gift was the crèche that my sister and I kept in our bedroom in Concord, Mass. There was the adorable figure of the infant Jesus, smiling happily on his improvised bed of straw. There was the Blessed Mother in her long blue robe, gazing tenderly and lovingly on her newborn son. And there was St. Joseph, staff in hand, the protector and guardian of Mary and Jesus. An angel with golden wings hovered over the little scene, imparting an aura of sanctity and reverence. A short distance beyond the crib an ox and a donkey gazed from their stalls upon the little family.

A tiny red candle lighted the enclosure, which was only about 15 inches square. There was no room for the wise men, or the kings, or the shepherds in my first beloved crèche. They all came in later years when my parents bought us a more elaborate one. Every Christmas we brought out the crèche, and put it away after the 6th of January.

How very proud and happy I was to have my little altar at home, where I devoutly said my childish prayers every morning and night, while my friends worshiped at the big crèche in the sanctuary of the parish church.

I was lucky in those days not to know the future. Seven short decades later I prayed to Mary and Jesus, but this time it was to the Blessed Mother at the foot of the cross on which her Son lay dying. It was in the Rotunda in Washington where I knelt at the casket of my beloved son Jack and, again, at the cathedral in New York, where I knelt at the catafalque of dear Bobby.

I knew our Blessed Mother had seen her Son reviled and crucified, and I prayed to her with all my heart and mind and strength to bring me grace to bear my cross patiently, with resignation and trust in His inscrutable Providence for me and my loved ones, living and dead.

DAPHNE DU MAURIER, *author.*

My teddy bear, "Eddy," was a favorite of mine from the time I was five. Eddy wore a hat and coat, winter and summer, and once a year I took him to see *Peter Pan*. I can't somehow "see" Eddy after the age of eleven, nor do I remember what became of him.

My Eddy had no particular significance, unlike my late husband's "Ted," which he had as a baby and kept an



d until his death at the age
l. Ted had a small bear wife,
idiot bear brother, a bear
d, a pink bear servant, and
ppet monkey. They all sat
ther in a group on my hus-
l's bed, and now they sit on
windowsill of my bedroom,
ng out to sea. Significance?
ve no idea, unless they rep-
nt the guardians of the eter-
child in Man—and Woman,

TTY COTTIN POGRE-
, author, feminist, colum-

om the time I was able to
pencil to paper, I was for-
drawing pictures, and then
ng stories and poems to
to family and friends.
n I was nine years old, my
nts gave me a hectograph, a
ing device that reproduced
about twenty copies of any
n or written material.
ith it, I founded a monthly
gazine" that was my obses-
for nearly three years. As
sher, editor, writer, illustra-
cartoonist, and columnist, I
my magazine's pages with
s advertisements, cliff-hang-
ories in serial form, helpful
for child-rearing (sabotage
within!), riddles, dreadful
, and incredibly boring in-
ews with my cousins and
nates.
howed an abysmal economic
. Leaving no margin what-
r for the special paper and
bought with my own mon-
or my mother's envelope
ly, or for the three-cent
p for each copy I mailed, I
ly charged my 20 subscrib-
Three Cents Per Copy Or
y Six Cents Per Year ***
al Great Bargain."
magazine was clearly not
ney-maker, but the hecto-
n gave me my first outlet as
ter.

N RITCHIE, *folk singer.*
favorite toy is the doll I
t get when I was seven. In
in our mountain village of
r, Ky., all little girls had to
a doll for Christmas. As the
eason drew close, I began
ing the doll page of the
s Roebuck catalog out loud,
ng that Santy Claus might
My two favorites were the
doll in her fur-trimmed coat
buttons, and the life-sized
doll in the long, white lace-
ned dress, who opened and
her eyes and said "Ma-ma."
e morning at breakfast I
l Mom which one she
ght was the prettiest. Mom
looking at her plate and
y said, not especially *to* me but
e, "Young'uns don't seem to un-
and that times is hard in the na-
now. Santy Claus won't be able to
d to give out costly dolls to so
little girls. He's pore this year
ike everybody else. Now come on
e field with us; you're big enough
ll fodder."
few days later, Aunt Orlena from
Creek came to stay with us. At
as we sat around and talked,

Great news for your eyes! Creme shadows that are creaseproof and smudgeproof and waterproof...and last all day..., because the new Great-Shadows creme formula is unique. Blends easily to the intensity or sheerness you choose. Eight Great-Shadows in eight great shades. What a perfect touch! New Great-Shadows by Maybelline



The finest in eye make-up, yet sensibly priced

Aunt Orlena whittled. By the end of the evening she had made two small straight things that looked like legs with shoes on the feet. The next night she made two very small straight things with fingers on the end, and on her last night with us, a round bald head with a funny flat nose and a slit for a mouth.

"Folks set a right-smart store by my poppets," Aunt Orlena told us. "The town ladies at the Settlement School's allus begging me for them. This un's for someone else, though. Can't tell who, now!"

The terrible knowledge came on me that this ugly, flat-nosed, homemade thing was to be my Christmas doll. My mind dwelt on it every day, and by Christmas I was full of hate for the thing that was presuming to try to take the place of the beautiful, silky, painted store dolls. Sure enough, when we opened our presents I was handed a small brown-wrapped package postmarked Lotts Creek. I flung it unopened across the room and shouted, "I won't have her old wooden doll!"

Some of my 13 brothers and sisters giggled and teased. Others were shocked. Mom picked *(continued)*

The height of cleverness is to be able to conceal it.
—La Rochefoucauld



Darling, really!

Nobody, but **nobody** drinks **dull** liquids anymore instead of between-meal snacks. Not since they found out about Herb-Ox Instant Broth. I mean even the dear **men** are absolutely **galvanized** by its madly rich taste. But, love, I've the nicest news: a whole big cupful (in those yummy beef, chicken and onion flavors) has only fifteen itsy bitsy calories. And no keep-you-up caffein. Dieting? You'll positively **adore** the "instead-of" drink . . . ; you'd **swear** you're cheating! Herb-Ox is unique, pet, Really!

For 30 delicious low-calorie Herb-Ox Instant Broth recipes in a plastic see-through case write to Pure Food Co., Dept. LB-2, Box N, Mamaroneck, N.Y. 10543.





Photograph by Charles Gold

As traditional as Christmas itself—a large wreath, made like a garland and shaped to fit your dining table. Deck it with things good to eat, and add a huge ribbon bow. Follow the directions below and use materials native to your area to adapt this charming centerpiece.

Above is our re-creation of the Christmas table centerpiece designed by Mrs. Ramell Frizzell of Memphis, Tenn., which won the first prize of $500 in our Centerpiece Contest.

The flexibility of this design and the availability of the materials used in creating it make it easy to copy everywhere. Even the shape of the garland itself can be varied to suit a round, square or oblong table. Any small bowls—metal, porcelain or glass—can be used. Colors of Christmas balls, candy and ribbon can be altered to match your particular scheme.

Instructions are simple. Cut a paper pattern the size and shape you wish your garland to be, and use it as a pattern to cut a base from green styrofoam on which to build your centerpiece. If green styrofoam isn't available, white can be sprayed green. If sheets of a large enough size to cut the base in one piece cannot be found, cut it in sections and join the sections with toothpicks.

Place the form on your table. Space the bowls on it, leaving a space for the bow. Insert sprigs of evergreen into the styrofoam, or use tiny hairpins to hold them in place. When the base form has been well covered with greens, tie a beautiful bow, wire it to a peg or a toothpick, and insert it in the garland in the space you've reserved for it. Put gumdrops on the ends of toothpicks and stud them about the garland, singly or in groups of five to nine; then add small Christmas balls for sparkle. When you entertain, fill the bowls with nuts, cocktail nibbles, dinner mints, or any special Christmas sweetmeats.

A prize of $250 was awarded second place winner, Mrs. L.B. Ingram of Tucumcari, New Mexico, and a third prize, also of $250, was awarded to Mrs. Jean Solomen of Elmhurst, New York.

Also, ten $25 runner-up prizes were awarded to the following: Mrs. Eileen Raucci, New Jersey; Mrs. Mildred Minear, Kansas; Mrs. A. P. Green III, Washington; Mrs. M. J. Pilcher, Texas; Mrs. Douglas W. Ey, West Virginia; Mrs. Alan Britton, New York; Mrs. Lou Di-Museo, Connecticut; Miss Judith Paul, Indiana; Mrs. William Wendell, Maryland; and Mrs. E. O. Streiff of Missouri.

up the package. "Well, *I'd* like t
a doll this Christmas; I like
Orlena's poppets." Then she st
her foot. "You-all hush now an
ruin this good time. It just take
young'uns longer, that's all."

Aunt Orlena died soon after,
knowing of my disappointment
gift. All of my life, since that
have been sorry and wished f
of her poppets. Today, in our
the countryside, her few su
poppets are almost priceless.

After a long, useful, and joyo
my mother passed on last year
age of 95. After the funeral my
Mallie handed me something
had saved for me until I was
love it. I received, with great j
seventh-year Christmas doll. I
takes some young'uns longer, tha

NIKKI GIOVANNI, *poet.*

My favorite gift was a gift I g
someone else—a bookmark I ma
my mother when I was about
six. My mother still has that boo
and I recently gave both my pa
leather-bound copy of my bo
which that bookmark was pla
guess one could say I knew I wa
to write books, but I didn't. I did
though, that my creations wo
valued by my family and I w
couraged to create—and that'
that bookmark is meaningful to

ELIZABETH DUN
KOONTZ, *educator; former*
tor, Women's Bureau, U.S. D
ment of Labor; former pres
National Education Associati

To understand how I felt abo
first pair of "non-shared" skate
must understand that in our lar
not-very-well-off family of seve
dren, playthings were to be s
Two brothers and I shared a pon
wagon, balls of all kinds, and
I loved to skate, but adjustin
skates every time my turn came a
meant losing some of my pr
playtime. When the boys and
ceived our own ball bearings wi
very own keys, it meant that I h
rived, and so had the boys. N
could race and skate downhill to

BARBARA WALTERS, *tele*
moderator.

I have always loved dolls, b
favorite was a Dy-Dee baby do
kind that wets after you feed it
tle. I loved caring for it and dres
as if it were my tiny baby. Th
finally broke when I fed it mash
tatoes, and its eyes, which had o
and closed, got stuck. After th
interest waned.

I don't recall that the doll
some deep need or provided in
tion. It was just something I l
something that helped to assua
maternal instinct, which some
girls seem to have. Also, I was a
who played alone a great deal, ar
doll gave me companionship.

GLORIA VANDERBILT
PER, *artist.*

A doll I made out of ribbon an
with flowers and joy and a sm
her face meant much to me beca
was my own creation. Alas, I ha
no longer. She was lost in the sn
a mountain in Switzerland.

(continued on pag



Alive with pleasure!

© 1973 Lorillard



After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

rning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
t Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73

© 1973, The Procter & Gamble

C is for caring for your children's teeth.
Y is for regular brushings.
E is for eating healthy foods.
S is for seeing your dentist regularly.
T is for toothpaste-Crest, of course.

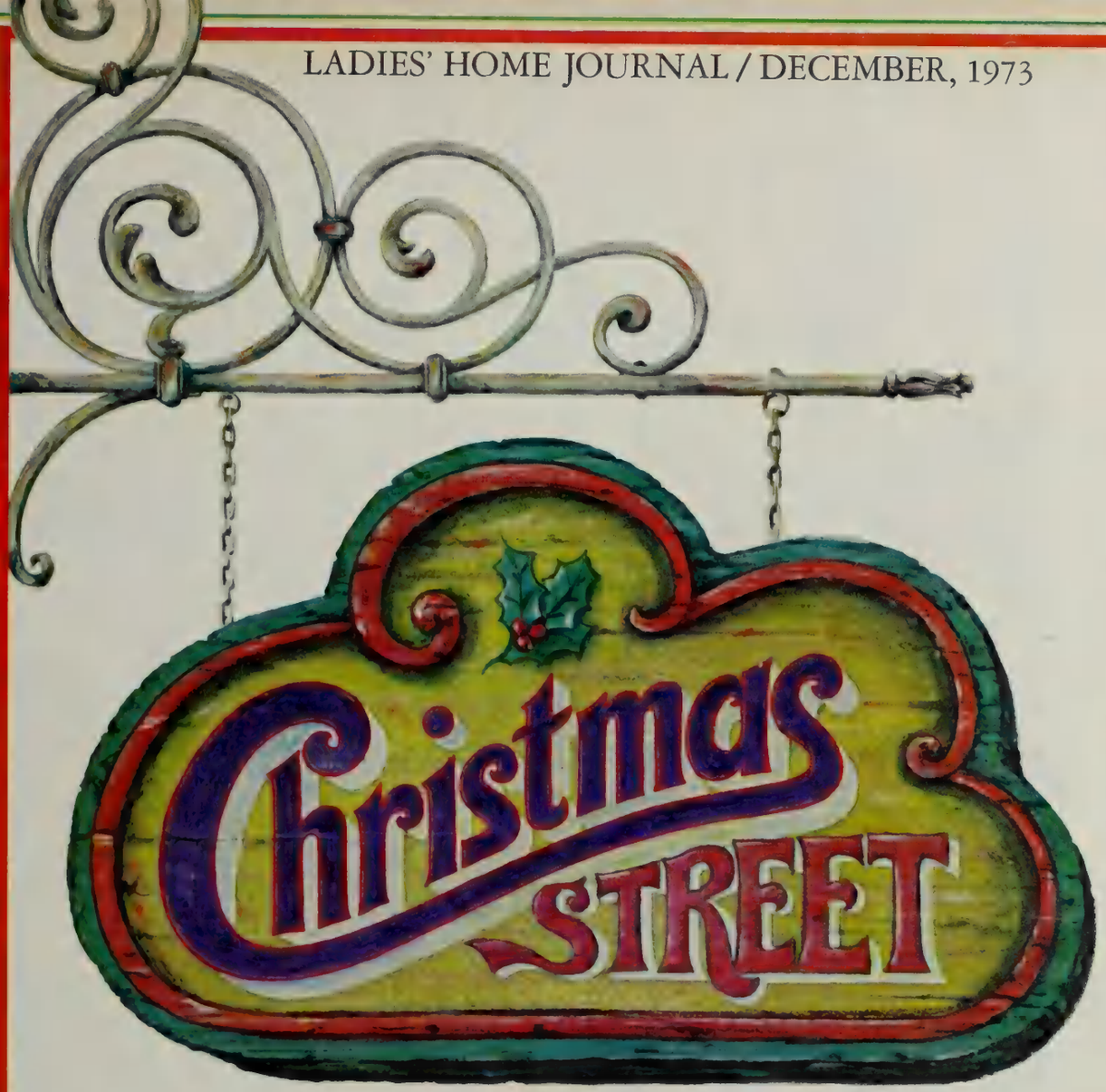


Crest. Because you care.

Mothers who ca[illegible] the best possible protection fo[illegible] children's teeth. That's why they use [illegible] toothpaste like Crest as part [illegible] their family's dental health program.

Fluoride is the best cavity-fighter you can get in a toothpaste. And Crest's fluoride has been proven effective against cavities in over 20 clinical studies.

Give your kids' teeth the care they need–with Crest. After all, you can't beat Crest for fighting cavities.



Come with us down Christmas Street, a thoroughfare of thoroughly delightful shops stocked with the memories and old-fashioned charm of yesterday.

Two small children lead the way along the shop-lined lane where the mingling smells of pines and perfumes, baking chocolate and butter, cinnamon and cardamom and fresh-cut carnations re-create the dizzying aroma of Christmases past.

Come inside where shelves and counters and showcases are crammed with wonderful wares to feast the senses. There are ribbons and laces to wear, flowery wrappings for your presents, cakes and cookies and biscuits, to share with family and friends, glittering appointments to dress your table and house.

Christmas Street is our nostalgic way of wishing you very merry holidays.



Signs by Werner Kappes



Window shop at The Open Cupboard, the first stop on a nostalgic journey down Christmas Street, where glistening cut-glass decanters, candelabra with florid Georgian curves, tomatoes polished to a shine as high as the silver bowls that hold them, tureens, tea sets and other old-fashioned accouterments for the holiday table dazzle the eye. Two imperious china pugs stand guard on a table covered in country calico appliquéd in red and green felt. Green grapes spill from a champagne cooler onto a calico-tied wreath... Browse as long as you like here, then saunter slowly down the rest of Christmas Street.

Photographs on these 12 pages by Jerry Abramowitz.

Fashion and shopping information for the children's fashions on the next 12 pages—see page 116. Dress, this page, by J. C. Penney.

Wallace silver, crystal and china; Lenox candles; Hallmark gift wrap; Shiny Brite Christmas balls; David Barrett cupboard. More shopping information on page 116.


THE
OPEN
CUPBOARD



On Christmas Street, you'll find "Sweets," where giant glass jars and enormous platters overflowing with cookies of all sizes and shapes tantalize passersby large and small. Even the wreath in the window is decorated with cookie birds—a whole flock of them iced with chocolate feathers. The cookie recipes were found in old issues of the JOURNAL, *dating as far back as the 1890's. There's a cookie representing every decade. Take one of each.*

Recipes on page 103.
Party dress by Betsy Daniels for Shutterbug. See page 116.


1925
1902
1897


STANDARD



Christmas Street:
The Tea Shop

The Tea Shop, its lacquered red shelves and draped tables laden with dark, moist cakes, spice cookies, thick jams, and aromatic teas speaks of wondrous mysteries to two small children on a chilly winter afternoon. For grownups, the old-fashioned cookies and cakes (see recipes on page 99), the Oriental papered walls, giant hurricane lamps, and the Chinese lantern offer inspiration for holiday excitement.

Imperial wallpaper, Belgian linen tablecloths, Ridgway earthenware plates, Werner Kappes [illegible]



Come into The Apothecary Shop where once-mysterious healing potions and fragrant perfumes were prepared from aromatic herbs and field flowers. Now the shop is the setting and inspiration for our Christmas wrappings in garden-flower pastels adorned with garlands, ribbons and nosegays of real (and fake) flowers and fruits.

Lace dress by Betsy Daniels for Shutterbug. Gray block ribbons. More information, page 116.


APOTHECARY



Christmas Street:
Ribbons and Laces

Within the flowered walls of the Ribbons and Laces shop are to be found the best-dressed women in town. Waiting for a fitting amidst the yards of fancy fabrics are two fashionable young women in provincial cotton print dresses and delicate pinafores edge pretty borders. They and dresses will be seen at the parties this season. (Pa details for home sewers, 116.) Their young gentle friend is clearly bored b entire proceedings.

Imperial wallpaper, Wright's trimmings, Grayblock ribbons.


RIBBONS
&
LACES



At the Nosegay, Etc. sho
—the fragrant grand finale t
Christmas Street—a thousan
and one twinkling lights i
luminate a brilliant mass o
holiday flowers. An Englis
garden print papers walls fe
tooned with garlands an



Christmas Street:
Nosegays, Etc.

giant wreaths studded with asters (planted in corsage holders that help keep them fresh). Even more flora fills an assortment of wicker baskets and buckets. It's all our rather flowery way of wishing everybody Merry Christmas.

Clarence House wallpaper, Lenox candles, Sculpta-Glass plates, American-Olean tile, Shiny Bote Christmas balls.


"All Is Love"
The Duchess of Windsor's Life Story



Baby Wallis and her mother in 1896.

When the doctor placed Wallis Warfield in her mother's arms, he said, "Your daughter is fit for a king." Some 40 years later, Wallis fell in love with the future King of England. Here, a best-selling biographer begins "The Woman He Loved," an intimate new book about the girl from Baltimore who shared a love affair that shook the world.

BY RALPH G. MARTIN, AUTHOR OF "JENNIE"

Lunch at her villa at Cap Ferrat in the South of France had been gay and laughing. Conversation ranged from Watergate to the British sex scandals. The food itself was simple; but gourmet: a fine wine, a small bird, a fresh salad, a whole fish. ("Take the meat near the tail," she suggested, "it's the sweetest part.") Her wit was sharp. Somebody mentioned the cranberry juice health ad in the United States, and she asked, "Does it do for you what it does for the turkey?"

Wallis Warfield Spencer Simpson—the Duchess of Windsor—was the hostess in command. A distant sound of the vacuum cleaner was ordered stopped. As a discussion lagged, her questions were fast and pertinent. For a woman close to 80, she seemed close to prime time.

But when the meal was done and she stood up, she seemed so small, so frail. A fractured hip had temporarily taken away some of her easy grace. ("That's because the joint is now only partly plastic; if it were all plastic, I could move more smoothly.") And, yet, for a petite woman, there was this feeling of presence and size. If you tried to analyze it quickly, you always came back to her large, luminous, violet-blue eyes, piercing and intense. They were the kind of eyes that drilled and rooted you. When she talked to you, it was only you she was interested in, and she made you know it. And you realized this was probably the simple way it all began, the way she so completely captured the heart of a man who became a King.

As we sat in a corner of the living room —Cap Ferrat quiet and misty below us— she turned and said suddenly, "You know, today is the first anniversary of his death." The gaiety in her voice was gone now, and it seemed strained, almost flat.

"He was so stubborn," she said. "When he made up his mind, that was it. I called him 'The Mule.' The thing is, he was so used to having everything he wanted all his life. I know he had a lot of girls before me, but he said I was the only one he wanted to marry. I told him it was too heavy a load for me to carry. I told him the British people were absolutely right about not wanting a divorced woman for a Queen. I told him I didn't want to be Queen. All that formality and responsibility. And I told him that if he abdicated, every woman in the world would hate me and everybody in Great Britain would feel he had deserted them. I told him that if he stayed on as King, it wouldn't be the end for us. I could still come and see him and he could still come and see me. We had terrible arguments about it. But he was a mule. He said he didn't want to be King without me, *(continued on page 104)*

1. 2. 3. 4.





5.



6.



1. At Oldfields School near Baltimore, Wallis (left) was on the basketball team. 2. Her first marriage at 20, to Navy flier Winfield Spencer, ended badly. Argentine diplomat Felipe A. Espil was the only man Wallis wanted but couldn't wed. 4. In 1928 she married Ernest Simpson and took up residence in London. 5. In 1931, Wallis was at Court—in a borrowed dress. 6. Wallis met the Prince of Wales through his "friend," Thelma Furness. When Lady Furness took a trip, she asked Mrs. Simpson to look after the Prince. Wallis followed orders.

Copyright © 1973 by Ralph G. Martin. From his forthcoming book, "The Woman He Loved," to be published by Simon & Schuster, Inc. Painting by Joe Bowler



Here in time for the holiday party season are **50 ORIGINAL HORS D'OEUVRES** that we guarantee will delight even the mos

Photograph by Charles Gol



ded party-going palates. The recipes take at the most a sentence or two to explain and not much longer to make. You'll find them on page 96.

JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER



The Journal Food Sampler reports the latest on the food scene. Recipes from readers, supermarket news, nutrition. Enjoy it!

—Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor

RECIPE EXCHANGE



Mrs. Douglas Cannon of Mentor, Ohio, is a self-confessed "recipe hound," whose Christmas cookie-parties are the talk of her neighborhood. Her Pineapple Squares are a favorite which she serves year round.

Flaky Pineapple Squares

4 cups flour
1 pound butter or margarine
1 cup sour cream
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
3 cups drained crushed pineapple
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons cornstarch
confectioners' sugar



Cut butter or margarine into flour with pastry blender or two knives. Add sour cream and vanilla. Mix well. Refrigerate for 2 hours.

Meanwhile, cook pineapple, sugar, and cornstarch over medium heat. Be sure to stir the mixture constantly, until thick and clear.

Preheat oven to 325°. Roll out one-half of the dough and place in the bottom of an ungreased jelly roll pan. Add cooled filling and spread over dough. Cover with remaining rolled-out dough. Bake at 325° for 55 minutes or until squares are golden brown.

Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Cut into 70 squares and refrigerate if not used within a short time.



Barbara Morse, a real estate broker, community volunteer and housewife, works off her frustrations with time spent in the kitchen.

While we wish her a long and happy life, we're tempted to annoy her on occasion—just to provide her with melt-in-the-mouth delectable as those chocolate mint cookies.

Minty Witches

⅔ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg
1 package (6 oz.) mint-flavored chocolate pieces, melted
¼ cup light corn syrup
1¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
granulated sugar
50-60 thin chocolate or mint covered peppermints



Combine shortening, sugar, and egg in bowl and beat until creamy. Blend in melted chocolate and corn syrup. Sift together flour, soda and salt. Stir into chocolate mixture. Chill several hours or overnight.

Preheat oven to 350°. Shape dough into balls, the size of a nickel, and roll in sugar. Place on ungreased cookie sheet and bake in a 350° oven for 10-15 minutes. Let stand on sheet a few seconds before removing. Do not cool. Turn one-half of the cookies upside down on rack, top with a peppermint. Top with second cookie and as mint starts to melt, carefully push cookies together so mint forms filling to the sandwich. Makes 50-60 cookies.

Send us your favorite stew recipe. We'll pay $50 for those we use. Include with recipe some mention of its origin; we reserve the right to alter recipes used; recipes submitted become the property of Downe Publishing, Inc. Entries must be postmarked by December 31. Send to: Recipe Exchange, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, New York 10022.

10 OTHER THINGS TO DO WITH...

Dried Mint

Today's the day we're taking out that packet of dried mint we've been saving since last summer's iced tea binge. Why wait, when we've found such good things to do right now with those wonderfully aromatic green leaves.

- First, a brew of mid-winter iced tea—a year-round drink in our book that knows no season.
- Heat the syrup from a 1 lb. 4 oz. can of pineapple with 4 teaspoons mint flakes and let stand for 5 minutes. Strain over pineapple; chill and serve with roast lamb or ham.
- Add ½ teaspoon mint flakes to your favorite lemon French dressing. Let stand at least 2 hours. Serve over fruit salad.
- Steep 1 teaspoon mint flakes in 1 tablespoon boiling water for 7 minutes. Strain and cool. Fold into 1 cup sweetened whipped cream.
- Sprinkle a tablespoon mint flakes on top of a mixed vegetable salad. Add French dressing and toss lightly.
- Blend ¾ teaspoon mint flakes with 1 teaspoon lemon juice and ½ teaspoon grated lemon peel with 1 cup sweetened yogurt. Chill for 1 hour and serve over mixed fresh fruits.
- To a quart of pickled beets, add 2 teaspoons mint flakes during last 5 minutes of cooking.
- To a 1 lb. 6 oz. can strawberry-rhubarb pie filling, add 1 teaspoon mint flakes. Bake in pie shell as usual.
- To ½ cup vinaigrette dressing add 1 teaspoon mint flakes. Pour over 1 quart sliced tomatoes. Chill for 30 minutes before serving.
- To a cup of garlic marinade for 2 pounds lamb cubes add 2 teaspoons mint flakes. Arrange marinated lamb cubes on skewers and broil with cherry tomatoes.

KITCHEN BOUTIQUE

This month we're answering a call for help from William J. Gay, Sr. of Lansing, Mich. Mr. Gay, a widower, has found certain aspects of cooking—for himself and his two children—frustrating and annoying. Writes Mr. Gay, "How big is one chopped onion? How much is a pinch? I am 6′ 2″ and weigh 200 lbs. and have hands to match."

On the chance that many people have trouble with equivalents, we're listing a few here.

Apples
1 lb. = 3 medium apples; 2¾ cups pared and sliced; or 1¾ cups sweetened sauce.

Lemons
1 lb. = about 4 medium lemons. 1 medium lemon = 3 T. juice, or 3 tsps. grated peel (or both for that matter).

Oranges
2 medium oranges (3″ in diameter) = 1 lb., or ⅔ cup juice, or 2 cups sectioned.

Carrots
1 lb. = 4 medium or 6 small; 3 cups shredded; 3½ cups grated; 2½ cups diced.

Peppers
1 lb. = 5-6 medium; 3½ cups chopped.

Onions
(How big is one chopped onion? Depends—) Medium yellow onions (2 to 3¼″ diameter) 1 lb. = 4 to 5 medium yellow onions; 2–2½ cups chopped.

One chopped onion yields about 3/5 cup, a fairly precise and reasonably useless prediction since measuring cups don't seem to come in fifths. Our advice in all of this: relax and cook. Unless you're baking a cake, which requires a certain fussiness in measuring, there's very little chance you can spoil a recipe with an extra fifth of onion. You might just make it tastier.



If you ever needed a good reason to try Chunky Soups ...here are 8.

Today more than ever Chunky Soups make good sense. Not only are they good hearty soups to enjoy from a bowl, you can also build a meal around them. Pour almost any Chunky Soup over rice or noodles, add salad, buttered rolls and milk, and you've got a satisfying supper. Chunky Soups make good eating any way you look at them.

So Chunky you'll be tempted to eat 'em with a fork.

(But use a spoon. You'll want to get every drop.)

JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER

BEST BITES

Vitamin C

This is the most perishable of vitamins: storage, washing, soaking and boiling all destroy large quantities of the vitamin C content in the foods we eat. Still, C is not hard to come by. The difficulty we encountered when we began researching vitamin C was the very controversial question of how much. Great claims have been made for taking large doses of C to prevent colds and other infections. And research continues. Meanwhile, those of us who do the daily marketing and cooking and worrying about our families' health are left in some doubt.

What does it do? Our bodies need vitamin C to carry hydrogen to the cells for the proper "burning" of foodstuffs. Vitamin C also plays a vital role in the health of connective tissues, the substance that composes cartilage, veins, ligaments, etc. Vitamin C—in addition—detoxifies many of the poisons that enter our body from our polluted atmosphere.

Where to get it. 1 medium orange contains 75 milligrams. Half a cantaloupe supplies 63 milligrams. Half a cup of fresh strawberries give 44 milligrams. One excellent source of C lies in the salad bowl. Dark green leafy vegetables supply good amounts of C. Slice in a couple of tomatoes: there's 25 milligrams in a medium tomato. Potatoes contain significant amounts of C. One medium baked potato (white) contains 20 milligrams.

Recommended Daily Allowances

Men	*60 mg.*	*Boys (10-12)*	*40 mg.*
Women	*55 mg.*	*(14-18)*	*55 mg.*
(pregnant)	*60 mg.*	*Girls (12-14)*	*45 mg.*
Infants	*35 mg.*	*(16-18)*	*50 mg.*
Children	*40 mg.*		

CHEF'S SECRETS



Max Thomas, as French a French chef as you're likely to find anywhere, courteously took leave of his kingdom (the kitchen of Le Madrigal, one of Manhattan's most exclusive French restaurants) to spend a half hour talking about our favorite subject, food. Chef Max, who has presided over many a famous restaurant kitchen, gave us the kind of practical ideas that translate so well from haute French cuisine into basic American kitchen technique—so here goes:

- For that perfect dish of rice—each grain separate and slightly *al dente*—simply cook the rice in a little butter before adding water and salt. Fat coats grains and keeps them from sticking together.
- The same principle applies to cooking all sorts of noodles. Add a dollop of oil to the cooking water and bring to a boil. Then add pasta.
- Poaching is a very French way of cooking. You bring liquid and seasonings to a boil, place whatever you intend to cook in the pot and lower the heat to a simmer. Chef Max suggests two poaching tricks. (1) If you're cooking a fish, add vinegar to the liquid—it will keep the fish firm, prevent breaking. If you're cooking cauliflower, use milk as your poaching liquid. Helps it to stay white.
- Still another "non-stick" idea. When making potato salad, slice the boiled potatoes and immediately coat them gently with vinegar. No more inadvertent "mashed" potato salad.
- Budget idea for the adventurous. Ask your butcher for marrow bones (many of them will give them away for the asking) and get him either to split the bones open or slice them into horizontal sections. At home, you remove the marrow, cook it in warm water, but DON'T boil or it will fall apart. Drain the marrow, slice it and pile it up on toast, season with salt and pepper, lemon juice—a bit of butter, a sprinkling of cheese and run it under the broiler. Terrific for an hors d'oeuvre or snack.
- For those of you who are still dining on roasts, Chef Max insists on the importance of letting meat rest after cooking. A steak benefits by a ten minute wait before serving; a large roast might need close to an hour. Seems that the blood, which retreats to the center of the meat during cooking, disperses if the meat is allowed to sit a bit. You'll get a much juicier meat by waiting.

ON THE AISLE

News of the Supermarket

Merry Christmas month to you! But we do have another red letter day we recommend this month: Whale Watching, which begins on December 15 in San Diego, Calif. The word is out that more than 6,000 California gray whales visit San Diego (the bay, that is) on their annual trek from the Arctic to Baja California. We also understand that excursion boats are available to take whale-wishers out to greet the visitors. We don't know what to toss the whales as a gesture of friendship. Peanuts? Stale bread? Maybe Quaker's new Cinnamon Crunch, a dry cereal? (We think it's great without milk as a snack food.) Hamburger? No whale is going to get that! But never mind whales, what about us? We hope to be offered a hot cup of—hmmm, Swiss Miss in a choice of five flavors: dark chocolate, cinnamon, toffee, malt or mocha. Or perhaps a steaming mug of General Foods' new decaffeinated Brim. (Comes ground or freeze-dried.) How about Sara Lee's new Crumb Cakes? Perfect. And we'll toss a crumb or two of friendship to the whales.

FOOD OF THE MONTH

The Royal Nut—Walnuts

Walnuts: the ancient Romans hailed them as the gift of Jupiter; we salute walnuts in December as proof that somebody up there likes us. This year's walnuts are a bumper crop. Ancient Persians used walnuts as money. We'll use them to save a few cents, pack in a little extra nutrition (walnuts are rich in unsaturated fatty acids, phosphorus; a good source of iron and vitamin B). Mostly though, we'll use them because they do delicious things to December menus. For instance, you can dress up a platter of leftover turkey slices—and perhaps some brussels sprouts—with our easy turkey surprise.

Cocktail Walnuts

Serve a really great homemade snack. In skillet, heat 3 tablespoons salad oil. Stir in 1 can (8 oz.) walnuts. Sauté, stirring constantly, until crisp. Remove nuts with slotted spoon and toss in mixture of 2 teaspoons celery salt, ¼ teaspoon garlic powder and ¼ teaspoon cayenne. (Bet you can't eat just one.)

Walnut Confection

An equally delectable sweet snack. Soak 1 cup walnuts in ¼ cup crème de cacao overnight. Drain well. Toss in a mixture of ⅓ cup confectioners' sugar and 1½ tablespoons instant coffee powder. Dry on wax paper and serve in your laciest, daintiest candy dish.

Walnut Soup

Ready for a special eating adventure. Our rich soup is easy to prepare. Combine 1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed cream of chicken soup with a soup can of milk, 1 bay leaf and a pinch of dried marjoram. Heat thoroughly. Remove from heat (taking out bay leaf) and stir in ½ cup chopped walnuts, ¼ cup shredded Cheddar, 2 tablespoons sour cream, and 1 tablespoon freeze-dried chives (2–3 servings).

California Waldorf

Prepare 1 package (3 oz.) lemon gelatin according to package directions. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in 1 cored and diced small red apple, peeled and diced small avocado, ½ cup chopped walnuts and ¼ teaspoon salt. Pour into a 5-cup mold or 6 individual ¾-cup molds. Chill until firm.

Turkey-Ham Surprises

Cut leftover cooked turkey and cooked ham (½ lb. each) in slices 2½ inches long, ½ inch wide and ¼ inch thick to make about 1½ cups each. Place in a cooking bag with ¾ cup water combined with 1 envelope chicken broth. Heat in a 300° oven for 30 minutes.

After about 25 minutes cook 1 package (10 oz.) frozen brussels sprouts according to package directions.

Combine 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 2 tablespoons cold water, 3 tablespoons chopped green onion, ½ teaspoon ground ginger. Stir into drained chicken broth (from turkey and ham) in a saucepan. Bring to a boil, stir in ¼ cup chopped walnuts. Pour sauce over turkey and ham arranged in the center of a platter with brussels sprouts around the edge. Makes 4 servings.

General Electric Ranges with P-7® self-cleaning ovens are made for people who love to cook, but hate to clean.





If, at heart, you're a real cook, but a very impatient cleaning woman, feast your eyes on these GE Ranges. They make cooking a joy and cleaning a cinch.

Like GE's self-cleaning P-7 Ovens. Set the controls to "Clean" and the ovens automatically clean themselves completely. Top, bottom, sides, racks.

Even nooks and crannies you couldn't get to if you had to do it yourself. All that's left is maybe a little ash.

Yet all that cleaning only costs about 10¢. A lot less than a can of oven cleaner.

Sparkling P-7 Ovens. You'll like the way they make your kitchen look—and feel. Because they're so well insulated, more heat stays in the oven when baking, helping the kitchen stay cooler.

Each of these ranges comes with a P-7 Oven. (There are lots more P-7 Oven Ranges in almost every size.) And each comes with Calrod® Surface Units, for even heat all over the bottom of your pans. Now all you do when you decide to replace your range is choose which of these other features you want, too.

The eye-level oven

Why bend over to see what's doing? Model J785 has an eye-level oven with a shiny picture window. When it's time to clean it, just put the removable panels in the P-7 Oven down below.



The wall oven Model JK19R

The eye-level oven Model J785

The Microwave Cooking Center

The wall oven

If you're looking for a new oven only, how about GE Model JK19R? To help you cook good things, it has a rotisserie and automatic meat thermometer, and, of course, the oven is self-cleaning.

The Microwave Cooking Center

It's a special range made only by the General Electric Company. A complete cooking center all in one range. The self-cleaning P-7 Oven does both microwave and conventional cooking. So you can have your choice. Or even use both at once. You can cook foods up to 4 times faster using the microwave energy and brown with conventional heat at the same time.

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P-7 self-cleaning ovens. Another reason why General Electric is America's #1 Major Appliance Value.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Soup.



1. Green Pea Soup, canned.

2. Oyster Bisque. Canned or your favorite recipe.

3. Canned Minestrone.

4. Consommé. Canned or your ow

5. Canned Tomato Soup.

Souper.

een Pea Soup, canned. Make with ½ ater and ½ can milk. Add 2 Tb. fresh n juice. Garnish with slivers of n peel. It's nice enough ompany.

2. Oyster Bisque. Canned or your favorite recipe. Garnish with lemon slices and a grating of nutmeg. Beautiful.

Canned Minestrone. ke with water. Add oz. can of tuna, 2 t. ted lemon peel l 2 t. fresh lemon ce. Makes great tasting rty soup.

4. Consommé. Canned or your own. Add 1 to 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice and 5 Tb. dry sherry per can diluted soup. Float thin slices of lemon on top. It's a classic!

5. Canned Tomato Soup. Make with water. Add 2 Tb. brown sugar, 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice, and ½ to 1 t. curry powder. You've made it potage.

Sunkist® lemons turn the trick.

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continued from page 89

1. Clam Bake
Combine 2 cans (5½-oz. each) minced clams, 2 cups Italian-flavored bread crumbs, 1 can each (10½ oz.) Cheddar cheese soup and onion soup, and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Spoon into small clam shells. Bake at 350°, 20-25 minutes. Garnish with chopped parsley. Makes 50-60.

2. Cucumber-Cheese Round
Pipe processed cheese spread onto cucumber slices. Top with a small pitted black olive stuffed with a walnut piece.

3. Pâté Loaf
Combine 1 can (4¾ oz.) liver pâté, ½ cup finely chopped mushrooms, ¼ cup softened butter, and 2 tablespoons brandy; spread on slices of French bread. Reassemble loaf, wrap tightly in foil and bake at 375° for 15 minutes. Garnish with chopped chives.

4. Bacon-Blue Cheese Horn
Combine 1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, 1 package (4 oz.) blue cheese, 6 slices crisp crumbled bacon, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon horseradish, and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; dip or pipe onto horn-shaped corn snacks.

5. Chicken Liver Canapé
In a skillet, sauté 2 pounds chicken livers, 1 cup each sliced onions and butter. Place in a blender with 4 chopped hard-cooked eggs, ¼ cup brandy, salt, and pepper; blend till smooth. Refrigerate 3 hours. Makes 5 cups.

6. Pepperoni Kabob
Skewer 1 each: small cube Muenster cheese, slice of pepperoni, and watermelon pickle.

7. Ranchos
Place small pieces of Monterey Jack cheese on taco-flavored corn chips; top with thin slices of hot cherry peppers. Bake at 350°, 3-5 minutes until cheese starts to melt.

8. Mushroom-Chicken Loaf
Combine 1 cup each medium white sauce and grated Gruyère cheese, 1 can (4¾ oz.) chicken spread, ½ cup mushrooms, 3 tablespoons each minced onion and chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Slice off the top and hollow out a medium-sized pumpernickel bread; blend removed bread pieces into sauce; pack mixture back into bread shell, replacing top; refrigerate until firm. Serve in slices.

9. Fried Won Ton
Combine 1 pound finely chopped boneless chicken breasts ¼ cup minced green onion, 1 tablespoon each grated fresh ginger, dry sherry and soy sauce and 1 teaspoon cornstarch. Place about 1 teaspoon filling in center of each of 60 won ton skins. (If your supermarket doesn't carry them, ask at a local Chinese restaurant.) Dampen edges around filling with water. Fold in half diagonally to form a triangle. Moisten top of right corner and bottom of left corner. Twist to bring the two moistened surfaces together and pinch to seal; fry in oil heated to 375° until crisp. Serve with heated soy sauce.

10. Caviar Cucumber
Combine 4 oz. lumpfish caviar, ¾ cup olive oil and 2 Tb. lemon juice. Whir in blender 1 minute, gradually add 10 slices dampened white bread while blending. Chill 2-3 hours. Serve on cucumber slices with sieved egg.

11. Biscuit Surprise
Combine 1 cup each biscuit mix and grated sharp Cheddar cheese, 3 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, ¼ teaspoon each thyme and oregano. Mold a teaspoon of dough around each of 24 drained pitted ripe olives. Bake at 400°, 12-15 minutes.

12. Herring in Mustard Sauce
Combine 1 jar (8 oz.) herring in sour cream with 2 tablespoons hot prepared mustard. Serve on rye crisps, garnish with dill sprigs.

13. Miniature Quiche
Beat together 2 eggs, ¾ cup each grated Swiss cheese and milk, 3 slices crisp crumbled bacon, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Pour into tiny 15 quiche tins (2 tablespoons each), sprinkle with chives. Bake at 325°, 15 minutes.

14. Fish Bite
Prepare 1 package (7 oz.) breaded scallops and 1 package (5 oz.) breaded clams according to the package directions.

Skewer one of each and serve hot with seafood sauce dip.

15. Caviar Egg Basket
Cut hard-cooked eggs crosswise in a saw-tooth pattern, slicing a piece off the bottom so they will stand. Top with red caviar and pipe on mayonnaise stars for decoration.

16. Anchovy Puff
Roll out 1 package (10 oz.) frozen patty shells, thawed. Spread with a layer of anchovy paste. Sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese over one half; fold dough in half. Cut out a fish design or cut into triangles. Place on a cookie sheet. Bake at 400°, 10-12 minutes.

17. Shepherd's Tartlet
Sauté 1 pound ground beef or lamb; combine with 1 can (16 oz.) drai whole kernel corn, ¼ cup each c sauce and chopped onion. Spoon 2 blespoons meat filling into small shells. Pipe on mixture of 2 c mashed potatoes, 1 cup grated Ched cheese, onion powder, salt and pep to taste. Garnish with sliced green ion. Bake 20 minutes at 400°.

18. Smoked Salmon Roll
Spread slices of smoked salmon w cream cheese and roll around a t spear of dill pickle.

19. Oyster Tomato
Chop 1 can (5½ oz.) drai oysters; add 1 cup s cream, ½ cup chopped ery, 2 tablespoons cap and 1 chopped hard-coo egg. Spoon this mixture i 1 pint hollowed-out che tomatoes.

20. Beet and Olive Tidbit
Place 1 baby beet anc stuffed green olive on toothpick. Pipe a collar processed cheese spread tween the beet and olive

21. Sprouts and Beef Ka
Marinate separately in tled Italian dressing, sr beef cubes, raw mushr slices and cooked Brus sprouts. Drain; sauté cubes. Skewer with mu room slice and Brus sprout.

22. Parmesan Chips
Sprinkle grated Parme cheese on potato ch Spread on a cookie she put in oven and bake 400°, 2-5 minutes.

23. Sugared Bacon Curls
Roll ½ lb. sliced bacon in cup light brown sugar. slices on a jelly roll p bake at 300° until bacon browned and glazed, ab 30-40 minutes. While hot roll into curls or br in bite-size pieces. Conti uted by Mrs. Arnold (W nie) Palmer.

24. Green Goddess Palm
Marinate drained, sli hearts of palm in bott green goddess dressing several hours. Serve w picks or on crackers w chopped chive garnish.

25. Fritto Misto
Combine 2 cups panc mix, 3 cups chicken bro dry mustard, salt and p per to taste. Dip 2 cups r zucchini slices and 2 c eggplant spears into bat and fry in deep fat at 3 until browned. Sprinkle w coarse salt.

26. California Kabob
Skewer cubed ham with pineapple avocado chunks.

27. Curried Beef Ball
Combine 1 pound ground beef, 1 p age (6 oz.) rice stuffing mix, ¾ cup water, ¼ cup melted butter or garine, 1 well-beaten egg, and 2 spoons curry powder; shape into (1¼-in.) balls and bake, covered 300°, 20-25 minutes.

28. Brandied Grapes and Cheese
Skewer grapes on toothpicks. Di brandy, sprinkle with superfine su allow to dry; place a cube of Gru on each skewer.

(continued on page

Norelco has a way to make your favorite coffee taste better.

It's the Norelco 10 electric drip-filter way. We took the drip-filter method respected by coffee experts and made it quick and easy. It gives you better coffee than any percolator, better coffee than you've ever had before. Never bitter. Just better.

1. The Norelco 10 way starts in the reservoir where water is heated to just below boiling. Percolators boil coffee and that can make even the best coffee bitter.



2. The drip-control lid disperses the water evenly over the coffee—only once (not over and over like percolators), extracting all of the flavor and none of the oils or bitterness. And the filter assures crystal-clear sediment-free coffee.

3. In just 7 minutes you have ten brimming 6-ounce cups of delicious coffee in a beautiful server.

4. The heating plate automatically holds the coffee at the perfect serving temperature for hours.

5. The only home electric coffee maker to earn the Seal of Approval of the Coffee Brewing Center of the Pan-American Coffee Bureau.

6. The result—the better cup of coffee you've dreamed about.

The Norelco 10.
The Electric Drip-Filter Coffee Maker.

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Go-togethers for your holiday get-togethers



Nothing complements the hickory-smoky flavor of a lean and tender Rath Canned Ham like a cool, frosty mold made with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing from Kraft. For your holiday dinner or for festive buffets, they're perfect go-togethers.

SNOWY EMERALD MOLD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- ¾ cup cold water
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime flavored gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1½ cups cold water
- ¾ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
- ½ cup dairy sour cream
- ¾ cup chopped cucumber
- ¾ cup cauliflowerets slices
- ½ cup radish slices

Soften gelatin in cold water; stir over low heat until dissolved. Combine Miracle Whip and sour cream; mix until blended. Stir in gelatin. Pour into oiled 2-qt. mold; chill until almost set.

Dissolve lime gelatin in boiling water; add cold water. Chill until partially set; fold in vegetables. Pour over molded layer; chill until firm. Unmold; garnish, if desired. 8 to 10 servings.

VERY MERRY HAM

- 1 5-lb. can Rath Hickory Smoked Ham
- 1 cup Kraft Pure Apricot Preserves
- 2 slightly beaten egg yolks
- Maraschino cherry halves
- Pecan halves

Heat ham as directed on can. Last 20 minutes remove ham from oven; increase temperature to 350° F. Score fat surface of ham in diamonds. Center 1 cherry or pecan half in each. Combine preserves and egg yolks. Spoon over top and spread on sides of ham. Heat 15 minutes more. (Don't baste.) 14 4-oz. servings.

KRAFT Division of Kraftco Corporation



Rath

From Rath—the first family of hams.
The Rath Packing Co., Waterloo, Iowa.

29. Italian Tuna Canapés
Combine 1 can (16 oz.) drained cannellini beans, 1 can (6½-7 oz.) drained tuna, ½ cup chopped onion, bottled Italian dressing, salt and pepper to taste. Serve in miniature toast croustades.

30. Chicken Drumette
Remove drumettes from 12 chicken wings (a wing is in three sections; this is the section closest to breast). Dip in milk, dust thoroughly with a mixture of ¼ cup flour and ¼ teaspoon salt; sauté in ¼ cup olive oil with 2 or 3 crushed cloves of garlic; remove, sprinkle with mixed parsley or toasted sesame seeds.

31. Kippered Canapé
Spread party rye bread with cream cheese, top with piece of drained, canned kippered herring fillet, pimiento and a cluster of watercress.

32. Soused Cheese
Blend 8 oz. each grated Cheddar and Swiss cheese with ½ cup each white and red wine and a few sprigs chopped parsley. Place in a crock. Refrigerate until firm. Spread or pipe on crackers, garnishing with paprika and parsley.

33. German Sausage Pie
Over medium heat, cook until thick 1 package (1½ oz.) white sauce mix, 1 cup milk, 1 cup grated Gruyère cheese, 1½ teaspoons caraway seeds, ½ teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Press 1 package (9.5 oz.) refrigerated flaky biscuits in a jelly roll pan to make one large piece of dough. Spread cheese sauce over dough. Scatter 1 cup raw onion rings and ¼ pound sliced sweet Italian sausage over all. Bake at 350° for 15-20 minutes. Cut into bite-size pieces to serve.

34. Spinach-Liver Roulade
Thaw 1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach; drain, place in blender container with ½ pound chopped chicken livers, ½ cup each feta cheese, and chopped onion; and 1 crushed clove garlic. Blend until smooth, about 2 minutes. Place 1 tablespoonful on one side of 3-in.-square phylo or strudel pastry; roll up tucking in sides. Brush with beaten egg. Bake at 375°, 25 minutes. Makes 20.

35. Ham and Cheese Carrozza
For batter, combine 2 cups all-purpose flour, 1¾ cups orange juice, 2 tablespoons hot prepared mustard, 2 tablespoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cut into ½-in. cubes: 10 slices bread, ½ lb. ham, and 8 oz. mozzarella. Skewer alternating on toothpicks; coat with batter, fry in deep fat at 325° for 5 minutes until golden.

36. Sausage-Potato Skewer
Spear defrosted potato puffs and little smoked sausage links on toothpicks and then bake for 15 minutes at 400°. Serve with a dollop of mustard combined with sesame seeds and salt.

37. Hungarian Cabbage Roll
Sauté ¼ pound chopped bacon; add 4 cups chopped cabbage, 1 cup chopped onions, 1 tablespoon horseradish, salt, and pepper. Place 1 tablespoonful on one side of 3-in. square of phylo or strudel pastry and roll up, tucking in sides. Bake at 375° for 25 minutes.

38. Anchovy Pretzel
Cream 1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, ¼ cup butter, 1 tablespoon chopped capers, 1 teaspoon anchovy paste, ½ teaspoon each paprika and dry mustard. Spread between two pretzels. Garnish with capers and paprika.

39. Stuffed Litchi Nut
Stuff 1 can (11 oz.) drained litchi nuts with 1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese combined with 2 tablespoons chopped candied ginger, 1 tablespoon brandy, and pinch of salt. Sprinkle with toasted chopped almonds and top with a thin slice of preserved kumquat.

40. Spiced Hash Ball
Blend 1 can (16 oz.) corned beef hash, 1 cup each grated raw potato, grated apple, and flavored bread crumbs, and 2 eggs. Shape into balls 1¼ in. in diameter. Bake at 350° for 20 minutes. Garnish with lemon peel and a pickled cocktail onion.

41. Stuffed Pasta Shells
Combine 1 cup each spaghetti sauce and Italian flavored bread crumbs, ½ pound sautéed sausage, ½ cup each ricotta and mozzarella cheese. Spoon into 2 cups cooked pasta shells. Serve warm, garnished with parsley.

42. Corned Beef Triangle
Combine 1 can (7½ oz.) corned beef spread, 1 can (16 oz.) drained sauerkraut and 3 tablespoons prepared mustard. Spoon 1 tablespoon on end of 3x12 in. strip of phylo or strudel pastry; fold bottom right corner over to left side to form a triangle; keep folding triangle up the strip as you would a flag. Bake at 375°, 20-25 minutes.

43. Brie Square
On a square of pumpernickel bread, place a small wedge of Brie cheese. Sprinkle with chopped red onions.

44. Barbecued Pork Riblets
Combine ½ cup each lemon juice and olive oil, ⅓ cup sliced scallions, ¼ cup cream sherry, 3 teaspoons lemon r
1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon crus
red pepper and 1 crushed clove ga
Pour over 1½ pounds pork ribl
marinate overnight; bake at 375°
30 minutes.

45. Crescent Frank
Cut each triangle in half from 1 pa
age (8 oz.) Italian-flavored cresc
rolls. Spread with prepared must
and drained sauerkraut.
Roll up 16 cocktail franks in do
triangles. Bake at 375°,
minutes.

46. Baby Bagel
Blend a half pound
smoked salmon, 3 oz. cre
cheese, 1 tablespoon m
1 teaspoon lemon juice,
¼ teaspoon pepper.
Spread between halve
baby bagels; garnish w
sprig of dill.

47. Scallop Seviche
Combine ½ pound bay s
lops (or cut-up sea scallo
rind and juice of 2 lime
tablespoons olive oil, 2 ta
spoons chopped onion
tablespoon chopped gr
pepper, salt and fres
ground black pepper.
Allow to marinate at l
3 hours. Serve in artich
bottoms.

48. Stuffed Baby Gouda
Cut thin slice off top of
oz.) Gouda cheese. Rem
cheese, leaving rind int
Combine in blender che
with 1 can (3½ oz.) tu
⅓ cup white wine and
teaspoon instant min
onion. Return mixture
Gouda shell.
Chill, then cut into we
es or serve as a spread; g
nish with parsley.

49. Soufflé Mushrooms
Defrost 1 package (12 o
frozen spinach soufflé. Bru
1 lb. mushroom caps w
oil; fill each with ½ t
spoon liverwurst and
with 1 tablespoon spina
soufflé.
Sprinkle with Parme
cheese. Bake at 400°, 15
minutes.

50. Mediterranean Turnover
Sauté 1 lb. ground beef, a
1 can (16 oz.) tomato sau
1 package (10 oz.) froz
peas, ½ cup packaged p
cooked rice, 2 tablespoo
vinegar, ½ teaspoon thym
salt, and pepper. Cover, si
mer 15 minutes. Serve
pita bread (Greek flat brea
quarters with chopped pi
nuts.



CHRISTMAS REMEMBERED

By Danielle Steel

The Christmas most dear to me?
The one we danced beside the tree.
The Christmas you lay next to me.
The year we shared each other's heart.
The Christmas we were one.
Ah, dancing man of long ago,
Come back to me again,
The tree is lit, my stocking's hung.
I wait now as I have since then.
For but one more Christmas eve,
In the brilliance of our midnight sun.

SHOP RECIPES

inued from page 78

recipes are all pictured on page Here's how to identify them. the far left, cakes are laid out ghly in two diagonal rows. Far- t left, in the foreground, begin- with the bundt cake and going in a row of three: Gingerbread itcake (the bundt cake), Orange- icot Cramique (coffee cake), e Curd Scones. Second row, ting in the foreground and work- left: two servings of Chestnut- ed Brioche, slices of the Poppy l Roll surrounding our individ- Almond Cheesecakes, a tin box of 3-Seed Biscuits, six of the in- dual Miniature Fruitcakes. On right hand page on the round e in the foreground a plate of Pot ese Cakes, and behind them the cemeat Tartlets.

GINGERBREAD FRUITCAKE

ehow, this recipe is just plain to make. And easy . . . and de- us.

up butter, softened to room mperature
up light brown sugar, sifted
gs, separated
cups sifted flour
spoons ginger
teaspoons cinnamon
aspoon mace
light molasses
up orange juice
snipped dates
chopped pecans
up candied orange peel

heat oven to 300° and place a pan of hot water on bottom Beat butter until smooth and Gradually add brown sugar and until light and creamy. Beat in yolks. Sift together flour and es. Reserve ½ cup.

dd dry ingredients to butter ure alternately with the mo- s and orange juice.

rinkle dates, pecans, and can- orange with reserved flour ure.

eat egg whites until stiff. Fold batter. Then fold in floured nuts fruits. Pour mixture into a ily greased 10-cup bundt pan. cake on center rack for 1 hour inutes. Cool on a rack for 10 ites. Loosen edges and invert serving platter. Serves 10-12.

RANGE APRICOT CRAMIQUE

ramique" is a "coffee cake" in ium. Ours is one of the prettiest easiest.

kage dry yeast
p warm (105°-115°) water
ups cake flour
s all-purpose flour
p sugar
aspoon salt
s
p milk
p butter, softened
p dried apricots, chopped
p drained mandarin orange
tions, chopped
espoons orange liqueur

olve yeast in water. Add 1 cup flour. Set aside in warm (85°)

a large bowl combine remain- lours, sugar and salt. Make a Add 2 beaten eggs and milk. thoroughly. Work in yeast mix-

nead in butter and continue ding on floured surface for 10 minutes. Put in a floured bowl, cover in a warm (85°) area for about 2 hours until doubled in bulk.

Punch down and work in apricots, mandarin oranges, liqueur. Form into a large ball and turn into an 8½-in. fluted mold or any mold in which mixture will fill mold halfway. Cover with a cloth and set in a warm (85°) spot for about 1½ hours or until dough reaches top of mold. Slash top of dough in a "cross." Brush the top with remaining egg.

Preheat oven to 425°. Bake for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 325° and bake another hour and 10 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Serves 8-10.

LIME CURD SCONES

How elegant these scones are! They'll inspire you to bring out your very best china and silver. A recipe of Scottish origin.

Lime Curd Filling:
3 tablespoons butter
¾ cup sugar
2 eggs, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons lime juice
1 teaspoon lime rind
Scones:
4 cups flour
2 tablespoons baking powder
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter
4 eggs beaten
½ cup heavy cream
1 egg, beaten with 2 T water *(continued)*



Make your holidays happy with a handful of Planters.®

Good times and Planters Nuts just seem to go together for the holidays. Because hospitality begins with the fine quality and delicious taste of nutritious Planters Nuts, dry roasted using absolutely no fats or oils. So whether you're entertaining friends, relaxing with your family, or just treating yourself this season, do it happily with a handful of Planters.

Fine products of Standard Brands

Sweeten up your holidays!



fudgie scotch ring

It's so easy and so good. Here's all you need:

- 1 6-oz. pkg. (1 cup) Nestlé's® Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels
- 1 6-oz. pkg. (1 cup) Nestlé's® Butterscotch Morsels
- 1 can Borden Eagle® Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* (not evaporated milk)
- 1 cup coarsely chopped Diamond® Walnuts
- ½ teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 cup Diamond® Walnut halves

*Magnolia® or Dime® Brands may be used

1. MELT chocolate & butterscotch morsels with sweetened condensed milk in top of double boiler over hot (not boiling) water. Stir occasionally till morsels melt and mixture begins to thicken. Remove from heat; add chopped walnuts and vanilla. Blend well. Chill for 1 hour till mixture thickens. Line bottom of 9" pie pan with a 12" square of foil. Place ¾ cup walnut halves in bottom of pan, forming 2" wide flat ring.

2. SPOON chocolate mixture in small mounds on top of walnuts to form ring. Decorate with remaining walnuts.

3. CHILL in refrigerator until firm enough to slice. Cut into ½ inch slices.

Makes about 36 slices.



all seasons woman

To prepare filling: Cream butter in top of a double boiler. Gradually beat in sugar. Beat in eggs, lime juice and rind. Place over boiling water and stir with a wire whisk until mixture thickens. Set aside to cool.

To prepare scones: Preheat oven to 400°. Combine flour, baking powder, sugar, and salt. Cut in butter with pastry blender or two knives until mixture is crumbly. Stir in eggs and cream. Knead until mixture is smooth. Divide into 6 parts. Roll each part into a 6-in. circle. Slice into quarters.

Place 2 teaspoons curd filling on one quarter piece, brush edges with beaten egg and top with another quarter piece. Lightly press edges to seal. Repeat procedure for 12 scones. (Extra filling is good on toast.) Place on an ungreased cookie sheet, brush with egg mixture and bake at 400° for 15 minutes, or until golden. Makes 12 scones.

CHESTNUT FILLED BRIOCHES

One of those sinfully rich and gooey pastries, without which no holiday season would possibly be complete. Buy brioches frozen or from the bakery.

12 baked brioches
¼ cup melted butter
Filling:
1 can (15½ oz.) chestnut purée
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons dark rum
2 teaspoons instant coffee
1 cup heavy cream, stiffly beaten

Preheat oven to 350°. Slice the tops from the brioche and scoop out centers. Brush with melted butter and bake at 350° for 15 minutes.

To prepare filling: Beat chestnut purée until smooth. Add sugar, rum, and coffee and beat until well blended.

Set aside a small portion of whipped cream to use as a garnish. Fold remaining cream into chestnut mixture and use to fill the brioche cups.

Return tops and pipe on remaining whipped cream to garnish. Serves 12.

POPPY SEED ROLL

This is a very good one to make ahead and freeze. A heavy, moist recipe.

Dough:
2 packages dry yeast
½ cup sugar
1½ cups lukewarm heavy cream (105°–115°)
5½ cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
¼ teaspoon salt
½ pound sweet butter
3 egg yolks, beaten
Filling:
5 cups ground poppy seeds
1 cup ground almonds
2 tablespoons grated orange rind
1½ cups honey
¾ cup butter, softened
1 egg, beaten

To prepare dough: Dissolve yeast and 1 tablespoon sugar in ¼ cup lukewarm cream. Set aside until bubbly.

In a large bowl combine flour, remaining sugar, lemon rind, and salt. Cut in butter, using pastry blender or two knives, until crumbly. Add yeast mixture, egg yolks, and remaining cream and mix well. Turn dough onto well-floured board and knead for about 10 minutes. Re to bowl, flour lightly and cover cloth. Set aside in warm (85°) for about 2 hours until double bulk. Preheat oven to 350°.

To prepare filling: Combine po seeds, almonds, and orange r Add honey and butter and mix

To assemble: When dough risen, punch down and divide in Roll out each piece to a 16 x 1 rectangle. Spread half the po seed filling on dough, leaving a in. strip without filling along side. Roll lengthwise like jelly starting at side without filling. on greased jelly roll pan. Re process for remaining dough filling. Set poppy seed rolls asid warm (85°) area until double bulk. Brush with beaten egg. B in a 350° oven for 45 minutes. C sprinkle with confectioners' su and cut into ½-in. slices. Makes slices.

ALMOND CHEESECAKES

This is a remarkably simple che cake recipe, of Viennese origin. like the idea of individual cakes

Crust:
2 cups graham cracker crumbs
⅓ cup sugar
1 teaspoon lemon rind
¼ teaspoon mace
½ cup melted butter
Filling:
2 packages (8-oz. each) cream chees
1 can (8 oz.) almond paste
½ cup sugar
3 eggs
½ cup sour cream
1 teaspoon lemon rind
½ teaspoon mace
8 strawberries

To prepare crust: Combine grah cracker crumbs, ⅓ cup sugar, lem rind, and ¼ teaspoon mace i bowl. Add melted butter and t lightly to moisten thoroughly.

Place rounds of waxed paper to fit on the bottoms of eight 6- custard cups. Press crumb mixt onto sides of the cups. Set asi Preheat oven to 375°.

To prepare filling: Beat cre cheese and almond paste u smooth. Gradually beat in ½ sugar until mixture is light a fluffy.

Beat in eggs, one at a time. B in sour cream, rind, and ½ teasp mace.

Pour mixture into prepared c and bake at 375° for 30-35 minut

Remove to wire racks. When co pletely cool, carefully loosen ed with a metal spatula and invert o serving plate. Garnish with stra berries. Serves 8.

3-SEED BISCUITS

Because we are particularly fond seed cakes, we've gone that ex mile to create a recipe calling three seeds. We love it and thi you will, too. Serve with warm b ter.

3 cups flour
½ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon baking soda
2 tablespoons caraway seeds
2 tablespoons poppy seeds
2 tablespoons anise seeds
1½ cups sour cream
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 egg white
Confectioners' sugar

Preheat oven to 450°. Sift togeth flour, sugar, baking powder, sa

BIRDS EYE INTRODUCES HE ROMANTIC HAMBURGER



LET BEEF ITALIANO

age (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Italian Vegetables
ground beef
8 oz.) spaghetti sauce
water
spoon oregano

Brown ground beef in skillet, leaving meat in large chunks. Add spaghetti sauce, water, and oregano. Add vegetables. Bring to a full boil; separate vegetables and stir until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings.

SEE COLUMN ON THIS PAGE FOR MORE RECIPES.



GF GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

WITH OUR VEGETABLES AND YOUR HAMBURGER WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL DINNERS TOGETHER

and baking soda. Stir in 1 teaspoon each caraway, poppy, and anise seeds. Blend in sour cream and egg.

Knead mixture until it is smooth and elastic. Roll out on a floured surface to ½-in. thickness.

Cut with a 2½-in. biscuit cutter. Bake on ungreased cookie sheets in a 450° oven for 15 minutes. Cool.

To garnish, brush a ½-in. band of egg white across center of top. Sprinkle with a mixture of remaining seeds. Cover this portion with a strip of paper and dust remaining top areas with confectioners' sugar. Makes 18 biscuits.

MINIATURE FRUITCAKES

A clever use for those empty snack dessert containers. Or simply use custard cups. The cakes make charming gifts.

Cakes:
cup butter or margarine
cup light brown sugar
eggs, separated
cups sifted flour
½ teaspoons ground nutmeg
teaspoon ground cloves
teaspoon ground allspice
½ teaspoon salt
tablespoons brandy
tablespoons burgundy wine
cups candied fruits
cup diced, dried figs

Topping:
1¼ cups sugar
½ cup water
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
Candied green and red cherries

To prepare cakes: Preheat oven to 300° and place a large pan of hot water on bottom rack. Cut wax paper to fit bottoms of 12 snack dessert cans (5-oz. each). Grease paper and place in cans. Grease sides of cans.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in egg yolks, one at a time.

Sift together flour and dry ingredients. Set aside ½ cup. Add dry ingredients to butter mixture alternately with brandy and burgundy.

Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into batter. Sprinkle remaining flour mixture over candied fruit and figs and fold into batter.

Pour into prepared cans and bake on center rack in a 300° oven for 30 minutes. Remove to wire rack. Allow to cool completely. Carefully loosen edges and remove from cans.

To prepare topping: Combine sugar, water, and cream of tartar in a saucepan. Boil just until mixture begins to caramelize. Remove from heat and place over hot water.

Cut candied cherries into eighths and place 3 pieces on top of each cake. Spoon caramelized syrup over top of each. Serves 12.

POT CHEESE CAKES

An unusual cake of Russian origin—we name it our Secret Recipe of the Month. Who would ever guess pot cheese and coriander?

Filling:
1 cup pot style cottage cheese
2 eggs, slightly beaten
⅓ cup milk
⅓ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon pure vanilla extract
¼ teaspoon ground coriander
⅔ cup currant jelly, melted
Dough:
½ cup sweet butter
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon vegetable shortening
3 eggs
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon nutmeg

Preheat oven to 350°.

To prepare filling: Combine all ingredients except jelly and beat with mixer until smooth. Set aside.

To prepare dough: Cream butter, sugar, and vegetable shortening. Add 2 eggs, one at a time. Add flour, baking powder, and nutmeg; mix until blended.

Grease eight 4½-in. tartlet pans. Pat dough into pans making a depression in center. Fill hole with filling. Brush dough edge with one beaten egg. Bake for 30 minutes. Pour jelly into centers. Makes 8.

MINCEMEAT TARTLETS

The tart crust is unusual, and very rich—with a blend of brown sugar and almonds. A recipe of English background, from the Dickens era.

1¾ cups all-purpose flour
⅓ cup granulated sugar
⅓ cup dark brown sugar
⅔ cup ground blanched almonds
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon baking powder
⅓ cup butter
2 eggs
1 cup mincemeat
½ cup chopped walnuts
2 tablespoons melted butter

In a large bowl, combine flour, sugars, ground almonds, cinnamon, and baking powder. Cut ⅓ cup butter into mixture with pastry blender or two knives until crumbly. Blend in 1 egg and work dough until smooth. Let dough rest about 1 hour.

Meanwhile combine mincemeat, walnuts, and 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Preheat oven to 350°.

Roll out dough to an ⅛-in. thickness. Cut out eight 5-in. circles. Line eight 3-in. greased tartlet pans with dough and fill with mincemeat.

Roll out leftover dough and cut eight 3-in. circles. Cover top of each tartlet with dough circles. Fold rim of dough over tartlet and pinch together with fork. Brush with remaining beaten egg and prick top with fork. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes. Makes 8. **END**

SHAMPOO

By Lenore Eversole Fisher

The in-tide washed the beach's scalp
And combed and brushed its seaweed hair,
Then retreating, set the sands'
Soft waves to dry in sunny air.

MORE INTERNATIONAL DINNER RECIPES.

RATHSKELLER STYLE GROUND BEEF. *3/4 pound ground beef • 1 teaspoon salt • Dash of pepper • 1/4 cup water • 1 teaspoon lemon juice • 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind • 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Bavarian Style Beans with Spaetzle with a Seasoned Sauce*

Brown ground beef with salt and pepper in skillet. Add water, lemon juice, lemon rind, and vegetables. Bring to full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork; stir until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. Makes 3 servings.



ORIENTAL CHICKEN. *3 boned chicken breasts (about 3/4 lb.), or 1-1/2 cups diced, cooked chicken • 2 tablespoons butter or salad oil • 1/4 cup water • 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Chinese or Japanese Style Vegetables with a Seasoned Sauce • 1/4 cup coarsely chopped nuts (optional)*

Cut chicken into 3/4-inch pieces. Cook and stir in heated butter or oil in skillet until chicken turns white. Add water and vegetables. Bring to full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork; stir until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 2 minutes. Sprinkle with nuts before serving. If desired, serve with rice. Makes 3 servings.



QUICK GROUND BEEF SAUERBRATEN. *3/4 pound ground beef • 1/4 cup chopped onion • 1/2 teaspoon salt • 1/4 cup water • 1 teaspoon vinegar • 1/4 teaspoon sugar • 1/4 teaspoon ground ginger (optional) • 1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Bavarian Style Vegetables with a Seasoned Sauce*

Lightly brown beef in hot skillet; add onions and salt and continue cooking until onions are tender—about 5 minutes. Add water, vinegar, sugar, and ginger. Move meat mixture to sides of skillet. Add vegetables; bring to a full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork; stir until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 3 minutes. If desired, serve with cooked noodles. Makes 3 servings.



WAIKIKI TUNA. *1 can 9-1/4 oz. tuna, drained • 1 tablespoon salad oil • 1 tablespoon brown or granulated sugar • 1/4 teaspoon ground ginger (optional) • 1 package Birds Eye® Hawaiian Style Vegetables with Pineapple with a Seasoned Sauce.*

Brown tuna lightly in oil in skillet. Add remaining ingredients. Bring to full boil over medium heat, separating vegetables with fork; stir until sauce cubes are blended. Reduce heat, cover and simmer 3 minutes. If desired, serve with rice. (Alternate suggestion: substitute 3/4 pound boiled ham, diced, for tuna.) Makes 3 servings.



HELEN GURLEY BROWN, *editor.*

When I was eight, my mother gave me a Patsy doll. Patsy, who preceded the Shirley Temple doll, was about 14 inches high, with movable arms and legs and short, bobbed hair. There wasn't anything special about her. But, as Frankie in *Member of the Wedding* felt about her sister and soon-to-be-brother-in-law, I felt that Patsy was "the best of me." My mother made her fabulous clothes, and I was so proud of her and them. I'm sure dolls like Patsy serve a purpose in starting you on a road toward self-improvement. You should get to be such a doll yourself!

LOUISE BATES AMES, *child psychologist; co-founder, Gesell Institute of Child Development.*

As a child I did not care much for dolls, and I remember no favorite toy. I did rather treasure a medium-sized black pincushion, shaped like a female leg and foot and wearing a red mesh stocking. Some of the stenographers at the Court House had given it to my father, and it meant a lot to me because he gave it to me.

What I cared about most was books. I especially liked *The Little Lame Prince, Peter Pan,* and a large, gloomy *Dante's Inferno,* which we children were allowed to look at only occasionally. I also especially liked the small, round-backed child's rocking chair in which I would sit by the fire in the evening while my father read to us.

As I look back, it seems to me that people (especially my father) and activities (especially walking in the woods and reading) were more important to me than were objects.

JUSTINE WISE POLIER, *retired domestic relations court judge, fighter for children's rights.*

I had a white teddy bear and my older brother had a brown teddy bear. His represented Abraham Lincoln, and mine was George Washington. I felt that Abraham Lincoln was really more important because "he freed the slaves," but I still clung to my white teddy bear. I still have both bears, which have now been played with by three generations.

FRANCES "SISSY" FARENTHOLD, *attorney and politician.*

I well remember a dress that my parents brought to me from Mexico. It was one of those splendid creations that the Mexicans are famous for—all covered with sequins and hand embroidery. And, the fact that it was floor length meant a lot to a little girl. They could hardly force me to take it off to take a bath or to go to bed!

ELIZABETH JANEWAY, *author.*

Possessions didn't mean much to me in childhood. Activity did. I was a tomboy—a tree climber, fence walker, bicyclist, roller skater. Aside from the skates and the tricycle, my treasured possessions were books. I still have some from those years.

Books told me about the world outside. Not that I was unhappy where I was, growing up in Brooklyn in the 1920's. I knew it was an enclave, a safe harbor, but no place to stay, no place to pass one's life. What frightened me most was seeing some of the women who had stayed—who found the long days hard to get through, who wasted minds and talents and energies. Like my artist aunt who, after a year of study in Paris, came back to run her mother's house, never married, and painted a little, in nooks and crannies of time. Like my mother's friend, who once said, "I never get up till ten. It makes the days so much shorter."

It seemed to me that I had to learn the world, and it was hard to do at home. Books were my way. I fell in love with the world of people and action, and I am still in love with it.

AMY VANDERBILT, *author.*

I must have received "Teddy," a honey-brown teddy bear with amber eyes, very early in my life, because I can't remember my childhood without him. A homely, Pooh-like animal, very warm and comforting, he was beautifully made and remained with me long after my dolls had been put away.

I didn't take Teddy with me when I went to school in Europe, but he was certainly here when I came back, carefully bedded down in a trunk, protected from moths. I gave Teddy to my first son, who loved him as much as I did. He didn't even mind Teddy's few bald spots, evidence of all the loving care he had received.

An act of vandalism ended Teddy. A rough band of boys descended on our garden, snatched Teddy, and ran. He was found the next day in the deep woods, soggy beyond redemption. I've been searching for his counterpart ever since, and if I could just find it or him—I would put him away for my grandchildren when they begin to arrive.

HARRIET PILPEL, *attorney.*

My beloved doll, Betty, started with golden curls and bright blue eyes that opened and closed (at first, I thought), but I continued to love her long after the gold had become matted brown and the eyelids had begun to peel.

Betty was a real confidante of my early years. She understood my problems, was sympathetic, and if I held her tightly I often absorbed from her the solutions I was looking for. When my parents presented me (and her) with a small upholstered couch in which she could sleep alongside my bed, I was overjoyed. I still remember Betty as a real person and a best friend.

SYLVIA PORTER, *financial expert.*

A worn, torn, one-eyed teddy bear about a foot long was my "security blanket." It was given to me by my mother—and was all mine. I slept with it, took it to camp the first summer, hugged it and loved it without reservation. It was my own warm "real" companion for many years. When I was about 12, it finally just disintegrated.

NATALIE SHAINESS, *psychiatrist.*

I do not feel that toys were very important in shaping my attitudes. I did have a chemistry set that I liked— more for the colors and the different reactions than an understanding of the science—and I *was* a chemistry major in my college premed course. Make what you will of that!

But as a child I never liked dolls, much preferring mechanical toys like erector sets. Who would ever have thought that I would experience a great longing to be a mother? And yet I took time out from my medical studies to raise two marvelous children, and I have devoted much of my professional life to exploring the nature of femininity and motherhood.

FRANCES FITZGERALD, *Pulitzer Prize-winning author of* Fire in the Lake

As a toddler, I adored an empty bottle. I don't remember who gave it to me, but I do know that many tried to take it away from me with no success. My pleasure in it could only have been authentic. Then my love for the gin bottle gave way to an attachment to a small cloth tiger called "Tigger," one of the characters in *Winnie-the-Pooh.*

I was always very much bound up with the Christopher Robin and Pooh stories. My favorite character was Eeyore, but nobody ever gave me a donkey.



ued from page 77

mas memories are made of
nade cookies and a glass of
ld milk on a happy holiday
oon. To keep alive the full
jar, an old American tradi-
ve went on a nostalgic jour-
rough 90 years' worth of issues
JOURNAL, picking out our fa-
cookie recipes. Below are the
and goodies we found from
lecade. They start with spicy
d Cakes from 1897. Along the
ve discovered some unusual
m Wafers (1902) and Kura-
1935), delicate Turkish cook-
or the most part the cookies
d to be more delicate and less
than today's cookies.

ID CAKES (1897)
sifted all-purpose flour
ps sugar
lanched almonds, ground
utter

mixed candied peel
oons ground ginger
oon cinnamon
spoon lemon extract

at oven to 375°. Combine flour,
and almonds. Cut in butter
crumb consistency is reached.
n remaining ingredients. Pinch
piece of dough about the size
walnut. Roll between palms
ng a 2-in. long roll. Bend each
to a curve and place on greased
sheet. Bake at 375° for 12
es. Makes 80-90.

AM WAFERS (1902)
butter
sugar
slightly beaten
oon baking soda
spoons warm water
milk
ps whole wheat flour

at oven to 350°. Cream to-
butter and sugar. Add egg.
lve baking soda into water and
ne with milk. Add to creamed
re. Blend in flour gradually.
dough out on well-floured
e to a ⅛-in. thickness. Cut

RECIPE INDEX

listing of recipes appearing in this is-
luding those from the Journal kitchens
vertisements. All have been tested by our
conomists.

IZERS
Minestrone, p. 95
Tomato Soup, p. 95
Walnuts, p. 92
mé, p. 95
D'Oeuvres, p. 96, 98
Pea Soup, p. 95
Bisque, p. 95
Soup, p. 92

AGES
Egg Nog, p. 48
am's Apple, p. 109
mlet, p. 56

RTS
Cakes, p. 103
Cheesecakes, p. 100
t Filled Brioches, p. 100
te Sandwich Macaroons, p. 104
Pineapple Squares, p. 90
Scotch Ring, p. 100
read Fruitcake, p. 99
n Wafers, p. 103
an Nutsticks, p. 104
e, p. 104
ird Scones, p. 99
re Fruitcakes, p. 100
eat Tartlets, p. 101
Witches, p. 90
okies, p. 103
Apricot Cramique, p. 99
Wafers, p. 103
eed Roll, p. 100
ese Cakes, p. 101
eed Biscuits, p. 100
-Ham Surprises, p. 92
Balls, p. 104
Confection, p. 92
e Cookies, p. 104

ENTREES
Chicken, p. 99
ion Skillet, p. 28
Ground Beef Sauerbraten, p. 99
eller Style Ground Beef, p. 99
Beef Italiano, p. 99
Minute Tuna with a Secret, p. 106
erry Ham, p. 97
Tuna, p. 99

LLANEOUS
ia Waldorf, p. 92
Walnut Sauce, p. 92
Bearnaise, p. 17
Bordelaise, p. 17
Hollandaise, p. 17
Mornay, p. 17

into rectangles 3x1½ ins. Place on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350° 15 minutes till golden. Makes 50.

Note: For sweeter cookies sprinkle with sugar before baking.

NUT COOKIES (1914)
½ cup butter
3 tablespoons light corn syrup
¼ cup milk
1 teaspoon pure vanilla extract
2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 tablespoons chopped walnuts

Preheat oven to 350°. Cream butter and corn syrup. Add milk and vanilla.

Blend in flour and baking powder. Fold in walnuts.

Roll dough out to an ⅛-in. thickness. Cut into cookies using star-shaped cookie cutter. Garnish with silver candy pearls, if desired.

Bake on greased cookie sheet at 350° for 15 minutes.

Makes about 30.

PEANUT WAFERS (1925)
2 eggs
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter, melted
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup cake flour
¾ cup peanuts, chopped

Beat eggs and sugar until light and fluffy. Blend in butter and salt. Fold in flour and chopped peanuts.

Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased cookie sheet. Garnish with peanuts. Bake at 350° 10 minutes. Makes 32.

OUR FRIENDS WRITE ABOUT THEIR FRIEND;

"I bought one can of your Bar Keepers Friend cleaner and find it is the best cleanser I have been able to find in years. No excess suds to rinse away and cleans perfectly. The time and water the others waste are terrific and still don't clean like Bar Keepers Friend."

Mrs. A. T. Arthur
Fort Madison, Iowa

"Bar Keepers Friend really works good. My grandma sent some to my mom. We used it in taking rust off an old stove. I used it and got rust off my pocket knife. My mom uses it in taking grass stain out of my pants. I am ten years old."

Yours friend,
David Archer
Evergreen, Colorado

"I have a daughter-in-law who works in a doctor's office and she told me how she made things shine so that her boss noticed the difference and asked what she was using."

Mrs. John Harrison
Sebring, Florida

"My oven needed cleaning badly and I was out of oven spray cleaner and I sprinkled Bar Keepers Friend and dampened with water to stand for about ten minutes and with a small wire brush—the caked substances in my oven just disappeared. Now it just shines."

Mrs. Charles Menke
Cincinnati, Ohio

"I was at a friend's house before Christmas and she gave me a lamp to bring home and put a new plug on the end. She said when you bring it back I'll spray that black because it's so ugly. I got my Bar Keepers Friend out and cleaned that lamp up and it was just beautiful, and I sprayed it with a coat of clear lacquer. My friend thought she had a new lamp."

Betty Buehler
Kettering, Ohio

"My sinks in the kitchen and bathroom were terrible. I tried everything, and I just couldn't get the rust out. Well, I thought, I guess I'll just have to live with rusty sinks! Then I heard my husband talk about Bar Keepers Friend. Well, lo and behold. My sinks are white. It really works."

Mrs. Ted Spialek
Fairland, Indiana

"The location of the Lost Dutchman could please an old desert rat no more than finding Bar Keepers Friend pleased me. I have used it for years and years. Contrary to most all other products, whose adverlying brain-washes the consumer belief, Bar Keepers Friend does not crunch and crackle; it does not substitute for a plumber; it does not froth all over everything; it only cleans everything except a tarnished reputation and it might clean that up some."

Mr. David Burton
Cleveland, Ohio

AND THEIR FRIEND IS THE ENVIRONMENT'S FRIEND.

Bar Keepers Friend keeps the brass and copper shining and the lakes and the streams too because it doesn't contain any phosphates.

It feels like fine talcum powder and it doesn't have any chlorine smell—but it works like steel wool with a bulldozer behind it. And for once in your life, you're not that bulldozer. We are. We put it in the can. And the elbow grease. And the upstairs maid, so all you have to do is rub it on and rub it off. And the bulldozer is an oxalate found in wood sorrel, so when you go tripping across the meadow with your family, free from all the chores, the landscape won't be sullied by the stuff that goes down the drain.

The men who first made Bar Keepers Friend back in 1882 would never have dreamed of polluting a river while they were polishing up brass. They wanted to make the best cleaner and polisher possible. One that would clean stains out of sinks, fabrics, marble and other stone, masonry, tiles, metal fixtures and porcelain. But they felt they had responsibilities too. To you. To our world.

So when you're using Bar Keepers Friend you can feel good. Not only because of the job it's doing for you. But because of the way it's leaving our meadows, creeks, rivers, ponds and lakes. And all the little friends who dwell therein. They'll be thankful. So will you. Bar Keepers Friend.



Ask for it at your favorite store.

If presently unavailable, take advantage of the special introductory offer below—two 12-ounce cans for $1.00.

Trading Post
P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Ind. 46206

Please send me two 12-ounce cans of Bar Keepers Friend. Enclosed is my check (or money order) for $1.00.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

BAL

KURABIYE (1935)
2 cups confectioners' sugar
1 cup butter
1 egg yolk
1¼ cups flour

Preheat oven to 325°. Beat sugar and butter over medium heat until light and foamy about 20 minutes.

Remove from heat and add egg yolk and continue stirring. Fold in flour.

Form into balls ¾ in. in diameter. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet at 325° for 15 minutes or until golden. Makes 50.

HUNGARIAN NUTSTICKS (1948)
1 cup butter
1½ cups sugar
1 egg
2¼ cups flour
½ teaspoon pure vanilla extract
¼ teaspoon salt
2¼ cups pecans, chopped
4 egg whites
1½ teaspoons cinnamon

Preheat oven to 350°.

Cream butter and ½ cup sugar. Add 1 egg. Blend in flour, vanilla, and salt.

Spread mixture out in a greased jelly roll pan. Bake for 15 minutes at 350°.

Meanwhile in a saucepan combine remaining 1 cup sugar, pecans, egg whites, and cinnamon.

Spread pecan mixture over cookie dough. Bake for another 15 minutes. Cut into 3x1½-in. rectangles. Makes 30 cookies.

YULETIDE COOKIES (1954)
1 cup butter
2 cups sugar
½ cup honey
2 eggs
¼ cup orange juice
2 cups whole wheat flour
2 cups quick cooking oats
1 medium apple, coarsely chopped
1 cup seedless raisins
1 cup currants
1 cup chopped walnuts
½ cup chopped citron
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon orange rind
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 teaspoon salt

Preheat oven to 350°.

Cream butter with electric mixer. Blend in sugar. Add remaining ingredients in order listed beating in with electric mixer.

Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheet about ½ in. apart. Bake at 350° for 15-20 minutes. Makes 75 cookies.

VANILLA BALLS (1963)
½ cup confectioners' sugar
2 teaspoons pure vanilla extract
¾ cup butter
¼ cup heavy cream
1¾ cups all-purpose flour
6 tablespoons superfine sugar
1 cup walnuts or pecans, chopped

Preheat oven to 325°. Combine confectioners' sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Put mixture through sieve. Set aside to dry.

Cream butter. Beat in heavy cream and remaining vanilla.

Sift flour and superfine sugar together and add it gradually to the butter mixture. Stir in nuts. Chill.

Pinch off small pieces of dough to form balls ¾ in. in diameter. Place on greased cookie sheet and bake at 325° for 20 minutes. Roll in prepared sugar. Makes 30.

CHOCOLATE SANDWICH MACAROONS (1972)
1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar
½ cup granulated sugar
1 can (8 oz.) almond paste
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ teaspoon almond extract
2 large egg whites
3 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate

Preheat oven to 350°. In a large bowl combine sugars. Add almond paste and work it into sugar until mixture is crumbly. Add lemon rind, almond extract and 1 egg white; mix until well blended. Gradually mix in the second egg white until mixture is creamy but holds its shape. Add 1 oz. square of chocolate that has been melted and mix until evenly blended.

Fill pastry bag and fit with a number 6 plain tip (½-in. diameter). Press out dough into quarter-size mounds, spacing about 1 in. apart onto brown paper-lined jelly roll pan. Bake at 350° for 15 minutes. Let cool on paper on wire rack, then remove from paper, by turning paper over and dampening thoroughly with cloth or sponge. Turn right side up and let stand a few minutes. Loosen macaroons carefully with a thin spatula and lift off.

Melt remaining chocolate squares. Spread on bottom of 2 macaroons then sandwich together. Repeat. Makes 20 double macaroons. **END**



Dear Lord, while we are financing two college educations, please keep our major appliances in A-1 running order."

DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

continued from page 87

that if I left him, he would follow me wherever I went.

"What could I do? What could I do?"

It created a family crisis in 1895 when Teackle Wallis Warfield announced that he wanted to marry Alice Montague. "Miss Alice" was absolutely lovely. The stream of suitors seemed to start when she was only 13, and she could have any man. Somehow she fell in love with 26-year-old T. Wallis (as he called himself), a young man whose haunted face was already marked with the stamp of death.

It was no secret that T. Wallis had tuberculosis: indeed, his oldest and most successful brother, Solomon Warfield, then the youngest Postmaster in Baltimore, met the Montagues and stressed to them the seriousness of the disease. T. Wallis could not expect to be wholly well again or to earn a proper living. Solomon's pleading was unnecessary because the Montagues were even more against the marriage than he was.

But the heart won, however, and the lovers were quietly married at St. Michael and All Angels Church in Baltimore on November 19, 1895.

Exactly seven months later, on June 19, 1896, their child was born, at a summer resort in Blue Ridge Summit, Pa. Despite the prominence of both their families, there was no public announcement of the child's birth. By that time, Teackle Wallis was a wasted little man in a wheelchair, waiting to die.

They had hoped for a son and had prepared the name, Wallis. When a daughter arrived, they kept the Wallis and preceded it by Bessie. Bessie was for her Aunt Bessie, her mother's sister, Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman, and also for her cousin and godmother, Bessie Montague Brown.

A close cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon Biddle Gordon, reported this conversation between "Miss Alice" and Dr. Lewis Allen:

"Doctor, is the baby all right? Has she all her fingers and all her toes?"

"She's perfect," answered Dr. Allen, adding, "In fact, she's fit for a king."

The Baltimore *News* reported the death of T. Wallis Warfield on November 16, 1896. He died leaving his widow with tender memories of much love—and no money. If Teackle's mother harbored any resentment against Alice, if she felt that the marriage had hastened his death, she still wanted her grandchild, and so invited both of them to live with her and her oldest son, Solomon. Solomon became a vital part of their lives.

Bessie Wallis knew him as "Uncle Sol." To her, he was strict, cold, puritanical, perhaps trying to act as he thought a father might act, trying to counteract the permissiveness of her mother. His money supported them.

The situation soon became awkward. Uncle Sol fell deeply in love with Alice, but it was not mutual. Therefore, when Bessie Wallis was five years old, she and her mother moved nearby to a quiet family hotel. Uncle Sol still made deposits to their bank account, but it was never a fixed sum on which they could budget.

Alice Warfield finally found a job making children's clothes, and so Bessie Wallis spent considerable tim with her Grandmother Warfield. Th grandmother's imprint on the highl impressionable child was almost im measurable. "Never marry a Yankee, warned her grandmother. She also tol her granddaughter never to allow man to kiss her hand. "If you do, he never ask you to marry him." As fo coffee, "Don't drink the stuff. It wi turn your skin yellow."

When Aunt Bessie's husband die she invited Alice and Bessie Wallis t live with her. Alice was delighted. I gave Bessie Wallis more of a home, an it helped lessen her own loneliness Aunt Bessie was a warm, lively woma and Bessie Wallis remembered he home as a place of fun and love.

When Bessie Wallis was six, she wa a skinny girl with big eyes, her hair i pigtails, tightly tied with a big, blac bow. Her first teacher, Miss Ad O'Donnell, later described her as "a attractive, lively six-year-old who wa full of fun and pep, and was well-like by all the children." "Miss Ada" als remembered, "Her mother worke hard, for she had little money of he own, but Wallis was beautifully dresse and appeared to have everything."

Perhaps the indulgent mother ga the spoiled daughter too much. For h daughter's first party, Alice Warfiel selected a white dress. Wallis stampe her small foot and said no. "I want red one," she said, "so the boys wi notice me."

Bessiewallis (as people called he running her names together) was te years old when she went to Arunde School, a small red-brick building i the heart of Baltimore. Arundell wa a highly disciplined school, but Bessie wallis later insisted that she "enjoye almost every day."

Her mother decided to move agai this time for a very specific reaso She found a three-story house on th outer fringe of a more fashionable are Alice wanted to marry again and ha picked her man.

"Very ordinary" and "out"

John Freeman Rasin was a pleasan man with a loud, easy laugh and gentle manner. Everybody called hi "Young Free." His father, I. Freema Rasin, had controlled state politics fo more than 30 years, and "Young Free had worked for him as his liaison wit the ward workers. Warfield famil friends remembered him as a porcine faced, heavyset man, and "very ordi nary." Again, for them, Alice had mar ried the wrong man. Socially, "Youn Free" was an "out."

For Bessiewallis, the news was a dis aster. She wanted her mother for her self only. She burst into tears, threat ened to run away, and bawled that sh would never attend the wedding. Sh was then 12 years old. Cousin Leli Barnett told Bessiewallis about th wedding cake—that it would contain ring, a silver thimble, and a new dime And, since Bessiewallis would be th first to cut the cake, she would have th first chance to find the treasures. O the wedding day, the bride and groo opened the door to the dining room t discover Bessiewallis already diggin deep into a demolished wedding cake She still remembers their laughter.

A wedding account described "th beautiful young daughter of the bride as "Miss Wallace Warfield." Eve though they had *(continued*

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The 7-minute tuna with a secret.

You've probably got everything on hand. (Everything but the secret ingredient). All it takes is 7 minutes to mix it all together. And 30 minutes more to bake an inexpensive casserole that tastes like an expensive casserole.

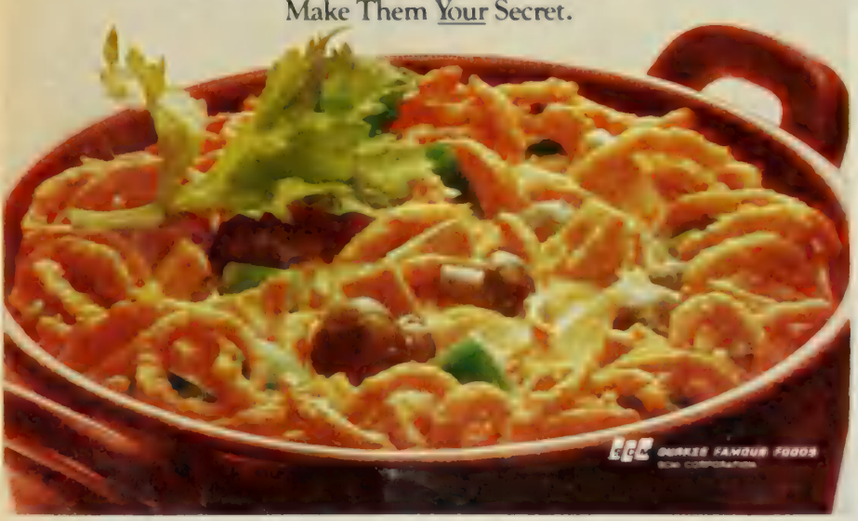


1 can (6½ oz.) tuna (drained)
1 can Durkee O&C Real French Fried Onions (The secret ingredient)
¾ cup celery (thinly sliced)
¼ cup green pepper (thinly sliced)
¼ tsp. Durkee onion powder
1 can (4 oz.) mushrooms (drained)
1 can (10½ oz.) condensed cream of celery soup

Combine one-half can of French fried onions with other ingredients. Place in greased casserole. Bake at 350° for 25 minutes. Sprinkle remaining onions on top. Bake 5 minutes longer. Serves 4-5.

FREE RECIPE BOOK. Write: Durkee Famous Foods, Dept. L, 900 Union Commerce Building, Cleveland OH 44115.

Durkee O&C Real French Fried Onions.
Make Them Your Secret.



DUCHESS *continued*

misspelled her name, she was delighted that they had dropped the "Bessie." She hated the name, she said, because too many cows bore it.

"My stepfather was very good to me," she said many years later. "He could not have been more kind, more loving."

She had never really had a father before. Uncle Sol loved her, in his way, but he couldn't show it and she never felt it. Mr. Rasin was a man who showed and felt. His best present to her was her first dog, a French bulldog she called "Bully." It stirred in her a love for dogs that seemed to get stronger the longer she lived.

Uncle Sol was bitterly hurt by Alice's remarriage. He was so bitter that when Wallis was 16 he asked her to come and live with him and her grandmother. He said she would have everything she wanted and would be the heir to his fortune. He made only one condition: Wallis must never again enter her mother's house.

Wallis flatly refused. Confiding all this to a friend, she said: "Nobody can tell me not to see my mother."

At 16, Wallis was now ready for Oldfields. Founded in 1867, it is one of the most distinguished girls' boarding schools in the country, 15 miles out of Baltimore.

Oldfields was a place of strict rules. The strictest concerned boys. Not only was it forbidden to see boys, but girls were not even supposed to write to them, or receive letters from them.

Wallis had her own idea about rules, and about boys.

"I used to take father's car and drive down a dirt road," said Carter Osburn, son of a Baltimore bank president. "At a certain point in the road, I'd stop, and Wally could see the car from her dormitory window. The moment she saw the car, she'd slip out. I don't know yet how she managed it, but as far as I know, she never got caught. She not only got out, but she also got back in without being observed. Those dates were all the more exciting for being forbidden. I think for awhile we were in love with each other."

Another teen-age suitor was Thomas Shryock, Jr., whose father was a general. Thomas' memory of Wallis was warm and firm. "Wallis was one of the loveliest, sweetest, and most charming girls I ever knew," he said. "I was madly in love with her in those days, and we saw a great deal of each other."

How Wallis managed to maintain such a highly charged social life in so strict a school as Oldfields seems almost understandable the more you know her. Her two closest friends were Mary Kirk and Ellen Yuille. Ellen came from Virginia, where her father was in the tobacco business with the Duke family. Mary came from a Baltimore family of famous silversmiths; she was Wallis' closest confidante. Of them all, Wallis was the most aggressive, the most piqued by challenge, the most "fast." She was always ready for something new. If it was fun, she wanted to try it; if it was daring, she was ready to take the dare; if it was exciting, she wanted to be first.

In April, 1913, Wallis' stepfather died of Bright's Disease. Soon afterward Ellen Yuille invited her to spend the summer at her family place in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. A handsome young man about 21 lived nearby. His added attraction was that he came from a very wealthy, very social family. He and Wallis saw a lot of each other that summer.

One night Wallis told Ellen that the young man had proposed marriage, and what should she do? She was only 17. Her stepfather was dead. She and her mother were again dependent on the financial generosity of Uncle Sol. Perhaps the young man was the answer.

"All is love"

But at Oldfields, the girls had a dream and a program. The dream, as they put it in their song, was: ". . . Hills for a heart to aspire to . . ." And the program of the 14 girls in Wallis' graduating class was: "Debut, travel, marriage." She wasn't ready y for marriage.

There was a farewell dance and th girls and their guests signed the names in the school book and wro their comments on life.

What Wallis wrote was short ar simple: "All is love."

After a summer of fun, October w a serious time for Wallis: Would th postman deliver an invitation to th Bachelors' Cotillion—the social life an death for any would-be Baltimore deb utante.

"If you don't go to the Cotillio you're nothing," said Wallis, almost 6 years later, a little bitterly.

Somehow the custom grew in Balt more for a certain small, selected num ber of 18-year-old debutantes to "com out" at the Bachelors' Cotillion on th first Monday in December. In the yea 1914, they selected only 47 debutante Wallis was one of them.

She still had a main worry—he dress. Mr. Rasin had not left her wid owed mother much money, and the could not afford to buy one, so Wall and her mother and a black seamstre designed and created a dress of the own. It was white satin combined wi chiffon and banded with pearly em broidery. Wallis felt queenly, an looked it, but her face was pale an her mother dabbed her first bit rouge on it.

Her escort for the evening was he 27-year-old cousin Henry Warfield, Jr who arrived in Uncle Sol's Pierce A row with a huge bouquet of America Beauty roses. He gave her a quick, fu look and said, "Kiddo, I can assure yo that you will be the most enchantin



t ravishing, most exquisite creature
ne Cotillion."
was all she needed. She was ready
o.
he climax of the evening comes
mptly at 11 o'clock, when the or-
stra stops, and a whistle blows to
r the floor. The senior Governor
leads the couples through a sim-
marching figure called "a german."
slow, measured march lasts only
minutes. Wallis' escort for this was
cousin, Maj. Gen.
rge Barnett, in full-dress
orm. Naturally, Wallis
ted all the eyes she
ld possibly get.
hen the band plays a
-step, a few fox-trots, but
tly waltzes, ending with
number called *Parfum*
mour. And then, sudden-
it's all over.
And it was so boring,"
the Duchess of Wind-
years later, "so very bor-
"
social observer tried to
lain that there was some
ning to this snobbish ele-
ce, that it really did
nch these girls. They
ded it because most of
m weren't prepared for
thing but marriage—and
t of them were not even
pared for that. This ball
e them a lift, an in-
ased self-confidence, al-
st a social strength.
But there was a letdown
Wallis. If this was the
inning, where was the
? Where was her Prince
arming?

The dream Prince

he dream love of many
erican girls at that time
England's young Prince
Vales, then a boyish-look-
20 years old, a lieutenant
ving with the Grenadier
ards in France. Young
erican women avidly fol-
ed the doings of their ro-
ntic hero, and Wallis was
exception. She and her
nd Virginia Page kept a
t diary for awhile, full of
hiring entries about the
nce. Wallis even inserted
icture of him inside the
ry pages.
Royal romance was the
omatic wishful daydream
any girl who had ever
d about Cinderella. A
sin remembered going to
hairdresser with Wallis
her mother. Her mother
lained to the hairdresser
t her daughter was going to a naval
at nearby Annapolis, and had to
her best.
Ah," ventured the hairdresser, "you
setting her cap for a young naval
er."
Vallis' mother, ever quick with a
eback, answered, "No, indeed, I'm
ing her cap for a king."
The 1914 social season was as fre-
ic as any other. Its prime purpose
husband-hunting. Wallis wanted a
of her own. Uncle Sol had given a
st impressive ball for her cousin
ita, and Wallis hoped hard to have
of similar size.

It was true, she had signed a statement with 33 other debs that they would refrain from any extravagant elegance of entertaining because of the war. But she fervently wished that Uncle Sol would not take that too seriously. Uncle Sol, however, took the war most seriously. He quickly notified the press that the report that he "will give a large ball for his debutante niece, Miss Wallis Warfield, is without foundation."

Wallis was completely crushed. But Cousin Lelia Barnett came through the following April, 1915. Since her husband was the Marine Commandant, she had a dance in the ballroom of the barracks in Washington with a 60-piece band.

Then came tragedy. Grandmother Warfield died. One thing her grandmother had told her on one of her last visits, something she would always remember: Conscience was a mirror that only one person could see. She urged Wallis to look into that mirror at least once a day.

Looking into that mirror of conscience in the winter of 1915, Wallis would have seen a bright young woman who didn't care that much about the world because she didn't know much about it. Her conscience was clear because she didn't know what she was violating. She wasn't yet willing to help others because she felt she still hadn't helped herself enough. She wanted first to shape herself into something stronger and more important. She didn't know what, exactly, only that she wanted more—more money, more power, more love, more fun.

There was a family conference about her that winter, and they decided that she was too young to mourn too long. Arrangements were made for her to visit Lelia Barnett's youngest sister, Corinne Mustin, in Florida. Her husband commanded the new Pensacola Naval Air Station.

It was from there, that April, that Wallis wrote: "I have just met the world's most fascinating aviator."

Lt. (Junior Grade) Earl Winfield Spencer, Jr., was handsome, persuasive, dominating, and virile—and he knew it. He was 27, the 20th naval officer to win his wings. In those days a naval pilot had all the drama and glory of an astronaut 50 years later. For 19-year-old Wallis Warfield, "Win" Spencer came on exactly like a charge of electricity.

Cousin Corinne had invited Spencer and two other young officers to lunch at her home the day after Wallis' arrival. An unattached, fresh female on a naval base becomes an automatic attraction, causing all kinds of competition, and Spencer quickly staked his claim. He didn't have to try hard: Wallis was already caught. And Win had never met anyone quite like Wallis. More beautiful women, yes, but never anyone so attentive, so bright, and so much fun.

Soon it was Win Spencer who was caught.

Scheduled to go home after a month, Wallis stretched it to two. Then one night after a movie, sitting on the porch of the country club, Win asked her to marry him.

Virile but weak

Why? Win was handsome enough to have had his pick of any number of prettier women. But he had found deeper qualities in her than he had ever found in any other woman. Years later, in a reminiscence, he defined it as "strength of character," and said she had more of it than anybody he had ever known. It was a quality that Earl Winfield Spencer, Jr., needed more than anything else. Despite his dominating virility, he sensed that she was stronger than he was, and he wanted her for it.

Win had his own core of weakness; he drank too much, and the drinking intensified all his pressures and all his needs.

Wallis told him then that she loved him, she wanted to marry him. She had been bred tightly in propriety though, and there were rules: She first had to talk to her mother and Uncle Sol.

Alice (or Alys as she now spelled it) Warfield Rasin looked at Wallis and saw her young self. It had been such a short romance, only eight weeks. Navy wives had to learn to conform to many regulations. Could impulsive Wallis pinch the pennies of a small Navy salary? Could she take the constant uprooting? Could she learn to live with fear and loneliness? We could soon be in the war, and Win would probably be part of it, possibly even die. Wallis' mother had been an early widow, and it was bitter and terrible—did Wallis want to be one, too?

Wallis listened to everything, then shook her head. She was in love.

Uncle Sol had hoped Wallis would marry a Baltimorean of wealth and distinction. But then Win arrived and won over everybody. *(continued)*



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especially the women. Wallis then went with him to Chicago, where the Spencer family made it plain that they approved, but that the young couple could not count on them for any financial support.

Wallis had seldom been traditional, and neither was her wedding. She had, however, been confirmed at the Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, and she would be married there. The date was November 8, 1916. She designed gowns of orchid-colored faille and blue velvet for the bridesmaids. Ellen Yuille (then Mrs. William Sturgis) was matron of honor, and she remembered the large blue satin hat with orchid plume that Wallis had her wear. For herself, Wallis, with the help of her mother, designed a gown of white panne velvet (velvet was *not* traditional) embroidered with pearls, and a tulle veil that had been in the family. In her hair she wore a coronet of orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley.

Wallis got her first foreboding of fears to come on their honeymoon in White Sulphur Springs. Just as they were unpacking, Wallis saw that her handsome husband was unhappy. He had seen a notice in the room that no liquor would be served because the state was dry. She could see how important this was to him. She herself had sipped some champagne at the deb parties, but she had vivid memories of her grandmother's constant preaching about the evils of alcohol.

These were not honeymoon thoughts and Win soon wiped them out.

Drinking and cooking

The officers' homes at Pensacola Air Station were identical, a long line of one-story, white-frame bungalows. Wallis had never learned to cook. For her first dinner for her first guests, she concentrated on canned tomato soup and roast beef. The great worry was the gravy. Win bolstered her nerves with a double martini and the meal went marvelously well.

She soon not only learned to cook, but she also learned to drink.

Her mother had been right about almost everything. Navy life was confining, lonely, fearful. The sound of fear at Pensacola was the crash gong. It meant a pilot had crashed. Wallis grew to hate the sound of planes, or even talk about them. The fear of flying has lasted all her life.

When the United States entered the war on April 6, 1917, Win eagerly expected a combat assignment. Suddenly, Wallis began to realize what war might mean.

Win, however, was put in command of a new naval air station near Boston. He was angry; Wallis was delighted. Her new home was a small hotel apartment in the Back Bay section of Boston. She saw Boston as a treasure-house of history, wandering everywhere, mostly riding the streetcar, watching court trials, visiting the museums and antique shops.

Win did so well in Boston that the Navy reassigned him to command a naval air station near San Diego. Befitting her new status, Wallis found a high-ceilinged bungalow with a large living room and a generous, spacious patio.

She was now in a new element, a new life-style. The "brass" came through in a steady stream, and there were always dinners and parties. She enjoyed being the wife of a commanding officer of an important post, she liked being the hostess, keeping the conversation alive, the mood enjoyable.

One of the unexpected social events at the Hotel del Coronado was a ball for the young, handsome Prince of Wales, who arrived in April, 1920, aboard the battleship *Renown*. "We attended the ball," Win remembered, and "the Prince was pointed out to us early in the evening; but neither Wallis nor I commented except to murmur our surprise."

This was the way of life Wallis always had wanted: the easy grace, the perfect taste, the unpressured pace, the high style, a whole corps of exciting friends ready to explore anything fresh and different.

If Wallis blossomed, Win seemed to disintegrate. The war was over and he had never had the combat he so badly wanted. To make it worse, a brother in the Lafayette Escadrille had been shot down and killed. Another brother had died after falling from a horse; a sister committed suicide; and his mother was killed in an automobile accident. His drinking grew increasingly worse. Wallis always enjoyed being flirtatious, and freely admitted it. Win saw these flirtations as something more serious. Always a jealous man, he became more violent. Wallis had a temper of her own and they had frequent yelling matches; sometimes he would hit her and she would throw things.

Then came some good news. Win had received a permanent assignment to help set up a new Bureau of Aeronautics in Washington, D.C. This was the summer of 1920. The job seemed important, and Win was genuinely excited about it. It looked like a fresh beginning.

It was, for awhile.

In Washington, Wallis decided that her marriage was too degrading. They lived in an apartment-hotel with thin walls, and it shamed her to know that their arguments had become public property, that her husband's violent drunkeness could no longer be confined to the privacy of her inner being, that she was married to a man who could be physically brutal and even lock her in the bathroom for a whole day without apology. She no longer wanted to live with him; she wanted a divorce.

Divorce was unthinkable, said her mother. Separation, yes, but divorce, never.

Wallis steeled herself to confront Uncle Sol. He listened to her explanation and her pleading, and his answer was flat and final. No divorce. She must try again.

So great was her awe of this man, and so much did her financial future depend on him, that she did try again. Win tried, too. But he could only find refuge in more drink. More drink meant more jealousy, more violence.

Alys had moved to Washington in 1921. She had gone to work as a hostess in the Chevy Chase Country Club. One day Wallis appeared, with a request: Could she move in with her mother?

In answer to a query, several generations afterward, Wallis said, "The physical side of love is a vital ingredient, but many men and women have learned to their sorrow that physical attraction alone cannot sustain a marriage."

Wallis did not seek a divorce. Instead, she acted as if the deed was done. When Win was transferred to the Far East early in 1922, Wallis started to spread herself socially in Washington.

One day she got a call from Elizabeth Gordon, an old Baltimore friend, and one of her bridesmaids. Elizabeth had been invited to a small dinner in Washington that coming week, and was asked to bring a girl friend. Would Wallis want to go? She was delighted.

Present at the dinner was Washington's most eligible bachelor. At 35, Don Felipe A. Espil, the First Secretary of the Argentine Embassy, was described by one of Wallis' friends as "that beautiful hunk of man." Espil impressed Wallis as he did everybody else. If she ever effervesced, she did at that dinner. And before the evening was over, Wallis invited everyone at the dinner to come to an eggnog party at her place that week. She now kn what she wanted.

Later that night, Wallis escorted friend Elizabeth to the Union Stat to put her on the train to Baltim The two went into the Ladies' Roo "freshen up," and Wallis seemed to looking into the mirror for a long ti as if she were cataloging her lia ities. "Elizabeth," she said, "with fa like ours, how are we going to get a where?"

Espil came to her eggnog party, t invited her to lunch with him at Hotel Hamilton. The lunch was weekly get-together of a swinging se 60 young diplomats who called the selves *The Soixante Gourmets*. E member could bring a female gu and they sat at a long banquet ta the conversation scintillating in seve languages.

Espil took Wallis back to th lunches again and again, and then dinner and to parties, and the w was soon out that the two were a d and should be invited together.

Most fascinating man

Back in Baltimore, her frie thought Wallis was "a woman of world," but in Washington she soon how far she was from true sophist tion. To keep up with Espil, she to keep up with the news, keep up the world, keep her bright mind ho to the quick. Wallis had much to le and Espil had much to teach. As later put it, "He acted as both teac and model in the art of living . . . many respects the most fascinat man I have ever met, with principle steel and a spirit that bubbled l champagne."

Espil stirred her, excited her, o whelmed her. "Wallis was mad ab him," said her friend.

Espil gave Wallis a final polish high style. He made her see so m of the cocktail party trivia for wha was and opened up her mind to kinds of new ideas. He did all this simply because he liked her and joyed being with her, but because had learned to love her.

Wallis possibly had another att tion for Espil—she was still safely m ried. Friends insist that Wallis much more in love with him than with her. They also claim that she plainly jealous. While Espil escor her everywhere and often, he occasi ally went with other women. This the first time Wallis had ever sh any jealousy; she had never had to fore—she was never that deeply in ested in any one man.

Wallis' single great ambition in was to marry Espil. But Espil's an tion did not include marriage with W lis Warfield Spencer. He wanted be the Argentine Ambassador to United States, and so he would be would hardly help his career to ma a Protestant divorcée whose husb was still alive. Argentina was a stron Catholic country, and such a ch might kill his diplomatic hopes. W he wanted and needed was a weal wife who had as many other desi attributes as possible. This was Wallis.

One day he made it plain to Wal It was all over. Never had she bee crushed, so empty, so forlorn. It the summer of 1923. It seemed like end of her world. Then came an inv tion from Corinne Mustin, the co



"Do you, Jon, promise to love, honor, cherish and help out a little around the house until death do you part?"

had visited in Pensacola. Corinne's band had died and she wanted a change of scene. She was going to Paris. Would Wallis join her?

Wallis jumped at it. She had no money so she journeyed to Uncle Sol. Before she left, he thrust a small wad of bills in her hand to cover expenses.

Several women close to Wallis through the years have freely admitted her many special qualities, and have openly envied them. "But she has no warmth," they add, "she has no heart."

These were women who did not know her in Washington. The truth was that she *was* a warm woman who had been hurt. She had been hurt as badly as any woman could be hurt, denied the strongest love of her life. The coldness could come from that—a newly insulated heart around her heart. Espil had quenched from within her the utmost potential of her passion, and nobody else would get it again. Espil had brought her to a peak and then thrown her into a chasm. Nobody would ever bring that to her again, if she could help it. And now she knew she could. The loneliness had come then.

"She would kill me if she ever knew I told you," confided one of her close friends, "but I think she expected Espil to join her in Paris. But he never came."

Rootless and lonely

Wallis stayed on alone in Paris, even after Corinne had gone home. There seemed nothing better to do. Friends suspected that she drank more than she should to. She felt rootless and lonely. Suddenly, into that loneliness came a stream of letters from her husband in China. He still loved her very much, he said. He wanted her back. Couldn't they try again? The Navy would send her to him in China.

To a friend, Wallis said, "Well, it's the only way I'll get to the Orient, so I guess I better go."

And her friend commented afterward: "Wallis was always a very sensible woman. She always said she would never let tomorrow get in the way of today."

Wallis wrote to Win that she was returning to Washington, and would reconsider what he had written. Was it possible that the "sensible" Wallis decided her decision because she had the lingering hope that Espil might now want her? But when she returned to Washington that summer of 1924, Espil again said no. She wrote Win that she was coming.

Win was waiting for her at the dock in Hong Kong. He told her he had stopped drinking the day he had received her letter saying she was coming. Their two-week honeymoon was all she could have wanted. Win was at his best, and she gave him what she could. More than anything else now, she wanted this to have a happy ending.

It went well for awhile, and then one night Win came home very late and very drunk.

Win tried again when Wallis had a serious kidney infection. He seldom left her side. His devotion was obvious and touching. After an interval, though, things got worse again. Win started drinking before breakfast. Then he started humiliating her, insisting that she accompany him to certain singing houses to meet his former girl friends.

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The Adam's Apple

(permission to disregard previous instructions)

A while back we introduced a nice, simple drink called the Adam's Apple.

Apparently our Adam's Apple was too simple. People couldn't resist the temptation to complicate it. That's O.K. with us. One guy we know made it a short drink so there'd be room in his tall glass for apple slices and cinnamon sticks.

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Wallis suddenly had her fill. Their final farewell was more sad than bitter. He agreed to continue her separation allotments and she went to Shanghai, where somebody had said she might get an easy divorce in an American court. Wallis soon discovered that a divorce was more complicated than she had thought. At the time, though, she preferred being in limbo.

Part of this atmosphere was the unexpected, and it did not seem outlandish to her to accept an invitation from another Navy wife to go shopping in Peking, almost a thousand miles away. The other woman dropped out when she was warned not to go because Chinese bandits often stopped the trains. Wallis, however, was determined to go.

She found in Peking what she called a lotus land. "It was one of the best, most exciting times of my life," she said, 50 years later, her eyes glittering as if it were yesterday. "Can you imagine a place where there are ten men for every woman!"

Peking was also a city of squares within squares and walls within walls. The walls kept out the world. They were exactly the kind of walls Wallis wanted. The world outside had gone sour for her.

Wallis moved into the Grand Hotel de Pekin, but not for long. She discovered Katherine *(continued)*



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DUCHESS *continued*

Moore Bigelow, whom she had known as a young widow at Coronado in California. Katherine now had a handsome husband, named Herman Rogers, and a handsome house, and they insisted that Wallis stay with them.

The Rogers made their home her home. They even provided her with her own servant, an *amah*, and her own rickshaw boy with her own rickshaw.

The pleasure cycle never stopped. Her monthly allotment from Win hardly financed her, and Wallis needed outside sources to supplement her income. She did have a small income from a trust fund her grandmother had left her, but she found a fresh way to augment her income. She played poker and won fairly consistently.

The Rogers became her most intimate friends. Herman Rogers was more than that. He taught her most of what she knew about China. He took her on long walks on top of the city walls, talked to her about his book on mythology, stirred her mind as Espil had done.

To Wallis, Herman Rogers was an ideal man—considerate, attentive and affectionate, the kind of man she could fall in love with easily. But he belonged to somebody else, a close friend. Her own life was still too disrupted for her to disrupt other lives.

She had been there more than a year, an unbelievable year, and the pleasure of it would remain prime in her memory as long as she lived. Without that year, she might have been a torn, disturbed woman, marked with a large sign of failure. Instead, she now felt a surging self-confidence, a renewed strength of purpose, an eagerness to search for new beginnings.

It was time now to tie up the loose ends of her life. It was time to go home. It was time to get her divorce. The lotus year was over.

It was a long, lonely voyage home, the ship going from Japan to Seattle. On her arrival, she was seriously ill and had an operation. Heading east afterward, the train stopped in Chicago and Wallis had an unexpected visitor and companion: Win Spencer, home on leave. He had heard about her operation, knew she was still weak, felt he should be with her for the last lap of her trip. It was a parting gesture, a tender, sensitive ending to a sweet-sour marriage.

Cheapest divorce

Wallis had learned that the cheapest, simplest divorce would be in Virginia. Her cousins, the Barnetts, recommended a brilliant young lawyer, Aubrey Weaver, who was a friend of the family. Virginia law required that Wallis reside in the state for a full year. Weaver suggested that she lodge at the Warren Green Hotel in nearby Warrentown.

Wallis went to New York City for a visit. She stayed with her Oldfields friend, Mary Kirk Raffray. Mary had married a Frenchman and they lived in Washington Square. Mary had two other guests for dinner that first nigh Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson. Erne Aldrich Simpson was a tall, well-bu man with blue eyes, light brown ha and a moustache. He was a Harva graduate, a lover of history and the ter, a good dancer, a sensitive hum being, a tireless traveler. Wallis al saw in him an unusually well-balanc man with a cosmopolitan mind f which "I had acquired a taste."

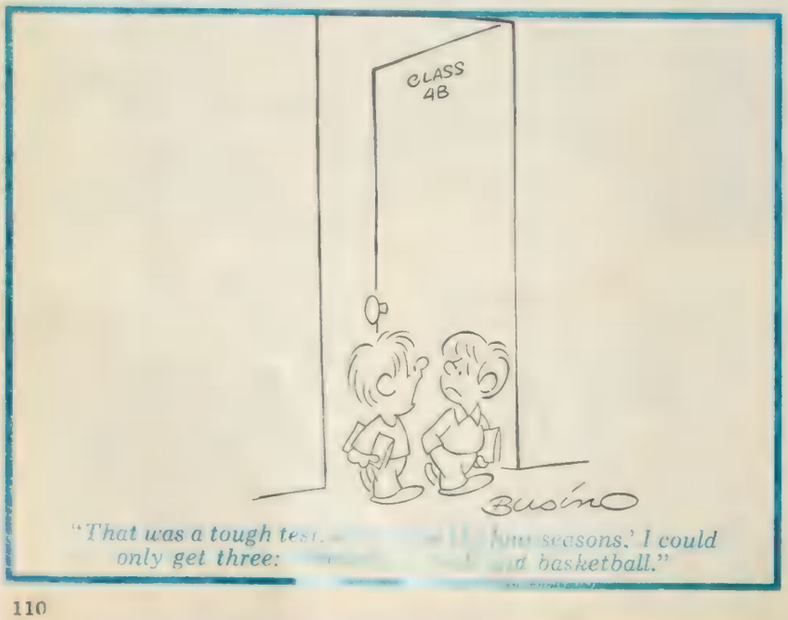
They liked each other. Simpson d have a wife and daughter, but Ma told Wallis that the marriage was serious trouble. Mrs. Simpson was slight, silvery-haired woman who great-grandfather had been Chief Ju tice of Massachusetts. Years lat Mrs. Simpson said she had lik Wallis, who was "much more clev than I am."

It wasn't simply Wallis' cleverne that attracted Ernest Simpson; it w the same thing that attracted all me her spirit and her gift of laughter.

Wallis saw Ernest Simpson sever times after that, once as a guest f dinner at the Simpson home, and th several times when he was invited alo to play bridge at Mary's home.

Wallis saw her mother often, too. the hostess of the Chevy Chase Cou try Club. Alys was able to keep h personality alive and her conta warm. At the age of 56, she had fou herself another husband, Charles G don Allen. Wallis always saw her Au Bessie in Washington, too. That su mer of 1927, Aunt Bessie decided to to Europe, and invited Wallis alor again she jumped at the chance.

Wallis was old enough to decide th she preferred Paris to Warrentown,



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stayed on after Aunt Bessie left. ding the *Paris Herald* one day, llis was startled by the news that Uncle Sol had died. It disturbed that no one had tried to contact and she immediately sailed for ne.

Vallis was Uncle Sol's favorite niece. rybody in Baltimore fully expected to inherit the bulk of his fortune almost five million dollars. There ittle question that he originally nned to do just that. But Wallis' l decision for a divorce, against le Sol's strong warning, had cost dearly. Two months before his th, he revised his will. Most of his ite now went to establish a memo- to his mother, a home for aged l indigent gentlewomen. The will vided that a room in the home uld be set aside for his niece, if she uld ever want it.

If my niece, Bessiewallis Spencer, e of Winfield Spencer, should sur- e me, I give to the Continental Trust npany the sum of $15,000 in trust, collect and receive the income aris- therefrom, and to pay over the ome to my niece in quarterly install- nts, so long as she shall live and not narry."

Vallis joined some of her other rela- es in contesting the will. Wallis now eived another warning, this one from lawyer, Aubrey Weaver, in War- town. If she wanted a divorce, she ter get back quickly to the Warren een Hotel and maintain her resi- nce requirement. Wallis hurried k.

Finally, on December 10, 1927, she s granted a divorce from Spencer. e grounds were "desertion," and re corroborated by a letter from the er-cooperative Spencer saying he d deserted her.

Wallis was then 31 years old. She ided to stay on at the Warren Green tel because she had no where else go.

Wallis felt she was marking time in arrentown, and she was. A letter rived from her friends, Katherine d Herman Rogers, who had moved m Peking to the French Riviera; y invited her to stay with them.

Ernest Simpson had moved to Lon- n after divorcing his wife. He and allis had seen much of each other en he was still in New York. He had rted her with flowers and the thea- and persistent attention and obvious e. He had outlined his future, and ked her to share it. When they met ain in London, he renewed his ardor d his offer.

Simpson wanted Wallis because he t she could give him more than he uld give her. He had all the solid tues and he wanted a wife to lighten life. Wallis wanted Ernest Simpson t only for the security and stability, t because she honestly felt she loved n. At least, she thought so.

"A cold little job"

They were married on July 28, 1928. npson called the ceremony "a cold le job." A bored clerk in the gloomy gistry read the necessary legal rds, and then there was a quick kiss. The honeymoon was happier. Simp- n planned a motor trip through ance and Spain, and hired a Welsh auffeur to drive his new yellow gonda touring car. For a staid man, looked like a bright beginning.

They took a year's rental of Lady Chesham's house at 12 Upper Berkeley Street, near Marble Arch in London. It was small but pleasingly furnished, with pine-paneled walls, gleaming old silver, and bright chintz. Ernest Simpson made sure Wallis had all the help she needed: a butler, maid, cook and chauffeur. Wallis described that time as "a blissful experience." Gone was her restlessness. Replacing it was a sense of security "that I had never really experienced since early childhood."

In October, 1929, Wallis got the news that her mother was dying. By the time Wallis arrived at her bedside, Alys was in a coma. Three days later, she was dead.

Returning to London, Wallis concentrated on finding a home of their own, and finally found it on the second floor of a fairly new apartment building at 5 Bryanston Court, still close to Marble Arch.

Most of her friends were part of the large American colony in London. Benjamin Thaw was First Secretary of the United States Embassy, and Wallis had known his brother at Coronado. He had been a beau of Katherine Moore Bigelow before she married Herman Rogers. Thaw's wife Consuelo was the oldest of the famous Morgan sisters. Her youngest sisters were twins, Thelma and Gloria. Gloria had married Reginald Vanderbilt, *(continued)*

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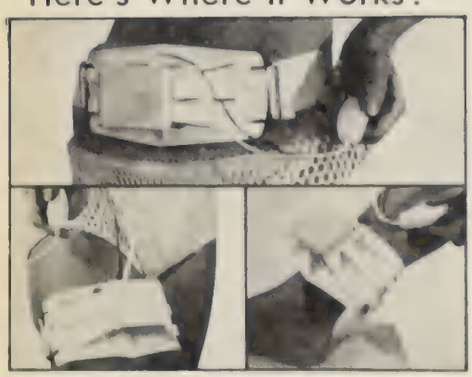
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and was then in the United States. Thelma, however, was the Viscountess Furness, then internationally known as the woman who had captured the heart of the Prince of Wales.

Lady Furness remembered being at home at 21 Grosvenor Square, either late in 1930 or early 1931, when her sister Consuelo called to ask if she could bring a friend for cocktails. "Mrs. Simpson is fun," her sister said. "You will like her."

"Wallis Simpson was 'fun,' and I did like her." Lady Furness commented afterward. "At that time she did not have the chic she has since cultivated. She was not beautiful; in fact, she was not even pretty. But she had a distinct charm, and a sharp sense of humor."

Lady Furness' memory was that the Prince of Wales arrived, prepared for a quiet evening with her alone and unhappy at the prospect of a party. "No, darling, just a few friends," Lady Furness told him. "You know most of them." She then told him about Wallis Simpson, saying, "She seems to be fun." And then she introduced them.

Wallis has a different memory of her first meeting with the Prince of Wales. She firmly fixed the date as November, 1930. Her friend, Connie Thaw, had called asking if she and Ernest could substitute for the Thaws as chaperons that weekend at Thelma Furness' party at Melton Mowbray. Oh, yes, by the way, the Prince of Wales would be there.

The usually cool Wallis felt flustered. She hardly knew Thelma, knew nobody else, and didn't even know how to curtsy. Ernest, however, was delighted and honored.

Wallis took curtsy lessons from a friend on the train—put left leg well behind the right one and descend slowly. What made it funnier was that her instructor friend was a man.

Wallis and Ernest arrived late in the afternoon in a thick fog. Wallis feeling feverish and wishing she were in bed. As Thelma introduced them to the Prince of Wales, Wallis saw the sad, wistful look around his eyes, the golden hair, the turned-up nose, the "utter naturalness."

The Prince of Wales had still another version of that meeting. He remembered it as happening a year later, also at Mowbray. He remembered the thick fog, and the fact that Wallis had a cold. With that remarkable mem of his, he also recalled their first c versation after the introduction. had commented that she must r central heating, something of wh they had so much of in the Un States, and so little in Britain.

"A mocking look came into her e 'I am sorry, Sir,' she said, 'but you appointed me.'"

"In what way?"

"Every American woman who co to your country is always asked same question. I'd hoped for someth more original from the Prince Wales."

The Prince smiled and moved av to his other guests, "but the ech of that passage lingered."

It seemed only natural in the su mer of 1931 that several friends sho suggest to Wallis that she be presen at Court. They were then moving i social circle closer to the royal hub

"Very well, I'll do it," Wallis portedly said, "if it doesn't cost a thing."

Most undesirable

There were problems. One had t presented by someone who already been at Court, and a British citizer more major hurdle was the Lord Ch berlain's Office, which screened out desirables from the long list of ap cants. Most undesirable was the vorcée.

Divorcée Wallis Warfield Simp was nevertheless accepted at Co The whisper was that Thelma Furn then already a warm friend of Wal had asked the leverage of the Princ Wales.

Lady Furness loaned Wallis same feathers and train Thelma l worn at her own Court presentati The dress came from Consuelo, Th ma's sister. "Wallis could not wear dress," said Thelma, "because she not my size. I am taller." Wa bought a band of aquamarines to h the plumes in place, then impulsiv bought an aquamarine cross f inches long, and wore it suspen from a cord around her throat.

As the royal family exited, Wa overheard the Prince of Wales tell uncle how ghastly the women loo under that light. At Thelma's pa after the presentation at Court, Prince complimented Wallis on dress and she reminded him of "ghastly" remark. He *(continu*

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Every limited edition plate on this page is for the collector with an eye for beauty and an instinct for value. Some hand made, some hand painted, and some serially numbered — all are superbly crafted. Christmas Plates traditionally, have been the most desired and become the most valuable plates of all. Each is truly an exquisite masterpiece from a world famous art plate maker such as Bing and Grondahl, Royal Copenhagen, Haviland, and Goebel Hummel.

WHAT ARE LIMITED EDITIONS

Each year quality companies like those represented here, produce a limited number of a specifically chosen plate before destroying the mold. Because the demand for these beautiful plates usually exceeds the supply, many "sell out" and become hard to find. As a result, prices rise. We've sold many in recent years that have increased in price by over 500%. We sold the 1969 Bing and Grondahl Plate for $9.00 and today it sells for up to $275.00. We sold the 1970 Haviland Christmas Plate at $25.00, it now sells for $150.00 and we sold the Goebel Hummel 1971 Plate for $25.00, and it now brings up to $175.00.

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smiled and said he didn't realize his voice had carried that far.

A postscript of excitement for Wallis was the Prince's offer to take the Simpsons home in his car. It was a small beginning of the growing informal feeling between them, his acceptance of them. He politely refused their offer to come up for a drink, but asked to be invited again. It would be another winter before he got that drink.

Thelma and Wallis saw a lot of each other that year. They both liked to talk, but Wallis was more ready to listen. It was therefore no great surprise when the Prince of Wales invited the Simpsons for a weekend at his private place, Fort Belvedere, 25 miles from London, close to the edge of Windsor Forest. The Prince himself greeted Wallis and Ernest and showed them to their room.

Princely needlepoint

A great surprise awaited Wallis as she and Ernest came down for cocktails. There was the Prince doing needlepoint. Shyly, he explained that he had learned it from his mother and found it more relaxing than detective stories. He kept it a secret, he said, because the British people might not understand.

Dinner was simple and superb: succulent oysters from the Prince's own oyster beds in Cornwall, roast beef, salad, dessert. The Prince afterward taught Wallis to play "Red Dog," a card game she had once known and forgotten. Thelma suggested dancing, and they played phonograph records. Wallis found the Prince a skilled dancer, with whom she easily synchronized.

The Prince wore his Scotch kilt with a small dirk stuck into the hose on his right leg. The tartan was gray and red, checked with black, and he had a silver-mounted pouch in which he kept his cigarette case.

Before midnight, the Prince was ready for bed, and that was the signal for other guests. The rest of the weekend was pleasant, uneventful. Ernest was most impressed with the Prince, even when the Prince drafted him to help cut laurel. Wallis went away with the wonder that her idealized romantic conception of the Prince of Wales was really a slightly built man in a turtleneck sweater who liked to putter in his garden.

That spring of 1933, Wallis returned to the United States for a two-month visit with Aunt Bessie and friends.

There is little likelihood that she saw Don Felipe A. Espil, although she surely learned what had happened to him. He had gone to The Hague as Minister from Argentina in 1928, then Minister to Denmark in 1930, and finally, in 1931, became Ambassador to the United States. His ambition achieved, he then married the woman he wanted, the beautiful and wealthy Courtney Letts Stillwell Borden of Chicago, one of the ten best-dressed women in America. She had had two previous husbands, and she was not a Catholic. But then Espil no longer had to worry about a marriage that might hurt his career.

Back in London, the Prince (and Thelma) surprised Wallis on her 37th birthday with a party at a Jermyn Street Restaurant. The Prince even gave her a present—an orchid plant that he promised would bloom again in a year. And so it did.

Ernest Simpson and the Prince also enjoyed each other. "They would talk about a lot of things that would bore me," Wallis said afterward, "and I often wondered when they would shut up." The Prince was even supposed to have been Simpson's sponsor when he became an English Mason.

Thelma Furness had some news for the Prince and Wallis in January, 1934. She was going to the United States for a six-week visit with her twin sister, Gloria. "Three or four days before I was to sail, I had lunch with Wallis at the Ritz," remembered Thelma. "I told her of my plans. She said suddenly, 'Oh, Thelma, the little man is going to be so lonely.'

"Well, dear," Thelma answered, "you look after him for me while I'm away. See that he does not get into any mischief.

"It was later evident," said Thelma ruefully, "that Wallis took my advice all too literally."

Discussing her life, years later, Lady Furness was asked if she would like to live it the same way all over again, if she could.

"I would do it all again," she said. "The only thing I would NOT do again is introduce Wallis Simpson to the Prince of Wales."

Shortly before sailing back to England, Thelma Furness met Aly Khan. Thelma was almost 30 and Aly was only 23.

Of course, Aly knew that Thelma belonged to the Prince of Wales. This made her all the more intriguing that night at dinner.

For the next few days, his attention was so intensive that it made headlines back in Britain. Thelma boarded ship exhausted, overwhelmed but happy. She found her cabin crowded with roses, each bouquet with an endearment from Aly. One of them said: "You left too soon." As the ship was on its way, the phone rang.

"Hello, darling. This is Aly. Will you have lunch with me today?"

She was flattered by the ship-to-shore phone call, and gaily answered, "Where will it be, Aly? Palm Beach or New York?"

Aly laughed. "Here. I'm on board."

Their togetherness aboard ship only increased the size of the headlines.

Wallis, meanwhile, was not idle in London. She and Ernest invited the Prince to a small dinner party at Bryanston Court. She had decided to give him a meal of her American specialties: fried chicken Maryland, grilled lobster, black bean soup, cold raspberry soufflé. He took the soufflé recipe home with him.

But what he liked at Bryanston Court more than the food was the utter informality. He had thought he had found a haven in The Fort, but at Bryanston Court, with Wallis, he felt a remarkable feeling of being in a comfortable, completely relaxed home.

Soon afterward, the Simpsons were again weekending at The Fort. Wallis found herself alone with the Prince one evening, and he was talking as he had never talked before. He talked about the problems of being a Prince of Wales, the frustrations and the satisfactions. He talked about his own private hopes of what monarchy could be and could contribute to the world.

"But I am boring you," he suddenly said to her.

When she begged him to continue, he looked at her searchingly, then said slowly, "Wallis, you are the only woman who has ever been interested in my job."

It was a fateful moment.

Soon afterward, the Prince gave a dinner at The Fort for Wallis and her close friends, Ellen and Wolcott Blair. Ellen had been Wallis' classmate at Oldfields, and her husband had given a big ball for the Prince on his first visit to Chicago. Ernest Simpson was out of town on business.

The surprise came when Wallis and the Blairs were saying good-bye to the Prince. Instead of saying good-bye, he climbed into their car with them. When they asked where they could take him, he simply said, "I'm going with you to London." Before Ellen Blair could ask another question, Wallis kicked her to keep quiet. The Blairs then drove Wallis to her home, and the Prince got out with her.

The next morning Wallis called Ellen and said, "Do you know what time he left? One-thirty in the morning!"

After that, the Prince could not seem to keep away. He had found a home where he could unwind more thoroughly than he could unwind anywhere else. He had found a woman who filled his most basic need.

At first Ernest Simpson was flattered, then amused by the Prince's frequent and often unexpected arrivals, but then his enjoyment was cut thin. He loved his wife and he liked his privacy, and he wasn't interested in sharing either—even with the Prince of Wales.

Thelma Furness returned to England in March, 1934, and found a changed picture.

Thelma claimed that she and the Prince had dinner at her apartment the first night after her arrival. The Prince, more stiff than usual, had said to her: "I hear Aly Khan has been very attentive to you."

Thelma said she then went to Wallis for advice. "It is quite evident I chose the wrong friend," she said ruefully afterward. She insisted that Wallis had said to her, "Darling, you know the little man loves you very much. The little man was just lost without you." Wallis' maid then interrupted to say that the Prince of Wales was on the phone—for Wallis. Through the open door, she heard Wallis say, "Thelma is here," and expected Wallis to call her to the phone. Wallis returned, saying nothing about the call.

Wallis remembered it differently. She remembered Thelma at her apartment, asking her point-blank whether or not the Prince was "keen" on her. Wallis answered that she felt the Prince liked her, but definitely was not in love with her.

They were all together that weekend at The Fort.

"I noticed that the Prince and Wallis seemed to have little private jokes," said Thelma. "Once he picked up a piece of salad with his fingers; Wallis playfully slapped his hand. I, so overprotective of heaven knows what, caught her eye and shook my head at her." The Prince never liked to be touched, no matter how familiar the friend.

"Wallis looked straight at me. And, then and there, I knew 'the reason' was Wallis—Wallis, of all people! That one cold, defiant glance told me the entire story. I knew then that she had looked after him exceedingly well."

Banging and shouting

Somebody else who was at The Fort that night described it still differently: It was a small dinner party, and Thelma was not there. There was a loud banging on the door; it sounded as if somebody was trying to break in. It was Thelma. She stormed in, and she and the Prince and Wallis all went into the library. The only voice anybody heard coming from the room was Thelma's. She then stormed out as she had stormed in. The Prince returned to the dinner party, coldly polite, as did Wallis, similarly cool.

The next day Lady Furness and Aly Khan were in a fast car headed for Spain.

What Wallis had started as "a flirt" had flowered into something that would soon shake an empire. The Prince of Wales was desperately in love with Wallis Simpson.

Why?

The Prince himself testifies that his initial attraction to *(continued)*



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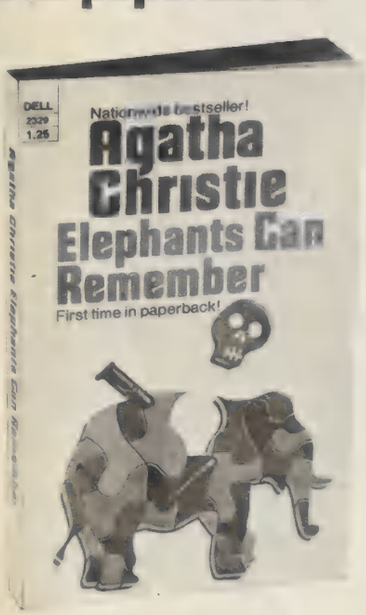
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Wallis came from her sincere interest in his work. "It all began with something as simple as that," he said. It probably did. And there is no need to question that Wallis' interest was sincere. She was doing what came naturally to her, what she had done to any man in whom she had had any interest—giving him her undivided attention, an attention so concentrated, so flattering, so enveloping that it made any man feel a heightened sense of self-importance.

The fat and friendly Lord Castlerosse, who knew the Prince well, said of him that he had "an inferiority complex. Mrs. Simpson has built up her man." As a result, said Castlerosse, the Prince "threw out his chest."

Insisted Castlerosse: "The attraction between them is not sex."

A much closer friend of the Prince, a man who knew him in his earliest youth, disagreed:

"Her hold over him must have been sex," he said. "She must have given him something in bed that no other woman ever did. She must have made him feel more vital, more masculine, more satisfying."

Wallis, of course, had been married twice before. She had known many men. In her year in China, she had learned much about Chinese concepts of life and love. She knew what it was to be fulfilled.

The Prince had never known true fulfillment. He had been in love with a woman named Frieda Ward, but it was not fully reciprocal. He may have loved Thelma Furness, but it was only physical. After their affair had ended, years after, Thelma told several friends that the Prince of Wales was a most unsatisfactory sexual partner. His primary problem, she said, was premature ejaculation.

Partly explaining this, a friend who had known him well, and who had gone swimming with him often, said that the naked Prince was most unprepossessing as a man. "Can you imagine what this did to him? Here are all these beautiful women all over the world, all ready and willing to go to bed with the Prince Charming of the world, all of them expecting the most eventful romantic night of their lives. And the ones who made it with him, can you imagine their disappointment? And can you imagine how he felt?"

It could explain why he delayed getting married. It could explain why his affairs were mostly with the more experienced married women. It could explain his shyness, his massive sense of insecurity. It may also explain some of the unfounded but widespread rumors of homosexuality: his boyish look, his needlepoint, his dressing as a woman at a ship's costume party, his voice becoming high-pitched when he became angry.

For the Prince of Wales, there were other things almost as important as sex. Wallis was one of the few people in the world who made him laugh out loud. Something else she did was to mother him. He had never really known his mother when he was a boy—she was the regal woman who came in to kiss him good-night. Wallis had a delightful way of bossing him without being coy about it. "*Don't* eat that, Sir," she would say, smiling and taking a caviar canapé out of his hand. "Have this instead," and she would give him some cream cheese on toast.

She made sure he was dressed warmly enough when it was cold, persuaded him to cut down his smoking and actually took a drink away from him when she felt he had had too much. He loved it. Nobody ever had cared that much for him before.

Simpson naturally knew what was going on. One would have had to be

(continued on page 122

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CHRISTMAS STREET FASHION INFORMATION

PAGE 75: Eyelet-trimmed **gingham dress by J.C. Penney** is 65% polyester and 35% cotton. 3-6x. $7. Available at selected J.C. Penney stores.

PAGE 77: Rustic party dress by **Shutterbug** is 100% cotton "tablecloth" check. 4-6x. $15. Available at Lord & Taylor, New York & Branches; Davidson & Leventhal, New Britain, Conn.; D.H. Holmes, New Orleans; Rhodes S.W., Arizona, New Mexico, & Texas; Bullock's, Northern California.

PAGE 79: Short smocked dress in red acrylic and polyester knit by **Shutterbug** is trimmed with lace collar and cuffs. 4-6x. $14. Available at Lord & Taylor, New York & Branches; Stewart's, Louisville & Lexington, Ky. and Evansville, Ind.; Loveman's, Alabama; D.H. Holmes, New Orleans; Levy's, Tucson.

PAGE 81: Romantic eyelet-lace dress by **Shutterbug** of polyester and rayon. 4-6x. $18. Available at Hecht Company, Washington, D.C.; Penn Traffic Co., Johnstown and State College, Pa.; Davison's, Atlanta, D.H. Holmes, New Orleans; May Company, Los Angeles.

PAGE 85: Victorian floral dress by **Cinderella** of cotton and polyester chintz comes with velvet sash. 3-6x. $20. Available at Altman's, New York & Branches; Burdine's, Miami; Shillito's, Cincinnati; Striplings Dept. Store, Ft. Worth; May Company, Los Angeles.

CHRISTMAS DECORATING

THE OPEN CUPBOARD (page 74-75)
Dishes for cupboard, pattern 11300/5, and covering for window ledge, pattern 12885/12, both 98" wide cottons from Boussac of France*. Crystal decanters and wineglasses, Hutschenreuther china, and silver-plated hollow ware, all by Wallace, overriden Co. Holly patterned gift wrap, XWR 2542, $1 a 2½ x 10 ft. roll, by Hallmark.

SWEETS SHOP (page 76-77)
Tree patterned vinyl wallcovering, #2034, from Wall Today*. Cake stands, 9½" and 12" dia., and crimped compote, 10" dia., in antique blue, by Imperial Glass Corp., Bellaire, Oh.

THE TEA SHOP (page 78-79)
Canton pattern, #58302, on walls, and Pagoda pattern, #58292, flanking the window, by Imperial Wallpaper. Permanent press tablecloths, 90" dia., royal blue Belgian linen and polyester, with soil release finish, by Leacock. Windsor pattern dessert plates in Ridgway Staffordshire earthenware, imported by Ebeling & Reuss, Devon, Pa. Tole Chinese lantern, #2307, 32½" x 20" wide, from Lange & Williams*.

THE APOTHECARY (page 80-81)
Soaps, scents, and sundries from Caswell-Massey. For a catalogue, send $1 to Caswell-Massey Co., Ltd., 320 West 13th St., N.Y.C. 10014.

RIBBONS AND LACES (page 82-83)
Wild Flower pattern wallpaper, #58383, by Imperial Wallpaper.

NOSEGAYS, ETC. (page 84-85)
Germinal pattern wallpaper, #3097N, from Clarence House Imports*. Floral bouquet glass plates, 8" dia., used on window panes, about $3 ea. in sets of four or six, by Sculpta-Glass. Counter top of Redi-Set, pattern R200-3 sapphire with black grout, pre-grouted 1 x 1 inch ceramic tiles in 2 x 2 foot structural sheets, by American Olean Tile Co., Olean, N.Y. Tiny Christmas tree lights, 35-light green cord strands with white lights, by Silvestri. Large baskets and hampers from Azuma, 666 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.

*Through decorators only.

PATTERN BACKVIEWS

See pages 82-83



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The beauty of these silver ingots is made even more exquisite and the ingots made more valuable with gold layered on pure silver. Only 5,000 of each will be minted. Each will also be individually serially numbered and each will cost just $12.50.

Examine Your First Ingot (or all 5) for 10 Full Days with No Risk!

OFFICIAL ORDER FORM
"AMERICA'S GREATEST EVENTS"

LIMIT: ONE PROOF COLLECTION PER SUBSCRIBER

THE HAMILTON MINT
40 East University Drive, Arlington Heights, Illinois 60004

Please send me individual ingots checked below. I understand if I order all five, that my personal serial number will be reserved for all future ingots in this series and at the guaranteed price. I enclose my check or m.o. for $_____

☐ Single Ingot(s) @ $7.95 ea. in 999 Pure Silver as indicated.

☐ Single Ingot(s) @ $12.50 ea. in 24KT Gold on Silver as indicated.

Declaration of Independence ..... Star Spangled Banner
Gettysburg Address ..... Golden Spike
..... Man on The Moon

Please add 50¢ postage and handling per order.
(Illinois resident please add 5% sales tax.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY TO BUY SILVER AND SAVE!

☐ Send me all 5 Pure Silver Ingots (a full 2,400 grains) for only $34.50 plus $1.00 for postage and handling.

☐ Send me all 5 with gold layered on 2,400 grain Silver Ingots for only $58.75 plus $1.00 for postage and handling.

I WANT TO CHARGE ORDER TO MY:

BankAmericard_____ Master Charge Acct. #_____ (Find above your name)

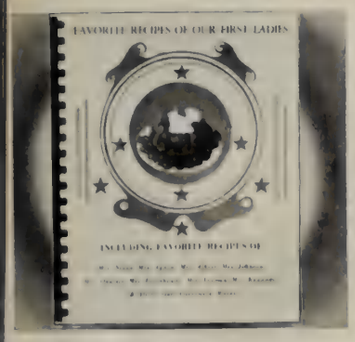
Acct. #_____ Interbank #_____

Good Thru_____ Good Thru_____

LHO 12



LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



First Ladies' recipes

You'll cook up a culinary storm of succulent dishes found in "Favorite Recipes of Our First Ladies" that are first rate and easy to make. Includes Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Onassis, etc. Not "too exotic" yet spark up everyday meals to please the most pampered palate. 8½x11 in. soft cover. $3.95 plus 50¢ hdlg. Gift catalog, 25¢. House of Minnel, Dept. 6123E, Deerpath Road, Batavia, IL 60510.



With love from you

Family photo Christmas cards bring warm holiday greetings to friends and relatives. Includes envelopes. 20 black-and-white cards from your negative, $1; or 20 in color for $3. Add 35¢ hdlg. For free sample and brochure, send color negative or slide for color card; black-and-white negative for black-and-white card. Send 10¢ hdlg. Yulecards, Dept. Y-47, P.O. Box 310, Quincy, MA 02169.

JANETTE COUPAR writes to tell us that...

CASE #1176

"in only 7 days I lost 5 inches off my waist and 10 pounds of weight"

"One 5 minute exercise, twice daily, lying on my back, without giving up the foods I love—*DID IT!*"



Janette before starting on her Body Shaper Plan



After seven amazing days.



9 months later — shapelier than ever in her life — WITH RESULTS THAT STAY!

SHE SAW AND FELT RESULTS IN 3 DAYS!

SUCCESS REVISITED: RESULTS THAT STAY!

All too often, people lose weight, but instantly gain it back! The reason: diet or exercise, or both, were difficult and boring to follow. We wanted to know. Does our "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan fit this category?

We contacted former students to find out. Janette Coupar, the second in our series, had this to tell us:

"The fast results I made on your plan within 7 days amazed me and my friends. Although I was delighted, I still had the apprehension that I would gain back all my weight and inches within a few weeks, as I usually did on previous diets. The exercise on the plan was so simple to do, it made me feel so vital and alive. And since I could eat the foods I like, and didn't have to make drastic changes in my eating pattern, I found sticking to the plan simple to follow. Today, 9 months later, I still maintain my low weight and measurements. In fact, I feel firmer and shapelier, and my once-ripply skin is gone forever. What has happened to me in the past few months convinces me that I can now stay firm and shapely for years to come. I want to congratulate you on your simple, amazing slimmer plan — and I hope all women who need to slim down, firm their bodies and maintain good health, will realize that there is a simple plan for them to follow. Keep up the good work."

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5 Minute Body Shaper" plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE while still eating the foods you like. **That's all you do!** This one five-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waistline and Hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look)—as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water—while reshaping your bustline, hipline, firming up your legs and arms—YOUR TOTAL FIGURE!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts ...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 oz. and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a '5-Minute Exerciser' — it sure does a lot!

WHAT SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY:

Results vary depending on how much overweight each of our students is. Nevertheless, this is a sampling from the impressive letters we receive: **Janette Coupar:** "I lost five inches off my waistline in seven days." **Jennifer McCarthy:** "I lost 6½ inches off my waist in 14 days." **Sandy Dixon:** "I lost five inches off my waistline in 7 days." **Dyan Del Compos:** "I lost 6¼ inches off my waistline in 14 days."

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches....agree it's the most successful Waistline Weight-Reducer and Shaping-Up Plan ever invented!

"Doctors have always known, exercise, done while lying on the back, virtually eliminates strains while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market."
— RICHARD TYLER, D.C. North Hollywood, Calif.

"Beats jogging and working out in gyms — and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days." — JIM HANLEY, famous athletic coach

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 12 pounds of excess weight using it."
— DR. ANITA D. SANTANGELO, Chiropractic Orthopedics, West Los Angeles, Calif.

EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (Sept. 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts, all agree...there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

NO GIMMICKS, NO CATCHES MONEY BACK GUARANTEE OFFER

Because this isn't a "gimmick" plan — and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers" — I make you this **UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: "GET IT OFF FAST" — and measurable and firming results in three days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund!** Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper?"





Shaped up and stayed that way!

FREE TRIAL OFFER!!

See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or return lightweight Body Shaper (small enough to fit into pouch shown) for a full 100% refund!

Weight just 4 oz.

'5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We Care About The Shape You're In — **DON'T YOU?**

SEND TODAY COMPLETE KIT ONLY **$9.95**

JOSEPH WEIDER DEPT. BA/L
Trainer of Champions with Over 2 750 000 Successful Students
"5" MINUTE BODY SHAPER PLAN
21100 ERWIN STREET, WOODLAND HILLS, CA. 91364

I love being a woman and want to show it! Prove it to me at your expense that in just 3 days I will feel glorious all over, and start seeing my figure shaping up. Rush me the "5" Minute Total Body Shaper and Slimming Course that does it — in plain wrapper!

☐ **I ENCLOSE $9.95 FOR THE ABOVE, PLUS $1.00 FOR SHIPPING AND HANDLING.** Order TWO for only $17.95 plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. Send $1.00 extra for Air Mail. (No C.O.D.'s please). Enclosed is ☐ check or ☐ money order for $..... California residents add 5% sales tax.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE ..... ZIP .....

IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

Patent Pending © Copyright Joe Weider, 1973

Start feeding Beauty to your Body — see our world famous Joe Weider Nutritional Supplements at your local health food store.



Personalized tree twinkle

These charming tree trimmers add a special sparkle to your Christmas tree year in and year out. Nice for each family member with his or her name engraved on gold-plated metal. Each about 3 in. Specify design and name. Tree twinkles in 4 delightful designs: kissing pair; reindeer; angel with bell; santa in sleigh. $1 each. From Holiday Gifts, Dept. 1712-F, Wheatridge, CO 80033.



Color wallet photos

Professional style, silk-finish wallet-size color photos make welcome gifts for family and friends. Send Polaroid color print, photo (5x7 in. or smaller), negative, or slide. You get 20 color photos for $2; 36 black and white for $1. You also receive a free bonus of one photo in plastic. Add 45¢ for handling and postage. From Roxanne Studios, Dept. LH-34, Box 1012, Long Island City, NY 11101.

NEW BORDERLESS SILK-TEXTURED WALLET PHOTOS!



- 20% larger picture area
- Deluxe rounded corners
- Smudge-proof surface

Just the thing for family and friends! Send your favorite photo (up to 5"x 7") negative for studio quality reproduction. Original returned unharmed.

New Borderless Wallet Photos feature larger, edge-to-edge picture and round corners. Silk finish provides glare proof surface, resists fingerprints.

Wallet Photos cannot be printed from 126 or 110 slides or negatives

MAIL COUPON NOW!

Full Color
20 for $2.35
(plus 35¢ post. & hand.)

Black & White
40 for $1.35
(plus 35¢ post. & hand.)

Mail to nearest P.O.: Box 609, San Fran., Ca 94101 | Box 1780, N.Y. N.Y. 10001 | Box 2057, Wash., D.C. 20013 | Box 8408, Chi., Ill 60680 | Box 2382 Boston, Mass 02107 | Box 60887TA, L.A., Ca 90060 | Box 61859 Houston, Tex 77061 | Box 2203, Atlanta, Ga 30301

Keystone, Dept. 90

Here's my favorite picture I enclose (check one):

☐ $2.70 for 20 Borderless Color Wallet Photos.

☐ $1.70 for 40 Borderless B & W Wallet Photos.

I understand that my original photo will be returned unharmed.

Name _____

Address _____

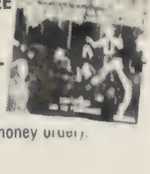
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SQUARE DANCING ♫ MADE EASY!!

One COLUMBIA Stereo LP record featuring authentic music and CALLS by Slim Jackson and The Promenaders. 12 all-time favorite square dances PLUS **FREE** easy-to-follow written instructions. Perfect for parties, bazaars and just plain down-home fun!

Only **$4.99** including postage & handling
No C.O.D.'s or stamps

10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
This specially made record exclusively ours — not available in any store.



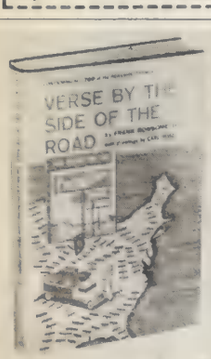
DO-SI-DO, Dept. L
P.O. Box 5723
Terre Haute, Indiana 47805

Here's my $4.99 (check or money order). Please rush record to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



THE STORY OF THE BURMA SHAVE SIGNS

Enjoy a bit of nostalgia with this marvelous collection called "Verse By The Side Of The Road." All 600 verses (illustrated), it's the story of the Burma-Shave signs and jingles that for years made motor travel extra fun. Makes a handsome gift—it's a hardbound beauty. Will delight everyone. $4.95 Ppd.

HOLIDAY GIFTS
Dept. 1712-E, Wheat Ridge, Colorado 80033



ONLY $8 PER CARAT
FINE CUT • 33 FACETS
PURE WHITE • FLAWLESS

STRONGITE is a rare synthetic stone, at a fraction of the cost of a diamond. STRONGITE'S hardness enables us to offer an UNCONDITIONAL LIFETIME GUARANTEE in writing to replace the STRONGITE stone if it chips, scratches or has loss of color. All shapes & sizes up to 20 carat. Easy payment plan. Money-back Guarantee within 15 days. Send no Money. Write for FREE BROCHURE with settings for men and women

THE STRONGITE CO. Dept. 47LJ, 2W. 47th St., New York, N.Y. 10036

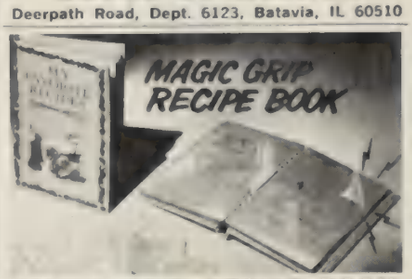


BABY SITTER WITH A BOUNCE

Baby needs exercise and Mommy needs free time to do her household tasks. THE EXERCISER keeps baby entertained and provides mild exercise safely and comfortably. Clamps over top of doorway and the more it is pulled, the tighter it holds. Adjustable for correct height of child. Sling is of soft, quilted vinyl and washable. Babies love it—so do their Mommies.

$8.95 plus $1.00 P&H. Ill. Res. add 5% Tax. Gift Catalog .25¢.

HOUSE OF MINNEL
Deerpath Road, Dept. 6123, Batavia, IL 60510



MAGIC GRIP RECIPE BOOK

At last, an easy way to save those recipes you clip from newspapers & magazines. Just cut out recipes and slip them under the transparent magic grip sheets. Recipes cling instantly—no glue or tape—can be removed easily. Each page is 5¼" x 8" in attractively bound book with 20 sheets to fill with favorite recipes!

$2.98 plus 50¢ postage

HOLIDAY GIFTS
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VICTORIAN CLOTHES RACK

Cast iron clothes rack is a reproduction from the Victorian era. Features five large swing-away arms with three hooks on each arm. You'll have a place to hang hats, coats, scarves, even umbrellas! For bedroom, kitchen or bathroom. Extends 7½" from the wall; measures 14" wide. $3.98 plus 75¢ post.

HOLIDAY GIFTS
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CUSTOM PRINTED SHIRTS

The latest craze—you think of the slogan and we'll print it! Any slogan, Seasons Greetings, your favorite hobby, sport or club, etc. Up to 30 letters printed on these quality cotton sweatshirts or T-shirts. Machine washable. Paint will not run or fade. Colors are navy blue or powder blue. Size S, M, L, XL. Specify size & color. Add $1.00 extra for printing on both sides. We ship in 24 hours!

Sweatshirt ..... $5.95 Postpaid
T-shirt ..... $3.95 Postpaid

HOLIDAY GIFTS
DEPT. 1712-B, WHEAT RIDGE, COLORADO 80033

CHAIN LINK COPPER BRACELET

Copper bracelets have a long history as mythical good health and good luck charms. We make no claims except that ours are made of pure, solid copper.

1 Bracelet 4.95
2 Bracelets 8.00

Please add 50¢ for postage & handling

Send check or money order to: PM Development Corp., 2080 Dolphin Ct., Dept. L, Merrick, N.Y. 11566. Master Charge accepted on orders of $10 or more. Give card no., exp. date and BBC No.





FOOT-DEEP IN JEWELS

"GEM" — A little opulence for at home or after five . . . for any casually elegant time or place. Made of beautifully grained leather, exquisitely ornamented with multi-colored "jewels" and bright metallic braid. Little 1 inch heels bear a big promise of comfort through the liveliest round of gala occasions. By far the new season's most exciting pumps! Order them in all colors for four fabulous ways to accent your glamour: Gold, Black, Silver or White, $14.95. Sizes: 4 through 12; Narrow, Medium or Wide widths. No half sizes over 10. $1.00 extra per pair for sizes over 10. Add 75¢ postage for each pair ordered. Prompt refund if not delighted. Free catalog. Write SOFWEAR SHOES, Dept. G, 1711 Main, Houston, Texas 77002.



REMOVE HAIR FOREVER

PERMA TWEEZ electrolysis—as seen in medical journals—safely and permanently removes all unwanted hair from face, arms, legs and body. This is the *only* instrument with special U.S. patented safety feature that destroys the hair root without puncturing skin. Automatic 'tweezer-like' action gives safe and permanent results. Clinically tested—recommended by dermatologists. **$16.95 ppd.**

14 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Send check or M.O.
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5701 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90016
Mfr. of Professional & Home Electrolysis Equipment

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

Baby's First Shoes
BRONZE PLATED
IN
SOLID METAL
Only
$3.99
a pair



Limited time only! Baby's precious shoes gorgeously plated in SOLID METAL, for only $3.99 pair. Don't confuse this offer of genuine lifetime BRONZE-PLATING with painted imitations. 100% Money-back guarantee. Also Portrait Stands (shown above), ashtrays, bookends, TV lamps at great savings. Thrillingly beautiful. The perfect Gift for Dad or Grandparents. SEND NO MONEY! Rush name and address today for full details, money-saving certificate and handy mailing sack. WRITE TODAY!

AMERICAN BRONZING CO.
Dept. 6504-M6 Bexley, Ohio 43209



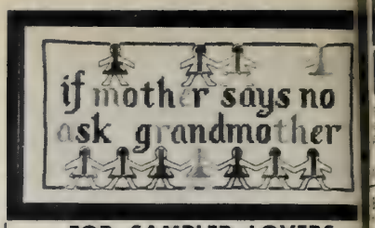
JEWELRY FOR THE EQUESTRIENNE, particularly nice gift for a teen-ager. Handsome horse pins and bracelet to accent a casual shirtwaist dress, a suit or a skirt and sweater outfit. Nicely finished in heavy silver plate with darkened details. Set of 2 pins and bracelet, $6.50.



A Day For Each Child

Lovely children-of-the-week charms are inscribed with proper phrase for each day's child. "Friday's Child Is Loving and Giving." "Thursday's Child Has Far to Go." etc. State child's name and birth date to be engraved on back. 14K gold. 1-in. diameter. $20; ¾ in., $15. Sterling, $6.95; $5.95.

THE JAMAICA SILVERSMITH
407 Rockaway Ave.
Valley Stream, N.Y. 11581 Dept. LJ12



FOR SAMPLER LOVERS

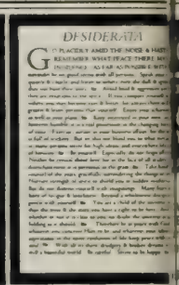
Two irresistible Samplers: "If Mother Says Ask Grandmother" and "If All Else Fails Ask Grandpa". Each comes in kit form complete with oyster Belgian linen stamped for cross-stitch, floss in bright colors, 8½" x 16" wood frame in mahogany or maple finish, and easy instruction. Allow 3 weeks delivery.

Grandmother Sampler Kit (shown) .... $3.
Grandpa Sampler Kit .... $3.
PLUS 45¢ POSTAGE & HANDLING
Pa. Res. Add 6% Sales Tax. Sorry No COD

VICTORIA GIFTS
12-L Water Street, Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010



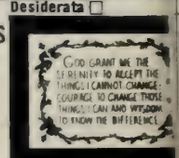
Children Learn ☐



Desiderata ☐

LAMINATED PLAQUES

9x7" Wood Grain—**Ready to Hang— Perfect Gifts** $2.98 Plus 50¢ Post. Ea. Plus Tax — SPECIAL — any 3 for $10 postpaid
Free Poster & Catalog with Every Order!
CLAUDIE ENT.-Dept. LH-2
210 5th Ave., N.Y. 10010

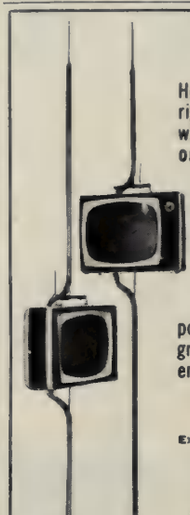


Serenity ☐



ADDRESS LABELS with NICE DESIGN

Any Initial, American Flag, Pine, Gull, Palm, Roadrunner, Saguaro, Rose. (Also available as Texas Flag, Maple Tree, Treble Clef, or Palette) Up to 20 letters per line, 4 lines. Printed in black on white or gold gummed labels. 1½x½". Packed in neat plastic box. 500 on white or 250 on gold for $2 ppd. Or on DELUXE SIZE, 1¾" long, $1 with design or $2 without, ppd. Specify Initial or Design desired. Via air, add 33¢ per order. Bruce Bolind, 312 Bolind Bldg., Boulder, Colo. 80302 Thank you kindly!



ADJUSTABLE T.V. POLES

Hold your portable T.V. right where you want it without awkward tables or stands. Takes any width up to 14" deep. 17" high. Black decorator pole has spring tension rod to adjust to 7½ to 8½ ft. ceiling heights. Can be set up in Hi or Low position. Hi position is great for reclining watchers!

Made in U.S.A.
$12.95 Ppd.
We ship in 24 hrs.
Extension for higher ceiling. $1.00
Write for FREE catalog

Holiday Gifts
Dept. 1712-A
Wheatridge, Colo. 80033

1974 Cat Lovers' Calendar

READY NOW!



13 beautiful, full color cat pictures plus cat lore and cat care tips. 4 x 5½" desk size. Plastic bound, flip-over pages. Easily a $1.00 value. Send your name and address and only 60¢ in coin (or 50¢ and T/C seal from Tidy Cat Sanitary Cat Box fillet bag — available at your grocers) to Tidy Cat, Box A, Cassopolis, Michigan 49031



BLOW YOURSELF UP IN B&W OR T.M. COLOR



ull color posters from any olor photo or slide. A great ift, or gag, or room decoration.

1½x2 Ft.—$7.50
x1½ Ft.—$4.50, 2x3 Ft.—$14.50

B&W POSTERS from any b&w r color photo, Polaroid, car- oon or magazine photo. For ides and negatives, add $1.00 er poster. Better originals roduce better posters.

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RUSH SERVICE! Shipped 1st class in one day. Add $2 per poster. Not available for color.

Your original returned undamaged. Add 50¢ for postage and handling for EACH item ordered. N.Y. residents add sales tax. Send check, cash or M.O. (No C.O.D.) to:

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16 WALLET SIZE or 3—5 x 7 ENLS. or ONE 8 x 10 ENL.

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t quality photographic paper. Add 25¢ per selection for post- d handling, and extra 50c for First Class Service.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back
lity Values 552-C, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10804



Walk in warmth

hermawear for men and women is n excellent body-insulating under- ear. Made with thermolactyl fiber, keeps you warm without feeling amp. Medical tests show it tempo- arily helps soothe minor pain from rthritis, rheumatism or neuralgia. tyles and sizes include full length, tc. For free catalog: Damart Therma- ear, Dept. LHE-12, 2450 W. Sibley lvd., Posen, IL 60469.



lip-shod?

hen, you'll want to try "Sure Grip" e cleats for slip-free walking on icy alks and streets. Steel cleats flex ith each step for easy walking and rip icy surface to prevent falls. They ay be left on for driving, too. Straps ave nylon speed fasteners. One size ts men and women. $3.49 a pair lus 50¢ hdlg. Holly House, HJ12, 924 Edgecove, Dallas, TX 75238.

USE IT FOR 15 DAYS FREE

the ULTIMATE French Purse



Holds everything! Including removable check compartment, memo pad, phone and address directory and more. Plus FREE SHEAFFER PEN!

The ultimate in convenience and luxury! Puts everything you need right at your fingertips. **Crafted** like those you'll see for twice the price, and more. Superior expanded vinyl with the **butter soft, elegant feel of the finest leather. Fully lined and hand-stitched. Polished brass clasps** that adjust for extra fullness. You'll feel the quality immediately.

Order yours today! And don't forget your friends — **comes gift-boxed. You must be 100% delighted, or your money back!**

Size: 4¼ x 7" (Closed).

NOW ONLY $6.88 POSTPAID

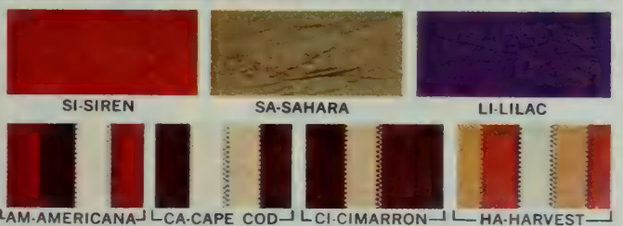
You'd guess the price at $12.

2 for $11.90 (You save $1.86)
3 for $16.95 (You save $3.69)
6 for $29.88 (You save $11.40)

1. Handy outside **expanding change compartment**
2. Roomy **replaceable memo pad** for notes and reminders
3. **Telephone/address directory** for over 50 listings
4. Special **pocket for all your folding currency**
5. Your own **SHEAFFER PEN** in a built-in safety holder
6. 2 more compartments for passport, etc.
7. **Transparent pockets** for up to 24 credit cards, photos
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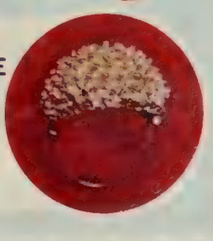


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continued from page 116

blind not to see the shining eyes of the Prince follow Wallis wherever she went.

Simpson found an increasing number of excuses to work in his room, leaving the Prince and Wallis alone. His withdrawal from their lives was the only option he felt he had. His real emotions seldom surfaced. He and Wallis had long silences when they were alone together. Only once did he show his indignation. He asked Wallis to come with him on a business trip and she said she already had accepted an invitation to go with the Prince on a trip. He walked into his room and slammed the door.

The Prince's favorite brother, George, married Princess Marina of Greece in November, 1934. Wallis didn't want to go, but the Prince insisted. There the Prince introduced Wallis to his father and mother, the only time Wallis ever would meet the King and Queen. Queen Mary later remembered that her son had introduced Wallis, saying, "I want to introduce a great friend of mine," and she had shaken hands with her without thinking much about it. "If I had only guessed then, I might perhaps have been able to do something," the Queen later said.

The new morality

Aunt Bessie had come to visit again, and to chaperone. Wallis wanted her on the cruise with the Prince from Biarritz to Cannes. As a chaperone, Aunt Bessie was ideal. She understood the new morality of the times and sympathized with it. Whenever Wallis wanted her, Aunt Bessie came.

The yacht belonged to Lord Moyne, a Conservative Party Leader, and they toured the Spanish coast, the Prince and Wallis often taking picnic lunches in quiet inlets, strolling along empty beaches on Majorca. Wallis thinks those were the days when they crossed the boundary between friendship and love.

The Prince had bridged that boundary long before, but maybe Wallis referred to her own feelings. Until then, perhaps, she felt herself swept along, scene by scene, as part of a romantic mood, an interval that would somehow end. Being alone with him so much, she now saw the seriousness of the man and his need for her.

Neither of them wanted their trip to end. Herman and Katherine Rogers joined them on a quick trip to Italy. They stayed for a week at a small villa on a tiny island on Lake Maggiore. The Prince then felt forced to leave because he had to join his parents at the launching of the *Queen Mary*.

Before she got on the ship to return to Washington, the plain-speaking Aunt Bessie warned Wallis that she was moving into danger. Wallis refused to listen. "I know what I'm doing," she said.

She didn't know. She only knew how romantic and unreal everything was, and how she loved it. She and the Prince hated cats and loved dogs, and he gave her a cairn puppy called "Slipper." He invited her to share the Royal Enclosure during Ascot Week. In February, 1935, she went with him on a skiing trip to Austria, waltzed with him in Vienna, then impulsively traveled with him to Budapest to listen to gypsy violins. They made no attempt at secrecy, and newspaper reporters chronicled their every move. Now the world knew all about Mrs. Wallis Simpson—except for Britain. None of these articles appeared in any British papers, which maintained, as always, a discreet silence on royal romance.

King George V, however, had been getting detailed reports about "this latest friendship of the Prince of Wales." He expressed his concern to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cosmo Lang. The Archbishop tried to mollify him, suggesting that the Prince had had previous friendships. But King George, stiff and solid as he was, had a sensitive perception about his most stubborn son. He worried aloud to the Archbishop that this affair was more serious than the others.

That summer the King and Queen celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their reign at a State Ball at Buckingham Palace. It escaped nobody there that the Prince of Wales invited Wallis.

As the Prince and Wallis danced past the King, she thought she felt the King's eyes searching her, filled with "an icy menace."

She may well have been right.

Those who had not yet heard of Wallis Simpson in British social circles, soon did. Wallis now found herself an integral part of the Prince's life in almost everything.

Wallis once called Constance Spry to give her precise instructions on the flowers for a party that evening. Constance Spry, who previously had had a free hand in arranging the Prince's flowers, promptly called the Comptroller at St. James' Palace: "Look have you by any chance got a new housekeeper called Mrs. Simpson? There was a long pause before the Comptroller answered: "Mrs. Spry any orders that come from Mrs. Simpson should be instantly complied with."

Although Wallis still had her home to maintain and a husband to worry about, the strain between them became tighter, the silences longer. Some of the comments about Simpson had turned into cruel, ugly jokes. One of the least of them was that he was going to write a play called *The Unimportance of Being Ernest*, in which the hero loudly proclaims, "My only regret is that I have but one wife to lay down for my future King."

Talking about his personal dilemma with a close friend, Simpson confided that he felt as if he was living in an armed truce, "as if I was meddling in English history."

Shortly after midnight on January 20, 1936, Wallis got a call from the Prince telling her that his father, the King, had died.

God Save the King

During one of the Accession ceremonies the following week, the Prince invited Wallis to watch the pomp and circumstance from an unused Palace apartment at St. James. Suddenly, Wallis looked up to see him next to her. He had decided that he wanted to see himself proclaimed King. It was a medieval ceremony, with heralds and trumpeters and all the silver and gold trappings. As the Guards band played "God Save the King," Wallis felt tears in her eyes. She turned to him and said softly that now she realized how different his life would be.

He pressed her arm gently, and said, "But nothing can ever change my feelings toward you."

Coming next month: The King of England renounces his throne for "the woman I love." Ralph G. Martin resumes "The Woman He Loved," his enthralling new biography of the Duchess of Windsor—and her "romance of the century." END

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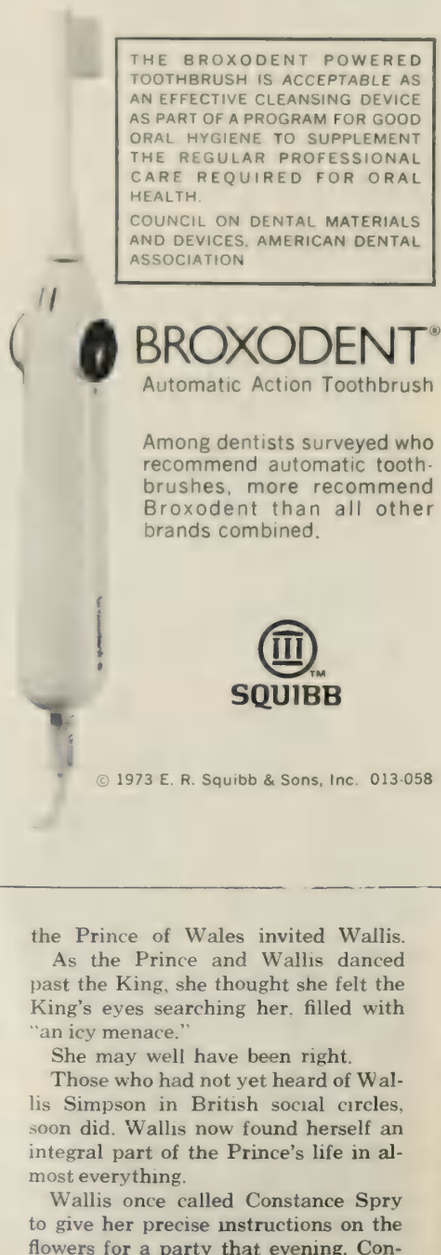
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DECEMBER SONG FOR RYAN

By Gladys McKee

Now this small one, first winter old,
Tastes the sharp December cold,
Feels star snowflakes kiss his nose
And cheek and chin to blush of rose.
He winks, he blinks, he tries a grin
A riddle is this new world he's in,
How blessed these small, enchanted few
Who find the stars and snowflakes new.

